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JANUARY-JUNE



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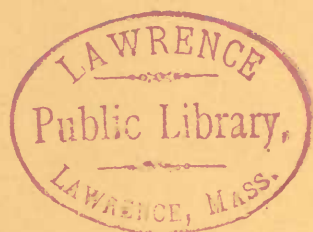
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Drawn by Biendon Campbell.

SO THE SAD SHEPHERD THANKED THEM FOR THEIR ENTERTAINMENT, AND TOOK THE LITTLE KID AGAIN IN HIS ARMS, AND WENT INTO THE NIGHT.

—"The Sad Shepherd," page 7.

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NO. 1

THE SAD SHEPHERD

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

I



OUT of the Valley of Gardens, where a film of new-fallen snow lay smooth as feathers on the breast of a dove, the ancient Pools of Solomon looked up into the night sky

like dark, tranquil eyes, wide-open and motionless, reflecting the crisp stars and the small, round moon. The full springs, overflowing, melted their way through the field of white in winding channels, and along their course the grass was green even in the dead of winter.

But the sad shepherd walked far above the valley, in a region where ridges of gray rock welted and scarred the back of the earth; and the solitude was desolate; and the air was keen and searching.

His flock straggled after him. The sheep, weather-beaten and dejected, followed the path with low heads swaying from side to side, as if they had travelled far and found little pasture. The black, lop-eared goats leaped upon the rocks, restless and ravenous, tearing down the tender branches and leaves of the dwarf oaks and wild olives. They reared up against the twisted trunks and crawled and scrambled among the boughs. It was like a company of gray downcast friends and a troop of hungry little black devils following the sad shepherd afar off.

He walked looking on the ground, paying small heed to them. Now and again, when the sound of pattering feet and panting breaths and the rustling and rending

among the copses fell too far behind, he drew out his shepherd's pipe and blew a strain of music, shrill and plaintive, quivering and lamenting through the hollow night. He waited while the troops of gray and black scuffled and bounded and trotted near to him. Then he dropped the pipe into its place again and strode forward, looking on the ground.

The fitful, shivery wind that rasped the hill-tops, fluttered the rags of his long mantle of Tyrian blue, torn by thorns and stained by travel. The rich tunic of striped silk beneath it was worn thin, and the girdle about his loins had lost all its ornaments of silver and jewels. His curling hair hung down dishevelled under a turban of fine linen, in which the gilt threads were frayed and tarnished; and his shoes of soft leather were broken by the road. On his brown fingers the places of the vanished rings were still marked in white skin. He carried not the long staff nor the heavy nail-studded rod of the shepherd, but a slender stick of carved cedar battered and scratched by hard usage, and the handle, which might have been of precious metal still more richly carved, was missing. He was a strange figure for that lonely place and that humble occupation—a fragment of faded beauty from some royal garden tossed by rude winds into the wilderness—a pleasure-craft adrift, buffeted and broken, on rough seas.

But he seemed to have passed beyond caring. His young face was frayed and threadbare as his garments. The splendor of the moonlight flooding the wild world

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meant as little to him as the hardness of the rugged track which he followed. He wrapped his tattered mantle closer around him, and strode ahead, looking on the ground.

As the path dropped from the summit of the ridge toward the Valley of Mills and passed among huge broken rocks, three men sprang at him from the shadows. He lifted his stick, but let it fall again, and a strange ghost of a smile twisted his face as they gripped him and threw him down.

"You are rough beggars," he said. "Say what you want, you are welcome to it."

"Your money, dog of a courtier," they muttered fiercely; "give us your golden collar, Herod's hound, quick, or you die!"

"The quicker the better," he answered, closing his eyes.

The bewildered flock of gray and black, gathered in a silent ring, stood staring while the robbers searched their master.

"This is a stray dog," said one, "he has lost his collar, there is not even the price of a mouthful of wine on him. Shall we kill him and leave him for the vultures?"

"What have the vultures done for us," said another, "that we should feed them? Let us take his cloak and drive off his flock, and leave him to die in his own time."

With a kick and a curse they left him. He opened his eyes and lay still for a moment, with his twisted smile, watching the stars.

"You creep like snails," he said. "I thought you had marked my time to-night. But not even that is given to me for nothing. I must pay for all, it seems."

Far away, slowly scattering and receding, he heard the rustling and bleating of his frightened flock as the robbers, running and shouting, tried to drive them over the hills. Then he stood up and took the shepherd's pipe, a worthless bit of reed, from the breast of his tunic. He blew again that plaintive, piercing air, sounding it out over the ridges and distant thickets. It seemed to have neither beginning nor end; a melancholy, pleading tune that searched forever after something lost.

While he played, the sheep and the goats, slipping away from their captors by round-about ways, hiding behind the laurel-bushes, following the dark gullies, leaping down the broken cliffs, came circling back to him, one after another; and as they

came, he interrupted his playing, now and then, to call them by name.

When they were nearly all assembled, he went down swiftly toward the lower valley, and they followed him, panting. At the last crook of the path on the steep hillside a straggler came after him along the cliff. He looked up and saw it outlined against the sky. Then he saw it leap, and slip, and fall beyond the path into a deep cleft.

"Little fool," he said, "fortune is kind to you! You have escaped. What? You are crying for help? You are still in the trap? Then I must go down to you, little fool, for I am a fool too. But why I must do it, I know no more than you know."

He lowered himself quickly and perilously into the cleft, and found the creature with its leg broken and bleeding. It was not a sheep but a young goat. He had no cloak to wrap it in, but he took off his turban and unrolled it, and bound it around the trembling animal. Then he climbed back to the path and strode on at the head of his flock, carrying the little black kid in his arms.

There were houses in the Valley of the Mills; and in some of them lights were burning; and the drone of the mill-stones, where the women were still grinding, came out into the night like the humming of drowsy bees. As the women heard the pattering and bleating of the flock, they wondered who was passing so late. One of them, in a house where there was no mill but many lights, came to the door and looked out laughing, her face and bosom bare.

But the sad shepherd did not stay. His long shadow and the confused mass of lesser shadows behind him drifted down the white moonlight past the yellow bars of lamplight that gleamed from the doorways. It seemed as if he were bound to go somewhere and would not delay.

Yet with all his haste to be gone, it was plain that he thought little of where he was going. For when he came to the foot of the valley, where the paths divided, he stood between them staring vacantly, without a desire to turn him this way or that. The imperative of choice halted him like a barrier. The balance of his mind hung even because both scales were empty. He could act, he could go, for his strength was unbroken; but he could not choose.

The path to the left went up toward the little town of Bethlehem, with huddled roofs and walls in silhouette along the double-crested hill. It was dark and forbidding as a closed fortress. The sad shepherd looked at it with indifferent eyes; there was nothing there to draw him.

The path to the right wound through rock-strewn valleys toward the Dead Sea. But rising out of that crumbled wilderness a mile or two away, the smooth white ribbon of a chariot-road lay upon the flank of a cone-shaped mountain and curled in loops toward its peak. There the great cone was cut squarely off, and the levelled summit was capped by a palace of marble, with round towers at the corners and flaring beacons along the walls; and the glow of an immense fire, hidden in the central court-yard, painted a false dawn in the eastern sky. All down the clean-cut mountain-slopes, on terraces and blind arcades, the lights flashed from lesser pavilions and pleasure-houses.

It was the secret orchard of Herod and his friends, their trysting-place with the spirits of mirth and madness. They called it the Mountain of the Little Paradise. Rich gardens were there; and the cool water from the Pools of Solomon plashed in the fountains; and trees of the knowledge of good and evil fruited blood-red and ivory-white above them; and smooth, curving, glistening shapes, whispering softly of pleasure, lay among the flowers and glided behind the trees. All this was now hidden in the dark. Only the strange bulk of the mountain, a sharp black pyramid girdled and crowned with fire, loomed across the night—a mountain once seen never to be forgotten.

The sad shepherd remembered it well. He looked at it with the eyes of a child who has been in hell. It burned him from afar. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he walked without a path straight out upon the plain of Bethlehem, still whitened in the hollows and on the sheltered side of its rounded hillocks by the veil of snow.

He faced a wide and empty world. To the west in sleeping Bethlehem, to the east in flaring Herodium, the life of man was infinitely far away from him. Even the stars seemed to withdraw themselves against the blue-black of the sky till they were like pin-

holes in the vault above him. The moon in mid-heaven shrank into a bit of burnished silver, hard and glittering, immeasurably remote. The ragged, inhospitable ridges of Tekoa lay stretched in mortal slumber along the horizon, and between them he caught a glimpse of the sunken Lake of Death, darkly gleaming in its deep bed. There was no movement, no sound on the plain where he walked, except the soft-padding feet of his dumb, obsequious flock.

He felt an endless isolation strike cold to his heart, against which he held the limp body of the wounded kid, wondering the while, with a half-contempt for his own foolishness, why he took such trouble to save a tiny scrap of worthless life.

Even when a man does not know or care where he is going, if he steps ahead he will get there. In an hour or more of walking over the plain the sad shepherd came to a sheep-fold of gray stones with a rude tower beside it. The fold was full of sheep, and at the foot of the tower a little fire of thorns was burning, around which four shepherds were crouching, wrapped in their thick woollen cloaks.

As the stranger approached they looked up, and one of them rose quickly to his feet, grasping his knotted club. But when they saw the flock that followed the sad shepherd, they stared at each other and said: "It is one of us, a keeper of sheep. But how comes he here in this raiment? It is what men wear in kings' houses."

"No," said the one who was standing, "it is what they wear when they have been thrown out of them. Look at the rags. He may be a thief and a robber with his stolen flock."

"Salute him when he comes near," said the oldest shepherd. "Are we not four to one? We have nothing to fear from a ragged traveller. Speak him fair. It is the will of God—and it costs nothing."

"Peace be with you, brother," cried the youngest shepherd; "may your mother and father be blessed."

"May your heart be enlarged," the stranger answered, "and may all your families be more blessed than mine, for I have none."

"A homeless man," said the old shepherd, "has either been robbed by his fellows, or punished by God."

"I do not know which it was," answered the stranger; "the end is the same, as you see."

"By your speech you come from Galilee. Where are you going? What are you seeking here?"

"I was going nowhere, my masters; but it was cold on the way there, and my feet turned to your fire."

"Come then, if you are a peaceable man, and warm your feet with us. Heat is a good gift; divide it and it is not less. But you shall have bread and salt too, if you will."

"May your hospitality enrich you. I am your unworthy guest. But my flock?"

"Let your flock shelter by the south wall of the fold: there is good picking there and no wind. Come you and sit with us."

So they all sat down by the fire; and the sad shepherd ate of their bread, but sparingly, like a man to whom hunger brings a need but no joy in the satisfying of it; and the others were silent for a proper time, out of courtesy. Then the oldest shepherd spoke:

"My name is Zadok the son of Eliezer, of Bethlehem. I am the chief shepherd of the flocks of the Temple, which are before you in the fold. These are my sister's sons, Jotham, and Shama, and Nathan: their father Elkanah is dead; and but for these I am a childless man."

"My name," replied the stranger, "is Ammiel the son of Jochanan, of the city of Bethsaida, by the Sea of Galilee, and I am a fatherless man."

"It is better to be childless than fatherless," said Zadok, "yet it is the will of God that children should bury their fathers. When did the blessed Jochanan die?"

"I know not whether he be dead or alive. It is three years since I looked upon his face or had word of him."

"You are an exile then? he has cast you off?"

"It was the other way," said Ammiel, looking on the ground.

At this the shepherd Shama, who had listened with doubt in his face, started up in anger. "Pig of a Galilean," he cried, "despiser of parents! breaker of the law! When I saw you coming I knew you for something vile. Why do you darken the night for us with your presence? You

have reviled him who begot you. Away, or we stone you!"

Ammiel did not answer or move. The twisted smile passed over his bowed face again as he waited to know the shepherds' will with him, even as he had waited for the robbers. But Zadok lifted his hand.

"Not so hasty, Shama-ben-Elkanah. You also break the law by judging a man unheard. The rabbis have told us that there is a tradition of the elders—a rule as holy as the law itself—so that a man may deny his father in a certain way without sin. It is a strange rule, and it must be very holy or it would not be so strange. But this is the teaching of the elders: a son may say of anything for which his father asks him—a sheep, or a measure of corn, or a field, or a purse of silver—'it is Corban, a gift that I have vowed unto the Lord;' and so his father shall have no more claim upon him. Have you said 'Corban' to your father, Ammiel-ben-Jochanan? Have you made a vow unto the Lord?"

"I have said 'Corban,'" answered Ammiel, lifting his face, still shadowed by that strange smile, "but it was not the Lord who heard my vow."

"Tell us what you have done," said the old man sternly, "for we will neither judge you, nor shelter you, unless we hear your story."

"There is nothing in it," replied Ammiel indifferently. "It is an old story. But if you are curious you shall hear it. Afterward you shall deal with me as you will."

So the shepherds, wrapped in their warm cloaks, sat listening with grave faces and watchful, unsearchable eyes, while Ammiel in his tattered silk sat by the sinking fire of thorns and told his tale with a voice that had no room for hope or fear—a cool, dead voice that spoke only of things ended.

II

"In my father's house I was the second son. My brother was honored and trusted in all things. He was a prudent man and profitable to the household. All that he counselled was done, all that he wished he had. My place was a narrow one. There was neither honor nor joy in it, for it was filled with daily tasks and rebukes. No one cared for me. I was a beast of burden, fed only because I was useful, and the dull

life irked me like an ill-fitting harness. There was nothing in it.

"I went to my father and claimed my share of the inheritance. He was rich. He gave it to me. It did not impoverish him and it made me free. I said to him 'Cór-ban,' and shook the dust of Bethsaida from my feet.

"I went out to look for mirth and love and joy and all that is pleasant to the eyes and sweet to the taste. If a God made me, thought I, he made me to live, and the pride of life was strong in my heart and in my flesh. My vow was offered to that well-known God. I served him in Jérusalem, in Alexandria, in Rome, for his altars are everywhere and men worship him openly or in secret.

"My money and youth made me welcome to his followers, and I spent them both freely as if they could never come to an end. I clothed myself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. The wine of Cyprus and the dishes of Egypt and Syria were on my table. My dwelling was crowded with merry guests. They came for what I gave them. Their faces were hungry and their soft touch was like the clinging of leeches. To them I was nothing but money and youth; no longer a beast of burden—a beast of pleasure. There was nothing in it.

"From the richest fare my heart went away empty, and after the wildest banquet my soul fell drunk and solitary into sleep. Then I thought power is better than pleasure. If a man will feast and revel let him do it with the great. They will favor him, and raise him up for the service that he renders them. He will obtain a place and authority in the world and gain many friends. So I joined myself to Herod."

When the sad shepherd spoke this name his listeners drew back from him as if it were a defilement to hear it. They spat upon the ground and cursed the Idumean who called himself their king.

"A slave!" Jotham cried, "a bloody tyrant and a slave from Edom! A fox, a vile beast who devours his own children! God burn him in Gehenna."

The old Zadok picked up a stone and threw it into the darkness, saying slowly, "I cast this stone on the grave of the Idumean, the blasphemer, the defiler of the Temple! God send us soon the Deliverer,

the Promised One, the true King of Israel!" Ammiel made no sign, but went on with his story.

"Herod used me well," he continued, "for his own purpose. He welcomed me to his palace and his table, and gave me a place among his favorites. He was so much my friend that he borrowed my money. There were many of the nobles of Jerusalem with him, Sadducees, and proselytes from Rome and Asia, and women from everywhere. The law of Israel was observed in the open court, when the people were watching. But in the secret feasts there was no law but the will of Herod, and many deities were served but no God was worshipped. There the captains and the princes of Rome consorted with the high priest and his sons by night; and there was much coming and going by hidden ways. Everybody was a borrower or a lender, a buyer or a seller of favors. It was a house of diligent madness. There was nothing in it.

"In the midst of this whirling life a great need of love came upon me and I wished to hold some one in my inmost heart.

"At a certain place in the city, within closed doors, I saw a young slave-girl dancing. She was about fifteen years old, thin and supple; she danced like a reed in the wind; but her eyes were weary as death, and her white body was marked with bruises. She stumbled, and the men laughed at her. She fell, and her mistress beat her, crying out that she would fain be rid of such a heavy-footed slave. I paid the price and took her to my dwelling.

"Her name was Tamar. She was a daughter of Lebanon. I robed her in silk and brodered linen. I nourished her with tender care so that beauty came upon her like the blossoming of an almond tree; she was a garden enclosed, breathing spices. Her eyes were like doves behind her veil, her lips were a thread of scarlet, her neck was a tower of ivory, and her breasts were as two fawns which feed among the lilies. She was whiter than milk and more rosy than the flower of the peach, and her dancing was like the flight of a bird among the branches. So I loved her.

"She lay in my bosom as a clear stone that one has bought and polished and set in fine gold at the end of a golden chain. Never was she glad at my coming or sorry

at my going. Never did she give me anything except what I took from her. There was nothing in it.

"Now whether Herod knew of the jewel that I kept in my dwelling I cannot tell. It was sure that he had his spies in all the city, and himself walked the streets by night in a disguise. On a certain day he sent for me, and had me into his secret chamber, professing great love toward me and more confidence than in any man that lived. So I must go to Rome for him, bearing a sealed letter and a private message to Cæsar. All my goods would be left safely in the hands of the king, my friend, who would reward me double. There was a certain place of high authority at Jerusalem which Cæsar would gladly bestow on a Jew who had done him a service. This mission would commend me to him. It was a great occasion—suited to my powers. Thus Herod fed me with fair promises, and I ran his errand. There was nothing in it.

"I stood before Cæsar and gave him the letter. He read it and laughed, saying that a prince with an incurable hunger is a servant of value to an emperor. Then he asked me if there was nothing sent with the letter. I answered there was no gift, but a message for his private ear. He drew me aside and I told him that Herod begged earnestly that his dear son, Antipater, might be sent back in haste from Rome to Palestine, for the king had great need of him. At this Cæsar laughed again. 'To bury him, I suppose,' said he, 'with his brothers, Alexander and Aristobulus! Truly, it is better to be Herod's swine than his son. Tell the old fox he may catch his own prey.' With this he turned from me and I withdrew unrewarded, to make my way back, as best I could with an empty purse, to Palestine. I had seen the Lord of the World. There was nothing in it.

"Selling my rings and bracelets I got passage in a trading ship for Joppa. There I heard that the king was not in Jerusalem, at his Palace of the Upper City, but had gone with his friends to make merry for a month on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. On the hill-top over against us, where the lights are flaring to-night, in the banquet-hall where couches are spread for a hundred guests, I found Herod."

The listening shepherds spat upon the ground again, and Jotham muttered, "May

the worms that devour his flesh never die!" But Zadok whispered, "We wait for the Lord's salvation to come out of Zion." And the sad shepherd, looking at the fire-lit mountain far away with fixed eyes, continued his story:

"The king lay on his ivory couch, and the sweat of his disease was heavy upon him, for he was old, and his flesh was corrupted. But his hair and his beard were dyed and perfumed and there was a wreath of roses on his head. The hall was full of nobles and great men, the sons of the high priest were there, and the servants poured their wine in cups of gold. There was a sound of soft music; and all the men were watching a girl who danced in the middle of the hall; and the eyes of Herod were fiery, like the eyes of a fox.

"The dancer was Tamar. She glistened like the snow on Lebanon, and the redness of her was ruddier than a pomegranate, and her dancing was like the coiling of white serpents. When the dance was ended her attendants threw a veil of gauze over her and she lay among her cushions, half covered with flowers, at the feet of the king.

"Through the sound of clapping hands and shouting, two slaves led me behind the couch of Herod. His eyes narrowed as they fell upon me. I told him the message of Cæsar, making it soft, as if it were a word that suffered him to catch his prey. He stroked his beard softly and his look fell on Tamar. 'I have caught it,' he murmured; 'by all the gods, I have always caught it. And my dear son, Antipater, is coming home of his own will. I have lured him, he is mine.'

"Then a look of madness crossed his face and he sprang up, with frothing lips, and struck at me. 'What is this,' he cried, 'a spy, a servant of my false son, a traitor in my banquet-hall! Who are you?' I knelt before him, protesting that he must know me; that I was his friend, his messenger; that I had left all my goods in his hands; that the girl who had danced for him was mine. At this his face changed again and he fell back on his couch, shaken with horrible laughter. 'Yours!' he cried, 'when was she yours? What is yours? I know you now, poor madman. You are Ammiel, a crazy shepherd from Galilee, who troubled us some time since. Take him away, slaves. He has twenty sheep and

twenty goats among my flocks at the foot of the mountain. See to it that he gets them, and drive him away."

"I fought against the slaves with my bare hands, but they held me. I called to Tamar, begging her to have pity on me, to speak for me, to come with me. She looked up with her eyes like doves behind her veil, but there was no knowledge of me in them. She smiled into the red eyes of Herod, and threw a broken rose in my face. Then the silver cord was loosened within me, and my heart went out, and I struggled no more. There was nothing in it.

"Afterward I found myself on the road with this flock. I led them past Hebron into the south country, and so by the Vale of Eshcol, and over many hills beyond the Pools of Solomon, until my feet brought me to your fire. Here I rest on the way to nowhere."

He sat silent, and the four shepherds looked at him with amazement.

"It is a bitter tale," said Shama, "and you are a great sinner."

"I should be a fool not to know that," answered the sad shepherd, "but the knowledge does me no good."

"You must repent," said Nathan, the youngest shepherd, in a friendly voice.

"How can a man repent," answered the sad shepherd, "unless he has hope? But I am sorry for everything, and most of all for living."

"Would you not live to kill the fox Herod?" cried Jotham fiercely.

"Why should I let him out of the trap," answered the sad shepherd. "Is he not dying more slowly than I could kill him?"

"You must have faith in God," said Zadok earnestly and gravely.

"He is too far away."

"Then you must have love to your neighbor."

"He is too near. My confidence in man was like a pool by the wayside. It was shallow, but there was water in it, and sometimes a star shone there. Now the feet of many beasts have trampled through it, and the jackals have drunken of it, and there is no more water. It is dry and the mire is caked at the bottom."

"Is there nothing good in the world?"

"There is pleasure, but I am sick of it, for it betrays its lovers. There is power, but I hate it, for it crushes its servants.

There is wisdom, but I mistrust it, for it outwits the simple. Life is a game and every player is for his own hand. Mine is played. I have nothing to win or lose."

"You are young, you have many years to live."

"I am old, yet the days before me are too many."

"But you travel the road, you go forward. Do you hope for nothing?"

"I hope for nothing," said the sad shepherd, "yet if one thing should come to me it might be the beginning of hope. If I saw in man or woman a deed of kindness without a reason, and a proof of love gladly given for its own sake only, then might I turn my face toward that light. Till that comes, how can I have faith in God whom I have never seen? I have seen the world which he has made, and it brings me no faith. There is nothing in it."

"Ammiel-ben-Jochanan," said the old man sternly, "you are a son of Israel, and we have had compassion on you, according to the law. But you are an apostate, an unbeliever, and we can have no more fellowship with you, lest a curse come upon us. The company of the desperate brings misfortune. Go your way and depart from us, for our way is not yours."

So the sad shepherd thanked them for their entertainment, and took the little kid again in his arms, and went into the night, calling his flock. But the youngest shepherd Nathan followed him a few steps and said:

"There is a broken fold at the foot of the hill. It is old and small, but you may find a shelter there for your flock, where the wind will not shake you. Go your way with God, brother, and see better days."

Then Ammiel went a little way down the hill and sheltered his flock in a corner of the crumbling walls. He lay among the sheep and the goats with his face upon his folded arms, and whether the time passed slowly or swiftly he did not know, for he slept.

He waked as Nathan came running and stumbling among the scattered stones.

"We have seen a vision," he cried. "A wonderful vision of angels. Did you not hear them? They sang loudly of the Hope of Israel. We are going to Bethlehem to see this thing which is come to pass. Come you and keep watch over our sheep while we are gone."

"Of angels I have seen and heard nothing," said Ammiel, "but I will guard your flocks with mine, since I am in debt to you for bread and fire."

So he brought the kid in his arms, and the weary flock straggling after him, to the south wall of the great fold again, and sat there by the embers at the foot of the tower, while the others were away.

The moon rested like a ball on the edge of the western hills and rolled behind them. The stars faded in the east and the fires went out on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. Over the hills of Moab a gray flood of dawn rose slowly, and arrows of red shot far up before the sunrise.

The shepherds returned full of joy and told what they had seen.

"It was even as the angels said unto us," said Shama, "and it must be true. The King of Israel has come. The faithful shall be blessed."

"Herod shall fall," cried Jotham, lifting his clenched fist toward the dark peaked mountain. "Burn, black Idumean, in the bottomless pit, where the fire is not quenched."

Zadok spoke more quietly. "We found the new-born child of whom the angels told us wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. The ways of God are wonderful. His salvation comes out of darkness, and we trust in the promised deliverance. But you, Ammiel-ben-Jochanan, except you believe, you shall not see it. Yet since you have kept our flocks faithfully, and because of the joy that has come to us, I give you this piece of silver to help you on your way."

But Nathan came close to the sad shepherd and touched him on the shoulder with a friendly hand. "Go you also to Bethlehem," he said in a low voice, "for it is good to see what we have seen, and we will keep your flock until you return."

"I will go," said Ammiel, looking into his face, "for I think you wish me well. But whether I shall see what you have seen, or whether I shall return, I know not. Farewell."

III

THE narrow streets of Bethlehem were waking to the first stir of life as the sad shepherd came into the town with the

morning, and passed through them like one walking in his sleep.

The court-yard of the great khan and the open rooms around it were crowded with travellers, rousing from their night's rest and making ready for the day's journey. In front of the stables half hollowed in the rock beside the inn, men were saddling their horses and their beasts of burden, and there was much noise and confusion.

But beyond these, at the end of the line, there was a deeper grotto in the rock, which was used only when the nearer stalls were full. At the entrance of this an ass was tethered, and a man of middle age stood in the doorway.

The sad shepherd saluted him and told his name.

"I am Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth," replied the man. "Have you also seen the angels of whom your brother shepherds came to tell us?"

"I have seen no angels," answered Ammiel, nor have I any brothers among the shepherds. But I would fain see what they have seen."

"It is our first-born son," said Joseph, "and the Most High has sent him to us. He is a marvellous child: great things are foretold of him. You may go in, but quietly, for the child and his mother Mary are asleep."

So the sad shepherd went in quietly. His long shadow entered before him, for the sunrise was flowing into the door of the grotto. It was made clean and put in order, and a bed of straw was laid in the corner on the ground.

The child was asleep, but the mother was waking, for she had taken him from the manger into her lap, where her maiden veil of white was spread to receive him. And she was singing very softly as she bent over him in happiness and wonder.

Ammiel saluted her and kneeled down to look at the child. He saw nothing different from other young children. The mother waited for him to speak of angels, as the other shepherds had done. The sad shepherd said nothing, but only looked, and as he looked his face changed.

"You have had great pain and danger and sorrow for his sake," he said gently.

"They are past," she answered, "and for his sake I have suffered them gladly."

"He is very little and helpless; you must bear many troubles for his sake."

"To care for him is my joy, and to bear him lightens my burden."

"He does not know you, he can do nothing for you."

"But I know him. I have carried him under my heart, he is my son and my king."

"Why do you love him?"

The mother looked up at the sad shepherd with a great reproach in her soft eyes. Then her look grew pitiful as it rested on his face.

"You are a sorrowful man," she said.

"I am a wicked man," he answered.

She shook her head gently.

"I know nothing of that," she said, "but you must be very sorrowful, since you are born of a woman and yet you ask a mother why she loves her child. I love him for love's sake, because God has given him to me."

So the mother Mary leaned over her little

son again as if she were alone with him; and Ammiel went out very quietly.

Joseph was waiting outside the door.

"How was it that you did not see the angels?" he asked. "Were you not with the other shepherds?"

"No," answered Ammiel, "I was asleep. But I have seen the mother and the child. Blessed be the house that holds them."

"You are strangely clothed, for a shepherd," said Joseph. "Where do you come from?"

"From very far away," replied Ammiel; "from a country that you have never visited."

"Where are you going?" asked Joseph.

"I am going home," answered Ammiel, "to my mother's and my father's house in Galilee. It is a long journey. Will you not wish me a safe home-coming?"

"Go in peace, friend," said Joseph.

And the sad shepherd took up his battered staff, and went on his way rejoicing.

WINSLOW HOMER

By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HOMER'S PAINTINGS



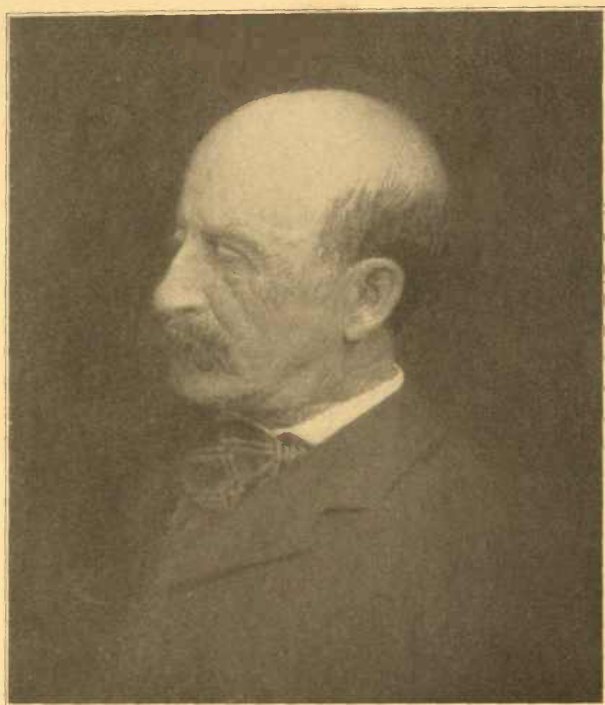
HE austere and solitary spirit who has lately left that lonely spit of land on the Maine coast where he could ceaselessly hear the sound of the sea which he knew so well and pictured with such indisputable mastery, occupies a unique position in the annals of his country's art. From the outset he was a law unto himself. Possessing a heritage of virile, sturdy Americanism, he never swerved in his desire to give convincing expression to native type and scene. The art of Winslow Homer, like the man himself, is generic and indigenous. Its roots lie deep in that fundamental nationalism which is the most precious legacy his countrymen can boast, and nothing has ever diminished its initial force and veracity. From first to last the work of this discerning eye and sure, steady hand was the

result of direct and wholesome response to local environment. Homer's tastes were specific. He painted only that which he saw and with which he could claim life-long familiarity. In its early phases this art depicted with patient fidelity the homely provincialism of the day. In its final expression it rises to heights of abstract grandeur unapproached by any other American painter, yet always and everywhere it sounds the note of race and country. The achievement, during those long years of struggle and isolation, of an utterance wellnigh universal, was unattended by any sacrifice of that simple birthright which had been his chief source of strength and inspiration.

It was not without the favoring touch of circumstance, as well as through his own unity of aim and purpose, that Winslow Homer was enabled to conquer a distinctive

position in the field of contemporary artistic endeavor. He was fortunate from the beginning. He came upon the scene at the most auspicious moment possible for the fostering of independent effort, and he had

best is supposed to typify. Crude and angular it sometimes is, awkward and unlovely if you will, it never lacks the stamp of downright truth. It is robust and confident. Often prosaic or frankly ugly, it



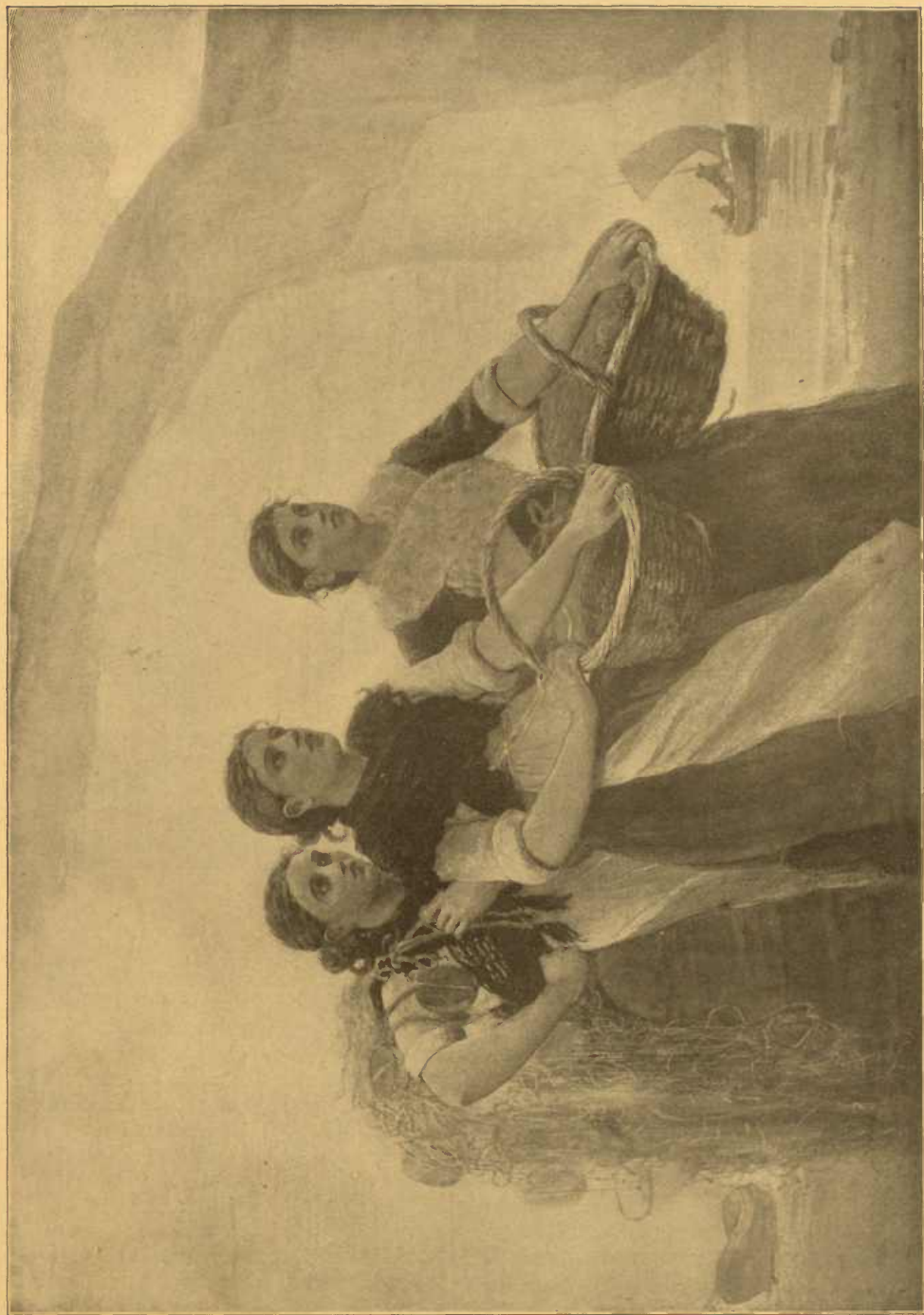
Winslow Homer, 1896.

By courtesy of the New England Magazine.

within him the ability to live and labor in seclusion, unmindful of the dissolution of an older order or the ascendancy of newer tastes and tendencies. Attaining his majority and maturing his impressions amid the stirring episodes of the Civil War, there always seemed to cling to him something of that quickening of national consciousness which few who lived through those stressful days have ever lost. Self-taught and unacademic, he blazed his predestined pathway guided by that same innate sagacity, that ready adaptation of means to end, which proved the mainstay of those about him who were obliged to confront issues far more momentous. You cannot glance at this art so rich in rugged sincerity, so disdainful of mere æsthetic amenity, without being brought face to face with certain of those qualities which Americanism at its

evinces no hint of timidity or hesitation. Above and beyond all it displays that fidelity to the essential aspect of things without which painting becomes a futile pastime or a senseless prevarication. There is no escaping the fact that Homer was a thorough product of his age and hour. His manner recalls the terse lucidity of Lincoln or the stark trenchancy of Walt Whitman. In countless ways he suggests the steadfast and single-minded figures of reconstruction days.

There are few more stimulating pages in the history of modern painting than that upon which is written in such decisive characters the life-story and the artistic development of Winslow Homer. Born in Boston, February 24, 1836, of pure New England stock, he passed his boyhood in nearby Cambridge, then but a country vil-



A Voice from the Cliff.

By courtesy of Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys.

lage, and, like the wholesome lad he was, spent most of his time fishing, birds'-nesting, and tramping about the woods and fields. The zest for out-door life thus acquired never left him. At heart he remained to the last natural, genuine, and utterly free from sophistication. Yet all was not play, for even during those early years he drew assiduously, and by the age of twelve had accumulated a substantial portfolio of crayon sketches and studies. Encouraged

Academy of Design and laboring industriously by day in a primitive little room in Nassau Street. They were busy, anxious times for the struggling novice, yet he made his way bravely, and friends as well, for he soon moved farther uptown to more congenial quarters in the old University Building.

It is difficult to recall any one who so quickly assimilated the elements of his art or displayed a more ready grasp of its essentials than was the case with Winslow

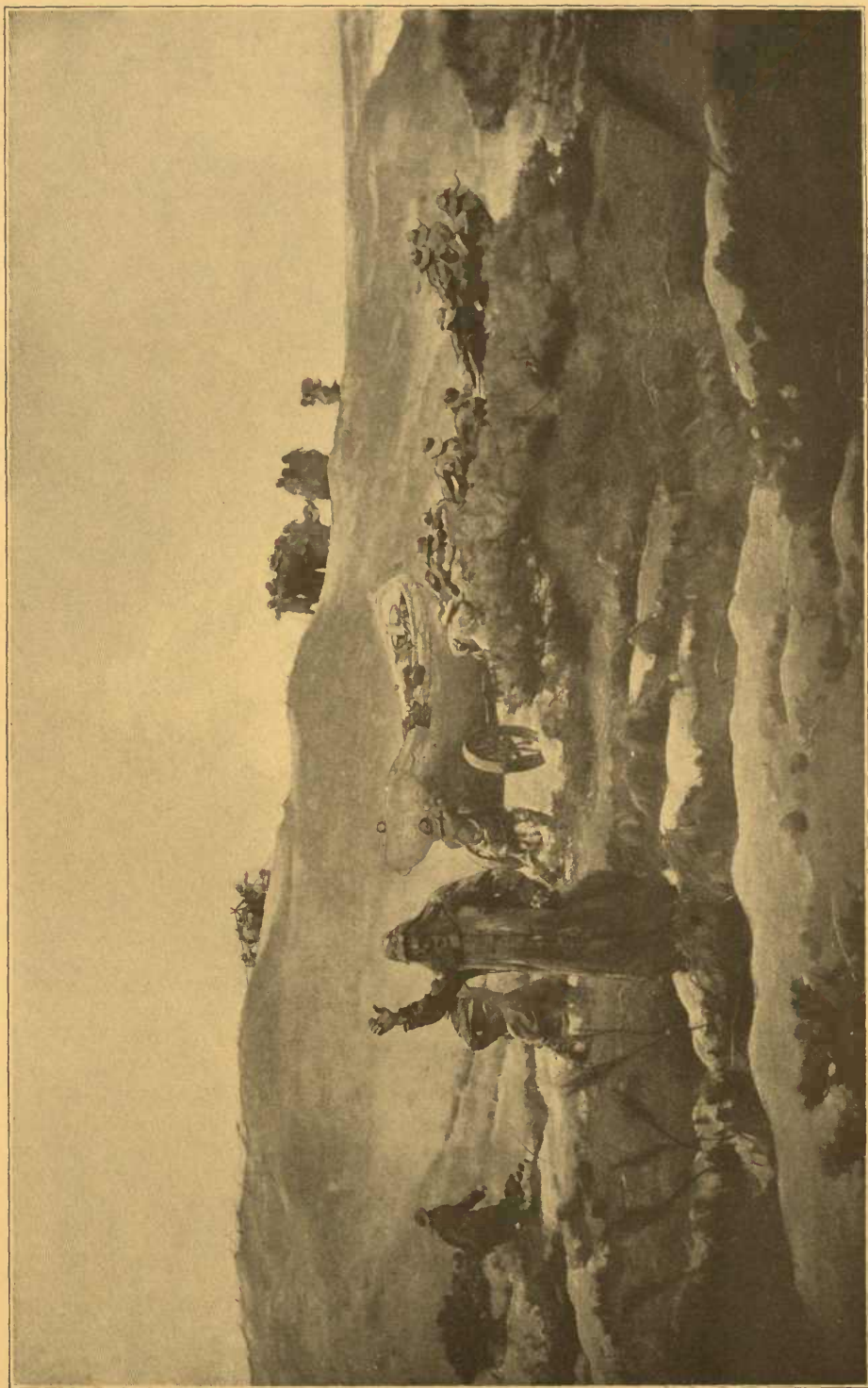


Harvest Scene.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

by his father, and desiring to make a career for himself, he entered at nineteen the employ of Bufford, a Boston lithographer, and so rapidly did he master the technic of his craft that he was shortly entrusted with the execution of fancy title-pages for sheet music, and later completed a full series of portrait heads of the Massachusetts Senate. Finding the mechanical drudgery of the work uncongenial, and craving independent scope for his talents, he left Bufford at twenty-one, taking a studio of his own and drawing chiefly for *Ballou's Monthly* and the wood-engravers of Harper and Brothers. At the instance of Harpers, though declining a proffered contract to work exclusively for them, he came to New York in 1859, attending the night classes of the National

Homer. He arrived by instinct at the root of the matter, wasting no time upon subtleties, and seeking always the most characteristic attitude or expression. Saving his few lessons at the Academy, and certain generous advice and counsel from Frederic Rondel, who taught him how to set his palette and handle his brushes, he was totally without formal instruction. He passed from lithography to original composition, and just as confidently from draughtsmanship to the use of oils, and when, in 1861, he was appointed artist-correspondent to report the Lincoln inauguration at Washington for *Harper's Weekly* he bade farewell to prentice days and became, at a bound, a full-fledged professional. The move from the capital to the front was inevitable, and



The Wreck.
Property of the Carnegie Institute.

he was in all three separate times with the Army of the Potomac, once officially for Harpers, and, ever restive under restraint of any sort, twice on his own account.

It was amid the shock of actual conflict, or surrounded by the picturesque incidents of camp life, that the young man's powers matured as though by magic. So varied and spirited were the scenes about him, that he shortly forsook the limited possibili-

ties of black and white for the broader appeal of color. His work instantly enlisted popular appreciation as well as attaining the requisite professional endorsement. Already an associate of the National Academy, he was made a full member in 1865. He furthermore took an active interest in art matters in the city of his adoption, being one of the founders, the following year, of the American Water Color Society.



High Cliff—Coast of Maine.

In the W. T. Evans Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

ties of black and white for the broader appeal of color. Almost before he realized it, he had placed to his credit numerous canvases replete with fresh, first-hand observation. Though rigid in outline and restricted in tone, they were astir with graphic interest and racy, wholesome character. The majority illustrate the more diverting aspects of army existence, but with "Prisoners from the Front" he sounded a note of pathetic fortitude which found sympathetic response in countless hearts throughout the shattered and disrupted land. There is no little satisfaction in recalling that Winslow Homer, unlike so many of his colleagues,

The war drawing to its close, he made a brief trip abroad in 1867, and on his return devoted himself to the interpretation of plantation and farm life; the negro shanty and cotton fields of the South, or the sterner prospect of New England home, hillside, and pasture, becoming his favorite themes. He had brought back with him from overseas no tinge of foreign influence, and approached his new task with that same untrammelled technic which had distinguished his work from the outset. Just as his Civil War pictures had won their generous measure of success, so this subsequent series met with corresponding approval. At the



Marine
Possession of Emerson McMillin, Esq.

Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, and two years afterward at the Paris Exposition, his art was heartily praised for its vigorous American atmosphere and frank honesty of presentation. There should be no difficulty in accounting for the early vogue of Winslow Homer, nor for his continued hold upon the public. His choice of subject and setting were thoroughly native, and his treatment without pretence or affectation. Historically he stands shoulder to shoulder with those disciples of domestic and out-

unashamed of its rusticity, are unique in their sincere and unpretentious verity. No one has given us that same local savor; no one has placed before the eye with such unflinching accent the expansive humor of the negro, or the gaunt, spare outline of the Yankee farmer in straw hat, shirt-sleeves, and rough cowhide boots. The watermelon patch, the tangled apple orchard, the tiny cross-roads school-house, and the rambling barn and outbuildings furnish the background for types which his clear vision



The Light on the Sea.

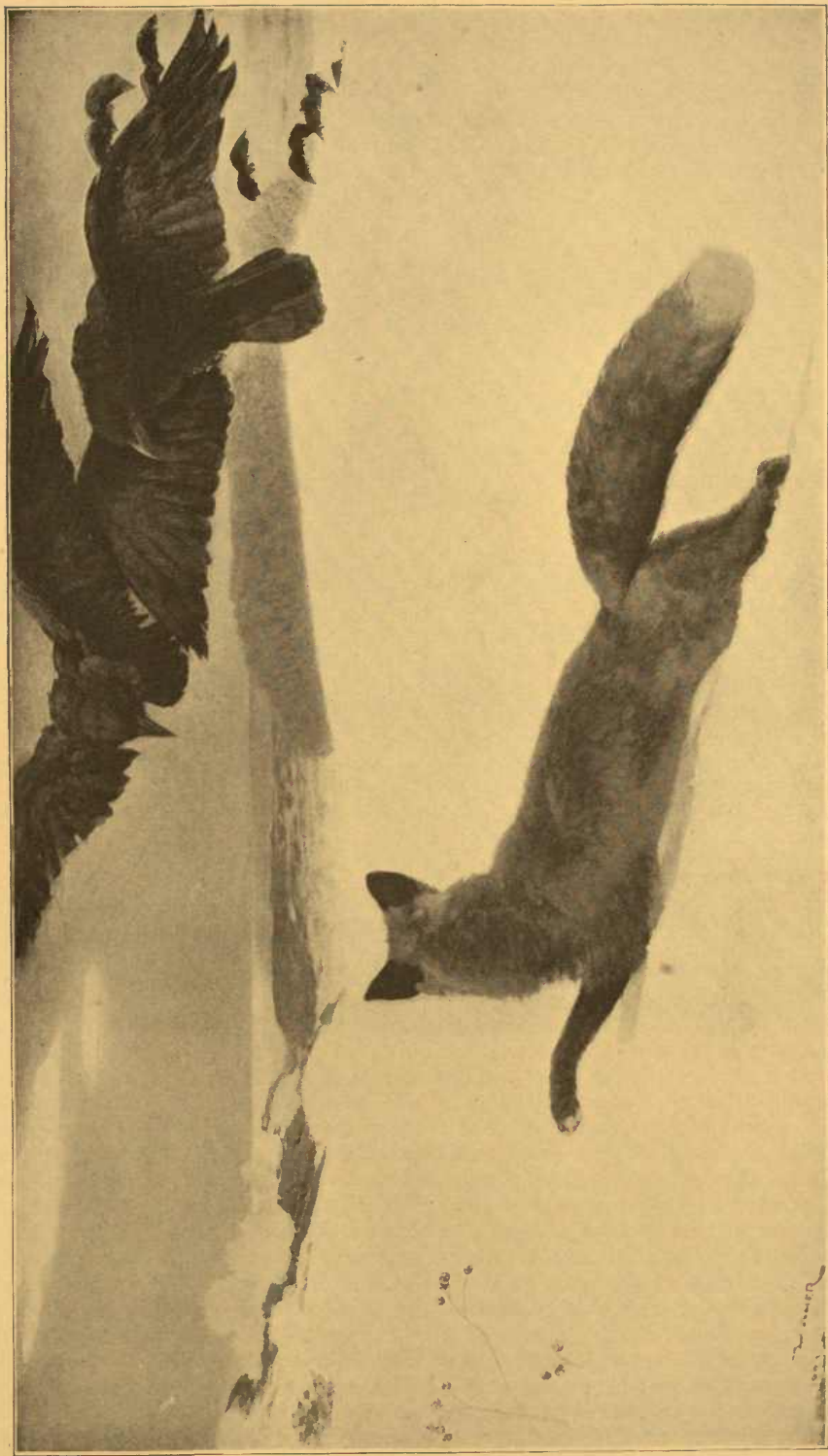
Possession of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

door genre whose original exponents were Mount and Edmonds, and whose foremost product was Eastman Johnson. It is they who unquestionably were, and their successors who should strive to be, the true backbone of American painting.

Genre as it was conventionally understood proved, however, but a phase of Homer's development. He soon passed onward toward a broader application of its principles, yet none of his contemporaries had been so inherently pictorial as he nor so free from alloy literary or sentimental. Though his themes were often identical with theirs he was always more original in conception and design and less apt to descend to pitfalls either patriotic or anecdotic. The records he has left of that struggling, post-bellum period when the spirit of the country was still largely rustic, and

and concise statement have rendered permanent. The very titles of these pictures conjure up innumerable boyhood memories and help to fix in the mind an epoch when the farmer and the farmer's family were the most characteristic figures of the day.

Individual as this work was, it is distinctly less so than that which followed. From sunny cotton field and sparse hillside he pressed northward into solitary stretches of virgin forest where the chief, and indeed the only, human notes were the guide, the trapper, and the lumberman. There was something in the remote and isolated magic of these pine-covered and lake-dotted regions which appealed with irresistible force to such a temperament as Homer's, nor was his art slow to reflect this further affirmation of a personality never lacking in masculine vigor and independence. The



The Fox Hunt.

From a copyrighted photograph of the painting, reproduced by the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

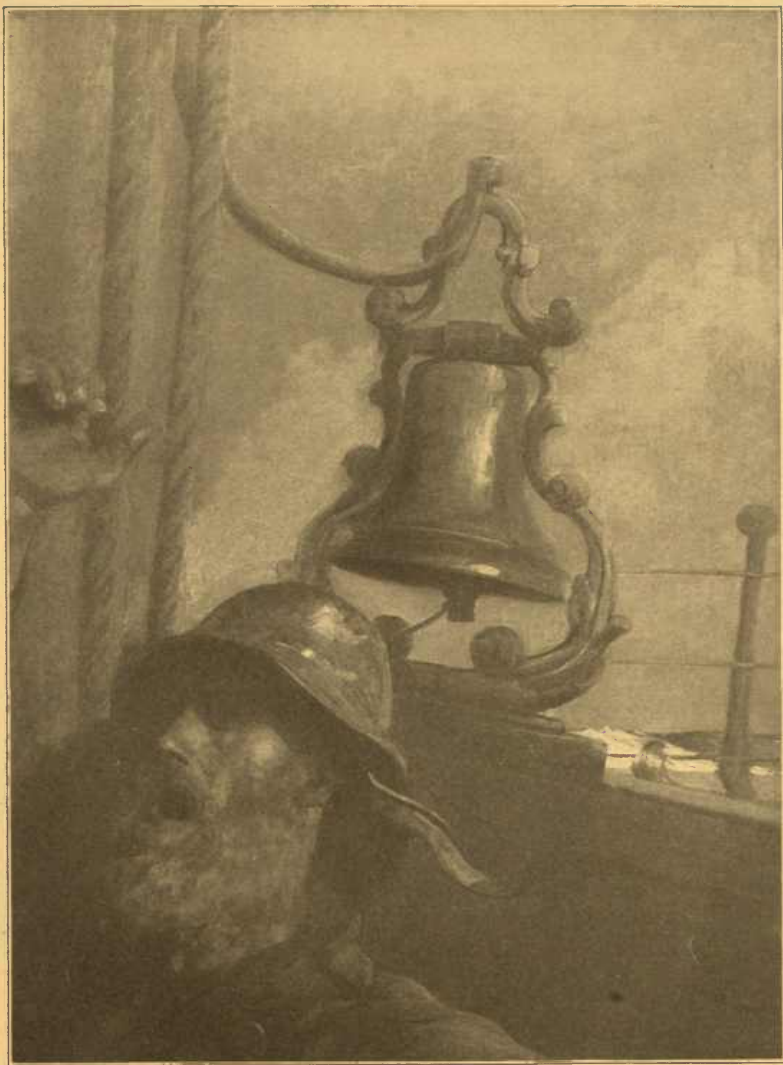
canvases of this date exhale the pungent, balsam-laden redolence of those distant wilds where the air is ever crisp and rarefied and the foot of man has seldom fallen. It would be difficult to conceive a closer identity between subject and surroundings than these pictures illustrate. The sinewy, agile dwellers of woodland and mountain who stalk the deer, or push their slender canoes along lonely streams shadowed by tall tree-tops, are the direct descendants of Leatherstocking, and, save for Winslow Homer, would have forever passed out of visual existence. It was he and he alone who saw and disclosed their artistic possibilities. True pathfinders and pioneers of a future civilization, they live for us again in these starkly original and graphic compositions. It required no small courage and hardihood to translate such episodes into pictorial language. Yet Homer proved equal to the task, and its accomplishment marked a phase of his progress in which the basic qualities of his being disclosed themselves more emphatically than ever before. He was in his true element. For the first time he found himself face to face with nature, reading her secrets with earnest penetration and learning how to reveal her changing semblance with increasing depth and certitude.

The thirst for new types and scenes still upon him, he also visited the Bermudas and the coast of Gloucester, and later spent several months near Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He seemed to feel the need of fresh stimulus, and wherever he went added something to his fast-ripening powers. Never an instinctive or in any degree opulent colorist, he eagerly absorbed the rich, sub-tropical tints of sky and sea during several sojourns in the West Indies. Yet nothing perhaps in his entire career was of more value to him than the days at Tynemouth which he passed drawing the comely fisher girls of Cullercoats and near-by villages. If the starved and meagre palette reacted promptly to the radiant sparkle of southern sun and wave, so his feeling for form which had thus far lain dormant found its awakening in the rhythmic poise of fisher lassie carrying her basket or net along silver sweep of sand. There had hitherto been a certain asperity, and almost gratuitous lack of grace, in much of his work, but this was delicately, almost tenderly, veiled over in view of river or harbor bathed in the soft atmospheric enchantment of the British

coast. Though it need not be assumed that eye and hand had lost any of their initial clarity or vigor, none the less there were henceforth few lapses into the earlier harshness of texture and angularity of contour. Like the Bermuda sketches, the English suite was almost wholly executed in water-color, a medium in which many of his finest qualities have been displayed. They were exhibited as a group at the Academy of 1883 and the mingled plastic dignity and poetic appeal of such compositions as "A Voice from the Cliff" and "Inside the Bar" is as potent to-day as a generation ago.

Judging from this already considerable output, there is no question that Homer had achieved much. He moreover enjoyed reputation and success. He was nearing fifty, and many another man would have been content to go along repeating past triumphs and accepting the suffrage of a friendly public. But not so Winslow Homer. In his eyes that which lay behind was merely preparatory, and on regaining his native shores he began with riper and more flexible equipment his real life task. The theatre of his activities was the Maine coast, and it is there that he saw enacted innumerable times the eternal drama of man and the elements which was to play such an important part in the work of the future. Renouncing the distractions of the city, alone and undisturbed by the commendation or criticism of the outside world, Homer lived and labored year after year with an absorption rare in any field of activity. During this voluntary exile, which was wholly dedicated to the practice of his art, he never once lost courage, nor did he slip into the sterile mannerisms of the isolated worker. He continued to develop step by step, with each canvas approaching nearer and nearer that ideal toward which he was so resolutely striving.

With scant exceptions, among which may be mentioned the crisp and decoratively conceived "Fox Hunt," the work of this last and final phase of Homer's career was devoted to themes wherein the sea plays either an incidental or a primary rôle. In the preliminary canvases the human note predominates; in the latter that ocean which has waged such relentless war upon man is depicted in all its sinister majesty. It is scarcely necessary to recall these pictures in detail. Like their predecessors of



All's Well.

Property of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

war-time and post-bellum days they, too, have passed into the consciousness of the community at large. Such subjects as "The Life Line," "The Undertow," and "The Signal of Distress" are notable for their striking yet entirely legitimate dramatic action. In "Eight Bells," "The Look-out—All's Well," and "The Fog Warning" we are offered a less graphic view-point and heightened powers of suggestion. While there seem to linger, in "A Light on the Sea" and also in Mr. Freer's recently acquired "Early Evening," memories of the fisher maidens of Tynemouth, we have as a

rule little that is not exclusively American and Down East in flavor. The marks of specific observation are indeed everywhere apparent in these records of sailor life on the New England coast. The air is charged with salt, you can hear the distant boom of the surf, great banks of fog sweep inward from the sea, and heavy figures clad in dripping oilskins do their duty in the teeth of the gale with all the unconscious heroism of the stanch souls they are. Considering the manifest temptations such material affords, there is a welcome absence of pose or attitude. The treatment is convincingly

realistic; the composition devoid of conventionality. It was truth that Homer was after, not mere momentary effectiveness. Though he had an inborn taste for the expressive, it never got the better of that fidelity to fact which formed the basis of his every brush-stroke.

Replete with incident as such scenes are, they nevertheless lack the dynamic energy of those marines which constitute Homer's chief title to greatness. It is to "High Cliff—Coast of Maine," "The North-

from her the highest measure of pictorial possibility. Continued study and practice taught him how to convey an incomparable sense of the rhythm of wave and the exact impact and buoyancy of great masses of water, while profound contemplation and close intimacy with his subject gave him in the end the magic secret of elevating the merely local to the plane of universality.

Even a casual survey of the life work of Winslow Homer is sufficient to establish clearly in the mind its leading characteris-

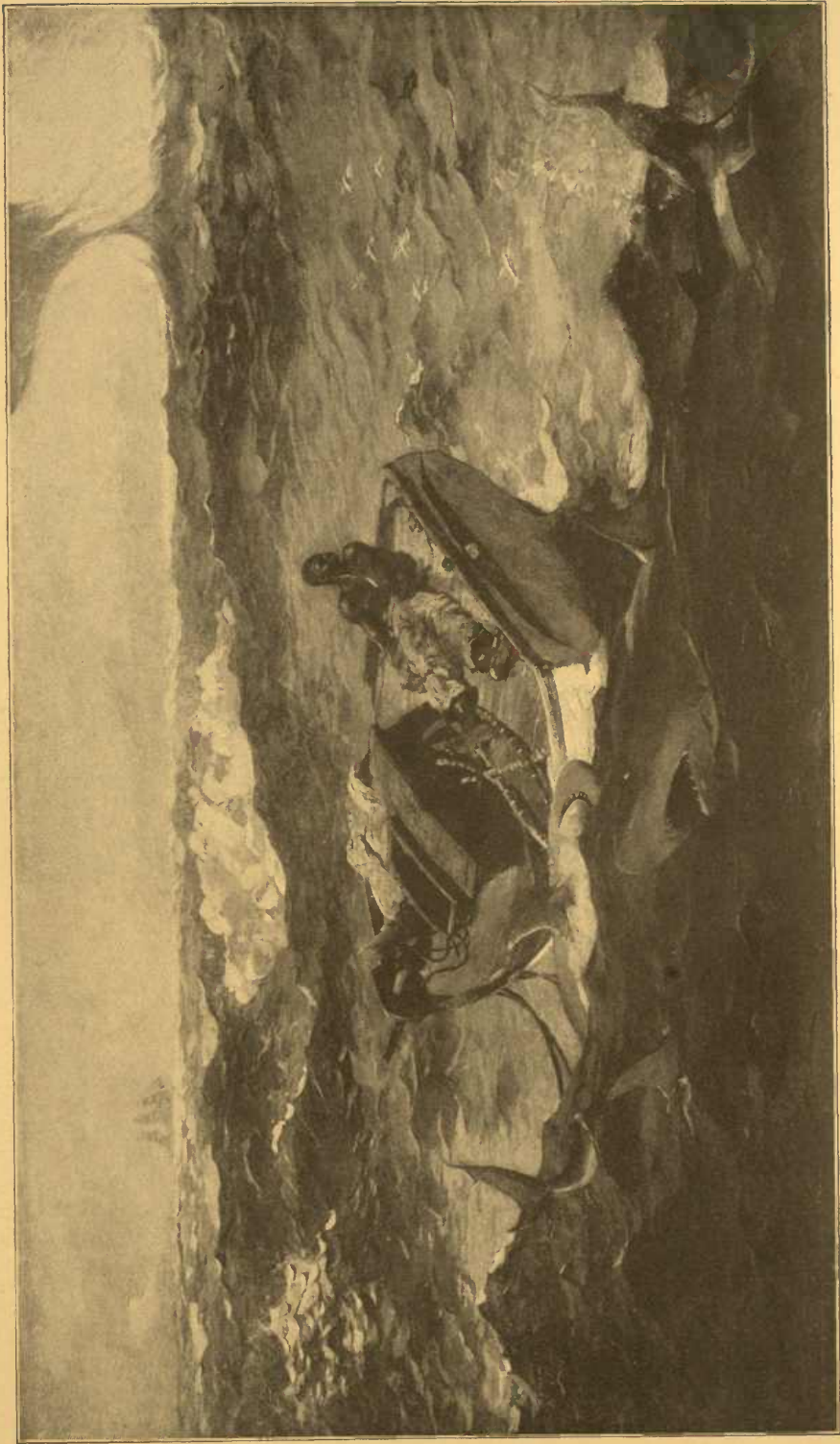


The Fog Warning.

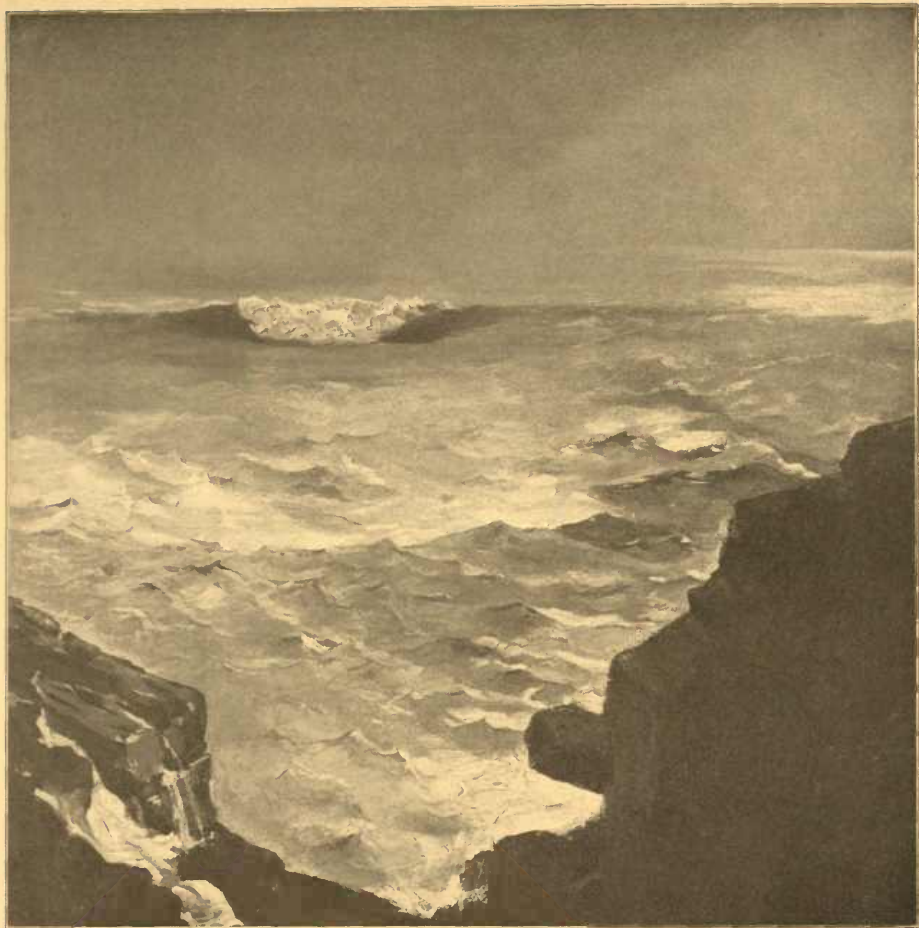
Property of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

eastern," "The Maine Coast," and "Cannon Rock" that one must turn for the culminative vindication of his art and personality. Man has been banished or reduced to insignificance. We are alone with the sky, the sea, the wind, and that impregnable bulwark which defends the land from imminent invasion. It is an age-old antagonism which is here depicted. It is that same conflict between rock and water which has been waged for centuries, yet it has never been portrayed with like power or stern simplicity of statement. Technically these canvases show a rapidity of stroke unapproached by anything Homer has placed to his credit, saving, of course, the aquarelles. Temperamentally they demonstrate to the full his ability to confront nature in her mightiest moods and extract

tics. It is an essentially naturalistic art, which, after marked transitions and many years of unremitting effort, he finally left behind. At the outset he was a frankly provincial product. As time went on he broadened wonderfully in scope and power, in vision and handling. The early rigidity of touch gradually acquired more fluency, his color grew richer and more varied, and his feeling for form disclosed at moments an almost statuesque grandeur. Nevertheless, the fundamental qualities of his style, as of the man himself, remained unchanged. Æsthetically as well as philosophically there exists always the same perpetual dualism, the same conflict between the relative claims of the subjective and objective points of view, and it is squarely upon the foundations of the latter



The Gulf Stream.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Cannon Rock.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

that the work of Homer rests. Just as Whistler stands in the annals of his country's art as the foremost apostle of subjectivity, so that which is purely objective finds its leading exponent in Winslow Homer. They are antithetical and irreconcilable in their respective positions, and each in his special province towers far above his fellows. The one is exclusive and aristocratic, the other defiant in his whole-souled democracy. Flaunting the superiority of foreign training and the efficacy of a refined eclecticism in matters of taste, Whistler captured the artistic sensibilities of his generation. Autogenous and relying solely upon his innate capacity for seeing and doing as he saw fit, Homer remained a solitary figure, removed from the conflicting cur-

rents of the hour. Firm as a rock, the sun-flecked waves of impressionism and the faint ripples of that lyric effeminacy so popular with certain younger painters have alike broken unheeded at his feet.

It would be injudicious to claim for this art qualities it obviously does not possess. Save in the always memorable water-colors it is lacking in manipulative dexterity and charm. Though the values are correct, there is scant attempt at suggesting that subtle illusion of light and atmosphere which is the cherished triumph of the contemporary palette. Singularly devoid of mystery or sensuous seduction, it likewise makes but slender appeal to the imaginative faculty. And finally, while there are those whose enthusiasm leads them to divine,

notably in the marines, a high degree of synthetic power, such fancies seem based upon a misconception of what actually constitutes æsthetic synthesis. In compensation, the work of Homer affords conclusive proof of the supremacy of matter over method. It is an invigorating, explicit portrait of actuality, set down with directness and force, the grasp of character always keen and sure, and the spirit of place unmistakable. Possessing distinct graphic eloquence, this art in its less ambitious moods is expressive and veracious, rising, in its more exalted moments, to a pitch of compelling power and conviction. It is always reality that Homer offers us, but a reality which, by the simplest devices, has been given unlooked-for significance. With Winslow Homer one seems to be in the veritable presence of man and nature. And so modestly has this been accomplished, and so severely economic the means employed, that all contributory considerations have disappeared.

Thus it is that Homer has pictured his country and countrymen. Bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, he has been faithful to his trust down to the faintest particular, never shirking fact however unpoetic and never seeking to cast over the rugged countenance of truth a veil of effete or foreign falsity. This art is not only soundly objective but splendidly optimistic. It betrays no misgivings as to the future. The spirit of a young, stout-hearted race looks from these canvases. They speak, one and all, of wider hopes and ampler opportunity. Beyond question their essence lies firmly implanted in those sturdier ideals of life and conduct which seem to have been swept aside by developments more recent and more complex. One of the last prod-

ucts of those earnest, spacious days, Winslow Homer was the only one to give the period consistent and enduring artistic expression.

The end came at his home at Prout's Neck, Maine, on September 29, last, after several weeks of failing health. He had

not done much latterly beside diverting himself with water-colors, the exertion of grouping models and executing compositions in oils being beyond his strength. He realized that his task was finished, recently remarking with characteristic pathos that "as there were so many young fellows around who were doing better things than he, there was little use of his keeping on." He nevertheless enjoyed undiminished mental vigor, and also delighted in strolling along the sea-front and pointing out the spots where he had painted his favorite pictures. Few artists



Winslow Homer.

By Courtesy of John W. Beatty, Esq.

have met with more cordial appreciation during their lifetime. He was the recipient of numerous distinctions at home and abroad, the awarding, in 1896, of the First Chronological Medal of the Carnegie Institute and the collective exhibition of his work held in the same galleries two years ago occupying conspicuous place among the fitting tributes to his fame. The most productive epoch of his career was the decade between 1890 and 1900 when he produced that superb succession of marine masterpieces by which he will doubtless be remembered longest. "The Gulf Stream," the last of the series, stirring as it is, already displays a certain diffusion of interest seldom seen in the canvases of his best manner. There can remain, however, little save admiration for this art as a whole. Through its singleness of purpose and sterling integrity both moral and æsthetic, it rightfully takes rank among the imperishable achievements of the national genius.



THROUGH THE MISTS

III

THE RED STAR

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE house of Theodosius, the famous Eastern merchant, was in the best part of Constantinople at the Sea Point which is near the church of Saint Demetrius. Here he would entertain in so princely a fashion that even the Emperor Maurice had been known to come privately from the neighboring Bucoleon palace in order to join in the revelry. On the night in question, however, which was the 4th of November in the year of Our Lord 630, his numerous guests had retired early, and there remained only two intimates, both of them successful merchants like himself, who sat with him over their wine on the marble veranda of his house, whence on the one side they could see the lights of the shipping in the Sea of Marmora, and on the other the beacons which marked out the course of the Bosphorus. Immediately at their feet lay a narrow strait of water, with the low, dark loom of the Asiatic hills be-

yond. A thin haze hid the heavens, but away to the south a single great red star burned sullenly in the darkness.

The night was cool, the light was soothing, and the three men talked freely, letting their minds drift back into the earlier days when they had staked their capital, and often their lives, on the ventures which had built up their present fortunes. The host spoke of his long journeys in North Africa, the land of the Moors; how he had travelled, keeping the blue sea ever upon his right, until he had passed the ruins of Carthage, and so on and ever on until a great tidal ocean beat upon a yellow strand before him, while on the right he could see the high rock across the waves which marked the Pillars of Hercules. His talk was of dark-skinned, bearded men, of lions, and of monstrous serpents. Then Demetrius, the Cilician, an austere man of sixty, told how he also had built up his mighty wealth. He spoke of a journey over the



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

It was hard to remember that he was only the wandering leader of an Arab caravan.—Page 28.

Danube and through the country of the fierce Huns, until he and his friends had found themselves in the mighty forest of Germany, on the shores of the great river which is called the Elbe. His stories were of huge men, sluggish of mind but murderous in their cups, of sudden midnight broils and nocturnal flights, of villages buried in dense woods, of bloody heathen sacrifices, and of the bears and wolves who haunted the forest paths. So the two elder men capped each other's stories and awoke each other's memories, while Manuel Ducas, the young merchant of gold and ostrich feathers, whose name was already known over all the Levant, sat in silence and listened to their talk. At last, however, they called upon him also for an anecdote, and leaning his cheek upon his elbow, with his eyes fixed upon the great red star which burned in the south, the younger man began to speak.

"It is the sight of that star which brings a story into my mind," said he. "I do not know its name. Old Lascaris the astronomer would tell me if I asked, but I have no desire to know. Yet at this time of the year I always look out for it, and I never fail to see it burning in the same place. But it seems to me that it is redder and larger than it was.

"It was some ten years ago that I made an expedition into Abyssinia, where I traded to such good effect that I set forth on my return with more than a hundred camel loads of skins, ivory, gold, spices, and other African produce. I brought them to the sea-coast at Arsinoe, and carried them up the Arabian Gulf in five of the small boats of the country. Finally I landed near Saba, which is a starting-point for caravans, and, having assembled my camels and hired a guard of forty men from the wandering Arabs, I set forth for Macoraba. From this point, which is the sacred city of the idolaters of those parts, one can always join on to the large caravans which go north twice a year to Jerusalem and the sea-coast of Syria.

"Our route was a long and weary one. On our left hand was the Arabian Gulf lying like a pool of molten metal under the glare of day, but changing to blood-red as

the sun sank each evening behind the distant African coast. On our right was a monstrous desert which extends, as far as I know, across the whole of Arabia and away to the distant kingdom of the Persians. For many days we saw no sign of life save our own long, straggling line of laden camels with their tattered, swarthy guardians. In these deserts the soft sand disguises the footfall of the animals, so that their silent progress day after day through a scene which never changes, and which is itself noiseless, becomes at last like a strange dream. Often as I rode behind my caravan, and gazed at the grotesque figures which bore my wares in front of me, I found it hard to believe that it was indeed reality, and that it was I, I, Manuel Ducas who lived near the Theodosian Gate of Constantinople, and shouted for the Green at the Hippodrome every Sunday afternoon, who was there in so strange a land and with such singular comrades.

"Now and then, far out at sea, we caught sight of the white, triangular sails of the boats which these people use, but as they are all pirates, we were very glad to be safely upon shore. Once or twice, too, by the water's edge we saw dwarfish creatures, one could scarcely say if they were men or monkeys, who burrow for homes among the sea-weed, drink the pools of brackish water, and eat what they can catch. These are the Fish-eaters, the Ichthyophagi, of whom old Herodotus talks, surely the lowest of all the human race. Our Arabs shrank from them with horror, for it is well known that should you die in the desert these little people will settle on you like carrion crows, and leave not a bone unpicked. They gibbered and croaked and waved their skinny arms at us as we passed, knowing well that they could swim far out to sea if we attempted to pursue them, for it is said that even the sharks turn with disgust from their foul bodies.

"We had travelled in this way for ten days, camping every evening at the vile wells which afford a small quantity of abominable water. It was our habit to rise very early and to travel very late, but to halt during the intolerable heat of the afternoon, when, for want of trees, we would crouch in the shadow of a sandhill, or, if that were wanting, behind our own

camels and merchandise, in order to escape from the insufferable glare of the sun. On the seventh day we were near the point where one leaves the coast in order to strike inland to Macoraba. We had concluded our midday halt, and were just starting once more, the sun still being so hot that we could hardly bear it, when looking up I saw a remarkable sight. Standing on a hillock to our right there was a man about forty feet high, holding in his hand a spear which was the size of the mast of a large ship. You look surprised, my friends, and you can therefore imagine my feelings when I saw such a sight. But my reason soon told me that the object in front of me was really a wandering Arab, whose form had been enormously magnified by the strange, distorting effects which the hot air of the deserts is able to cause.

"However, the actual apparition caused more alarm to my companions than the imagined one had to me, for with a howl of dismay, they shrank together into a frightened group, all pointing and gesticulating, as they gazed at the distant figure. I then observed that the man was not alone, but that from all the sandhills round a line of turbaned heads were gazing down upon us. The chief of the escort came running to me and informed me of the cause of their terror, which was that they recognized, by some peculiarity in their head-gear, that these men belonged to the tribe of the Dilwas, the most ferocious and unscrupulous of the Bedouin, who had evidently laid an ambushade for us at this point with the intention of seizing our caravan. When I thought of all my efforts in Abyssinia, of the length of my journey, and of the dangers and fatigues which I had endured, I could not bear to think of this total disaster coming upon me at the last instant and robbing me not only of my profits, but also of my original outlay. It was evident, however, that the robbers were too numerous for us to attempt to defend ourselves, and that we should be very fortunate if we escaped with our lives. Sitting upon a packet, therefore, I commended my soul to our Blessed Saint Helena, while I watched with despairing eyes the stealthy and menacing approach of the Arab robbers.

"It may have been our own good fortune or it may have been the handsome offer-

ing of beeswax candles, four to the pound which I had mentally vowed to the Blessed Helena, but at that instant I heard a great outcry of joy from among my own followers. Standing up on the packet that I might have a better view, I was overjoyed to see a long caravan, five hundred camels at least, with a numerous armed guard, coming along the route from Macoraba. It is, I need not tell you, the custom of all caravans to combine their forces against the robbers of the desert, and with the aid of these newcomers we had become the stronger party. The marauders recognized it at once, for they vanished as if their native sands had swallowed them. Running up to the summit of a sandhill, I was just able to catch a glimpse of a dust-cloud whirling away across the yellow plain, with the long necks of their camels, the flutter of their loose garments, and the gleam of their spears breaking out from the heart of it. So vanished the marauders.

"Presently I found, however, that I had only exchanged one danger for another. At first I had hoped that this new caravan might belong to some Roman citizen, or at least to some Syrian Christian, but I found that it was entirely Arab. The trading Arabs who are settled in the numerous towns of Arabia are, of course, very much more peaceable than the Bedouin of the wilderness, those sons of Ishmael of whom we read in Holy Writ. But the Arab blood is covetous and lawless, so that when I saw several hundred of them formed in a semi-circle round our camels, looking with greedy eyes at my boxes of precious metals, and my packets of ostrich feathers, I feared the worst.

"The leader of the new caravan was a man of dignified bearing and remarkable appearance. His age I should judge to be about forty, with aquiline features, a noble black beard, and eyes so luminous, so searching, and so intense that I cannot remember in all my wanderings to have ever seen any which could be compared with them. To my thanks and salutations he returned a formal bow, and stood stroking his beard and looking in silence at the wealth which had suddenly fallen into his power. A murmur from his followers showed the eagerness with which they awaited the order to

fall upon the plunder, and a young rufian, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the leader, came to his elbow and put the desires of his companions into words:

"Surely, O Revered One," said he, "these people and their treasure have been delivered into our hands. When we return with it to the holy place, who of all the Koraish will fail to see the finger of God which has led us?"

"But the leader shook his head.

"Nay, Ali, it may not be," he answered. "This man is, as I judge, a Citizen of Rome, and we may not treat him as though he were an idolater."

"But he is an unbeliever," cried the youth, fingering a great knife which hung in his belt. "Were I to be the judge he would lose not only his merchandise, but his life also, if he did not accept the faith."

"The older man smiled, and shook his head.

"Nay, Ali, you are too hot-headed," said he. "Seeing that there are not as yet three hundred faithful in the world, our hands would indeed be full if we were to take the lives and property of all who are not with us. Forget not, dear lad, that charity and honesty are the very nose-ring and halter of the true faith."

"Among the faithful," said the ferocious youth.

"Nay, toward every one. It is the law of Allah. And yet"—here his countenance darkened, and his eyes shone with a most sinister light—"the day may soon come when the hour of grace is past, and woe then to those who have not hearkened! Then shall the sword of Allah be drawn, and it shall not be sheathed until the harvest is reaped. First it shall strike the idolaters on the day when my own people and kinsmen, the unbelieving Koraish, shall be scattered, and the three hundred and sixty idols of the Caaba thrust out upon the dung-heaps of the town. Then shall the Caaba be the home and temple of one God only, who brooks no rival on earth or in heaven."

"The man's followers had gathered round him, their spears in their hands, their ardent eyes fixed upon his face, and their dark features convulsed with such fanatic enthusiasm as showed the hold which he had upon their love and respect.

"We shall be patient," said he, "but some time, next year, the year after, the day may come when the great Angel Gabriel will bear me the message that the time of words has gone by, and that the hour of the sword has come. We are few and weak, but if it is His Will, who can stand against us? Are you of Jewish faith, stranger?" he asked.

"I answered that I was not.

"The better for you," he answered, with the same furious anger in his swarthy face. "First shall the idolaters fall, and then the Jews, in that they have not known those very prophets whom they had themselves foretold. Then last will come the turn of the Christians, who follow indeed a true Prophet, greater than Moses or Abraham, but who have sinned in that they have confounded a creature with the Creator. To each in turn, idolater, Jew, and Christian, the day of reckoning will come." The ragamuffins behind him all shook their spears as he spoke. "There was no doubt about their earnestness, but when I looked at their tattered dresses and simple arms, I could not help smiling to think of their ambitious threats, and to picture what their fate would be upon the day of battle before the battle-axes of our Imperial Guards, or the spears of the heavy cavalry of the Armenian Themes. However, I need not say that I was discreet enough to keep my thoughts to myself, as I had no desire to be the first martyr in this fresh attack upon our blessed faith."

"It was now evening, and it was decided that the two caravans should camp together—an arrangement which was the more welcome as we were by no means sure that we had seen the last of the marauders. I had invited the leader of the Arabs to have supper with me, and, after a long exercise of prayer with his followers, he came to join me, but my attempt at hospitality was thrown away, for he would not touch the excellent wine which I had unpacked for him, nor would he eat any of my dainties, contenting himself with stale bread, dried dates, and water. After this meal we sat alone by the smouldering fire, the magnificent arch of the heavens above us of that deep, rich blue with those gleaming, clear-cut stars which can only be seen in that dry desert air. Our camp lay in silence before us, and no sound reached our ears

save the dull murmur of the voices of our companions, and the occasional shrill cry of a jackal among the sandhills around us. Face to face I sat with this strange man, the glow of the fire beating upon his eager and imperious features and reflecting from his passionate eyes. It was the strangest vigil, and one which will never pass from my recollection. I have spoken with many wise and famous men upon my travels, but never with one who left the impression of this one.

"And yet much of his talk was unintelligible to me, though, as you are aware, I speak Arabian like an Arab. It rose and fell in the strangest way. Sometimes it was the babble of a child, sometimes the incoherent raving of a fanatic, sometimes the lofty dreams of a prophet and philosopher. There were times when his stories of demons, of miracles, of dreams, and of omens were such as an old woman might tell to please the children of an evening. There were others when, as he talked with shining face of his converse with angels, of the intentions of the Creator, and the end of the universe, I felt as if I were in the company of some one more than mortal, some one who was indeed the direct messenger of the Most High.

"There were good reasons why he should treat me with such confidence. He saw in me a messenger to Constantinople and to the Roman Empire. Even as St. Paul had brought Christianity to Europe, so he hoped that I might carry his doctrines to my native city. Alas, be the doctrines what they may, I fear that I am not the stuff of which Pauls are made! Yet he strove with all his heart during that long Arabian night to bring me over to his belief. He had with him a holy book, written, as he said, from the dictation of an angel, which he carried in tablets of bone in the nose-bag of a camel. Some chapters of this he read me, but, indeed, though the precepts were usually good, the language seemed wild and fanciful. There were times when I could scarce keep my countenance as I listened

to him. He planned out his future movements and, indeed, as he spoke it was hard to remember that he was only the wandering leader of an Arab caravan, and not one of the great ones of the earth. 'When God has given me sufficient power, which will be within a few years,' said he, 'I will unite all Arabia under my banner. Then I will spread my doctrine over Syria and Egypt. When this has been done, I will turn to Persia, and give them the choice of the true Faith or the sword. Having taken Persia, it will be easy then to overrun Asia Minor, and so to make our way to Constantinople.'

"I bit my lip to keep from laughing.

"And how long will it be before your victorious troops have reached the Bosphorus?' I asked.

"Such things are in the hands of God, whose servants we are,' said he. 'It may be that I shall myself have passed away before these things are accomplished, but before the days of our children are completed, all that I have now told you will come to pass. Look at that star,' he added, pointing to a beautiful clear planet above our heads. 'That is the symbol of Christ. See how serene and peaceful it shines, like his own teaching, and the memory of his life. Now,' he added, turning his outstretched hand to a dusky red star upon the horizon—the very one on which we are gazing now—that is my star, which tells of wrath, of war, of a scourge upon sinners. And yet both are indeed stars, and each does as Allah may ordain!'

"Well, that was the experience which was called to my mind by the sight of this star to-night. Red and angry it still broods over the south, even as I saw it that night in the desert. Somewhere down yonder that man is working and striving. He may be stabbed by some brother fanatic, or slain in a tribal skirmish. If so, that is the end. But if he lives, there was that in his eyes, and in his presence, which tells me that Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, for that was his name, will testify in some noteworthy fashion to the faith that is in him."

THE WEST IN THE EAST
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

ON THE WAY TO INDIA

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"



It was less than a century ago that the sarcastic question, "Who reads an American book?" was posed in the *Edinburgh Review*. The *Review* was young, light-hearted, and careless of the feelings of others in those days. When it was about to be issued, Sydney Smith suggested as an appropriate motto the line from Virgil: *Tenui Musam meditamur avena*, translating it: "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal!"

Nor Sydney Smith, nor any other Englishman at that time, dreamed that well within the century two books at any rate, by American authors, dealing directly with the British Empire, would be given a prominent place in the library of every serious-minded Englishman. Captain Mahan of the United States Navy, and Mr. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, have written volumes that no Englishman cares to neglect.

What was playful condescension when the question, "Who reads an American book?" was asked, has become a criticism of English patriotism to-day, for no Englishman may pass by these two books when he studies his own empire.

This marks a great change, but it is a change that is often misunderstood. These books were not written to instruct, or to counsel, the Englishman about his own affairs, but to serve as commentaries for Americans, in the study of their own internal and external affairs. There is no suggestion of the smallest labial lapse in the grandmotherly method with eggs, on the contrary, it is a study of the old method, not a hint that there exists a better of which we are the inventors.

This newly awakened interest in the affairs of Great Britain is not an attempt on

the part of the American to patronize the English. It is the direct result of our colossal wealth, of our new territorial responsibilities, and of our enforced interest in the policies, affairs, failures, and successes of the great empire. We can no longer avoid this concern in the empire's affairs if we would. It is not an impertinent nor an idle curiosity and criticism, it is a new burden.

It is no longer a question of whether or no it is an impertinence for an American to deal with the British Empire; let me be frank, since I have been guilty, and explain that I, at least, consider it a necessity. It is our business, nowadays, to know as much of the internal and external conditions of the British Empire as possible, and to study these conditions from an American point of view for our own benefit, even if for no other reason. Next to our own affairs, the affairs of Great Britain are of most importance to us.

Should Great Britain lose India, lose the Suez Canal, lose the supremacy of the sea, become another Venice, Spain, Holland, or Denmark, the one hundred million inhabitants of the United States would find themselves with new and far heavier burdens. We are no longer troubling ourselves as to whether an American book will be read, since it has become a patriotic duty for the American who is blessed with the opportunity, to study the social, moral, and economical conditions of the very people who, less than a century ago, good-naturedly laughed out the question: "Who reads an American book?" Times have changed; we have changed.

An intelligent public opinion about foreign affairs needs fostering in America, for the time is not far distant when America will need the backing of knowledge, experience, and of the travelled information of

her wisest men, to meet the problems that are even now preparing for her.

As an example, I might add, if I were not the friend and admirer of both Mr. President Taft and Mr. Knox, that uninformed diplomacy has "dished" us in the East. The suggestion coming from Washington, that the six great powers should control together the railway situation in northern and southern Manchuria, was received coldly in St. Petersburg and in Tokio, and with amused condescension in London, Paris, and Berlin. I was in the East at the time, and at more than one ambassadorial table it was not easy to explain our motives. It is the sane and the fair solution of a ticklish problem if we are to have an open door in China, but as diplomacy, as a means to an end, it was a lamentable failure. It drove Russia and Japan together, and on the fourth of July, 1910, an agreement was signed between them, which provides for "friendly co-operation with a view to the improvement of their respective railway lines in Manchuria and the perfecting of the connecting services of the said lines, and to abstain from all competition prejudicial to the realization of this object."

In undiplomatic language this means hands off in Manchuria, a sign to other powers to keep off the grass.

The Japanese are building at great cost a railway bridge across the Yalu River, and a broad-gauge railway from thence to Mukden. The Russians control the Trans-Siberian Railway, which has thus far been operated at a loss.

This great valley, stretching up from the Gulf of Pechili for hundreds of miles, only needs improved agricultural machinery and cheap labor, which is at hand, to develop into a grain-growing territory equal to the feeding of all Japan.

If Mr. Knox had been with me on my tortuous and tiresome journey through this fair land, he would not have dreamed of suggesting that Japan and Russia should share these Chinese spoils with other countries, or admit a participating influence in a land watered by their blood, and into which they were pouring money.

A suggestion to us from France and Russia on the fourth of July, 1776, that they should share in our hardly won opportunity, would have been considered as fantas-

tical as was the proposal of Mr. Knox by Russia and Japan.

We have by this agreement between Russia and Japan not only closed the door on ourselves, but we have put England in a difficult position. We have done even more than that. We have made it still easier for Japan to gobble Korea*—though she is pledged not to do so—and to turn her attention to the consolidation of her recent conquests and to the Pacific. Japan need no longer be uneasy in the East, and both Russia and Japan may now turn their eyes to matters of more serious import to them. Russia becomes free again to study the situation in India and the Persian Gulf; and Japan may become less suave in contemplating the exclusion of her citizens from Australia, the Philippines, San Francisco, and Vancouver.

As a diplomatic move this affair was as ill-considered and as embarrassing in its consequences as can well be imagined. If Mr. Knox had been in the employ of the Japanese government he could not have aided them more successfully.

Our government was probably not kept in touch with the situation in the East. Our deplorable system of choosing men to act as our diplomatic and sensitive antennæ abroad, because they have been successful in the manipulation of ward, city, or state voters at home, will ere long, and fortunately, bankrupt itself. Whether the reward-seeking politician likes it or not, we must soon begin to appoint men who are travellers, linguists, and more or less socially accomplished, if we are to hold our own, or even to know what is going on in Europe and in the East.

Such commercial, industrial, and financial disturbances as are now our lot in America, are due to some extent to the fact that our productive powers along many lines are now greater than the demands of home consumption. Our agents abroad, whether ambassadors, ministers, or consuls, have the new burden of blazing the way for an increase of our foreign trade. The best men that we can get for such posts will find competitors from Germany, Belgium, England, France, and Japan, well worthy of their steel.

* This was written before the recent annexation of Korea by the Japanese. When I was in Tokio and in Seoul, I was told solemnly, by officials of high standing, that there was no intention of annexing Korea.

I have not only spent a year in the Far East, but I have also been for a short visit to South America. I cannot say too much to my fellow-countrymen of the successful labors of the new type of men who are gradually, but too slowly, being tempted into our civil service. I have seen many of them now all over the world, men who are making this work their profession, men who speak and write the language of the country they are sent to, and men who can speak and write their own, men who represent the United States worthily. I regret that I must forbear to mention names, but if the people of the United States knew what I know of the mere dollars and cents gained for them, to mention nothing else, by the men of our new civil service, and by the men representing us these days in the great capitals, they would wreck the reputation of any man, or any party, which attempted to revert to the spoils system in the appointment of our civil servants abroad. I take it that the accomplished and scholarly Mr. Knox knows this already, and he could spare his fellow-countrymen unnecessary humiliation if he would act upon it.

At the beginning of the last century the West Indies were responsible for one-fourth of all British commerce. The sugar of the West Indian Islands, and the colonies of Spain, were in those days what the valleys of Manchuria and the Eastern question are to-day. Great Britain was our rival at our own doors. To-day she has practically withdrawn her fleet from the Caribbean Sea.

It is acknowledged by everybody except, perhaps, Germany, that the Monroe doctrine is not a theory, but a fact, with a fleet behind it. We have undertaken to do justice, to keep the peace, and to safeguard property in South America, largely through the good will of the various states there. We do this, for their benefit and for our own, lest any nation should make it an excuse for the use of force in that region, that order is not preserved there, and that therefore their citizens and their property need protection. This method of opening the door to a foreign military power has been so successful along these same lines elsewhere, that we cannot afford to give the smallest excuse for such an argument.

That is the pith of the Monroe doctrine, and what foreign nation has not adopted it,

and fought for it in some part of the world? The actual words of President Monroe were: "As a principle in which the rights and interest of the United States are involved . . . the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subject for future colonization by any European power. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Americans must accept the responsibilities of the new situation whether they like them or not. They may not shirk the trust imposed upon them, whether for the present or for posterity. By our control in Cuba and Porto Rico, by the building of the canal, by the assertion that the whole of the South American continent is more or less within our sphere of influence, and by the taking over of the Philippines, we have made ourselves, to some extent, responsible for what goes on in the East. The Washington dictum of "no entangling alliances" is a thing of the past. We cannot play the game single-handed. We must have a partner or partners, and we must look on at the game of Eastern politics and policies, not only with interest, but with a keen desire to know which partner to choose when the time of choosing comes.

One of the best-informed students of Asian questions, Sir William Hunter, wrote, just before his death: "I hail the advent of the United States in the East as a new power for good, not alone for the island races that come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms the world problem of our day."

The inherited prejudices and quarrels of foreign-born, or of parent-foreign-born Americans, must be swept up in the dustpan of provincial national housewifery and thrown away, that America as a whole may profit. No man is truly naturalized as an American who persists in grafting his particular Old World enmities or prejudices upon his new citizenship. Now that we are taking part in the world game, no faction in the body politic can be permitted to impede our progress, to hamper our strength, or to confuse our judgment.

Let Irishmen send funds to back a political party in Great Britain; let Germans make presents to the German emperor; let Italians send thousands in savings back to Italy; let Poles hate both Czar and Kaiser; but let none of these enmities have the slightest bearing upon our foreign relations or our foreign alliances, for then the Irish must cease to be Irish, the Germans to be Germans, the Italians to be Italians, and the Poles to be Poles, and all recognize their fundamental citizenship, which is American. America, with imperial tasks on her hands, can recognize no tribes within her own borders, among her own citizens.

It requires no long disquisition, and no arguments more convincing than the mere statement of the facts, to show America's changed position as regards the European and the Eastern powers. Manila is forty-eight hours' journey from Hongkong, and we have large sums invested in Eastern trade, in Japanese bonds, and we are preparing to assist in the building and in the control of a railway which will parallel a portion of Russia's Trans-Siberian, and Japan's Southern Manchurian, railways. Seventy-five miles from Tokio, and at the extreme western point of Japan, is a wireless telegraphy station at Choshi. The steamer *Korea* when five hundred miles off Hawaii communicated with Choshi, and now in Japan they are planning to connect Choshi with Hawaii by wireless, by increasing the motor power at Choshi, which is now only fifty watts. This makes Japan indeed very much our neighbor. It may be added that Hawaii has, even now, three Japanese to one American. Our great wealth, our energy, and our policy of an open door in China, force us to a participation in imperial affairs, though there are those in America who, through geographical ignorance, or on account of parochial notions as to international amenities, imagine that these enterprises can be undertaken without ample provisions for a force on sea and land, to back up these pretensions.

The people of Oriental descent, and of Oriental customs of life, number between 800,000,000 and 900,000,000, or more than half the total population of the world. India and China alone furnish, India 300,000,000, and China 400,000,000, of this

total population. Their imports are estimated at some \$2,000,000,000 a year. The chief importers are:

India	\$450,000,000
China	300,000,000
Japan	250,000,000
Hongkong	200,000,000
Straits Settlements	200,000,000
East Indian Islands	150,000,000

About one-third of this trade is between themselves, while roughly \$1,400,000,000 comes chiefly from Europe and the United States. Sad to relate, the American share is only about six per cent, practically all the remaining ninety-four per cent being supplied by Europe.

The chief imports of the Orient are cotton goods to the value of \$400,000,000, manufactures of iron and steel, meat and dairy products, medicine, drugs, and dyes, tobacco, leather, agricultural implements, vehicles for transportation, and articles of household and domestic use. The most important item is cotton goods, of which Europe supplies ninety-seven per cent, though it buys its raw material from the chief cotton-producer of the world, the United States.

It is not our intention to neglect this commercial opportunity. We have reminded both Europe and the East officially, on several occasions of late, that we must be considered as having a stake in the East, and that our claims and opinions must be respected. In certain quarters at home our assertion of claims and our assumption of responsibilities in the East are looked upon with dislike and with distrust. After many months of travel and study in Europe and in the East, an American looks upon this expansion of interest and responsibility, not only with complacency, but with the feeling that it is unavoidable. Even if we were not in control in the West Indies, and in the Philippine Islands, our position as guardians of the Panama Canal, and as sponsors for the safety from aggression of the South American republics, and our position on the Pacific Ocean, force us to play a part in the East.

A nation, like an individual, must grow or die. It is true that our first concern is with matters at home. How a man will run, how he will think even, depends not a little upon the condition of his heart.

Our progress and prowess in the East depend, as is the case with England, upon our moral fibre at home.

There are two respectable and useful influences, of far-reaching importance in these days, both in England and America, falling under the general head of Social Reform, which are not without portents and promises of evil in this matter. One is a senseless and indiscriminating charity, whether backed by individuals or officially by the state; and the other is a weakening of the willingness to accept responsibility, to take charge, to govern, to work out along big lines the national destiny, the latter being in some sort a consequence of the former. The Little Englanders, and those who oppose the building of the canal, and a ship subsidy and a powerful navy, are types of those who hang back in England and in America. It is a symptom of the weakening of the very finest characteristics of the race.

The reader of the most elementary sketch of universal history can tell of the cessation of growth, and then of the decay, of Venice, of Bruges, of Spain, Portugal, and Holland. France is at the cross-roads now. Let the duties and responsibilities, and the wealth and its problems, come—problems by no means easy of solution—and the individual and the nation which stands up to them lives, or, shirking them for ease and safety, dies! In spite of all that is preached by the maudlin provinciality of the day, even by respectable men like Stead, recently engaged in the ghoulish pursuit of gram-phonizing the dead for political purposes, or Carnegie, a fierce, and it is said unprincipled, fighter for his own hand in other days, nothing is more disastrous to civilization than Peace. War is the essential condition of all life, whether animal, vegetable, individual, or national. The cow and the lap-dog are fruits of peace, useful and ornamental if you like, but not sufficient, not ideal. The cow is sacred in India, the lap-dog an idol in certain houses, but they are not a protection worth considering.

"La guerre," wrote von Moltke, "est une institution de Dieu. En elle les plus nobles vertus trouvent leur épanouissement. Sans la guerre le monde se perdrait dans le matérialisme." Joseph de Maistre writes: "Lorsque l'âme humaine a perdu son ressort par la mollesse, l'incrédulité, et les

vices grangreneux qui sont l'excès de la civilisation, elle ne peut être retrempée que dans le sang." I am not sure that both history and experience do not prove him to be right.

He travels with eyes and ears sealed, who does not become convinced that this century is not concerned as were the sixteenth and seventeenth with religious struggles, as was the eighteenth with the rights of man, as was the nineteenth with questions of nationality. The twentieth century even now is characterized by a struggle for existence in the field of commerce and industry. Peripatetic philosophers in caps and blouses, or in white chokers, or deputations of journalists, merchants, and members of Parliament, go and come, in the hope of deciding whether there is a German peril, or a Japanese peril. What could be more hopeless? The reason they are at sea is the simple one, that the German peril and the Japanese peril are just as much a fact as the law of gravitation.

The man who jumps out of a window falls to the ground. No man who lives in the three dimensions of space, with which we are familiar, can escape that law. No man who lives in England and America, can escape the vital necessity of Germany and Japan to expand or to go to the wall.

The trouble has been and is, that we are looking at the question as one of malice, of diplomacy, of choice. It is nothing of the kind. There is no blame, no right or wrong, in the matter. It is life or death. For Great Britain and the United States, two nations already enormously rich, it is simply a question of more wealth. For Germany, for all Europe indeed, and for Japan, it is a matter of life and death.

The phrase "Yellow peril," "German peril," "Japanese peril," is unfortunate, for the word "peril" implies something terrible and imminent. The situation exists, but, as I hope to show later on in these pages, neither the "Yellow peril" nor the "Japanese peril" is imminent, nor of war-threatening danger to us in America. I use the phrase because it is a familiar one, but I disassociate myself from any advocacy of nervous and self-conscious talk or action.

To talk of friendly Japan, or of friendly Germany however, is childish. No commercial rival armed to the teeth is friendly.

Who knew in 1860 that Germany was soon to be the dominant power in Europe? Who knew that she would defeat Austria in 1866? Who dreamed in 1868 that in two years she would crown her emperor at Versailles? Who dreamed in 1888 that she was to be Great Britain's rival on the sea? Certainly no Englishman cried "Wolf" at the appropriate time. What Englishman to-day explains why Germany smashed Denmark, humiliated Austria, ruined France, defies England on the sea, squeezes Holland commercially, and backs Austria in tearing up a treaty in order to make a grab in the Balkans? What childish nonsense to call this crying "Wolf"! It is an insult to that great power not to admit that it is a very fine, full-grown wolf—and just now very much on the prowl. That is the fundamental factor to be remembered in any discussion of this much-discussed question. It is not to be wondered at that the nations whose lives are at stake consider the matter more seriously than nations which have only pounds or dollars at stake.

Germany has a territory smaller than the State of Texas, and a population of over 60,000,000, and Germany can no longer feed herself. She can feed herself for about two hundred and fifty days of the year. What about the other one hundred and fifteen days? That is the German peril, and that, on a smaller scale, is the Japanese peril, and to discuss the question as to whether it exists or not, is mere beating the air. It is not in the least an ethical problem, it is German policy, it is Japanese policy, and in both cases forced upon them, and war is sometimes an instrument of policy. You can no more wall in a nation, cramp it, confine it, threaten it with starvation, without a protest and a struggle, than you can do the same to an individual. Whether a man will fight for his life or not is not a question, it is a fact.

The reader will understand the situation better with these comparisons at hand. The United States has a population of about 28 persons per square mile, Japan has a population of 317 to the square mile, while Europe, with an area in square miles not much larger than the United States, has a population of 390,000,000, or a density of 101 to the square mile. Great Britain has a smaller area than Colorado and a density of 470, while England alone

has a density of 605. Belgium is less than one and a half times as large as Massachusetts, and has a density of 616. Canada has a density of only 1.75. Italy is not much larger than Nevada, but Nevada has less than one person to the square mile, and Italy 293. Rhode Island, our most densely populated State, has a population of 407 to the square mile; next comes Massachusetts with 348.

Neither Germany nor Japan has created or fostered this situation. The mischief and the malice begin when they are accused of what they cannot help. But to say the situation does not exist is ignorant, silly, or sentimental, depending upon the person who speaks.

The interesting problem to put oneself is, how is the hydra-headed democracy in England and America, easy-going and money-making, to face Germany, governed by its wise men, and Japan now, as much as a century ago, governed by a group of feudal nobles, with the mikado, who is not merely obeyed but worshipped by the great mass of the Japanese, at their back.

I made bold, not long ago, to publish a serious study of the internal and domestic situation in England; and the following pages attempt to deal with the external and imperial relations of Great Britain, because as Americans we are vitally interested to know how soon, and to what extent, we are to be involved in imperial matters in an even graver measure than now.

Great Britain, with its 11,500,000 square miles of territory to protect, with its 400,000,000 of people to govern, must necessarily invite the scrutiny of Americans interested in the welfare of their own country. One need hardly pay heed to those foolish or sensitive persons who look upon such scrutiny as an impertinence.

In 1907 the official figures show that the United Kingdom purchased \$900,000,000 of food, drink, and tobacco in foreign countries; \$850,000,000 of raw materials and partly manufactured articles; \$650,000,000 of manufactured articles. Great Britain, with its population of some 45,000,000 odd, is supporting foreign industries, and enriching foreign nations, ourselves among the number, to the extent of \$2,400,000,000 annually. Her self-governing colonies bought foreign goods to the

amount of \$500,000,000, and her crown colonies to the amount of \$125,000,000. Here is a customer who buys over \$3,000,000,000 worth of goods annually, and yet cannot find sufficient employment at home for her own people, who are emigrating to other countries. Here is a customer who persists in fooling himself with the belief that he is a free trader, when his net receipts from customs are \$1,402,500,000 a year, and his net receipts from excise are \$1,514,000,000, or a total taxation of food and drink amounting to \$2,916,500,000. In addition to this he has the highest, the most costly, and the most pernicious tariff in the world in his trades-unions, which put a tax on every laborer's time and every laborer's hand and arm. Men are only allowed to work so many hours, and to produce so much. This is the tariff which is ruining England slowly but surely. America is really a free-trade country as compared with my delightfully dull friend John Bull, who goes to the extreme length of taxing time and taxing energy, thus adding enormously to the cost price of everything he sells, and thus building a tariff wall against his own workmen in their attempts to compete with the foreigner. It is the most cruel of all forms of taxation.

British railways also add to this burdensome tariff by declining to quote, as do German and American railways, low rates for goods destined for export. There is much criticism of American railway finance, but what should we think of such a situation as the following?—A German manufacturer can send goods from Hamburg to Birmingham *via* London at a much less rate than a London manufacturer can send goods direct to Birmingham. Goods can be delivered in Birmingham from New York at a less price than from Liverpool. The British manufacturer pays from twenty to thirty per cent higher freight rates on goods sent to West Africa, South Africa, Australia, and in many cases New Zealand, than do German or American shippers. At any rate, this was the case as late as April, 1909.

As I write, in June, 1910, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is presenting his year's budget in the House of Commons, and I have just heard that House cheering the statement that Great Britain's next year's expenses will amount to nearly \$1,000,000,-

000, or £198,000,000; that between 1899 and 1909 the expenditure on the navy increased from \$120,000,000 to \$200,000,000; on the army from \$100,000,000 to \$140,000,000; on the civil service from \$185,000,000 to the enormous sum of \$330,000,000, or an increase of seventy-eight per cent. Great Britain's expenditures on army, navy, civil service, paupers, old-age pensioners, the insane, the feeble-minded, are a tribute to her wealth indeed.

No other country could drive her workmen to emigrate, could tax her productive power by trades-unions regulations, see her birth-rate diminishing, and cheer her Chancellor of the Exchequer as he cracks jokes on the subject of these figures. Nothing is put back into the sinking fund, nothing is taken off the income tax, expenditure has almost exactly doubled between 1890 and 1910, and the national debt stands at \$3,800,000,000, or \$86 per head of the population. I may add that the gross national debt of the United States in the same year stood at \$2,735,815,000, or \$32 per head of the population; the national debt of Germany at \$1,078,375,000, or \$16.50 per head of the population; the national debt of Japan at \$1,162,074,850, or \$25 per head of the population; the colossal national debt of France at \$6,032,344,000, or \$153 per head of the population.

As an admirer of John Bull, I wish to call attention to the good health and good spirits, to the cheery, damn-the-consequences optimism, which this situation illustrates.

Other countries are being taxed; we in the United States are being taxed, but we are borrowing on our motor-cars, our aeroplanes, our pianos, our jewelry, our luxuries in short. To phrase it differently, and perhaps to some people more cogently, we are merely pawning our easily done-without toys; but Great Britain, with her income tax at war figures, and her wine and spirits tax larger than ever, is pawning John Bull's coat and shoes! In the United States we have not even scratched the surface of our taxable possibilities, while in Great Britain, it looks as if Mrs. Bull's shawl will have to go next, and they have dreary weather for coatless men and shawlless women in Great Britain.

To the American who has heard overmuch of the extravagance of America, and

of Americans of late years, it is a relief to hear Great Britain's present Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding jauntily an expenditure of a thousand million dollars. He and his followers evidently regard thrift as a dreary virtue.

If an American returns from nearly a year's journey through the Far East, where Germany, Russia, Japan, China, India, Egypt, and America are all keenly interested in this condition of the British Empire, and finds the Imperial Parliament apparently oblivious of these matters, but engrossed in playing a game on the steps of the throne, with a handful of Irishmen who represent four million people only, he may be pardoned for thinking it is business to tell his countrymen what he can of the situation. If your neighbor's house is on fire, it would be silly indeed not to study the way the chimneys were built, discover if possible how the fire started, and who was careless or who mischievous. He would be a sensitive householder indeed if he considered such an investigation impertinent. If the British Empire is not on fire, no one will deny that there is much smoke and smouldering both at home and in India, in Egypt, in South Africa, and elsewhere.

Oh, we have heard this cry of "Wolf" so often! reply a certain class of Englishmen. Yes, they heard it in Spain, in Holland, they heard it in France shortly before 1870, and heeded it not. That fable of the cry of "Wolf" has done much harm, because it is misinterpreted. He who cries "Wolf" continually may be silly, but what of him who does not listen, when the real wolf appears? Better listen every time the cry is heard than lose all one's sheep.

Colonels Stöppel and Lewal cried "Wolf" about the French army before 1870, and were met with the reply from the Minister of War Le Boeuf: "*Nous sommes archiprêt—jusqu' au dernier bouton!*" and shortly after, Germany crowned her emperor in Paris.

There are several hungry wolves about now, and one can almost see the hungry grin when they hear those martial heroes, Stead, and Carnegie, and William Jennings Bryan, telling the sheep: "Oh, it is only the old cry of Wolf!" One is tempted at times to agree with Herbert Spencer that: "the ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of their folly is to fill the world with

fools," but he lacks virility and patriotism who succumbs to that Capuan temptation. Sir Frederick Maurice writes that of the one hundred and seventeen wars fought by European nations, or the United States, against civilized powers from 1700 to 1870, there are only ten where hostilities were preceded by a declaration of war.

Three hundred millions of Great Britain's population are in India, let us go there and have a look at her biggest problem, and at the neighbors of India in China, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, and Russia.

"The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to me increasingly to lie in the Empire of Hindustan. The secret of the mastery of the world is, if they only knew it, in the possession of the British people." So writes Lord Curzon. When one has travelled the length of the Mediterranean Sea, and then across it from Marseilles to Port Said, through the Suez Canal and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay from Aden, one needs no convincing and would listen to no arguments to the contrary that Great Britain, with India, is the greatest empire the world has seen, but that Great Britain without India, and the military and trade route to India, would soon be a negligible quantity, a Spain, or Portugal, or Holland.

To read through a geography is dull business, but to travel through your geography is enlightening indeed.

The first thing that excites one's curiosity is, that there seems to be little free trade in this journey to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company practically monopolizes the passenger traffic. I was informed that there was some arrangement with other companies which left the P. and O. Company a monopoly. As a consequence of this, British gastronomies have full play.

I have eaten stewed dog with the Sioux Indians in our North-west; I have eaten indescribable stuff in Mexico; I have lived for weeks in the middle of summer on a war-ship off the coasts of Cuba and Porto Rico on canned food; I have, I believe, eaten rats in Manchuria; I have, alas! over-eaten in Paris; I have labored with the stodgy, heavy food of English country inns, and no harm has resulted; but when I landed from that P. and O. steamer at Bombay my stomach was in tears. My fellow countrymen will find it hard to be-

lieve, but it is a fact, that on that same steamer on her way to some of the hottest weather in the world, in the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, there was only one kind of mineral water to be had, and that only in pints! Can pig-headed stupidity go further? The linen on my breakfast tray in the morning was, for the first two mornings, so besmeared and spotted with egg and coffee stains that I threatened to go to the captain. Remember, too, that the fares on these steamers are high, and that we were travelling as comfortably as the accommodations of the ship permitted. No wonder they are losing their trade. But what business is it of mine? Why not go by some other line? I will be frank, also, in my admiration, and say that when I travel with my women folk on the water, I am happier to think that Americans or Englishmen are in command. Both they and I will have a fair chance, and the American or the English captain will not be found among the saved if their passengers are not saved too. But even then, if it is not my business, and perhaps it is not, to criticise, this is no answer to the hordes of houseless, hungry men that one sees any night on the Embankment in London, nor to the rapidly increasing hundreds of thousands supported by the state here, nor to the hundreds of thousands who are emigrating because there is no work for them. They have a right to question the muddling, unenterprising methods of those in control, whose sole gauge of food, drink, and dirt is a thirteen per cent dividend.

Even as we leave the quay at Marseilles the three races—the English, the Indian, and the French—are exploiting themselves. The Indians, three of them doing one man's work, and physically awkward, are loading and unloading under the governing finger of a silent English officer. Half a dozen French girls between the ages of seven and twelve are dancing the *can-can*, as though they were in the Jardin de Paris, and soliciting the pennies of the passengers.

A distinguished French physician has explained the attitude of France toward conscription and race suicide by saying that France is hundreds of years in advance of the rest of the world in civilization, and that the unruliness and selfishness and—as I should term it—their matured frivolity are marks of a higher civilization. Some

of us call it Decadence. In India we are to see a civilization, old when the French were in skins. There too ambition is dead, and three hundred millions are powerless in the hands of a few Englishmen. Perhaps civilization always ends by giving up the problem of life as insoluble, and settles down to the studied frivolity of Paris, or to the calm despair of India.

Our fellow passengers are almost all English, with here and there a returning Parsee merchant, or a French, German, or American globe-trotter. There are also a number of women, some young, some of that uncertain, twilight age, who are going out to be married. It was one of the features of travel all through the East, I found. On almost every ship, under the wing of the captain, one met one or more of these women going out to marry men whose duties did not permit them to go in search of their brides. So far as I could see, the protection of the captain was altogether unnecessary. If one may judge of the loneliness of the bachelors in the East by the brides who go out to marry them, it must be distressing. There are more than a million more women than men in England alone; the women outnumber the men in Scotland also; only in Ireland is there anything like an equality of numbers. Such wealth of choice would lead, one would suppose, to a certain æsthetic discrimination, but apparently in these matters the East has the effect of hurrying the white man, though in turn the East is not hurried by him.

"It is not good for the Christian race
To worry the Aryan brown,
For the white man riles
And the brown man smiles,
And it weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight
Is a tombstone white
With the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph clear,
'A fool lies here
Who tried to hurry the East.'"

So writes Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who easily surpasses any man of our breed, in his power of imaginative analysis.

Tell me no more of the American twang! It is distressing, if you please, but having travelled many days in the atmosphere of the English voice, I much prefer the rank infidelity of the American whining twang to the guttural, not to say catarrhal, sing-

song of Anglican vocal conformity. Some of the more piercing English voices may be likened unto a diminutive steam-whistle suffering from bronchitis.

He is a fussy traveller indeed who pays much attention to such matters as these when he is sailing through the Mediterranean to the land of the Great Mogul for the first time. These are mere comments to put away in the card-catalogue of one's brain for possible future reference.

What an embroidered sea it is! Fringed by Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia. We see the land of the Pharaohs, of Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon. We sail through the religions, the law, the literature, the art, the traditions that ruled, and rule, the world. Here are the Pentateuch, the Psalms, Job, the Gospels, the Greek drama and comedy, the Koran, the Epic of Antar, the literature and law of the Latins and the Italians, and the greatest of comedies, Don Quixote. If the Avon emptied into this sea, it could claim all the greatest names in literature. And what a literary gamut it is from Don Quixote to the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians!

We sail past Rome, Athens, Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Mecca, and through that narrow blue ribbon of the Suez Canal, which binds together the greatest empire of them all, the British Empire. It is the sea of all the most poignant associations of the world. No one's memories are complete without it. Not to know the Mediterranean and its associations is not to be educated, is not to be a man of the real world, is not to know the history of the world, for the tides of this sea are the pulse-beats of the heart of history. We Americans are just mushrooms in a grove of palms and cedars, though we are mighty good eating these days.

At Port Said we are in the anteroom of the East. I do not intend to write a guide-book. Messrs. Murray and Baedeker have too many literary parasites already, but I must let the ink bubble occasionally with my personal delight, and perhaps to old travellers my *naïf* enjoyment of every day of those many months spent in the East. I gazed at those Arabs at Port Said, I studied their sensual, and in many cases diabolical, faces with awe and interest. In

Europe other white men are different, to be sure, but it is possible to account for the differences, to analyze the differences in a superficially satisfactory way. But these human beings are not merely different, they are something else.

That tall, naked, black man, with his head shaven, sitting in this broiling sun, which would knock me over in half an hour were my head not covered with cork and linen, and protected besides by a white umbrella; this man, with his prognathic jaw, his shining teeth, his legs and shoulders looking as though they had been recently polished, his eyes with that clearness and sheen in them, as though they were swimming in some liquid, like a compass, he may be commonplace to these other travellers, but I lean over the side and gloat over him.

This is the blood that slashed through Europe and the East, crying that theirs was the one true God, and that Muhammad was his one true prophet; this is the fellow I looked at in my illustrated geography many, many years ago instead of committing the text that framed him to memory. I can see those vignettes now. I can see the Malay with his pagoda hat, the Indian prince with his bejewelled turban, the Japanese with his straw coat, the Burmese lady with her huge cigar, the Chinese with his shaven forehead, and his pigtail. Those baby lessons in ethnology, how I should have devoured the text had I dreamed that one day I was actually to eat, and talk, and shoot, and ride, and visit with these people, and even take photographs of them with a machine that was not even invented in those days.

I make no apology for gazing at that boat-load of Arabs, huddled together waiting to coal, or floating away having done their day's work. It is my first real sip of the East, and I am far more excited than when I played my first game of base-ball in a real uniform, made in the sewing-room; or when I marched up to take a painfully attenuated degree at Harvard; or when I made my first speech in public; or when the most distinguished Englishman now living hoped that I would not think it an impertinence if he thanked me for a certain volume I had written. These are all exciting episodes, but now I am voyaging into the world from whence we all came. I am actually getting near the country where they

invented Adam, and Eve, and Noah. In a few hours I shall see the place where Moses made a reputation as an amphibious commissariat which, in my boyhood, impressed me far more than his unequalled ability as a law-giver. Moses, and Jesus, and Muhammad were all born in this region, in this climate, in this atmosphere—yes, I am bound to confess that it was exciting.

The best books on the East, as every one knows, are the Bible and the Arabian Nights, and yet I found most travellers were saturating themselves with snippity descriptions of monuments and places, with tabloids of history, with technical paragraphs on architecture and the ethnic religions, with figures about the height of this and the length of that, or condensed statistics of exports and imports, and the tonnage through the Suez Canal, and dates about the Pharaohs, and the Mughals. No wonder they see nothing, know nothing, enjoy nothing, and come home bringing a few expletives, adjectives, and photographs, which can be had for a small price in either New York or London.

The first thing to do in going to the East is to turn your education out on your desk so that you can get at the bottom of it, and there you will find the Bible, and the Arabian Nights, and the Odyssey, and Iliad, and Virgil, and Herodotus, and Xenophon, and you will realize what a fool you were not to have devoted more time to them when you were asked to do so. Guide-books can get you to the East, but they do not get you inside. It is temperament, not trains, that counts.

It must be about as amusing to visit the East with a dimly informed courier as to be taken through the Louvre by a page-boy from the hotel, or to visit the British Museum with the driver of the cab whom you happen to hail to take you there. Having been in the East I can only say to other travellers that I would not waste even a week's time in all the East, with only the resources of the average tourist at my command. It was the unstinted, and instructed, and experienced hospitality of the English in India and China, and of the Japanese in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, that made my visit profitable and immensely enjoyable. Through them, and the native princes of India, I was given a universal passport, and welcomed as a

chartered and privileged guest, and the burden of my debt to them for that glorious year is beyond lightening by any poor words of mine.

Even these first Orientals out here on the fringe seem to say to me: Beware of the men who are ever itching to be doing something—who cannot wait. They must be cowards at bottom, afraid of themselves or of the world! And after these many months I realize that this is, to the Westerner, the disturbing message of the whole East, and I wonder if they are right. Perhaps there are two forms of fatalism, the fatalism of despair, and the fatalism of confidence, and there you have the East and the West, more to be reconciled.

The first thing one notices on going ashore for a few hours at Port Said, is an illustration of the methods of that British race, whose most notable and admirable characteristic is their ability in the governing of alien peoples. An English policeman, in the uniform of the Khedive, protects me from the yelping boatmen, with the same imperturbable good humor with which I am so familiar in Piccadilly or the Strand. His countenance changes slightly under different circumstances. When he marches alongside the ten thousand suffragettes on their way to the Albert Hall he wears the amused expression, as of one who feels that he impersonates there and then an unanswerable reply to all their shrillness, both physical and vocal. When he conveys thousands from the East End to Hyde Park he is more serious, but here again he looks, in his steady, patient manhood, an answer, even to them. On the boat-landing at Port Said he seems more bored, as of a man tired of brushing aside flies, but his behavior is ever the same.

The journey through the Suez Canal, a distance of about one hundred miles, is a slow one, as we may not wash away these banks, which cost eighty million dollars to build, with the swash of a too rapid progress. Watchmen, crouching about their small fires at night, dot the shores on both sides. For the first time I see camels actually at work, own brothers to those Barnum & Bailey loafers of my boyhood. In the glare of the searchlight, the sandy desert on both sides of the canal is so bright that every now and again one catches a glimpse of a fox, jackal, or hyena, and all through

the night one hears their cries. The sunsets, the light, and the stillness, are all different, all new to me. The sunsets are sunsets of shade, rather than colors, and De Tocqueville is right when he says: "Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs." There is a kaleidoscope brilliancy about these cloudless sunsets, a stabbing at your eyes with vivid shafts and shades, with plenty of orange and purple and brown in them, that make me wish I were an artist, and which convert me at once to the truthfulness of many Eastern sketches, which I had disbelieved. The light seems to be something you are looking through; and the stillness makes you lonely even with some one sitting beside you. The darkness comes down all through the East with incredible quickness. You can read your book, and then of a sudden you need a lantern to see your way. The sun does not come up, or go down. It shoots up and down. These people live mentally in a perpetual twilight, but physically they are always in a blaze of light or in pitch-darkness. Perhaps they enjoy keeping their minds in a state of dawn, or twilight, as a protest.

After the Suez Canal comes the Red Sea, and on the Arabian coast, about eight hundred miles south, is Jiddah. I have no interest in Jiddah, but Jiddah is the seaport of Mecca, and somehow the word Mecca reverberates in my brain. I have been wont to mention Seringapatam, Kamchatka, Timbuctoo, and Mecca and Seoul, as far-away, fairy sort of places, that I was no more likely to be near, much less to visit, than, say, Mars. That comes of living in the West. But here I am, and I cannot get quite awake to the fact.

Jiddah, too, actually has the tomb of Eve. That impresses my imagination very much. Not that this first langour of the East devitalizes my rigid Unitarian upbringing, tempting me to a historical acceptance of Eve. My theology is unshattered, but I am bound to say I have a friendly feeling for the imaginative proficiency of the man who, perhaps, left his money to build a tomb for Eve! It is at least a good schooling in cosmopolitan charity, to be near people who repair to the tomb of Eve as to a sanctuary; people so calm and so unflurried by the welter of the world that they ignore the inextricable moral confusion, into which that lady is accused, by many, of having plunged us.

Later on I am to be the guest of a charming Eastern lady, Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, and she is to present me with a volume of her travels. She is a Muhammadan, and has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. In this volume she writes of Jiddah, and mentions the tomb of Eve and writes: "Eve was the wife of Adam." It is paralyzing to Western orthodoxy and to Western conceit to realize that this lady feels called upon to tell her readers that Eve was the wife of Adam. It clears the mind of a lot of underbrush when one realizes that in the East, among the eight or nine hundred millions of people we are to visit, one must introduce Eve as the wife of Adam, and even then be asked, in all probability, Who was Adam? How different must the standards be in a country, and amongst peoples, where Eve is distant, dim, unknown! It is true that even among ourselves Eve wears but a scanty garment even of tradition, but now I am to travel in lands where she has not even a figment of the imagination to clothe her.

I begin to understand that all of us Occidentals are provincial, that we have overestimated our importance, our influence, and the effect of our impact upon the Orientals. I shall try to remember, as I study these people, that Eve is introduced, in this other world, as the wife of Adam. It is already becoming evident that many things that I have considered as of fundamental importance have no significance here at all. All the clocks, and yardsticks, and weights and measures are different, or do not exist at all. We are going into a world where the best of us, no matter what our education and experience, can only grope about. We may have conquered the Eastern world, but, apparently, we have changed it very little. Our much-vaunted civilization does not impress them, as we think it should. They look upon our civilization, apparently, as an attempt to make men comfortable, in a life which men ought not to love.

"The brooding East with awe beheld

Her impious younger world.

The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd
And on her head was hurl'd.

"The East bow'd low before the blast

In patient, deep disdain;

She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again."

THE DRUM-MAJOR

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

THE STREET OF THE BAD BOYS



NICOLE and Chartrand stood facing each other, red and furious, and within an inch of a fight. Nicole, ex-drum-major, had a wooden leg, but it was a very good one as wooden legs go, and he had the chest and arms of a blacksmith. Chartrand, the lion-tamer, was originally every whit as good as Nicole, but Nicole was a sober fellow, while Chartrand had danced so much to the devil's fiddling, that he was a trifle shaky in the legs, and bleary in the eyes. The quarrel took place in Nicole's room, which combined the advantages of a bedroom, a sitting-room, and an atelier. The loss of Nicole's left leg below the knee, in a fight with Algerian tribesmen, where he had no business to be, caused him to be retired on a pension. No longer could he march forward and backward before the music, twirling his baton, and looking like a major-general. He could teach drumming and bugling, however, which he did, and the rest of the time he spent gravely meditating on a mysterious law which he had discovered—that love and the devil rule the world. Chartrand never meditated on anything except meat and drink and women and keeping the lions in the circus quiet in their cages.

The cause of the quarrel was at that moment visible in the courtyard below. He was a small boy, lying flat on a cellar door, his heels in the air, and his round, black little head propped on his elbows, while he devoured a book—for Pierre, at seven years of age, was an expert at reading, and already knew the road to Arcady. Some hundreds of years before, the little street upon which the courtyard opened had been named the Street of the Bad Boys. For generations the dwellers in the street had clamored for a change of the name, saying it made them a laughing-stock, and the boys in the street were no

worse than other boys; but still the name remained. Pierre, it may be said, was not only the leader of the literati of his age in the neighborhood, but also the captain-general in all pranks which involved dirt, dogs, danger, and discomfort.

"I say," bawled Pierre's father, "you let my boy alone. If he is to follow my trade it is time for him to begin."

"And I say," shouted Nicole back, twice as loud as Chartrand, "when it comes to taking a child seven years old into a cage full of lions along with a drunken brute like you, it is an outrage, and I will report it to the police. Look here, Chartrand, I have been a soldier, and I know the meaning of law."

Chartrand was just about to whack Nicole in the eye, but a glance at Nicole's powerful neck and shoulders induced him to change his mind. He only growled suspiciously:

"Do you know my wife?"

"No, I don't, because I have just come to this house to live, but I will."

"And probably be meddling with her too——"

Chartrand never finished the sentence. Nicole made a dash for him, caught him by the collar, dragged him to the door, and literally threw him down stairs. As Chartrand rolled bumping, and sliding, and cursing down the narrow stair a door on the lower landing opened and his wife appeared. She was a pale, pretty creature, and her apron, held up, contained a mass of artificial red roses at which she was working. She dropped the roses and ran to Chartrand, helping him up, even kissing a bruise on his face. Chartrand received these attentions cavalierly, and went with her into their apartment, closing the door after them.

Nicole stood still, his soul in a tumult. It was Rosine. She was eight years older, and paler and thinner, than in the days when he was stationed at Rheims, and had loved her so well. In the twinkling of an

eye, the gloomy passage, the rickety stair faded away. Once more, it was an August afternoon in the garden of the little tavern. On the grass were small tables, where soldiers, respectable men, were sitting and drinking cheap wines. Presently came timidly down the garden path Rosine, the tavern keeper's daughter, her mother and father watching her with hawks' eyes. Behind her a waiter carried a tray of long-necked bottles, in which was a special product of the little vineyard behind the garden. At sight of her with the wine the soldiers had a pretty ceremony; they rose, and turning first toward the vineyard saluted it, and then saluted the tavern keeper's blushing daughter, who poured out the wine. To Nicole, a big, bashful man in a showy uniform, Rosine seemed like a tall sister of the white roses that bloomed in the tavern garden. When six o'clock came, and the great bells of the cathedral began thundering majestically their message to the children of earth and flooding the purple and golden air with their mighty music, lovely, yet solemnly glorious, it seemed as if the world stopped a moment, in its toiling and laughing and weeping and fighting, to listen to the bells. At that sound, the soldiers, decent fellows for the most part, ceased their drinking and talking; Nicole and some others crossed themselves. Rosine stood still, her usually downcast face uplifted—Nicole thought she looked then like the pictures of Jeanne d'Arc in the orchard at Domrémi. And it was her boy who had put a friendly little hand in his, and her husband whom he had pitched down stairs!

While these thoughts were surging through Nicole's brain the door on the lower landing opened, and Rosine came running lightly up the stairs, a red spot of anger burning in her thin cheeks.

"How dare you?" she cried, her voice vibrating. "You might have killed my husband! Pierre shall have nothing more to do with you, you wicked creature!"

"Rosine," said Nicole, and stopped.

Madame Chartrand looked into Nicole's face, turned white, and held on to the baluster for support. Nicole opened the door of his room.

"Come in here," he said. "We can't have it out for all the house to hear."

Madame Chartrand entered the large,

low-ceiled room, decent and orderly like Nicole himself.

"When the boy began coming to my room," he said, "I did not know he was your child. I never even knew the name of the man you married. But I loved your boy the first time I saw him, and I wanted to save him from—well, you don't want to have a seven-year-old boy fooling with lions, even if they are drugged."

"What do you mean?" asked Madame Chartrand.

"I mean, the boy came in here this morning, and told me his father meant to take him in the wild beasts' cages to-night at the circus."

Madame Chartrand swayed gently and Nicole caught her in his arms to keep her from falling. She closed her eyes and her head fell on Nicole's shoulder. How sweet were the cathedral bells, far away in dreamland, and how like Rosine was to one of those drooping white roses that hung upon the trellis!

Rosine suddenly burst into a passion of tears. Nicole, taking from his pocket a clean, coarse handkerchief, wiped the poor soul's eyes, and said nothing until she had stopped crying a little.

"I am afraid, Rosine," he said, "you have a hard time with Chartrand."

"I would not have," she stammered, "but for another woman—a bare-back rider in the circus. She leads my husband off."

"Leads your husband off!" cried Nicole, in open scepticism.

"But I love him, I love him, I love him!" answered poor Rosine.

"You love your boy too, don't you?"

Madame Chartrand looked up, with the glorified eyes of a mother.

"Yes," she said, "I almost paid with my life for my child, but—it was nothing. I did not mind the price, when he was laid in my arms."

"Well, then," said Nicole grimly, "I shall save the boy for you, from Chartrand, the——"

Nicole had meant to call Chartrand a drunken brute, a ruffian, a black-hearted scoundrel, and a few other things. But Madame Chartrand lifted her hand.

"Don't," she said. "He is my husband, and I love him—I can't help it."

Yes, she could not help it, any more than

Nicole could help treasuring that memory of her for all those years. Love is an outlaw. Nicole knew that as well as anybody.

"But I want you to save my boy," cried Madame Chartrand.

Pierre, like most boys, objected violently to being saved, and roared and kicked and tried to overpower Nicole, but failed. Nicole kept him prisoner until eight o'clock, when Chartrand was well out of the way. Then Pierre was taken back to his mother. The boy soon tumbled into his little pallet bed, and Nicole sat down for a talk with Madame Chartrand.

From Madame Chartrand Nicole heard the whole piteous story of her marriage. Ever it was the lady in the pink tights, who rode bare back, that was to blame—and such lies as Rosine, the pious Rosine, told in excuse of Chartrand. They were white, not black, and made the angels smile. Nicole was not in the least deceived; he had often heard that love makes liars of everybody.

In the midst of their quiet talk the door suddenly opened and Chartrand appeared. He said angrily to his wife:

"I know all about that fellow Nicole; he was your lover before you married me. If ever I hear of anything between——"

At this Chartrand was seized suddenly from behind, and whirled around facing Nicole.

"It would not surprise me," said Nicole, "if one of us must die for this woman; for if I hear of your making light of your wife's name with me or any other man, I will certainly kill you. She will probably break her heart for you, you miserable dog, but it is better for a woman to break her heart than to be smirched in her reputation."

"Just wait until I come back, later, to-night, and we will settle this," blustered Chartrand.

But Chartrand did not come back to settle it that night or any other night. At the same time, the lady in the pink tights, who rode bare back, disappeared also.

II

THE MYSTERY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE

MADAME CHARTRAND was of that class which is moved by the elemental passions. Life to her meant love, work, and prayer.

That was all. With love, vanished work and prayer. She would sit for hours before her work-table, not working, but living, after the manner of women, in a hell of her own making. In her pale despair, she became the mausoleum of a dead passion. But one thing could rouse her; this was the mention of the lady bare-back rider. Then, Madame Chartrand, the softest, gentlest, most patient of creatures, would palpitate with fury, and would cry to Nicole:

"But he shall not marry her—I will never agree to a divorce! He shall not give her the name he gave me and my child. He may come here and kill me, and kill my child before my eyes, but he shall not marry her!"

Madame Chartrand no longer went to church, and when the bells of a neighboring steeple sounded, sweet and pleading, she would close the window and refuse to listen to them.

Nicole, going to the drill hall and bugling and drumming dolefully, was ever casting about to find a means of stopping Rosine's grieving herself to death for a worthless dog like Chartrand. The means he took would have moved to laughter, if it had not been nearer akin to tears. Since Chartrand levanted the rent had been secretly paid by Nicole, and Pierre was given, once a day, a good meal at the drum-major's expense, and another meal by the landlady, the excellent Madame Duval, a lady with warm red hair, and a warm red temper to match. Both of these were stopped for a couple of days. When Madame Duval called to dinner her own two boys from the coal cellar by the wall, and they came crawling out with Pierre, all three looking like young devils, so grimy were they, she did not ask Pierre to come in with the other two. The little lad sat still and silent on the cellar door. He was watching the blue pigeons picking up crumbs thrown to them under the tall, luxuriant, cheerful-looking horse-chestnut tree that thrived in the sunny courtyard. Even the pigeons were provided with a dinner, but there was no dinner for a poor little boy, whose father had run away, and whose mother seemed to live on her tears. Madame Duval watching Pierre, suddenly burst into tears, and on the Duval boys asking her why she wept, she slapped

them both for asking, and cried incoherently that it was an outrage and she would not keep her word, no, not for a million francs, and Monsieur Nicole might call her a liar if he wanted to. Then she dashed into the courtyard. But Pierre was gone—gone up to his mother's room, where she gave him a crust, without herself tasting a morsel. When Nicole came back that evening, Madame Duval waylaid him on the stairs, and accused him of trying to starve a helpless child, and inducing her to join the wicked covenant.

"Wait," said Nicole. "She—" he always spoke of Madame Chartrand as "She"—"She doesn't mind starving herself; let us see if she minds starving her boy."

In Madame Chartrand's room Pierre sat, huddled in a dark corner. His heart swelled when he thought nobody—neither his mother nor Nicole nor Madame Duval—had seemed to care whether he went hungry or not. Suddenly a cry came from his little, tormented heart.

"Mother!" he cried, "I am so hungry—and you don't care!"

Madame Chartrand, sitting at the window, staring blankly at the dark street below, turned mechanically in her chair.

"But I have no money," she said, her mind feeling its way tremulously back from the wretched past to the miserable present.

"You have that silver watch—I can take it out now, to the pawn-shop."

"That watch!" cried Madame Chartrand, still possessed by the devil of Chartrand's memory; "that was your father's gift to me the day we were married!"

"And you love that watch better than you love me," answered Pierre.

Madame Chartrand rose, and stood in the attitude of a criminal before her own child. The whole conversation had been heard by Nicole, passing the ill-hung door. He walked in unannounced, followed by Madame Duval.

"You come here," cried Madame Duval, seizing Pierre with much violence. "If your own mother sits by and sees you starve, I won't—that's flat."

But Pierre held his ground firmly, although Madame Duval was crying over him in an ostentatious manner.

"No," he said, "my mother ought to be crying over me; she isn't crying a bit."

All at once the cloud was lifted from Rosine Chartrand's soul. She ran to the bureau and took out the watch.

"Take it," she cried, "sell it and forgive your mother! From this moment I will work for you as no mother ever worked before, and you shall never be hungry again."

She covered Pierre's little, bright, dirty face with kisses, and Pierre hugged her and forgave her from his heart. Madame Duval, after liberally abusing Rosine, carried Pierre off, and gave him a good supper, so he did not have to pawn the watch that night or any other night. Nicole's stern accusing eyes brought Madame Chartrand to penitent tears. From that hour she acted naturally, tenderly, and sensibly toward her child.

Now, there is almost as much gossip in a lodging house as in a magnificent apartment house, and Nicole, who was nothing if not respectable made a clean breast of everything to Madame Duval. Madame Duval had seen with half an eye all that Nicole told her, and only replied:

"I have seen these love affairs that go on forever and never arrive anywhere, and I have read about them too, in the novels they publish in the newspapers. They are just like chewing on a cork; but if you won't marry some nice woman with a tidy shop, or a comfortable widow, why—you will go on chewing the cork."

"How could I marry any other woman, and still look after Rosine and Pierre?" cried Nicole desperately. "How long do you think it would take my wife to find it out, and comb my head with a kitchen chair? You talk like a f—like a woman, I mean."

Madame Duval, however, was a good friend to Madame Chartrand and Nicole, and promised to raise the rent on any lodger who dared wag a tongue about them.

Then began a life, strange yet extraordinarily peaceful to Rosine and Nicole. Nicole decided that when Pierre was ten years old, he would become a postulant in the profession of a drummer, and should also learn the bugle. In the meantime he went to a day school, and rapidly developed the brilliant and heroic characteristics which always appertain to the only sons of adoring mothers. In spite of Pierre's extraordinary virtues, Nicole

found it well occasionally to give him a sound whipping, and Madame Duval, herself a widow, was so well pleased with the results of the occasional bastings that she engaged Nicole to do the same office by her own two boys—so that there were really three excellent boys, as boys go, in the Street of the Bad Boys. Thus for three years went on a peaceful life in the tall old lodging house with the big courtyard. Madame Chartrand's eyes lost their tragic look, but there was one of expectancy; she secretly hoped for Chartrand's return. Nevertheless, she was not ungrateful to Nicole. In the evening, when he came home from the drill hall where he taught drumming and bugling, and he and Pierre had had their supper together, they would go afterward to Madame Chartrand's room. The door on the landing was always wide open, and Pierre played chamberon. Madame Chartrand would do her sewing, while Nicole read a cheap news-

paper, and explained how everything in the army was going to the dogs, and the last batch of recruits were the worst he had ever seen, and that it was impossible to hope there could ever be as good men in the future as in the past. On Sundays the two, always with Pierre as watch dog, would go to some cheap restaurant, and dine magnificently at two francs the head. In summer time, they went to some place outside Paris, and dined out of doors. Sometimes Madame Duval and her two boys would be of the party, and then it was very merry, and smiles once more visited Rosine's pale face. It was on one of

these parties, at St. Germain's, that a crisis came in the lives of Rosine Chartrand and Nicole.

The August sun was shining with a veiled brilliance at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, when Nicole and Madame Chartrand stood on the glorious terrace, a mile long, and watched the splendid Sunday show. The terrace was a riot of color and a merry Babel of talk and laughter. Suddenly there appeared amid the string of carriages a showy victoria, and in it sat Chartrand, flashily dressed. By his side was the lady who was once known to fame as a bare-back rider. She was a handsome creature dressed in flaring hues, and her face was raddled with paint.

The sudden turning in front brought the victoria to a dead stop not three feet away from Madame Chartrand. Chartrand turned to the woman beside him, and said, with a loud laugh:

"That white-faced, washed-out woman

is my wife. Do you wonder that I grew sick of her?"

The woman laughed too, and then, taking a ten-franc piece from a showy porte-monnaie, threw the money at Madame Chartrand. It struck her full on the cheek.

The insult was seen by a dozen men and women, all of whom were instantly on the side of the woman without paint on her face as against the painted woman. Madame Chartrand's slim figure grew taller, her eyes glittered with amusement, and a delicate smile of contempt showed her pretty teeth. Nicole had started for-



Pierre, it may be said, was the leader of the literati of his age in the neighborhood.—Page 41.

ward to drag Chartrand from the carriage, and belabor him for his companion's sake.

"Don't trouble them," said Madame Chartrand, in a clear, sweet voice; "they are not worthy of the attention of honest people. They are adulterers."

A round of hand-clapping broke from the listening group, who followed it up with hisses and jeers for the couple in the open carriage. To Madame Chartrand, moving off with Nicole, every hat was raised, and the women bowed and made way for the insulted wife. All knew instinctively that Nicole was her brother or her friend, and not her accepted lover. Women who look like Rosine Chartrand are acquitted on their own faces.

Madame Chartrand, now as pale as death, but walking firmly and with dignity, passed through the crowd with Nicole. He was himself so agitated, in such a passion of rage, that he scarcely knew where he was going. Presently, they found themselves in the forest, where the terrace turns abruptly into the trees. Madame Chartrand stopped under a great, thick cedar, and looking at Nicole full in the dim green gloom, said:

"Now, do I know the difference between a good man and a bad one. Oh, what joy it must be to respect as well as love one's husband! Nicole, I am still that man's wife, so I cannot be yours; but I would marry you if I could."

"That is enough for me," replied poor Nicole.

On the way back to Paris, up the winding river in the odorous moonlit night, Madame Chartrand sat alone in a corner of the deck watching the glittering wake made by the churning paddles. Nicole would have remained with her, but having the heart of a gentleman under his drum-major's blouse, he took charge of the three boys, with whom Madame Duval had struggled all the afternoon. They found him very cross, and were compelled to sit the three in a row, painfully quiet, while Nicole smoked savagely. Rosine had told him she would marry him if she could. Of course she could not, but that was merely an incident to Nicole; a man may be a drum-major and an idealist too. Nicole watched the expression in Rosine's eyes when she spoke those fateful words under the cedar tree. They had in them

the innocence of a girl and the dignity of a married woman. His own eyes were of a light and commonplace blue, but they also had an expression of dignity and nobility. He resolved to be more resolutely prudent than ever with Madame Chartrand—and Nicole was already the soul of prudence and the model of military decorum. But he loved Rosine Chartrand so well that there were but two places in the world for him—the place where Rosine was, and the place where she was not.

III

THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART

FROM that day at St. Germain's, Madame Chartrand recovered her balance, and maintained it too, in the midst of what would have unsettled a woman less strong. For she began to love Nicole, as he loved her, and they talked about it openly to each other, like frank, primitive creatures as they were.

"I hate Chartrand now because I am human," said Madame Chartrand the next night while Nicole and herself were talking, and Pierre, the chaperon, dazed with sleep, had tumbled off his chair and lay peacefully snoozing on the floor. "But we must never forget I am still his wife."

"I won't forget," answered Nicole, ruefully. "If only I had not been so bashful when I was at Rheims!"

"Foolish Nicole," replied Madame Chartrand. "Well, it is over. I have heard it said there is not much in life for women except a little love when we are young."

"Don't believe that, Rosine," cried Nicole with energy. "We are not young any more, but——"

"Hush!" said Madame Chartrand sharply.

Then began for Nicole and Madame Chartrand a singular life, full of peace and joy because each had a stern and simple integrity which stood guard, like air around man, over them. So it went on until Pierre was ten years old and it was decided that his academic course was finished and he must now begin the serious business of life, which was beating the drum. Pierre still had literary tastes, which he gratified in the evenings, when Nicole was discussing with Madame Chartrand the price of potatoes, or



A door on the lower landing opened and his wife appeared.—Page 41.

the advisability of having Pierre's shoes half soled. These problems did not vex Pierre who was a merry little soul, and grinned cheerfully into the sombre face of Life, and kicked up his heels at frowning destiny.

When Pierre was standing, one in a row of twenty drummer boys in the vast, dim drill hall, receiving instructions on the drum, he showed himself very apt except in one thing: he could not or would not learn to beat the retreat.

"Pay attention, you," shouted Nicole, with his drumstick tapping Pierre on the head.

"I don't want to learn the retreat," answered Pierre sullenly.

"But you must learn it, it is in the book," snapped Nicole.

"I won't learn it," bawled Pierre. "When they order me to beat the retreat I will beat the charge, see if I don't!"

This was such rank insubordination that Nicole felt obliged to haul Pierre out of the line and dust his jacket smartly for him with a drumstick, at which Pierre shrieked. This episode being over, the class resumed its lesson. Pierre handled his drumsticks as actively as any other drummer boy, but

Nicole heard no sound from Pierre's drum. When Nicole and Pierre were in Nicole's room, Pierre, standing very straight at attention as he had been taught, burst out:

"I tell you this, Nicole: I don't care if you kill me, I will never beat the retreat for soldiers to run away, not I! When they order me to beat the retreat, I will beat the charge, the charge, the charge!"

Nicole caught the boy in his arms, and kissed him all over his little angry face.

"You deserved the licking I gave you," he said, "but I would not take a million francs for such a spirit. Here, take this five-franc piece and go to the cake shop and buy five francs' worth of any sort of sticky stuff you like, for you and the Duval boys. It will make you all ill, but that's no matter. Come with me first, however, to your mother."

Then, with Pierre clasping Nicole's wooden leg, the two went into Madame Chartrand's room, where she sat working away at her heaps of roses. When Nicole told the story of Pierre's glorious insubordination his mother opened her arms wide and wept with delight. Both she and Madame Duval violently disapproved of the five francs' worth of sticky stuff. Nicole's system often clashed with that of the two mothers, but he always said:

"You are only women, to teach the boys their prayers and their manners. The rest must be taught by men."

Then, in the midst of peace, came the earthquake and hurricane of war. Paris became a great camp, and everybody made ready to march to Berlin as quickly as they could get there. Nicole promised to take Pierre and the Duval boys to see the King of Prussia brought, a prisoner, through the Arc de Triomphe. Nicole thought this would not be later than September, but in September something totally different happened. The universe fell into chaos. Glory, hope, government, order, all that keeps men's minds from despair, tumbled into a great black abyss of wretchedness. Every day it grew worse, and when the winter came Paris entered upon a period of misery greater than any city in the world has ever known since the world knew cities.

How Madame Chartrand and Nicole and Pierre lived through that winter and spring, they could not themselves have told. They all grew gaunt and thin, even Pierre's round

little face. In the spring, when the cold released its icy clutch upon them, a new horror came, the Commune, that great Dance of Death, which has been described as a yell from the lower man. Murder, sacrilege, robbery, and arson strangled and submerged the great and miserable city. The forces of order rallied and overcame the devil's hordes. But the death struggle of anarchy lasted twenty-nine days. Eight days before the last frightful throes came there could be seen, above the smoke and flames, the floating tricolor. Then Nicole, who was one of Plutarch's men, calmly said good-by to Madame Chartrand, and went off to join his old comrades.

"I can at least beat the drum as I did when I was a boy," he said, "and then, a drummer, with two good legs, can help fight those wretches who march under the red flag."

Madame Chartrand bade him farewell quietly enough, while Pierre bellowed with grief. But there was something in Madame Chartrand's eyes—those dove-like eyes—that told Nicole all he wished to know.

Two hours after Nicole left Madame Chartrand, opening her door, saw a scrap of paper on the floor. On it was scrawled by Pierre these words, very well spelled:

"Mother, I am going to be with Nicole. You see, my honor requires it, because I can beat a drum too. I have my silver watch, so don't look for it in the bureau. I am sorry now that I was ever a bad boy, but when I come back, a victor, I will be so good you will not know your Pierre. Adieu, adieu, my mother."

Madame Chartrand neither wept nor shrieked when she read this and realized that Pierre, at ten years old, was as likely to die for his country as Nicole.

In these national cataclysms, the minds of men and women are exalted.

Madame Chartrand knew there was nothing left but prayer. No longer the church bells rang out their call to prayer. The bells that spoke rang the tocsin, and the beating of the rappel sounded even amid the dull roar of the great guns and the steady cracking of the mitrailleuses. In the church close by drunken men and devilish women were dancing upon the desecrated altar, and the painted saints and angels in the windows were smashed by bullets. Over the great city for four days hung a vast ring of smoke, miles in breadth



The sudden turning of a carriage in front brought the victoria to a dead stop not three feet away from Madame Chartrand.—Page 45.

and thickness, pierced by leaping flames that seemed to lick the sullen sky. For four days and nights a hundred thousand men made in Paris a great battle, while the Commune, like a wild beast lashing and biting in its death agony, murdered and destroyed to the last.

It was on the Saturday evening, when Paris was still burning and fighting and shrieking, that Nicole and Pierre came once more into the Street of the Bad Boys, even into the courtyard on which Madame Chartrand's window looked. They were dragged along by wild creatures, men and women drunk with blood and crime, who yelled and cursed and laughed and promised them death against the courtyard wall. At the head of the mob of shrieking women and cursing men marched a big, unwieldy creature, with a dirty beard and a dirtier National Guard uniform. This

was the husband of Madame Chartrand, and the father of Pierre.

Nicole had no suspicion that the big, bearded, dirty man was Chartrand. Formerly, Chartrand had been a vulgar dandy, a mustached man, with fine teeth and a good figure. This man was fat and bearded, and the loss of some of his teeth gave him the appearance of having fangs.

Nicole, however, paid little heed to this fellow, swaggering about and trying to act the officer. There were more serious things for Nicole to consider, who, being a man of sober mind, made ready calmly to mount the pale charger awaiting him. He glanced down at Pierre. The little lad slipped his hand into that of Nicole, who noticed that it was warm, and gave no sign of fear. Nicole himself was awaiting his summons into the far country as coolly as

ever he awaited the order from his commanding officers to make the drumsticks fly.

Once inside the courtyard, Chartrand stood Nicole and the boy against the wall and called for a firing squad. There was neither order nor discipline. Some of the wretches, with one dim spark of humanity remaining, refused to kill a wooden-legged soldier and a child. Others were superstitious, and said to one another, "You do it." "No, you do it."

Chartrand, at last, pulled out a handful of money, for the Communards were thieves as well as murderers.

"Here," he cried, "fifty francs each for ten men to execute these traitors and enemies of the Commune."

The grotesqueness of calling the ten-year-old Pierre a traitor and an enemy of the Commune, caused a strange, hysterical outburst of laughter from some of the dazed and drunken crew. The women stopped yelling, sobered for a moment by the sight of a little boy in so great a strait. It even staggered and confused Chartrand. Suddenly, Pierre's soft, piping treble was heard.

"Please, sir," he said to Chartrand, "my



"Pay attention, you," shouted Nicole, with his drumstick tapping Pierre on the head.—Page 47.



And he scrawled on the top of the shelf.—Page 53.

mother lives up-stairs in this house, on the third floor. Before I am shot I want to give her my father's silver watch. If you will let me go, I will come back to be shot."

Chartrand burst into a great, nervous laugh.

"Oho!" he said; "you are a little coward, and want to hide behind your mother's petticoats."

"But I will come back!" bawled Pierre, stamping his foot. "I am not a coward, or a liar either."

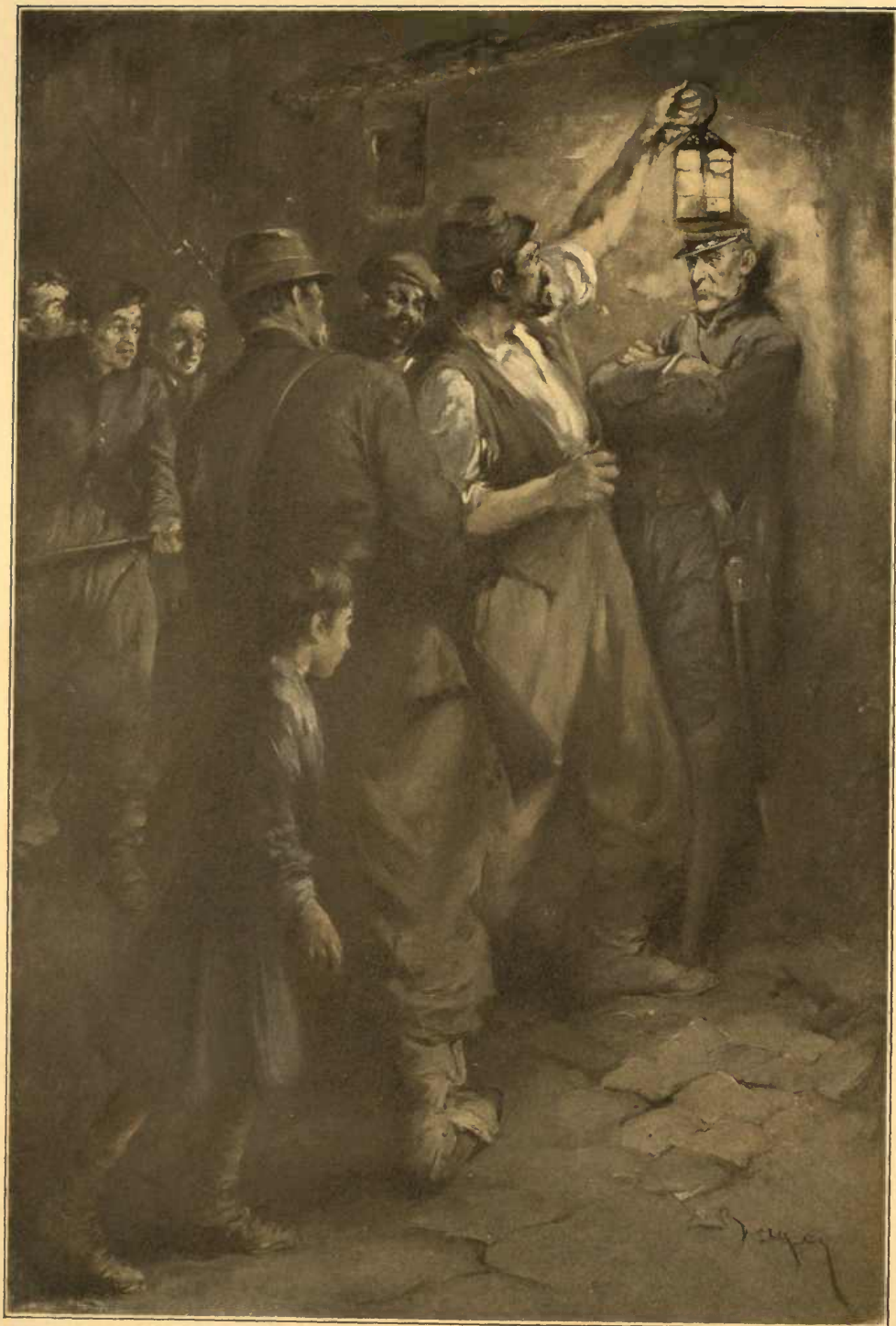
The drunken, disorderly, unkempt crew of National Guards, demoniac women and outlaws of all sorts, surged around the boy and man.

No glimmer of Pierre's identity had pierced Chartrand's darkened soul. Even the locale had faded out of Chartrand's blurred mind. Then, Pierre, still furious, pulled out of his ragged jacket the silver watch. It was growing so dark by that time that neither Chartrand nor anybody else could see much; but into Chartrand's stupid mind came a wandering recollection, a reverberation of memory, something that made him say to the boy:

"Go along with you, then."

And he gave Pierre a kick that sent him spinning on his way.

"Bring a lantern," shouted Chartrand. There was a confused scurrying, and it



Drawn by W. M. Berger.

And Chartrand himself was hanging it up on a nail over Nicole's head.—Page 53.

took a long time to fetch a lantern. The only really composed person in the courtyard was Nicole, standing with arms folded and his back to the wall. The only sensible remark that was made was his.

"What a gang of infernal fools!" he said, aloud. "They don't even know how to execute a man properly."

Pierre was creeping quickly but softly up the stairs. As he passed the cellar door, a sudden gush of warm tears came; never more would he play in the coal cellar with the Duval boys; there was no more play in this world. He was so ashamed of his unexpected tears, that he concluded it would be better not to see his mother, but to lay the watch outside the door, then knock and run away; besides, his mother might object to his going back to be shot. He reached the door of his mother's room, and crawled into a dark corner, under the low, broad shelf where the baker left the bread every morning—a function which had been omitted for several months. The door was ajar, and in the mellow gloom Pierre could see his mother kneeling by his little bed, kissing his pillow. The window was closed, but afar off, like the distant roar of a volcano, could be heard the storm of battle. It all seemed to be in another world to Pierre. How quiet, how still it was under the shelf! But it would not last long. Pierre's heart, which had been beating wildly, suddenly grew quiet and beat as softly and as steadily as a baby's. He must not tarry long; if he had a pencil, or a piece of chalk—Pierre remembered a lump of chalk he had hidden in a cranny of the shelf a long time ago, meaning to play a prank on the baker. His small hand, feeling under the shelf, found the chalk, and he scrawled on the top of the shelf:

"Mother I am to be shot, with Nicole, but I am not afraid. I did not beat the retreat once. Look under the shelf far back, and you will find my silver watch. Adieu, my mother."

Then he added as an afterthought:

"Nicole does not mind being shot any more than I do."

Pierre gave three sharp knocks on the shelf, to draw his mother's attention, and then ran breakneck down the stairs.

In the courtyard a lantern had been brought at last, and Chartrand himself was hanging it up on a nail over Nicole's head.

As the yellow light fell full upon the faces of the two men, there was at last recognition. Chartrand's shaky hand shook more as he hung the lantern; then he said to Nicole:

"I know who you are now."

"And I know you," replied Nicole, "though you are considerably worse looking than you were."

"You will look worse in a few minutes than I do," was Chartrand's response.

Then there was a commotion, a loud murmuring and surging among the mob in the courtyard, and Pierre, pushing his way through, marched up to Chartrand and said:

"Here I am. I did not hide behind my mother's petticoats, you old *pékin!*"

Pékin is the opprobrious name which the soldiers, Pierre's comrades for eight days, applied to all who were not of the military profession. Pierre had picked up a good deal of soldiers' slang during his eight days as a campaigner.

The crowd, blustering, frightened, half drunk and wholly agitated, laughed at this. Chartrand did not laugh. The lowest minds have sometimes a moment of illumination. Suddenly, Chartrand saw that this boy was his child—and at the same moment he saw himself as he was: an incarnation of the devil, a monster of iniquity, a scoundrel from his skin inward. He fixed his madman's eyes on Pierre, and raising both arms above his head, uttered a horrible shriek, like the wild beasts he had once tamed. It was, indeed, the shriek of a beast who has become conscious that he is a beast. Then, having but little power of expression, he began cursing and swearing hysterically.

"You stole my wife and child," he yelled to Nicole.

For answer, Nicole reached up, seized the lantern over his head, and smashed it full in Chartrand's face, who dropped like a stone. The next minute Nicole had caught Pierre and, dashing to the corner, disappeared, and was, indeed, swallowed up in the earth. He lay with Pierre's hand in his, in the coal cellar, and heard the mob tramping in the darkness over the door, running and yelling and screaming, and Chartrand shouting orders that nobody obeyed. In the midst of the uproar came another sound—the sound of marching feet,

of soldiers regularly commanded and overwhelming a mob. They made short work of Chartrand and his gang. Ten minutes' sharp fighting and the crackling of a mitrailleuse settled it, and the courtyard was held by soldiers. Nicole, lifting up the cellar door, found an obstruction. It was Chartrand's body lying stark upon it, which was soon carted off with other carrion.

Before Nicole asked for a drum, he led Pierre up the dark stairs to Madame Chartrand's room. Nicole's heart was joyful. He was a primitive man, and made no bones of saying to himself that Chartrand was well out of the world he had disgraced. When he reached Madame Chartrand's door, it was wide open. She was standing in the middle of the floor, in that attitude which, to Nicole's simple mind, always recalled Jeanne d'Arc in the orchard. Madame Chartrand held in her hand the silver watch. In her exaltation, the entrance of Pierre and Nicole seemed to her the most natural thing in the world. She wound one arm around Pierre and laid the other hand on Nicole's arm.

"I understand," she said, "I knew I had a brave boy—but I did not know how brave he was. And I, his mother, shed not one

tear for him, for the mothers of heroes should not weep. And I knew that you too were to be shot, Nicole—and yet my eyes were dry."

"Chartrand is dead," said Nicole. "It is he who would have shot Pierre and me, but I think God was good to Chartrand and would not let him commit any more crimes."

Madame Chartrand, the most rigid of women, remained a year unmarried after the death of the worst of husbands. One day in June, Nicole and Madame Chartrand were married. They were so solemn that Pierre concluded marrying to be a melancholy and afflicting business. Nicole, in particular, looked exactly as he did the night he was stood up against the wall to be shot. Both of them being very humble and simple, they were inarticulate and had no words to express the joy they felt. But, then, there is a certain glory of love which is no respecter of persons, and establishes a splendid court of his own, sometimes in a hut, or a third floor lodging, and at once the place becomes royal.

THE CAUSE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION

By Henry Jones Ford

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THE government of the United States was constructed upon the Whig theory of political dynamics, which was a sort of unconscious copy of the Newtonian theory of the universe. In our own day, whenever we discuss the structure or development of anything, whether in nature or in society, we consciously or unconsciously follow Mr. Darwin."—*President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University.*

The above quotation, taken from President Wilson's work on "Constitutional Government in the United States," notes a change of mental attitude that is now revo-

lutionizing political science. It so happens that this process of change is particularly hard upon a doctrine which our older manuals of civics treat as fundamental in the American constitutional system, namely, the separation of the powers. A conclusion at which political science is now arriving, as a result of its new method, is that this doctrine, long esteemed as a maxim of constitutional government, is really incompatible with it, and is the prime cause of the corruption of American politics.

The old method of political science was deductive. It took for its premises traditional assumptions as to the nature of constitutional government, which were treated as axioms. Logic was then employed to unfold their implications and thus reach

conclusions as to constitutional propriety. This method still controls current discussion of public affairs, and it imparts to literary criticism of the behavior of our public men its characteristic quality. They are judged not according to the circumstances in which they act, but according to ideals deduced from the plan and purpose of the organic law.

The new method is inductive. Political phenomena are observed and classified, and generalizations are made from data thus collected. In the instruction now given in our universities much use is made of documentary apparatus. Instead of considering first what ought to be, the aim is to consider first what is. As a result treatises on government are appearing that are not doctrinal in character, like our older manuals on civics and politics, but are descriptive and expository, telling simply and plainly how the public authority under consideration is organized, how it works and with what results. They are studies of political structure and function, conceived in the same scientific spirit as that of a zoologist examining the fauna of a particular region.

When this method is brought to bear upon the doctrine of the separation of the powers it is found to be not a truth, but a fiction, whose spread forms a curious chapter of history. The doctrine was first promulgated in Book XI of Montesquieu's "*Spirit of the Laws*," published in 1748. In considering the Constitution of England, and in viewing the distribution of the executive, legislative, and judicial functions in the organization of public authority, he described them as separate powers, going so far as to say that the executive power had no share in legislation. This is a false account of the English Constitution, no matter at what stage of its development it may be considered. That the executive is a branch of the legislature, and that it habitually proposes legislation for the concurrence of the other branches, was as true when Montesquieu wrote as it is now, despite all changes in the method of their co-operation. The enacting clause of every law passed by Parliament refutes Montesquieu's statement: "Be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same."

There has been much speculation as to the cause of Montesquieu's manifest blunder, and even his good faith has been impugned, on the assumption that he distorted the facts to score a point against royal absolutism in his own country; but examination of the documentary evidence accessible to him shows that he had grounds for his opinion. Montesquieu erred, just as innumerable students of politics have erred since, by taking constitutional documents at their face value, which is never a safe thing to do. They are operative only so far as they affect the actual distribution of political force, and the working constitution of a country can never be accurately inferred from its written documents alone. Usage and not the legal form determines the actual character of a constitution, and usage takes its shape from the conditions that arise, quite irrespective of the ideas and intentions with which the conditions are brought about.

Ideas are germs whose chance of survival and growth depends upon accidents of mental soil and climate. Montesquieu's chapters on the English Constitution were favored by a combination of circumstances, the lack of any one of which might have caused results to be far other than what they were. His treatise appeared at a time when issues relating to the organization of public authority were acute in England, and books dealing with such questions were assured of a market. Thomas Nugent, one of the industrious workmen engaged in furnishing supplies to the book trade of the period, brought out a translation of the "*Spirit of the Laws*" in 1752. In 1753 William Blackstone, an Oxford doctor of civil law, fellow of All Souls College, conceived the idea of writing a philosophical treatise on the law of England, and in collecting material he consulted Nugent's translation. And about that time it so happened that Charles Viner, a wealthy jurist, conceived the idea of founding a chair in English law in Oxford. He died in 1756, and in 1758 Blackstone was appointed first Vinerian professor of law. Professor Blackstone's lectures formed the basis of his "*Commentaries on the Laws of England*," the first volume of which appeared in 1765. Blackstone mentions Montesquieu as an authority, refers to his work, and derives from him the check and balance theory of government. Besides

establishing for their author an illustrious career as a jurist, the commentaries were enormously successful as literature. They passed through eight editions in his lifetime, bringing him in copyright fees amounting to about \$70,000. The secret of their success was given by Jeremy Bentham when he said that Blackstone, "first of all institutional writers, taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman." Until the criticism of Bentham and Austin brought Blackstone's views on the nature of law and sovereignty into discredit, to read the commentaries was considered an essential part of a liberal education. It was so regarded in the American colonies, where the commentaries had a large sale. And as the commentaries passed into the New World they carried Montesquieu's doctrine, like the birds of passage whom Darwin describes as carrying germs from one country to another. It sometimes happens in such cases that the germs reach a soil more propitious than that in which they originated, and they spread in new regions while dying out in old. So it has been with Montesquieu's doctrine. It is now extinct, except in the countries of the American continent south of the Dominion of Canada. Everywhere else in the world the principle upon which constitutional government is founded is the connection of the powers and not the separation of the powers.

Blackstone was, of course, too well advised of actual practice in England to regard the executive branch as separate and distinct from the legislative branch of government. He remarks that "it is highly necessary for preserving the balance of the constitution, that the executive power should be a branch, though not the whole, of the legislature." The point on which he laid stress was that the law could not be altered unless all branches of the legislature—crown, lords, and commons—should agree to alter it. "Herein indeed," he remarks, "consists the true excellence of the English Government, that all the parts of it form a mutual check upon each other"; but he adds that "the whole is prevented from separation, and artificially connected together by the mixed nature of the crown, which is a part of the legislative, and the sole executive magistrate." Blackstone then employs a metaphor which is a typical example of what President Wilson describes

as "the Whig theory of political dynamics." Referring to the crown, the lords, and the commons, Blackstone says: "Like three distinct powers in mechanics, they jointly impel the machine of government in a direction different from what either, acting by itself, would have done; but at the same time in a direction partaking of each and formed out of all; a direction which constitutes the true line of the liberty and happiness of the community."

Both Montesquieu's theory and Blackstone's adaptation of it are now discarded by political science. Nowhere is it now treated with such scant respect as in England itself, whose constitution the theory purported to expound. In the account of English political thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, given in the sixth volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," the doctrine of the separation of the powers is referred to as a "hallucination" and as "an illusory theory" whose influence has been signally mischievous.

The causes of the discredit in which the doctrine now stands are soon stated. It is found that forms of government which are constructed on that principle always experience derangement of constitutional function, and it is found that forms of government displaying constitutional vigor and efficiency are organized on the directly contrary principle of the connection of the powers. This latter principle was set up in antagonism to Montesquieu's doctrine early in its career. In his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," published in 1770, Edmund Burke attributed the constitutional disease then manifest in the English Government to a lack of proper connection of the powers. He declared: "Nothing, indeed, will appear more certain, on any tolerable consideration of this matter, than that *every sort of government ought to have its administration correspondent to its legislature*. If it should be otherwise, things must fall into a hideous disorder." The italics are Burke's own, emphasizing his dissent from the doctrine of the separation of the powers. Although he does not expressly mention that doctrine, the antagonism of his attitude was promptly noted, and it subjected him to attack from the reformers of the period, whose theory was that the source of political corruption was partisan disturbance of the checks and balances of the constitution. Burke never

wavered in his conception of constitutional government as being essentially an affair of administration, subject to control in behalf of the people expressed through Parliament, which for the discharge of that function had to be connected with the administration. When a section of the Whig party was inclined to favor the French Revolution he broke with it and wrote his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," in which he censured "those who have coined to themselves Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution."

The radical reformer Thomas Paine admired the French die as patterned by Rousseau, but not as by Montesquieu, and he defended it against Burke's strictures. Incidentally he condemned the theory of government by division of power and partition of sovereignty. In the first part of his "Rights of Man" he characterized such government as "a government of this, that, and t'other," and declared that "the moving power in this species of government is of necessity corruption."

Here are affirmations directly antagonistic to Montesquieu's doctrine. He alleges that the separation of the powers makes for political liberty. Burke alleges that it makes for hideous disorder; Paine, that it makes for corruption. The inductive method asks what history has to say on the point, and it finds that the evidence agrees with the ideas of Burke and Paine, but does not agree with the ideas of Montesquieu. The record shows that the invariable result of the admission of the principle of the separation of the powers into the constitution of a state has been disease, characterized in some cases by an acute phase soon fatal, in other cases by derangement of function lasting until the cause has been removed.

The case of revolutionary France is typical of the acute phase. A series of constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers promptly broke down, and when Napoleon Bonaparte got control of constitution-making it was replaced by the principle of the connection of the powers. The Constitution of 1791 expressly denied to the administration any power to propose laws; the Constitution of 1799, under which Bonaparte assumed the office of first consul, expressly provided that the laws shall be proposed by the administration as the first stage in the process

of enactment. With the adoption of that constitution Montesquieu's doctrine disappears from French forms of government. The Constitution of 1875, under which the present French Republic was established, expressly connects the executive and legislative powers and confers upon the President of the republic an initiative of the laws. It is significant that this constitution has lived, whereas the constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers all perished.

The experience of France extinguished the influence of Montesquieu's doctrine in Europe, not so much by exhibiting its error as by introducing conditions in which abstract ideals could not live. While the Napoleonic wars were sweeping over Europe nations had enough to do to maintain their existence, and questions as to forms of government had to be postponed to quieter times. When political development was resumed after the settlements of national territory made by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the constitutional scheme that dominated the thought of reformers was no abstract model of government, but the concrete example afforded by the English parliamentary system, the most salient characteristic of which is the connection of the powers. One curious exception is to be noted. As one of the consequences of the Napoleonic wars, Norway was detached from Denmark, and she seized the occasion to adopt the Constitution of 1814. It was founded on the principle of the separation of the powers, so rigorously applied that the councillors of state forming the executive department were prohibited from even entering the legislative halls. The expectation was that this would secure the dignity and power of the representative assembly, but it was found to work just the other way, and the democratic party, that had originally labored to shut the councillors out, now labored to compel them to come in, while the court party opposed the demand. The struggle disturbed the country for many years, and had reached the verge of civil war when, in 1884, the king yielded and the connection of the powers was established, making the national representative assembly the organ of the sovereignty of the people, and virtually converting Norway into a democratic republic.

Thus went out the last flicker of Montesquieu's theory in Europe. It was so obso-

lete by 1827 when Hallam published his standard "Constitutional History of England" that he does not even refer to a theory of the English Constitution once so famous and influential; and throughout his treatise he expounds the English Constitution as being based on the connection of the powers. Referring to the attempts made immediately after the Revolution of 1688 to shut ministers of the crown out of the House of Commons, he declared that the consequences would have been deadly. "Such a separation and want of intelligence between the crown and Parliament must either have destroyed the one or degraded the other." It is this degradation of the legislative branch that is the chief mark of the chronic phase of constitutional disease from the separation of the powers.

The state forms appearing in the American continents exhibit many instances both of the acute and of the chronic phase of constitutional malady from the theory of the separation of the powers. The Spanish-American countries framed their constitutions on this principle, and the world has never seen a more unstable and turbulent group of states. When Darwin visited South America in the course of his voyage in the *Beagle*, he notes in one place that the country had experienced fifteen revolutions in nine months. It is a fair logical inference from such results that fundamental defect exists in the organization of public authority, but instead of making this inference it is a common practice to advance the queer explanation that the defect is in the character of the people, making them unable to live up to a beautiful constitutional theory. As a matter of fact, sound constitutional arrangements react upon the character of the people in such a way as to achieve good results with inferior material. A remarkable instance of this is incidentally supplied by Darwin. In the course of the *Beagle's* voyage, he visited the Australian colony of New South Wales, arriving in 1836. He found much that shocked him in the state of society. "The whole community is rancorously divided into parties on almost every subject." The large convict element was a source of demoralizing influence, and Darwin feared that the tone of society "can hardly fail to deteriorate." At the present day no one would deny that New South Wales possesses strong, orderly, and efficient institutions of

government, and they are founded in violation of Montesquieu's theory. The contrast between Australian and South American history as regards political order is certainly very striking, and it becomes still more significant when it is considered that progress toward orderly and efficient government in South America is accompanied by rejection of the principle of the separation of the powers. The very country (now known as Argentina) whose unstable politics were noted by Darwin has since attained settled government and is experiencing great industrial development, under a constitution which explicitly connects the executive and legislative departments. The process of constitutional development in South America has tended away from the original type borrowed from the United States, and has moved toward the type exhibited by the present Constitution of France. Most of the existing constitutions of South American States now conform to the present French Constitution and, like it, expressly provide for the connection of the powers. It was a fortunate circumstance for South America that, in framing municipal institutions, the model that guided action was the French municipal system, founded by Napoleon Bonaparte, when he set about extricating local government in France from the horrible confusion that had ensued from attempts to apply the doctrine of the separation of the powers. He swept away the complicated system of elections, primary assemblies, colleges of notables, and co-ordinate authorities provided by the legislation of the revolutionary period, and substituted a simple form of representative government. Elections are confined to the choice of representatives; the representatives elect a mayor who presides at their meetings, fills by his own appointment all offices created by the council and prepares the municipal budget. The essential feature of the system is the connection of the powers, and its elasticity is such that it suffices for every urban community, small or large, a village or a city, as the mayor and council have power to organize all administrative details as local needs may require. This simple but efficient form of municipal government is probably the most successful of all Napoleon Bonaparte's feats of statesmanship. It has spread to Italy, Belgium, Spain, Greece, Japan, and the South American republics.

The brilliancy of achievement displayed in the administration of the great cities growing up in South America is largely attributable to the fact that municipal institutions there escaped the doctrine of the separation of the powers.

A disposition to discard that principle, after much bitter experience of its results, is now strongly manifested in the field of municipal government in the United States. This is the constitutional significance of the commission plan of government now spreading rapidly through the country. In effect, although not consciously, it adopts the principle of the connection of the powers, but arrives at it by such an attenuation of the principle of representation, that it affords no guidance to efforts for the improvement of the character of State government. Although they must be connected, the executive and legislative functions must be differently organized, in constitutional arrangements suitable for any community covering an extensive area with diversified interests. Inability to establish representative government on a sound constitutional basis is now inciting efforts to introduce substitutes for representative government which will be apt to aggravate the constitutional disease that now afflicts all the States of the Union. There is not one that displays the sound and healthful operation of governmental functions. All constitutions founded on the principle of the separation of the powers are weak and ailing. The class includes some as remote in place as those of Pennsylvania and Nicaragua, Oklahoma and Venezuela, but they have a family likeness. A characteristic of the type is addiction to bills of right and declarations of abstract principle, which are the hall-marks of constitutional imperfection and political immaturity.

The special aid rendered to the study of political pathology by the States belonging to our Federal system comes from the fact that they are the finest specimens that have yet appeared of the chronic phase of constitutional disease from French infection. The marks of legislative degradation appear far more plainly in them than in any other state forms of this type. Even past growths in South America afford no specimens comparable with our own products in that respect. Any one of our State constitutions will do as a satisfactory specimen as to

this. It will be found that complicated restraints are imposed upon the legislature, implying that it does not really discharge its proper function of representing the people. The Constitution of the State of Maryland makes a curious record of change in this respect. The constitution adopted in 1776 declared that "for redress of grievances, and for amending, strengthening, and preserving the laws, the legislature ought to be frequently convened." That was a sound precept derived from English experience. It was also declared that "the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other." That was a false precept derived from French philosophy. Experience under its influence has been such that at present the Constitution of Maryland does not permit the legislature to meet oftener than once in two years, or sit longer than ninety days. Other State constitutions present still more striking evidence of the degradation of the legislative function, and of the odious light in which legislative bodies are commonly regarded. This is a situation peculiar to constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers. In Switzerland legislative assemblies meet as often as several times a year, without occasioning more excitement than the monthly meeting of any board of directors.

The inductive method is not merely a study of historic sequences of cause and effect. In addition to discrediting Montesquieu's doctrine by consideration of practical consequences, political science is now able to expose its fallacy by analysis, revealing the causes of its failure. Hence it is now possible to detect as pathological results certain striking phenomena of American politics, the connection of which with Montesquieu's doctrine is not apparent. One of the more important of these is the large transfer of the law-making function and of the control of public policy from representative assemblies to the judiciary. Among the obscure consequences of the doctrine are also the multiplicity of elective offices and the growth of an enormous mass of statute law in regard to nominations to office and party procedure, the like of which exists nowhere else in the world. There is, however, one consequence now beginning to attract public attention, the

connection of which with the terms of the doctrine is almost obvious.

A government of separated powers is plainly incapable of responding to demands for greater efficiency of administration. In fact, as soon as attention is turned to business efficiency, separation of powers seems out of place. Any one who should suggest that in the organization of a private business corporation the president should not take part in the meetings of the board of directors, would be stared at as being out of plumb mentally. There is really no difference between public business and private business as to the principles of successful management, nor is any such difference supposed to exist except where people's minds are clouded by eighteenth century superstitions. As soon as Montesquieu's doctrine is examined, it is found that by its terms it does not make for efficiency. It was not meant to assist action, but to arrest action in the interest of privileged orders and classes. The question how the public business may be carried on was raised and briefly considered by Montesquieu. He remarked: "These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still in concert." In the acute phase of constitutional disease from this principle the separate powers are forced to move by violence, making the true constitution a military oligarchy. In the chronic phase they are forced to move by corruption, making the true constitution a plutocratic oligarchy. Means do not exist for action in the sole interest of the general welfare, for the essential characteristic of the scheme is that all action shall be subject to the consent of privileged interests distinctly represented in the government. The scheme was not made for democratic use and is not susceptible of conversion to democratic use. This is the secret of the disharmony between American society and American politics. The rule of the people cannot be made effective for lack of appropriate institutions. Their sovereignty cannot become concrete and practical without an organ in which it can reside. Wherever the rule of the people is effective, it will be found that there is such an organ, formed by the connection of the executive and legislative branches. In Switzerland the con-

nection is so complete that the representative assembly does not consider any project of law until it has been first examined and formulated by the executive department.

It is the inherent defect of the Montesquieu scheme on the point of efficiency that first prompted the departure from it known as the Galveston Commission plan, the influence of which is fast expelling the doctrine from municipal constitutions. There are portents of a similar departure in State constitutions. The movement now taking place in Oregon for substituting one business manager for the forty-seven boards and commissions now managing the public business in that State, is a sign of the times. The pamphlet put in circulation to explain the objects of the movement says that it is "designed to provide a system by which the conduct of State and county government may be made as efficient and economical as the management by the citizens of their private business." Approaching the subject from that point of view, the Montesquieu scheme does not come within the range of practical consideration. But having efficiency in mind, this recommendation follows as a matter of natural order: "The governor and his cabinet are given seats on the floor of both houses with the right to speak and introduce measures, and especially general appropriation bills for the maintenance of State government and existing institutions." Just such powers are exercised by the executive department in Switzerland, where the efficiency and economy of government is proverbial.

As soon as the break begins anywhere it will spread rapidly everywhere in forms of State government, just as it is now doing in forms of municipal government. The United States is now the only part of the world in which Montesquieu's doctrine still clogs the democratic movement of the age, and it is doomed to succumb to the insistent demand now made everywhere for efficiency of government. Already it is so discredited scientifically that the debates in Congress on constitutional questions have a quaint, paleozoic quality. They sound like echoes from a remote past. Those noisy panics over encroachments by the executive on the legislative department are grotesque anachronisms, interesting as survivals of eighteenth century ideas now quite without influence upon the spirit of the age. The men

now going out of our universities, the generations soon to take over the management of affairs, have escaped from the eighteenth century and its shallow philosophy in politics and ethics, and with their gradual advent to power the Montesquieu doctrine will be excluded from our State forms. Not until its career is finished and it can be viewed in its entirety as an episode in constitutional history, can it be fully appreciated. At present its mischiefs are too apparent to allow of a just valuation. Its propagation over so great an area is evidence that, fallacious as it is as a theory, it was not without utility as a fiction. Just as

ethnologists find that an apparently absurd fetich system, eventually a burden upon the lives and thought of people, may have, in its time, supplied to them a principle of social coherence, so it may well be that the spread of the principle of the separation of the powers has been attended by some political advantage. It has lingered longest in the United States owing to the intense political conservatism which marks the national character and which is on the whole a salutary instinct; and that instinct may be trusted to make the impending reconstruction of our forms of government gradual and safe.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

III.—THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU.—(Continued.)

XVI.—CARIBOU-LAND AT LAST



ON the morning of August 1, we launched on Artillery Lake, feeling, for the tenth time, that now we really were on the crowning stretch of our journey, that at last we were entering the land of the caribou.

Over the deep, tranquil waters of the lake we went, scanning the painted shores with their dwindling remnant of forest. There is something inspiring about the profundity of transparency in these lakes. When fifteen feet deep, their bottoms are no more obscured than in an ordinary eastern brook at six inches. On looking down into the far below world, one gets the sensation of flight, as one skims overhead in the swift canoe. As we spun along the southeast coast of the lake, the country grew less rugged; the continuous steep granite hills were replaced by lower buttes with long grassy plains between; and, as I took them in, I marvelled at their name—the *Barren Grounds*; bare of trees, yes, but the plains were covered with rich, rank grass, more

like New England meadows. There were stretches where the herbage was rank as on the Indiana prairies, and the average pasture of the bleaker parts was better than the best of central Wyoming. A cattleman of the west would think himself made if he could be sure of such pastures on his range, yet these are the *Barren Grounds*.

At three we passed the splendid landmark of Beaver Lodge mountain. Its rosy-red granite cliffs contrast wonderfully with its emerald cap of verdant grass and mosses that cover it in tropical luxuriance, and its rippling lake about it was of Mediterranean hues.

We covered the last nine miles in one hour and fifty-three minutes, passed the deserted Indian Village, and landed at Last Woods at 8.30 P. M.

The edge of the timber is the dividing line between the Hudsonian and the Arctic regions. It is the beginning of the country we had come to see. We were now in the land of caribou.

At this point we were prepared to spend several days, leave a cache, gather a bundle of choice firewood, then enter on the treeless plains.



An ancient dwarf about 250 years old.—Billy ready for action.

That night it stormed, all were tired, there was no reason to bestir ourselves; it was ten when we arose. Half an hour later Billy came to my tent and said, "Mr. Seton, here's some deer." I rushed to the door, and there, with my own eyes, I saw on a ridge a mile away 4 great caribou standing against the sky.

We made for a near hill and met Preble returning, he also had seen them. From a higher viewpoint the 4 proved part of a band of 20.

Then other bands came in view, 16, 61, 3, 299, and so on, each valley had a scattering few, all travelling slowly southward, or standing to enjoy the cool breeze that ended the torment of the flies. About 1,000 were in sight. These were my first caribou, the first fruits of three thousand miles of travel.

Weeso got greatly excited; "these were the forerunners of the great herd"; he said, "Plenty caribou now," and grinned like a happy child.

I went in one direction, taking only my camera. At least 20 caribou trotted within fifty feet of me.

Billy and Weeso took their rifles, intent on venison, but the caribou avoided them, and six or eight shots were heard before they got a young buck.

All that day I revelled in caribou, no enormous herds, but always a few in sight.

The next day Weeso and I went to the top ridge, eastward. He with rifle, I with camera. He has a vague idea of the camera's use, but told Billy privately that "the rifle was much better for caribou." He couldn't understand why I should restrain him from blazing away as long as the ammunition held out. "What in the world did we come for?" But he was amenable to discipline and did as I wished when he understood.

Now on the top of that windy ridge I sat with this copper-colored child of the spruce woods to watch these cattle of the plains.

The caribou is a travelsome beast, always in a hurry, going against the wind. When the wind is west, all travel west, when it veers they veer. Now the wind was northerly and all were going north, not walking, not galloping—the caribou rarely gallops, and then only for a moment or two; his fast gait is a steady trot, a ten-mile gait, making with stops about six miles an hour. But they are ever on the move; when you see a caribou that doesn't move, you know at once it isn't a caribou—it's a rock.

We sat down on the hill at 3 P.M.; in a few minutes a cow caribou came trotting from the south, caught the wind at fifty yards, and dashed away.



The giants on the edge of the forest.

In five minutes another, in twenty minutes a young buck, in twenty minutes more a big buck, in ten minutes a great herd of about five hundred appeared in the south. They came along at full trot, lined to pass us on the southeast. At half a mile they struck our scent and all recoiled as though we were among them. They scattered in alarm, rushed south again, then gathered in solid body, came on once more, again to spring back and scatter, as they caught the taint of man. After much and various running, scattering and massing, they once more charged the fearsome odor and went right through it. Now they passed at five hundred yards and gave the chance for a fair camera shot.

The sound of their trampling was heard a long way off, half a mile, but at three hundred yards I could not distinguish the clicking of the feet, whereas, this clicking was very plainly to be heard from the band that passed within fifty yards of me this morning.

They snort a good deal and grunt a little, and, notwithstanding their continual haste, I noticed that, from time to time, one or two would lie down, but at once jump up and rush on when they found they were being left behind.

Many more single deer came that day, but no more large herds.

About 4.30, a fawn of this year (two and one-half or three months) came rushing along from the north, all alone. It charged up a hill for two hundred yards, then changed its mind, and charged down again, then raced to a bunch of tempting herbage, cropped it hastily, dashed to a knoll, left at an angle, darted toward us, till within forty yards, then dropped into a thick bed of grass, where it lay as though it had unlimited time.

I took one photograph, and as I crawled to get one nearer, a shot passed over my head, and the merry cackle told me that Weeso had yielded to temptation and had collected that fawn.

A young buck now came trotting and grunting toward us, till within sixteen paces, which proved too much for Weeso, who, then and there, in spite of repeated, recent orders, started him on the first step toward the museum collection.

I scolded him angrily, and he looked glum and unhappy, like a naughty little boy caught in some indiscretion which he cannot understand. He said nothing to me, but later complained to Billy, and asked, "What did we come for?"

The south wind had blown for some days before we arrived, and the result was to fill the country with caribou coming from the

north. The day after we came, the north wind set in and continued for three days, so that soon there was not a caribou to be found in the region.

XVII.—GOOD-BY TO THE WOODS

THE last woods is a wonderfully interesting biological point or line, this final arm of the forest does not die away gradually with uncertain edges and in steadily dwindling trees. The latter have sent their stoutest champions to the front, or produced, as by a final effort, some giants for the line of battle. And that line, with its sentinels, is so marked that one can stand with one foot on the territory of each, or, as scientists call them, the Arctic region and the cold temperate.

And each of the embattled kings, Jack Frost and Sombre Pine, has his children in abundance to possess the land as he wins it. Right up to the skirmish line are they.

The low thickets of the woods were swarming with tree sparrows, redpolls, robins, hooded sparrows, and the bare plains a few yards away were peopled and vocal with whom a bush is an abomination. Lapland longspur, snowbird, shorelarks, and pipits were here, soaring and singing, or among the barren rocks were ptarmigan in garments that are painted in the pattern of their rocks.

There is one sombre fowl of ample wing that knows no line, is at home on the open or in the woods. His sonorous voice has a human sound that is uncanny; his form is visible afar in the desert and sinister as a gibbet, his plumage fits in with nothing

but the night which he does not love. This evil genius of the land is the raven of the north. Its numbers increased as we reached the barrens and, the morning after the first caribou was killed, no less than twenty-eight were assembled at its offal.

The strange forms of these last trees are very characteristic and suggestive of a Dutch garden. Although seemingly whimsical and vagrant, there is, however, an evident harmony. The individual history of each is in three stages.

First as a low, thick, creeping bush sometimes ten feet across but only a foot high. In this stage it continues until rooted enough and with capital enough to send up a long central shoot; which is stage number 2. This central shoot is like a Noah's Ark pine. In time it becomes the tree, and finally the basal thicket dies away, leaving the specimen in stage number 3.

A stem of one of the low creepers was cut for examination; it was $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches through and 25

years old. Some of those low mats of spruce have stems 5 inches through; these must be fully 100 years old.

A tall, dead-white spruce at the camp was 30 feet high and 11 inches in diameter at 4 feet from the ground. Its 190 rings were hard to count, they were so thin. The central ones were widest, there being 16 to the inmost inch of radius, on the outside to the north 50 rings made only $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch, and 86 made 1 inch.

Numbers 42 and 43, counting from the outside, were two or three times as thick as those outside of them, and much thicker than the next within; they must have repre-



Monument on
Tha-na-Koie

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



Beaver Lodge Mt 7 Aug 1907.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



Tyrrell's monument at Last Woods.

The monument is seen on the sky-line at the right of the large tree.

sented years of unusual summers. Number 99 also was of great size. What years these corresponded with, one could only guess, as the tree was a long time dead.

Another dwarf, but 8 feet high, was 12 inches through. It had 205 rings plus a 5-inch hollow which we reckoned at about 100 rings of growth. Sixty-four rings made only 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, the outmost of the 64 was 2 inches in from the outside of the wood. Those on the outer 2 inches were even smaller, so as to be exceedingly difficult to count. This tree was at least 300 years old, our estimates according to the data varied from 300 to 325 years.

XVIII.—THE TREELESS PLAINS

ON August 7 we left Camp Last Woods. Our various specimens with a stock of food were secured as usual in a cache, high in two trees, those already used by Tyrrell years before, and guarded each by the magic necklace of cod-hooks.

This morning the wind turned and blew from the south. At 2 P.M. we saw a band of some sixty caribou

travelling southward, these were the first seen for two or three days. After this, we saw many odd ones, and about three, a band of four hundred or five hundred. At night we camped on Casba River, having covered thirty-six miles in seven hours and forty-five minutes.

The place we had selected for camp proved to be a caribou-crossing.

As we drew near, a dozen of them came from the east and swam across. A second band of eight now appeared. We gave chase. They spurted; so did we. Our canoe was going over six miles an hour, and yet was but slowly overtaking them. They made the water foam around them. Their heads, necks, shoulders, backs, rumps, and tails were out. I never before saw land animals move so fast in the water. A fawn in danger of being left behind reared up on its mother's back and hung on with fore feet. The leader was a doe or a young buck, I couldn't be sure; the last was a big buck. They soon struck bottom and bounded along on the shore. It was too dark for a picture.



The three ages of the spruce.
From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

As we were turning in for the night, thirty caribou came trotting and snorting through the camp. Half of them crossed the water, but the rest turned back when Billy shouted.

Later, a band of two hundred passed through and around our tents.

In the morning Billy complained that he could not sleep all night for caribou travelling by his tent and stumbling over the guy ropes. From this time on we were nearly always in sight of caribou, small bands or scattering groups; one had the feeling that the whole land is like this, on and on and on, unlimited space with unlimited wild herds.

A year afterward as I travelled in the fair State of Illinois, famous for its cattle, I was struck by the idea that one sees far more caribou in the north than cattle in Illinois. This State has about fifty-six thousand square miles of land and three million cattle, the Arctic Plains have over a million square miles of prairie; which, allowing for the fact that I saw the best of the range, would set the caribou numbers at over thirty million. There is a good deal of evidence that this is not far from the truth.

The reader may recollect the original postulate of my plan. Other travellers have gone on relying on the abundant caribou and seen none, so starved. I relied on no caribou, I took plenty of groceries, and because I was independent, the caribou walked into camp nearly every day, and we lived largely on their meat, saving our groceries for an emergency which came in an unexpected form. One morning when we were grown accustomed to this condition, I said to Billy:

"How is the meat?"

"Nearly gone; we'll need another caribou about Thursday."

"You better get one now, to be ready Thursday. I don't like it so steaming fresh; see, there's a nice little buck on that hillside."

"No, not him. Why, he is nearly half a mile off! I'd have to pack him in. Let's wait till one comes in camp."

Which we did, and usually got our meat delivered near the door.

Thus we were living on the fat of many lands, and on the choicest fat of this.

And what a land it is for pasture! At this place it reminds one of Texas. Open, grassy plains, sparser reaches of sand, long

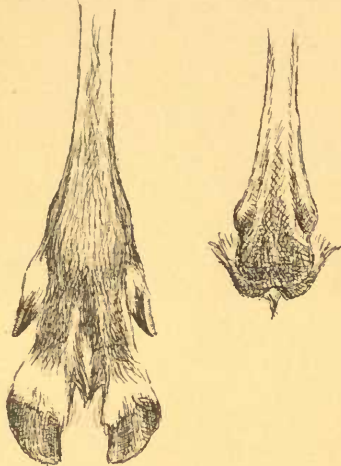
slopes of mesquite mesas dotted with cedars and stretches of chaparral and soapweed. Only these vegetations here are willow, dwarf-birch, tiny spruce, and ledum, and the country, as a whole, is far too green and rich. The emerald verdure of the shore in not a few places carried me back to the west coast of Ireland.

The daily observations of route and landmark I can best leave for record only on my maps. I had one great grievance against previous explorers (except Tyrrell), that is, they left no mon-

uments. Aiming to give no ground of complaint against us, we made mementos at all important points. On the night of August 8 we camped at Cairn Bay, on the west side of Casba Lake, so named because of the five remarkable glacial cairns or conical stone piles about it; on the top of one of these I left my monument, a six-foot pillar of large stones.

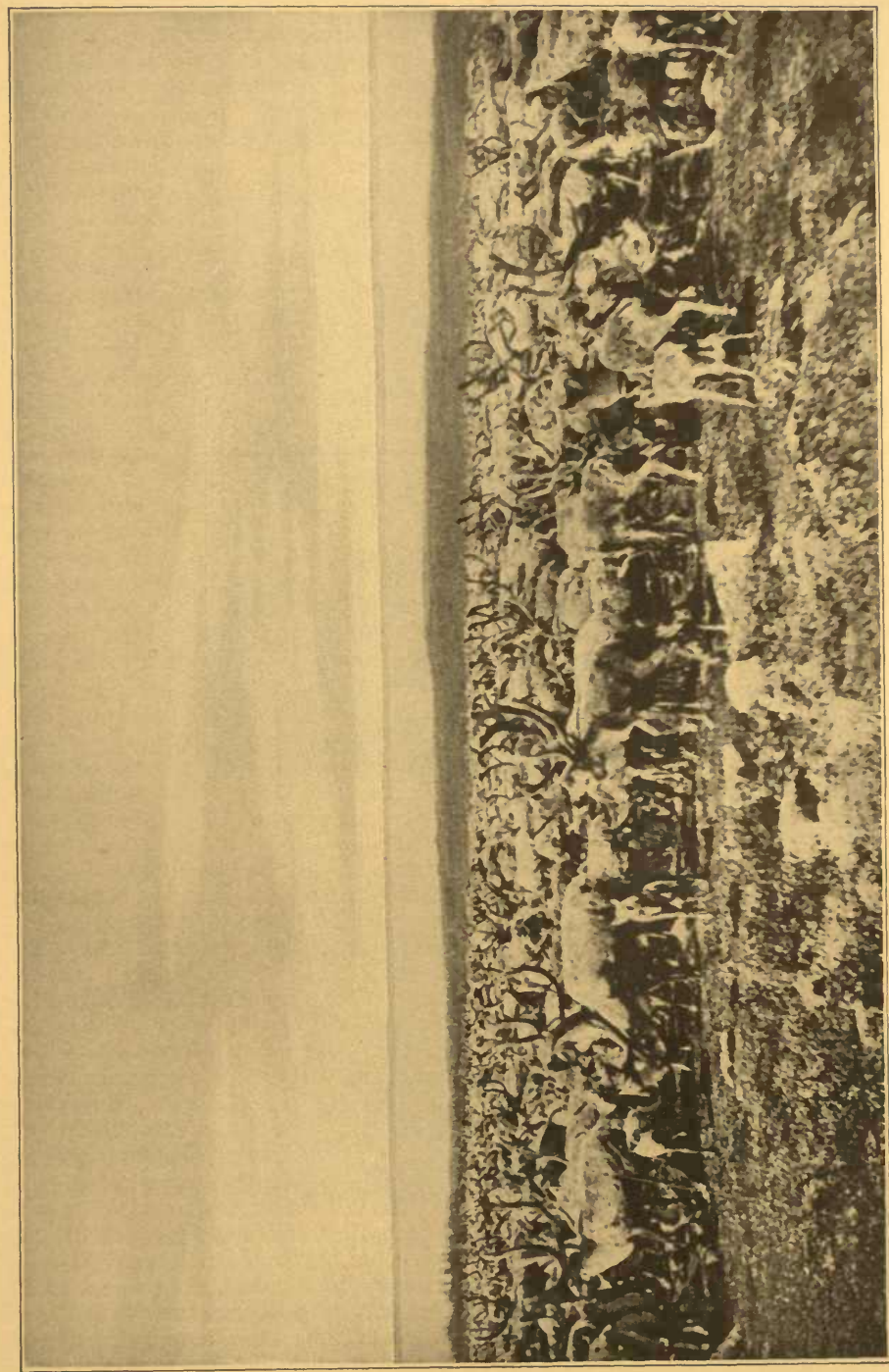
XIX.—THE UNKNOWN

On the afternoon of August 9 we passed the important headland that I have called Tyrrell Point; here we jumped off his map into the unknown. I had, of course, the small chart made by Sir George Back in 1834, but it was hastily made, under great difficulties, and, with a few exceptions, it seemed impossible to recognize his landscape features. Next day I explored the east arm of Clinton-Colden and discovered the tributary river that I have called Laurier River, and near its mouth made a cairn enclosing a caribou antler,



Front left foot of caribou showing position of backward and forward stroke when swimming.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.



From a photograph taken by and used with the kind permission of J. B. Tyrrell.
Spring migration of caribou.

with inscription (E. T. Seton, 10 August, 1907).

Future travellers on this lake will find, as I did, that the conical butte in eastern part is an important landmark. It is a glacial dump about fifty feet above the general level, which again is a hundred feet above the water; visible and recognizable from nearly all parts of the lake.

Thus we went on, day by day, sometimes detained by head or heavy winds, but making great progress in the calm, which nearly always came in the evening; thirty and thirty-five miles a day we went, led on and stimulated by the thirst to see and know. "I

must see what is over that ridge," "I must make sure that this is an island," or, "Maybe from that lookout I shall see Lake Aylmer," or "A band of caribou, yes, or even a band of muskox." Always there was some reward, and nearly always it was a surprise.

From time to time we came on snowbirds with their young broods, evidently at home. Ptarmigan abounded. Parry's ground-squirrel was found at nearly all points, including the large islands. The Lap longspur swarmed everywhere; their loud *chee chups* were the first sounds to greet us each time we neared the land. And out over all the lake were loons, loons, loons. Four species abound here; they caterwaul and yodel all day and all night. Each in its own particular speech. From time to time a wild hyena chorus from the tranquil water on the purple sunset haze suggested that a pack of goblin hounds were cheyving a goblin buck, but it turned out always to be

a family of red-throated loons, yodelling their inspiring march song.

One day, when at Gravel Mountain, old Weeso came to camp in evident fear—far off he had seen a man. In this country a man must mean an Esquimaux; with them the Ind-

ian has a long feud; of them he is in terror. We never learned the truth; I think he was mistaken.

Every day we saw a few caribou, and yet I never failed to get a thrill at each fresh one. "There's a caribou," one says with perennial intensity that is evidence of perennial pleasure in the sight. Once or twice the long howl of the white wolf sounded from the shore.

A great many of the single

caribou were on the small islands. In six cases that came under close observation, the animal in question had a broken leg. A broken leg generally evidences recent inroads by hunters, but the nearest Indians were two hundred miles to the south, and the nearest Esquimaux three hundred miles to the north. There was every reason to believe that we were the only human beings in the vast region, and certainly we had broken no legs. Every caribou fired at (eight) had been secured and used. There is only one dangerous large enemy common in this country; that is the white wolf. And the more I pondered it, the more sure it seemed that the wolves had broken the caribous' legs.

How? This is the history of each case: The caribou is so much swifter than the wolves that the latter have no chance in open chase; they therefore adopt the stratagem of a sneaking surround and a drive over the rocks or a precipice, where the caribou, if not actually killed, is more or



A young buck.

less disabled. In some cases, only a leg is broken, and then that caribou knows his only chance is to make the water. Here his wonderful powers of swimming make him easily safe, so much so that the wolves make no attempt to follow. The crippled deer makes for some island sanctuary, where he rests in peace till his leg is healed, or, it may be in some cases, till the freezing of the lake brings him again into power of his foe.

These six, then, were the cripples in hospital. I need hardly say they suffered no harm from us.

In this country when you see a tree, you know perfectly well it isn't a tree; it's the horns of a caribou lying down. An unusually large affair of branches appeared on an island in the channel to Aylmer. I landed, camera in hand; there was a tuft of herbage thirty yards from him; another twenty yards. I crawled to the first and made a snapshot; then, flat as a rug, sneaked my way to the one I estimated at twenty yards. The click of the camera alarmed the buck; he rose, tried the wind, then lay down again, giving me another glance. Having used all the films, I now stood up. The caribou dashed away, and by a slight limp showed that he was in sanctuary. The twenty-yard estimate proved too long; it was only sixteen yards, which put my picture a little out of focus.

There never was a day, and rarely an

hour of each day, that we did not see several caribou, and there never was a caribou sighted that did not give us a thrill of pleasure and a general happy sense of satisfaction—the thought: “This is what we came for.”



Caribou with broken leg in sanctuary.



Same caribou (another photo.).

XX.—GOOD-BY TO THE CARIBOU

ON the home journey, in the early part of September, as we coursed along the shore of Artillery Lake, we saw small groups of caribou. They were now in fine coat; the manes on the males were long and white, and we saw two with cleaned antlers; on one of these the horns were of a brilliant red, which I suppose meant that they were cleaned that day and still bloody.

We arrived at the south end of Artillery Lake the night of September 8, and were now again in the continuous woods—what spindly little stuff it looked when we left it; what superb forest it looked now—and here we bade good-by to the prairies and caribou.

Here, therefore, I shall briefly summarize the information I gained about this notable creature. The species ranges over all the treeless plains and islands of Arctic Amer-

ica. While the great body is migratory, there are scattered individuals in all parts at all seasons. The main body winters in the sheltered southern third of the range to avoid the storms, and moves north in the late spring to avoid the plagues of deer-flies and mosquitoes. The former are found

chiefly in the woods, the latter are bad everywhere; by travelling against the wind, a certain measure of relief is secured; northerly winds prevail, so the caribou are kept travelling northward.

When there is no wind, the instinctive habit of migration doubtless directs the general movement.

How are we to form an idea of their numbers? The only way seems to be by watching the great herd when it comes to its winter range. For the reasons already given, this was impossible; therefore I array some of the known facts that will evidence the size of the herd.

Warburton Pike, who saw them at Mackay Lake, October 20, 1889, says: "I cannot believe that the herds (of buffalo) on the prairie ever surpassed in size *la Foule* (the throng) of the caribou. *La Foule* had really come, and during its passage of six days, I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Ground."

From figures and facts given me by H. T. Munn, of Brandon, Manitoba, I reckon that in the three weeks following July 25, 1892, he saw at Artillery Lake (latitude $62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, longitude 112°) not less than 2,000,000 caribou travelling southward; he calls this merely the advance guard of the great herd. Colonel Jones (Buffalo Jones) who saw the herd in October at Clinton-Colden, has given me personally a description that furnishes the basis for an interesting calculation of their numbers.

He stood on a hill in the middle of the passing throng, with a clear view ten miles each way, and it was one army of caribou. How much farther they would spread he did not know. Sometimes they were bunched so that a hundred were on a space one hundred feet square, but often there would be open spaces equally large, without any. They averaged at least one hundred caribou to the acre; and they passed him at

the rate of about three miles an hour. He did not know how long they were in passing this point, but at another place, they were four days, and travelled day and night. The whole world seemed a moving mass of caribou. He got the impression at last that they were standing still and he was on a rock hill that was rapidly running through their hosts.

Even halving these figures, to keep on the safe side, we find that the number of cari-

bou in this army was over 25,000,000, yet it is possible that there are several such armies, in which case they must, indeed, far outnumber the buffalo in their palmiest epoch.—So much for the numbers to-day.

To what extent are they being destroyed? I was careful to get all available information on this point.

First, of the Indian destruction. In 1812 the Chipewyan population, according to Kennicott, was 7,500.

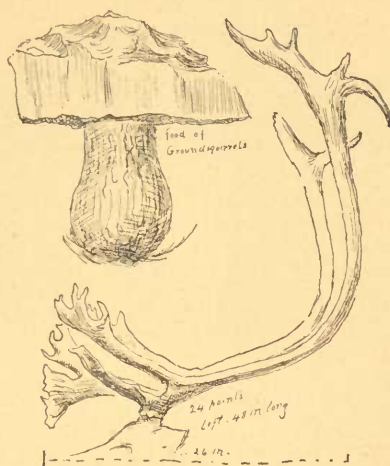
Thomas Anderson of

Fort Smith showed me a census of the Mackenzie River Indians which puts them at 3,961 in 1884. Official returns of the Canadian government give them in 1905 at 3,411, as follows:

Peel	400
Arctic Red River	100
Good Hope	500
Norman	300
Wrigley	100
Simpson	300
Rae	800
Liard & Nelson	400
Yellowknives	151
Dogribs	123
Chipewyans	123
Hay River	114
	<hr/>
	3,411

River and Liard Indians, numbering about 400, can scarcely be considered caribou eaters, so that the Indian population feeding on caribou to-day is about 3,000, less than half what it was one hundred years ago.

Of these, not more than 600 are hunters. The traders generally agree that the average



From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

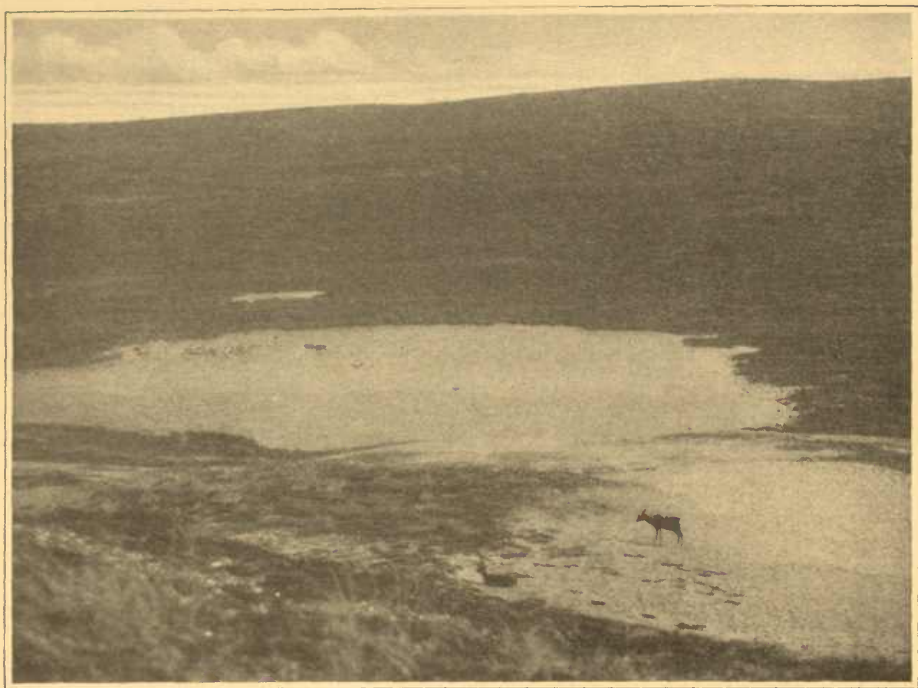


The leap for life.—Page 68.

annual kill of caribou is about 15 or 20 per man, not more. When George Sanderson, of Fort Resolution, got 75 one year, it was the talk of the country; many got none. Thus, 20,000 per annum, killed by the Indians, is a liberal estimate to-day.

There has been so much talk about destruction by whalers, that I was careful to gather all information. Several travellers who had wintered at Herschel Island told me that 4 is the usual number of whalers that winter on the north coast east of Point Barrow. Sometimes, but rarely, the num-

ber is increased to 8 or 10, never more. They buy what caribou they can from the Esquimaux, sometimes aggregating 300 or 400 carcasses in a winter, and would use more if they could get them, but they cannot, as the caribou herds are then far south. This, E. Sprake Jones, William Hay, and others, are sure represents fairly the total annual destruction by whalers on the north coast. Only one or two vessels of traffic go into Hudson's Bay, and these, with those of Herschel Island, are all that touch caribou country, so that the total



Caribou enjoying a breeze.

destruction by whalers must be under 1,000 head per annum.

The Esquimaux kill for their own use. Franz Boas ("Handbook of American Indians") gives the number of Esquimaux in the central region at 1,100. Of these, not more than 300 are hunters. If we allow their destruction to equal that of the 600 Indians, it is liberal, giving a total of 40,000 caribou killed by native hunters. As the whites rarely enter the region, this is practically all the destruction by man. The annual increase of 30,000,000 caribou must be several millions and would so far overbalance the hunter toll that the latter cannot make any permanent difference.

There is, moreover, good evidence that the native destruction has diminished. As already seen, the tribes which hunt the Barren Ground caribou number less than one-half of what they did one hundred years ago.

During this time they have learned to use the rifle, and this I am assured of by all the traders has lessened the destruction. By the old method with the spear in the water, or in the pound trap, one native might kill 100 caribou in one day, during the migrations;

but these methods called for woodcraft and were very laborious. The rifle being much easier has displaced the spear, but there is a limit to its destruction, especially with cartridges at five to seven cents each, and, as already seen, the hunters do not average 20 caribou each in a year. Thus, all the known facts point to the greatly diminished slaughter to-day, when compared with that of one hundred years ago. This, then, is my summary of the Barren Ground caribou between the Mackenzie River and Hudson's Bay. They number over 30,000,000 and may be double of that. They are in primitive conditions and probably never more numerous than now. The native destruction is less now than formerly and never did make any perceptible difference.

Finally, the matter has by no means escaped the attention of the wide-awake Canadian government, represented by the Minister of the Interior and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It could not be in better hands, and there is no reason or fear in any degree of a repetition of the buffalo slaughter that disgraced the plains of the United States.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

VI



HE wounded man lay on a lounge in the office room which was dimly lighted by the dying glow of the outside torches and an oil lamp hurriedly brought in. No one was present except St. George, Harry, the doctor, and a negro woman who had brought in some pillows and hot water. All that could be done for him had been done; he was unconscious and his life hung by a thread. Harry, now that the mysterious thing called his "honor" had been satisfied, was helping Teackle wash the wound prior to an attempt to probe for the ball.

The boy was crying quietly—the tears streaming unbidden down his cheeks—it was his first experience at this sort of thing. He had been brought up to know that some day it might come and that he must then face it, but he had never before realized the horror of what might follow. And yet he had not reached the stage of regret; he was sorry for the wounded man and for his suffering, but he was not sorry for his own share in causing it. He had only done his duty, and but for a stroke of good luck he and Willits might have exchanged places. Uncle George had expressed his feelings exactly when he said that only a bit of cold lead could settle some insults, and what insult could have been greater than the one for which he had shot Willits? What was a gentleman to do? Go around meeting his antagonist every day?—the two ignoring each other? Or was he to turn stable boy, and pound him with his fists?—or more ridiculous still—have him bound over to keep the peace, or bring an action for—Bah!—for what?—Yes—for what? Willits hadn't struck him, or wounded him, or robbed him. It had been his life or mine. No—there was no other way—couldn't be any other way. Willits knew it when he tore up Kate's card—knew what would follow. There was no deception—nothing underhand. And he had got precisely what

he deserved, sorry as he felt for his sufferings.

Then Kate's face rose before him—haunted him, in fact. Why hadn't she seen it this way? Why had she refused to look at him—refused to answer him—driven him away from her side, in fact?—he who had risked his life to save her from insult! Why wouldn't she allow him to even touch her hand? Why did she treat Willits—drunken vulgarian as he was—differently from the way she had treated him? She had broken off her engagement with him because he was drunk at Mrs. Cheston's ball where nobody had been hurt but himself, and here she was sympathizing with another drunken man who had not only outraged all sense of decency toward her, but had jeopardized the life of her affianced husband who defended her against his insults; none of which would have happened had the man been sober. All this staggered him.

More astounding still was her indifference. She had not even asked if he had escaped unhurt, but had concentrated all her interest upon the man who had insulted her. As to his own father's wrath—that he had expected. It was his way to break out, and this he knew would continue until he realized the enormity of the insult to Kate and heard how he and St. George had tried to ward off the catastrophe. Then he would not only change his opinion, but would commend him for his courage.

Outside the sick-room such guests as could be trusted were gathered together in the colonel's den where they talked in whispers. All agreed that the ladies and the older men must be sent home as soon as possible, and in complete ignorance of what had occurred. If Willits lived—of which there was little hope—his home would be at the colonel's until he fully recovered, the colonel adding that neither expense nor care would be spared to hasten his recovery. If he died, the body would be sent to his father's house later on.

With this object in view the dance was adroitly shortened, the supper hurried through, and within an hour after midnight the last carriage and carryall of those kept in ignorance of the duel had departed, the only change in the programme being the non-opening of the rare old bottle and the announcement of Harry's and Kate's engagement—an omission which provoked little comment as it had been known but to few.

Kate remained. She had tottered upstairs holding on to the hand-rail and had thrown herself on a bed in the room leading out of the dressing-room, where she lay in her mud-stained dress, the silken petticoat torn and bedraggled with her leap from the window. She was weeping bitterly, her old black mammy sitting beside her trying to comfort her as best she could.

With the departure of the last guest—Mr. Seymour among them; the colonel doing the honors; standing bare-headed on the porch, his face all smiles as he bade them good-by—the head of the house of Rutter turned quickly on his heel, passed down the corridor, made his way along the long narrow hall, and entered his office where the wounded man lay. Harry, the negro woman, and Dr. Teackle alone were with him.

"Is there any change?" he asked in a perfectly even voice. Every vestige of his set smile had left his face. Harry he did not even notice.

"Not much—he is still alive," replied the doctor.

"Have you found the ball?"

"No—I have not looked for it—I will presently."

The colonel moved out a chair and sat down beside the dying man, his eyes fixed on the lifeless face. Some wave of feeling must have swept through him, for with a deep, indrawn sigh he said in a low voice, as if to himself:

"This will be a fine story to tell his father, won't it—and here too—under my roof. My God!—was there ever anything more disgraceful!" He paused for a moment, his eyes still on the sufferer, and then went on—this time to the doctor—"his living so long gives me some hope—am I right, Teackle?"

The doctor nodded, but he made no audible reply. He had bent closer to the

man's chest and was at the moment listening intently to the labored breathing, which seemed to have increased.

The boy edged nearer to the patient, his eyes seeking for some move of life. All his anger faded and a wave of tenderness swept over him. Willits, his face ablaze with drink and anger, his eyes flashing, his strident voice ringing out—even Kate's shocked, dazed face, no longer filled his mind. It was the suffering man—trembling on the verge of eternity, shot to death by his own ball, that appealed to him. And then the suddenness of it all—less than an hour had passed since this tall, robust young fellow stood before him on the stairs, hanging upon every word that fell from Kate's lips—and here he lay weltering in his blood.

Suddenly his father's hopeful word to the doctor sounded in his ears. Suppose after all Willits *should* get well! Kate would understand and forgive him then. As this thought developed in his mind his spirits rose. He looked the more intently, straining his body, persuading himself that a slight twitching had crossed the dying man's face. Almost instantaneously the doctor rose to his feet:

"Quick, Harry!—hand me that brandy! It's just as I hoped—the ball has ploughed outside the skull—the brain is untouched. It was the shock that stunned him. Leave the room everybody—you too, colonel—he'll come to in a minute and must not be excited."

Harry sprang from his chair, with a great surge of thankfulness rising in his heart, passed his father on the way out, and hurried from the room. Kate must hear the good news and with the least possible delay. He would not send a message—he would go himself; then he could explain and relieve her mind. She would listen to his pleading. It was natural she should have been shocked. He himself had been moved to sympathy by the sufferer's condition—how much more dreadful then must have been the sight of the wounded man lying there among the flower-pots to a woman nurtured so carefully and one so sensitive in spirit. But it was all over—Willits would live—there would be a reconciliation—everything would be forgiven and everything forgotten.

All these thoughts crowded close in his mind as he rushed up the stairs two steps at a time to where his sweetheart lay moan-

ing out her heart. He tapped lightly and her old black mammy opened the door on a crack.

"It's Marse Harry, mistis," she called back over her shoulder—"shall I let him come in?"

"No!—no!—I don't want to see him; I don't want to see anybody—my heart is broken!" came the reply in broken half-stifled sobs.

Harry, held at bay by mammy, rested his forehead against the edge of the door so his voice could reach her the better:

"But Willits isn't going to die, Kate dear. I have just left him; it's only a scalp wound. Dr. Teackle says he's all right. The shock stunned him into unconsciousness."

"Oh, I don't care what Dr. Teackle says! It's you, Harry!—You! You never once thought of me—Oh, why did you do it!"

"I did think of you, Kate! I never thought of anything else—I am not thinking of anything else now."

"Oh, to think you tried to murder him! You, Harry—whom I loved so!" she sobbed.

"It was for you, Kate! You heard what he said—you saw it all. It was for you, Kate!—for nobody else—for you, my darling! Let me come in—let me hold you close to me and tell you."

"No!—no—no! My heart is broken! Come to me, mammy!"

The door was shut gently and left him on the outside, dazed at the outcry, his heart throbbing with tenderness and an intense, almost ungovernable impulse to force his way into the room, take her in his arms, and comfort her.

The closed door brought him to his senses. To-morrow after all, would be better, he confessed to himself humbly. Nothing more could be done to-night—yes—to-morrow he would tell her all. He turned to descend the stairs and ran into Alec's arms. The old man had come in search of him, and finding him at Kate's door had waited patiently for the outcome of the interview, every word of which he had heard.

"Marse Talbot done sont me fer ye, Marse Harry," he whispered; "he wants ye in his li'l room. Don't ye take no notice what de young mistis says; she ain't

grievin'! fer dat man. Dat Willits blood ain't no count, nohow; dey's po' white trash, dey is—eve'ybody knows dat. Let Miss Kate cry herse'f out; dat's de on'y help now. Mammy Henny 'll look arter her till mawnin'."

They reached the bottom step and the old man stopped and laid his hand on his young master's shoulder. His voice trembled and two tears stood in his eyes.

"Don't you take no notice ob what happens to-night, son. 'Member ye kin count on ol' Alec. Ain't neber gwinter be nothin' come 'twixt me an' you, son. I ain't never gwinter git tired lovin' ye—you won't fer-git dat, will ye?"

"No, Alec, but Mr. Willits will recover. Dr. Teackle has just said so."

"Oh, dat ain't it, son—it's you, Marse Harry. Don't let 'em down ye—stand up an' fight 'em back."

Harry patted the old servant tenderly on the shoulder to calm his fears, and without another word followed him quietly down the long hall toward the door of his father's den. He saw from Alec's face and voice, that there was another ordeal in store for him, or the old negro would not have been so disturbed. One of the first persons—the only one, in fact, to grasp his hand when Willits's fire had missed its mark, was this same black servant, the tears streaming down his face in his joy. Since then something else had happened—what he could not surmise—nor did he much care. The events of the last hour had left him bruised and stunned. Now that Kate had refused to see him he almost wished that Willits's bullet had found its target.

"Where did you say my father was, Alec?" he asked in a listless voice.

"In his li'l room, son; dey's all in dar, Marse George Temple, Mister Gilbert—dem two gemmans who stood up wid Mister Willits—dey's all dar. Don't mind what dey say, honey—jes' you fall back on ol' Alec. I dassent go in; maybe, I'll be yere in de pantry so ye kin git hold o' me. I'se mos' crazy, Marse Harry—let me git hold ob yo' hand once mo', son. Oh, my Gawd!—dey shan't do nothin' to ye!"

The boy took the old man's hand in his and the two walked steadily on. Alec's words of warning had made but little impression on him. If he had heard them at all he certainly did not grasp their import.

It was Kate's voice that still pierced his ears—Kate's sobs that wrenched his heart: "You never thought of me!" Nothing else counted.

Harry turned the handle of the door and stepped boldly in, his head erect, his eyes searching the room. It was filled with gentlemen, some sitting, some standing; not only those who had taken part in the duel, but three or four others who were in possession of the secret that lay heavy on everybody's minds.

He looked about him: most of the candles had burned low in the socket; some had gone out. The few that still flickered cast a dim, ghostly light. The remains of the night's revel lay on the larger table and the serving tables; a silver dish of terrapin, cold, and half empty; portion of a ham with the bone showing; empty and partly filled glasses and china cups from which the toddies and eggnog had been drunk. The smell of rum and lemons intermingled with the smoke of snuffed-out candle wicks, greeted his nostrils—a smell he remembered for years thereafter with a shudder.

There had evidently been a heated discussion, for his father was walking up and down the room, his face flushed, his black eyes blazing with suppressed anger, his plum-colored coat unbuttoned as if to give him more breathing space, his silk scarf slightly awry. St. George Temple was evidently the cause of his wrath, for the latter's voice was reverberating through the room as Harry stepped in.

"I tell you, Talbot, you shall not—you dare not!" St. George was exclaiming, his voice rising in the intensity of his indignation. His face was set, his eyes blazing; all his muscles taut. He stood like an avenging angel guarding some pathway. Harry looked on in amazement—he had never seen his uncle like this before.

The colonel wheeled about suddenly and raised his clenched hand. He seemed to be nervously unstrung and for the moment to have lost his self-control.

"Stop, St. George!" he thundered. "Stop instantly! Not another word, do you hear me? Don't strain a friendship that has lasted from boyhood or I may forget myself, as you have done. No man can tell me what I shall or shall not do when my honor is at stake. Never before has a Rutter disgraced himself and

his blood. I am done with him, I tell you!"

"But the man will get well!" hissed St. George, striding forward and confronting him. "Teackle has just said so—you heard him; we all heard him!"

"That makes no difference; that does not relieve my son."

Rutter had now become aware of Harry's presence. So had the others, who turned their heads in the boy's direction, but no one spoke. They had not the lifelong friendship that made St. George immune, and few of them would have dared to disagree with Talbot Rutter in anything.

"And now, sir"—here the colonel made a step towards where Harry stood—the words falling as drops of water on a bared head—"I have sent for you to tell you just what I have told these gentlemen. I have informed them openly because I do not wish either my sense of honor or my motives to be misunderstood. Your performances to-night have been so dastardly and so ill-bred as to make it impossible for me ever to live under the same roof with you again." Harry started and his lips parted as if to speak, but he made no sound. "You have disgraced your blood and violated every law of hospitality. Mr. Willits should have been as safe here as you would have been under his father's roof. If he misbehaved himself you could have ordered his carriage and settled the affair next day, as any gentleman of your standing would have done. I have sent for a conveyance to take you wherever you may wish to go." Then, turning to St. George, "I must ask you, Temple, to take my place and see that these gentlemen get their proper carriages, as I must join Mrs. Rutter, who has sent for me. Good-night," and he strode from the room.

Harry stared blankly into the faces of the men about him: first at St. George and then into the faces of the others—one after another—as if trying to read what was passing in their minds. No one spoke or moved. His father's intentions had evidently been discussed before the boy's arrival and the final denunciation had, therefore, been received with less of the deadening effect than it had produced on himself. Nor was it a surprise to old Alec, who had followed Harry noiselessly into the room, and who had also over-

heard the colonel's previous outbreak as to his intended disposition of his young master.

St. George, who during the outburst had stood leaning against the mantel, his eyes riveted on Harry, broke the silence.

"That, gentlemen," he exclaimed, straightening to his feet, one clenched fist upraised, "is the most damnably idiotic and unjust utterance that ever fell from Talbot Rutter's lips! and one he will regret to his dying day. This boy you all know—most of you have known him from childhood, and you know him, as I do, to be the embodiment of all that is brave and truthful. He is just of age—without knowledge of the world. His engagement to Kate Seymour, as some of you are aware, was to be made known to-night. Willits was drunk, or he would not have acted as he did. I saw it coming and tried to stop him. That he was drunk was Rutter's own fault with his damned notions of drowning everybody in drink every minute of the day and night. I saw the whole affair and heard the insult and it was wholly unprovoked. Harry did just what was right, and if he hadn't I'd either have made Willits apologize or I would have shot him myself the moment the affair could have been arranged, no matter where we were. I know perfectly well"—here he swept his eyes around—"that there is not a man in this room who does not feel as I do about Rutter's treatment of this boy and so I shall not comment further upon it." He dropped his clenched hand and turned to Harry: "And now, my boy, that pronunciamentos are in order, here is one which has less of the *Bombastes Furioso* in it than the one you have just listened to—but it's a damned sight more humane and a damned sight more fatherly, and it is this:—hereafter you belong to me—you are my son, my comrade, and if I ever have a dollar to give to any one, my heir. And now one thing more—and I don't want any one of you within sound of my voice ever to forget it. When, hereafter any one of you gentlemen reckon with Harry you will please remember that you reckon with me. Alec!—where's Alec?"

"I'm here, sah," and the old darky stepped out of the shadow.

"Go and tell Matthew to bring my gig to the front porch—and, Alec—see that

your young master's heavy driving coat is put inside. Mr. Harry spends the night with me."

VII

THE secrecy enjoined upon everybody conversant with the happenings at Moorlands did not last many hours. At the Club, across dinner tables, at tea, on the street, and in the libraries of Kennedy Square, each detail was gone over, each motive discussed. None of the facts were exaggerated, nor was the gravity of the situation lightly dismissed. Duels were not so common as to blunt the sensibilities. On the contrary, they had begun to be generally deplored and condemned, a fact largely due to the bitterness resulting from a famous encounter which had taken place a year or so before between young Mr. Cocheran, the son of a rich landowner and Mr. May—the circumstances being somewhat similar, the misunderstanding having arisen at a ball in Washington over a reigning belle, during which Mr. May had thrown his card in Cocheran's face. In this instance all the requirements of the Code were complied with and the duel was fought in an open space behind Nelson's Hotel, near the Capitol, Mr. Cocheran arriving at half past five in the morning in a magnificent coach drawn by four white horses, his antagonist reaching the grounds in an ordinary conveyance, the seconds and the two surgeons on horseback. Both fired simultaneously, with the result that May escaped unhurt while Cocheran was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Public opinion around Kennedy Square, indeed, was in those days undergoing many changes, not only regarding the duel but some other of the traditional customs dear to the old régime. The open sideboards, synonymous with the lavish hospitality of the best houses, were also beginning to be criticised. While most of the older heads, brought up on the finer and rarer wines, knew to a glass the limit of their endurance, the younger bloods were constantly losing control of themselves.

This growing antipathy to traditional customs had been hastened by another tragedy quite as widely discussed as the Cocheran and May duel—more so, in fact, since this particular victim of too many toddies had been the heir of one of the

oldest residents about Kennedy Square—a brilliant young surgeon, self-exiled because of his habits, who had been thrown from his horse on the Indian frontier—an Iowa town, really—shattering his leg and making its amputation necessary. There being but one other man in the rough camp who had ever seen a knife used—and he but a student—the wounded surgeon had directed the amputation himself, even to the tying of the arteries and the bandages and splints. Only then did he collapse. The hero—and he was a hero to every one who knew of his coolness and pluck, in spite of his recognized weaknesses—had returned to his father's house on Kennedy Square on crutches, there to consult some specialists, the leg still troubling him. As the cripple's bed-room was at the top of the first flight of stairs, the steps of which—it being summer—were covered with China matting, he was obliged to drag himself up its incline whenever he was in want of something he must fetch himself. One of these necessities was a certain squat bottle like those that had graced the old sideboards. Half a dozen times a day would he adjust his crutches, their steel points preventing his slipping, and mount the stairs to his room, one step at a time.

Some months after, when the matting was taken up, the mother took her youngest boy—he was then fifteen—to the steps:

"Do you see the dents of your brother's crutches?—count them. Every one was a nail in his coffin." They were—for the invalid died that winter.

Although one of the old sticklers for letting a man do as he pleased had said with a shrug, when asked what he would have done, had the incident occurred in his house: "Done, my dear lady—I would have puttied up the holes and laid a new carpet," the sad end of so a brilliant a career had startled many of the community, awakening a determination to curtail further opportunities for like indulgences.

These marked changes in public opinion, imperceptible as they were at first, were, it may be said, gradually paving the way for the dawn of that new order of things which only the wiser and more far-sighted men—men like Richard Horn—were able to discern. While many of the old régime were willing to admit that the patriarchal life, with the negro as the worker and the

master as the spender, had seen its best days, but few of them, at the period of these chronicles, realized that the genius of Morse, Hoe, and McCormick, and a dozen others, whose inventions were just beginning to be criticised, and often condemned, were really the chief factors in the making of a new and greater democracy—the first of the flood of a new era which would ultimately sweep their old-time standards of family pride, reckless hospitality, repose, and even their old-fashioned courtesy into space. The storm raised over this duel and the preceding one was, had they but known it, a notch in the tide-gauge of this flood.

"I understand, St. George, that you could have stopped that disgraceful affair the other night, if you had raised your hand," Judge Pancoast had blurted out in an angry tone at the Club, the week following.

"I did raise it, judge," replied St. George, calmly drawing off his gloves.

"They don't say so—they say you stood by and encouraged it."

"Quite true," he answered in his dryest voice. "When I raised my hand it was to drop my handkerchief. They fired as it fell."

"And a barbarous and altogether foolish place of business, Temple. There is no justification for that sort of thing, and if Rutter wasn't a feudal king up in his own county there would be trouble over it. It's God's mercy the poor fellow wasn't killed. Fine beginning isn't it, for a happy married life?"

"Better not have any wife at all, judge, than wed a woman whose good name you are afraid to defend with your life. There are some of us who can stand anything but that, and Harry is built along the same lines. A fine, noble, young fellow—did just right and has my entire confidence and my love. Think it over, judge," and he strolled into the card room, picked up the morning paper, and buried his face in its columns, his teeth set, his face aflame with suppressed disgust at the kind of blood running in the judge's veins.

The colonel's treatment of his son also came in for heated discussion. Mrs. Cheston was particularly outspoken. Such quixotic action on the ground of safeguarding the rights of a young drunkard like Willits, who didn't know when he had had enough,

might very well do for a self-appointed autocrat like Rutter, she maintained, but some equally respectable people would have him know that they disagreed with him.

"Just like Talbot Rutter," she exclaimed in her outspoken, decided way—"no sense of proportion. High-tempered, obstinate as a mule, and a hundred years—yes, five hundred years behind his time. And he could have stopped it all too if he had listened to me. Did you ever hear anything so stupid as his turning Harry—the sweetest boy who ever lived—out of doors, and in a pouring rain, for doing what he would have done himself! Oh, this is too ridiculous—too farcical. Why you can't conceive of the absurdity of it all—nobody can! Gilbert was there and told me every word of it. You would have thought he was a grand duke or a pasha punishing a slave—and the funniest thing about it is that he believes he is a pasha. Oh—I have no patience with such contemptible family pride, and that's what is at the bottom of it."

Some of the back county aristocrats—men who lived by themselves, who took their cue from Alexander Hamilton, Lee, and Webb, and believed in the code as the only means of arbitrating a difficulty of any kind between gentlemen—on the other hand stoutly defended the Lord of Moorlands.

"Outrageous, sir—never is done—nothing less than murder. Rutter did perfectly right to chuck the young whelp out of doors—ought to be prosecuted for challenging a man under his own roof—and at night too. No toss-up for position, no seconds except a parcel of boys. Vulgar, sir—infernally vulgar, sir. I haven't the honor of Colonel Rutter's acquaintance—but if I had I'd tell him so—served the brat right—damn him!"

Richard Horn was equally emphatic but in a far different way. Indeed he could hardly restrain himself when discussing it.

"I can think of nothing my young boy Oliver would or could do when he grows up," he said fiercely—his dark eyes flashing, "which would shut him out of his home and his mother's care. The duel is a relic of barbarism and should be no longer tolerated; it is mob law, really, and indefensible, with two persons defying the statutes instead of a thousand. But Rutter is the last man in the world to take the

stand he has, turning his only son out of doors, and I sincerely regret his action. There are many bitter days ahead of him."

Nor were the present conditions, aspirations, and future welfare of the two combatants, and of the lovely girl over whom they had quarrelled, neglected by the gossipers. No day passed without an extended discussion of their affairs. Bearers of fresh news were eagerly welcomed both to toddy and tea tables.

Old Morris Murdoch, who knew Willits's father intimately, being a strong Clay man himself, arrived at one of these functions with the information that Willits had called on Miss Seymour, wearing his hat in her presence to conceal his much-beplastered head—and that he had then and there not only made her a most humble apology for his ill-tempered outbreak, which he explained was due entirely to a combination of egg-and-brandy, with a dash of apple-toddy thrown in, but had declared upon his honor as a gentleman that he would never again touch the flowing bowl; whereupon—and this excited still greater astonishment—the delighted young lady had not only expressed her sympathy for his misfortunes, but had blamed herself for what had occurred!

Tom Tilghman, a famous cross-country rider, who had ridden in post haste from his country seat near Moorlands to tell the tale—as could be seen from his boots, which were still covered with mud—boldly asserted that, to his own knowledge, the wounded man, instead of seeking his native shore, as was generally believed, would really betake himself to the Red Sulphur Springs (where Kate always spent the summer)—with three saddle horses, two servants, some extra bandages, and his devoted sister, there to regain what was left of his health and strength. At which Judge Pancoast had retorted—and with some heat—that Willits might take a dozen saddle horses and an equal number of sisters, and a bale of bandages if he were so minded, to the Springs, or any other place, but he would save time and money if he stayed at home and looked after his addled head, as no woman of Miss Seymour's blood and breeding could possibly marry a man whose family escutcheon needed polishing as badly as did his manners. That the fact—the plain bold fact—was that Willits was boiling drunk until

Harry's challenge sobered him and that Kate hated drunkenness as much as Harry's mother and the other women who had started out to revolutionize society.

What that young lady herself thought of it all not even the best posted gossip in the club dared to venture an opinion. Moreover, such was the respect and reverence in which she was held, and so great was the sympathy felt for her situation, that she was seldom referred to in connection with Harry or the affair except with a sigh, followed by a "Too bad, isn't it—enough to break your heart," and such like expressions.

What the Honorable Prim thought of it all was apparent the next day at the club when he sputtered out with:

"I am now pointed out as the prospective father-in-law of a young jackanapes who goes about with a glass of grog in one hand and a pistol in the other—and this he has done more than once, so I am told. I am not accustomed to having my name banded about and I won't have it—I live a life of great simplicity, minding my own business, and I want everybody else to mind theirs. The whole affair is most ridiculous and smacks of the tin-armor age. Willits should have been led quietly out of the room and put to bed and young Rutter should have been reprimanded publicly by his father. Disgraceful on a night like that when my daughter's name was on everybody's lips."

After which outburst he had shut himself up in his house where he intended to remain until he left for the Red Sulphur Springs, so he told one of his intimates, which he would do several weeks earlier than was his custom—a piece of news which not only confirmed Tom Tilghman's gossip, but lifted several eyebrows in astonishment and set one or two loose tongues wagging.

Out at Moorlands, the point of view was different. Although the surface showed no active disturbance, the colonel pursuing his daily life without comment, deep down below a very maelstrom was boiling and seething.

Mrs. Rutter, as fate would have it, on hearing that Kate was too ill to go back to town, had gone the next morning to her bedside, where she learned for the first

time, not only of the duel—which greatly shocked her, leaving her at first perfectly limp and helpless—but of Harry's expulsion from his father's house—(Alec owned the private wire)—a piece of news which at first terrified and then keyed her up as tight as a suspension bridge. Like many another Southern woman, she might shrink from a cut on a child's finger and only regain her equilibrium by a liberal application of smelling salts, but once touch that boy of hers—the child she had nourished and lived for—and all the rage of the she-wolf fighting for her cub, was aroused. What took place behind the closed doors of her bedroom when she faced the colonel and blazed out, no one but themselves knew. That the colonel was dumfounded—never having seen her in any such state of mind—goes without saying. That he was proud of her and liked her the better for it, is also true—nothing delighted him so much as courage;—but nothing of all this, impressive as it was, either weakened or altered his resolve.

Nor did he change front to his friends and acquaintances: his honorable name, he maintained, had been trailed in the mud; his boasted hospitality betrayed; his house turned into a common shamble. That his own son was the culprit made the pain and mortification the greater, but it did not lessen his responsibility to his blood. Had not Foscari, to save his honor, in the days of the great republic, condemned his own son Jacopo to exile and death? Had not Virginius slain his daughter? Should he not protect his own honor as well? Furthermore was not the young man's father a gentleman of standing—a prominent man in the State—a friend not only of Henry Clay, but of the governor as well? He, of course, would not have cared to have Harry marry into the family had there been a marriageable daughter, but that was no reason why Mr. Willits's only son should not be treated with every consideration. He, Talbot Rutter was alone responsible for the honor of his house. When your right hand offends you cut it off. His right hand *had* offended him, and he *had* cut it off. Away then, with the spinning of fine phrases!

And so he let the hornets buzz—and they did swarm and buzz and sting. As long as his wrath lasted he was proof

against their assaults—in fact their attacks only helped him maintain his position. It was when all this ceased, for few continued to remonstrate with him after they had heard his final: "I decline to discuss it with you, madame," or the more significant: "How dare you, sir, refer to my private affairs without my permission?"—It was, I say, when all this ceased, and when neither his wife, who, after her first savage outbreak had purposely held her peace, nor any of the servants—not even old Alec, who went about with streaming eyes and a great lump in his throat—dared renew their entreaties for Marse Harry's return, that he began to reflect on his course.

Soon the great silences overawed him—periods of loneliness when he sat confronting his soul, his conscience on the bench as judge; his affections a special attorney:—silences of the night, in which he would listen for the strong, quick, manly footstep and the closing of the door in the corridor beyond:—silence of the dawn, when no clatter of hoofs followed by a cheery call rang out for some one to take Spitfire:—silences of the breakfast table, when he drank his coffee alone, Alec tip-toeing about like a lost spirit. Sometimes his heart would triumph and he begin to think out ways and means by which the past could be effaced. Then again the flag of his pride would be raised aloft so that he and all the people could see, and the old hard look would once more settle in his face, the lips straighten and the thin fingers tighten. No—no—no assassins for him—no vulgar brawlers—and it was at best a vulgar brawl—and this too within the confines of Moorlands where, for five generations, only gentlemen had been bred!

And yet product as he was, of a régime that worshipped no ideals but its own; hide-bound by the traditions of his ancestry; holding in secret disdain men and women who could not boast of equal wealth and lineage; dictatorial, uncontradictable; stickler for obsolete forms and ceremonies—there still lay deep under the crust of his pride—the heart of a father and, by his standards, the soul of a gentleman.

As for the object of his wrath—this brawler and assassin—this disturber of his father's sleeping and waking hours, this renegade product of his class—dazed as

he was at the parental verdict and still heart-broken over the results, he could not, though he tried, see what else he could have done. His father had shot and killed a man when he was but little older than himself, and for an offence much less grave than Willits's insult to Kate: he had frequently boasted of it, showing him the big brass button that had deflected the bullet and saved his life. So had his Uncle George, five years before—not a dead man that time, but a lame one—who was still limping around the club and very good friends the two, so far as Harry knew. Why then blame *him*? As for the law of hospitality being violated, that was but one of the idiosyncrasies of his father, who was daft on hospitality. How could Willits be his guest when he was his enemy? St. George had begged the wounded man to apologize; if he had done so he would have extended his hand and taken him to Kate, who, upon a second apology, would have extended her hand, and the incident would have been closed. It was Willits's stubbornness and bad breeding then that had caused the catastrophe—not his own bullet.

Besides all this no harm had really been done—that is, nothing serious. Willits had gained rapidly—so much so that he had sat up on the third day. Moreover, he had the next morning been carried to one of the downstairs bedrooms, where, he understood, Kate had sent her black mammy for news of him, and where, later on, he had been visited by both Mrs. Rutter and Kate—a most extraordinary condescension on the young girl's part, and one for which Willits should be profoundly grateful all the days of his life.

Nor had Willits's people made any complaint; nor, so far as he could ascertain, had any one connected with either the town or county government, started an investigation. It was outside the precincts of Kennedy Square, and, therefore, the town prosecuting attorney (who had heard every detail at the Club, from St. George) had not been called upon to act, and it was well known that no minion of the law in and about Moorlands, would ever dare face the Lord of the Manor in any official capacity.

Why, then, had he been so severely punished?

St. George, after his outburst to Judge Pancoast at the club, never discussed the

duel and its outcome. His mind was filled only with the burning desire to bring the lovers together, no matter at what cost nor how great the barriers. He had not altered a hair-line of the opinion he had held on the night he ordered the gig, fastened Harry's heavy coat around the young man's shoulders, and started back with him through the rain to his house on Kennedy Square; nor did he intend to. This, summed up, meant that the colonel was a tyrant; Willits a vulgarian, and Harry a hot-headed young knight who, having been forced into a position where he could neither breathe nor move, had gallantly fought his way out.

The one thing that gave him serious trouble was the selection of the precise moment when he should make a strategic move on Kate's heart. Lesser problems were his manner of approaching her and the excuses he would offer for Harry's behavior. These not only kept him awake at night, but pursued him like an avenging spirit when he sought the quiet paths of the old square the dogs at his heels. The greatest of all barriers, he felt assured, would be Kate herself. He had seen enough of her in that last interview when his tender pleading had restored the harmonies between herself and Harry, to know that she was no longer the child whose sweetness he loved, or the girl whose beauty he was proud of—but the woman whose judgment he must satisfy. Nor could he see that any immediate change in her mental attitude was likely to occur. Some time had now passed since Harry's arrival at his house, and every day the boy had begged for admission at Kate's door, only to be denied by Ben, the old butler. His mother, who had visited her exiled son almost daily, had then called on her, bearing two important pieces of news—one being that after hours of pleading Harry had consented to return to Moorlands and beg his father's pardon, provided that irate gentleman should send for him, and the other a message of condolence and sympathy which Willits had sent Harry from his sick-bed, and in which he admitted that he had been greatly to blame—a confession that fairly bubbled out of him when he learned that Harry had assisted Teackle in dressing his wound.

And yet with all this pressure the young girl had held her own. To every one out-

side the Rutter clan she had insisted that she was sorry for Harry, but that she could never marry a man whose temper she could not trust. She never put this into words in answering the well-meant inquiries of such girl friends as Nellie Murdoch, Sue Dorsey, and the others; then her eyes would only fill with tears as she begged them not to question her further. Nor had she said as much to her father, who, on one occasion had asked her the plump question—"Do you still intend to marry Harry?"—to which she had returned the equally positive answer—"No, I never shall!" She reserved her full meaning for St. George when he should again entreat her—as she knew he would at the first opportunity—to forget the past and begin the old life once more.

At the end of the second week he had made up his mind as to his course; and at the end of the third the old diplomat, who had dared defeat before, boldly mounted the Seymour steps: He would appeal to Harry's love for her, and all would be well. He had done so before, picturing the misery the boy was suffering, and he would try it again. If he could only reach her heart through the armor of her reserve she would yield.

She answered his cheery call up the stairway in person, greeting him silently, but with arms extended, leading him to a seat beside her, where she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Harry has tried to see you every day, Kate," he began, patting her shoulders lovingly in the effort to calm her. "I found him under your window the other night; he walks the streets by the hour, then he comes home exhausted, throws himself on his bed, and lies awake till daylight."

The girl raised her head and looked at him for a moment. She knew what he had come for—she knew, too, how sorry he felt for her—for Harry—for everybody who had suffered because of this horror.

"Uncle George," she answered choking back her tears, speaking slowly, weighing each word—"you've known me from a little girl—ever since my dear mother died. You have been a big brother to me many, many times and I love you for it. If I were determined to do anything that would hurt me, and you found it out in time, you would come and tell me so, wouldn't you?"

St. George nodded his head in answer, but he did not interrupt. Her heart was being unrolled before him. He could read it for himself, and must wait until he saw it all.

"Now," she continued slowly, "the case is reversed, and you want me to do something which I know will hurt me."

"But you love him, Kate?"

"Yes—that is the worst part of it all," she answered with a stifled sob—"yes, I love him." She lifted herself higher on the cushions and put her beautiful arms above her head, her eyes looking into space as if she was trying to solve the problem of the future and what her present resolve would mean to both herself and Harry.

St. George began again: "And you remember how——"

She turned impatiently and dropped one hand until it rested on his own. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely and never so unhappy. Then she said in pleading tones—her eyes blinded by half restrained tears:

"Don't ask me to *remember*, dear Uncle George—help me to forget! You can do no kinder thing for both of us."

"But think of your whole future happiness, Kate—think how important it is to you—to Harry—to everybody—that you should not shut him out of your life."

"I have thought! God knows I have thought until sometimes I think I shall go mad. He first breaks his promise about drinking and I forgive him; then he yields to a sudden impulse and behaves like a madman and you ask me to forgive him again. He never once thinks of me, nor of my humiliation!" Her lips were quivering, but her voice rang clear.

"He thinks of nothing else *but* you," he pleaded. "Let your heart work—don't throw him into the street as his father has done. He loves you so."

"I—throw *him* in the street! He has thrown *me*—mortified me before everybody—behaved like a— No,—I can't—I won't discuss it!"

"May I——"

"No—not another word. I love you too much to let this come between us. Let us talk of something else—anything—*anything*."

The whole chart of her heart had been unrolled. Her head and not her heart

was dominant. He felt, moreover, that no argument of his would be of any use. Time might work out the solution, but that he could not hasten. Nor, if the truth be told, did he blame her. It was, from the girl's point of view, most unfortunate, of course, that the two calamities had come so close together. Perhaps—and for the first time in his life he weakened before her tears—perhaps if he had thrown the case of pistols out of the window, sent one man to his father and the other back to Kennedy Square, it might all have been different—but then again, could this have been done, and if it had been, would not all have to be done over again the next day? At last he asked hopelessly:

"Have you no message for Harry?"

"None," she answered resolutely.

"And you will not see him?"

"No—we can never heal wounds by keeping them open." This came calmly, and as if she had made up her mind, and in so determined a tone that he saw it meant an end to the interview.

He rose from his seat and without another word turned toward the door. She gained her feet slowly, as if the very movement caused her pain; kissed him on the cheek, followed him to the door, waved her hand to him as she watched him pick his way across the square, and threw herself on her lounge in an agony of tears.

That night St. George and Harry sat by the smouldering wood fire; the early spring days were warm and joyous, but the nights were still cold. The boy sat hunched up in his chair, his face drawn into lines from the anxiety of the past week—his mind absorbed in the story that St. George had brought from the Seymour house. As in all ardent temperaments, these differences with Kate, which had started as a spark, had now developed into a conflagration which was burning out his heart. His love for Kate was not a part of his life—it was *all* of his life. He was ready now for any sacrifice, no matter how humiliating. He would go down on his knees to his father if she wished it. He would beg Willits's pardon—he would abase himself in any way St. George should suggest. He had done what he thought was right, and he would do it over again under like circumstances, but he would grovel at Kate's feet

and kiss the ground she stepped on if she required it of him.

St. George, who had sat quiet, examining closely the backs of his finely modelled hands as if to find some solution of the difficulty written in their delicate articulated curves, heard his outburst in silence. Now and then he would call to Todd who was never out of reach of his voice—no matter what the hour—to replenish the fire or trim the lamps, but he answered only in nods and monosyllables to Harry. One suggestion only of the heart-broken lover seemed to promise any result, and that was his making it up with his father as his mother had suggested. This wall being broken down, and Willits no longer an invalid, perhaps Kate would see matters in a different and more favorable light.

"But suppose father doesn't send for me, Uncle George, what will I do then?"

"Well, he is your father, Harry."

"And you think then I had better go home and have it out with him?"

St. George hesitated. He himself would have seen Rutter in Hades before he would have apologized to him. In fact his anger choked him so every time he thought of the brutal and disgraceful scene he had witnessed when the boy had been ordered from his home, that he could hardly get his breath. But then Kate was not his sweetheart, much as he loved her.

"I don't know, Harry. I am not his son," he answered in an undecided way. Then something the boy's mother had said rose in his mind: "Didn't your mother say that your father's loneliness without you was having its effect?—and wasn't her advice to wait until he should send for you?"

"Yes—that was about it."

"Well, your mother would know best. Put that question to her next time she comes in—I'm not competent to answer it. And now let us go to bed—you are tired out, and so am I."

VIII

MYSTERIOUS things are happening in Kennedy Square. Only the very wisest men know what it is all about—black Moses for one, who tramps the brick walks and makes short cuts through the dirt paths, carrying his tin buckets and shouting: "Po' old

Moses—po' ole fellah! O-Y-S-T-E-R-S! O-Y-STERs!" And Bobbins the gardener, who raked up last year's autumn leaves and either burned them in piles or spread them on the flower beds as winter blankets. And, of course, Mockburn, the night watchman: nothing ever happens in and around Kennedy Square that Mockburn doesn't know of. Many a time has he helped various unsteady gentlemen up the steps of their houses and stowed them carefully and noiselessly away inside, only to begin his rounds again, stopping at every corner to drone out his "All's we-l-l!" a welcome cry, no doubt, to the stowaways, but a totally unnecessary piece of information to the inhabitants, nothing worse than a tippler's tumble having happened in the forty years of the old watchman's service.

I, of course, am in the secret and have been for more years than I care to admit, but I go ten better than Mockburn. And so would you be in the secret had you watched the process as closely as I have done.

It is always the same!

First the crocuses peep out—dozens of crocuses. Then a spread of tulips makes a crazy-quilt of a flower bed; next the baby buds, their delicate green toes tickled by the south wind, break into laughter. Then the stately magnolias step free of their pods, their satin leaves falling from their alabaster shoulders—*grandes dames* these magnolias! And then there is no stopping it: everything is let loose: blossoms of peach, cherry, and pear; flowers of syringa—bloom of jasmine, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper; bridal wreath in flowers of white and wisteria in festoons of purple.

Then come the roses—millions of roses; on single stalks; in clusters, in mobs; rushing over summer-houses, scaling fences, swarming up trellises—a riotous, unruly, irresistible, and altogether lovable lot are these roses when they break loose.

And the birds! What a time they are having—thrush, bobolinks, blackbirds, nightingales, wood-peckers, little pee-wees, all fluttering, skimming, chirping; bursting their tiny throats for the very joy of living. And they are all welcome—and it wouldn't make any difference to them if they hadn't been; they would have risked it anyway, so tempting are the shady paths and tangled

arbors and wide-spreading elms and butter-nuts of Kennedy Square.

Soon the skies get over weeping for the lost winter and dry their eyes, and the big, warm happy sun sails over the treetops or drops to sleep tired out, behind the old Seymour house, and the girls come out in their white dresses and silk sashes and the gallants in their nankeens and pumps and the old life of out-of-doors begins once more.

And these are not the only changes that the coming of spring has wrought. What has been going on deep down in the tender, expectant hearts of root and bulb, eager for expression, had been at work in Harry's own temperament. The sunshine of St. George's companionship has already had its effect; the boy is thawing out; his shrinking shyness, born of his recent trouble, is disappearing like a morning frost. He is again seen at the club, going first under St. George's lee and then on his own personal footing.

The Chesapeake, so St. George had urged, was the centre of news—the headquarters, really, of the town, where not only the current happenings and gossip of Kennedy Square were discussed, but that of the country at large. While the bald-heads, of course, might be canvassing the news from Mexico, which was just beginning to have an ugly look; or having it out, hammer and tongs, over the defeat of Henry Clay, to which some rabid politicians had never become reconciled—the younger gentry—men of Harry's own tastes, would be deploping the poor showing the ducks were making, owing to the up-river freshets which had spoiled the wild celery; or recounting the doings at Mrs. Cheston's last ball; or the terrapin supper at Mr. Kennedy's—the famous writer; or perhaps bemoaning the calamity which had befallen some fellow member who had just found seven bottles out of ten of his most precious port corked and worthless. But whatever the topics, or whoever took sides in their discussion, none of it, St. George maintained, could fail to interest a young fellow just entering upon the wider life of a man of the world, and one who of all others, needed constant companionship. Then again, by showing himself frequently within its walls, Harry would become better known and better liked.

That he was ineligible for membership, being years too young—and that his continued presence, even as a guest, was against the rules, did not count in his case, or if it did count, no member, in view of what the lad had suffered, was willing to raise the question. Indeed, St. George in first introducing him, had referred to "my friend Mr. Rutter" as an "out of town guest," laughing as he did so, and everybody had let it go at that.

At first Harry had dreaded meeting his father's and his uncle's friends, most of whom, he fancied, might be disposed to judge him too harshly. But St. George had shut his ears to every objection, insisting that the club was a place where a man could be as independent as he pleased, and that as his guest he would be entitled to every consideration.

The boy need not have been worried. Almost every member young and old showed by his manner or some little act of attention that their sympathies were with the exile. While a few strait-laced old Quakers maintained that it was criminal to blaze away at your fellow-man with the firm intention of blowing the top of his head off, and that Harry should have been hung had Willits died, there were others more discerning—and they were largely in the majority—who stood up for the lad however much they deplored the cause of his banishment. Harry, they argued, had in his brief career been an unbroken colt and more or less dissipated, but he at least had not shown the white feather. Boy as he was, he had faced his antagonist with the coolness of a duellist of a score of encounters, letting Willits fire straight at him without so much as a wink of an eyelid. And better still, when it was all over, he had been man enough to nurse his victim back to consciousness. Moreover—and this counted much in his favor—he had refused to quarrel with his father, or even answer him back. "Behaved himself like a thoroughbred, as he is," Dorsey Sullivan, a famous duellist, had remarked in recounting the occurrence to a non-witness. "And I must say, sir, that Talbot served him a scurvy trick, and I don't care who hears me say it." Furthermore—and this made a great impression—rather than humiliate himself, he had abandoned the comforts of his palatial home at Moorlands and was at

the moment occupying a small, second story back room (all, it is true, Gentleman George could give him), where he was to be found any hour of the day or night that his uncle needed him in attendance upon that prince of good fellows.

One other thing that counted in his favor, and this was conclusive with the Quakers—and the club held not a few—was that no drop of liquor of any kind had passed the boy's lips since the eventful night when St. George prepared the way for their first reconciliation.

Summed up, then, whatever Harry had been in the past, the verdict at the present speaking was that he was a brave, tender-hearted, truthful young fellow who, in the face of every temptation, had kept his word. Then again, it was never forgotten that he was Colonel Talbot Rutter's only son and heir, so that no matter what the boy did, or how angry the old autocrat might be, it could only be a question of time before his father must send for him and everything at Moorlands go on as before.

It was on one of these glorious never-to-be-forgotten spring days then, a week or more after St. George had given up the fight—a day which Harry remembered all the rest of his life—that he and his uncle left the house to spend the afternoon, as was now their custom, at the Chesapeake. The two had passed the early hours of the day at the Relay House fishing for gudgeons, the dogs scampering the hills, and having changed their clothes for something cooler, had entered the park by the gate opposite the Temple Mansion, as being nearest to the club: a path Harry loved, for he and Kate had often stepped it together—and then again, it was the shortest cut to her house.

As the beauty and quiet of the place with its mottling of light and shade took possession of him he slackened his pace, lagging a little behind his uncle, and began to look about him, drinking in the loveliness of the season. The very air breathed tenderness, peace, and comfort. Certainly his father's heart must be softening toward him; surely his bitterness could not last. No word, it is true, had yet come to him from Moorlands, though only the week before his mother had been in to see him,

bringing him news of his father and what her son's absence had meant to every one, old Alec especially. She had not, she said, revived the subject of the boy's apology; she had thought it better to wait for the proper opportunity, which might come any day, but certain it was that his father was most unhappy, for he would shut himself up hours at a time in his library, locking the door and refusing to open it, no matter who knocked, except to old John Gorsuch, his man of business. She had also heard him tossing on his bed at night, or walking about his room muttering to himself.

Did these things, he wondered on this bright spring morning, mean a final reconciliation, or was he, after all, to be doomed to further disappointment? Days had passed since his mother had assured him of this change in his father, and still no word had come from him. Had he at last altered his mind, or, worse still, had his old obstinacy again taken possession of him, hardening his heart so that he would never relent? And so with his mind as checkered as the shadow-flecked path on which they stepped, he pursued his way beneath the wide-spreading trees.

When they had reached the end of the path St. George's eye rested upon a group on the sidewalk of the club. The summer weather generally swept the coffee-room of most of its habitués, sending many of them to the easy chairs on the moistened pavement, one or two tipped back against the trees; or to the balconies and front steps. This afternoon, however, something out of the common was going on, for at the foot of the flight three or four of the group were paying court to two ladies, who completely monopolized their attention. These, on closer inspection, proved to be Miss Lavinia Clendenning and her niece, Sue Dorsey, who had been desirous in the offing a few minutes before; and who at first had been supposed by the gallants, to be heading for Mrs. Pancoast's front steps some distance away, until the ladies had turned sharply and borne down upon the outside chairs with all sails set—(Miss Clendenning's skirts were of the widest)—a shift of canvas which sent every man to his feet with a spring.

By the time St. George reached the group, which he did in advance of Harry, who had held back—both ladies being intimate

friends of Kate's—old Captain Warfield, who had been the first man to gain his feet—very round and fat was the captain and very red in the face (1812 Port)—was saying with his most courteous bow:

"But my dear Miss Lavinia, you have not as yet told us to what we are indebted for this mark of your graciousness; and Sue, my dear, you grow more like your dear mother every day. Why are you two angels abroad at this hour, and what can we do for you?"

"To the simple fact, my dear captain," retorted the irresistible spinster, spreading her skirts the wider, "that Sue is to take her dancing lesson next door, and as I can't fly in the second story window, having mislaid my wings, I must use my feet and disturb everybody. No, gentlemen—don't move—I can pass."

The captain made so profound a salaam in reply that his hat grazed the bricks of the sidewalk, then with his hand on his heart he exclaimed:

"Let me hunt for them, Miss Lavinia, I know where they are."

"Where?" she asked roguishly, twisting her head on one side with the movement of a listening bird.

"In heaven, my lady, where they are waiting your arrival," answered the captain, with another profound sweep of his hand and dip of his back, his bald head glistening in the sunlight as he stooped before her.

"Then you will never get near them," she answered with an equally low courtesy and a laugh that nearly shook her side curls loose.

St. George was about to step the closer to take a hand in the badinage—he and the little old maid were forever crossing swords—when her eyes fell upon him. Instantly her expression changed. She was one of the women who had blamed him for not stopping the duel, and had been on the lookout for him for days to air her views in person.

"So you are still in town, are you?" she remarked in lowered tones. "I thought you had taken that young firebrand down to the Eastern Shore to cool off."

St. George frowned meaningly in the effort to apprise her ladyship that Harry was within hearing distance, but Miss Lavinia either did not, or would not, understand.

"Two young boobies that's what they are, breaking their hearts over each other," she rattled on, gathering the two ends of her cape the closer. "Both of them ought to be spanked and put to bed. Get them into each other's arms just as quick as you can. As for Talbot Rutter, he's the biggest fool of the three, or was until Annie Rutter got hold of him. Now I hear he is willing to let Harry come back, as if that would do any good. It's Kate who must be looked after; that Scotch blood in her veins makes her as pig-headed as her father. No—I don't want your arm, sir—get out of my way."

If the courtiers heard—and half of them did, they neither by word or expression conveyed that fact to Harry or St. George. It was not intended for their ears, and, therefore, was not their property. With still more profound salutations from everybody, the three bareheaded men escorted them to the next stoop, the fourth going ahead to see that the door was properly opened and so the ladies passed on, up and inside the house. This over, the group resumed its normal condition on the sidewalk, the men regaining their seats and relighting their cigars (no gentleman ever held one in evidence when ladies were present)—fresh orders being given to the servants for the several interrupted mixtures with which the coterie were wont to regale themselves.

Harry, who had stood on one side with shoulders braced against a great tree on the sidewalk, had heard every word of the old maid's outburst and an unrestrained throb of joy had welled up in his heart. His father *was* coming round! Yes—the tide was turning—it would not be long before Kate would be in his arms!

St. George held no such sanguine view, although he made no comment. In fact the outbreak had rather depressed him. He knew something of Talbot's stubbornness and did not hope for much in that direction, nor, if the truth be told, did he hope much in Kate's. Time alone could heal her wounds, and time in the case of a young girl, mistress of herself, beautiful, independent, and rich, might contain many surprises.

It was with a certain sense of relief, therefore, that he lent his ears to the talk of the men about him. It would, at least,

take his mind from the one subject which seemed to pursue him and which Miss Clendenning's unkindly, and, as he thought inconsiderate remarks, had so suddenly revived. He passed from one coterie to another in the hope that he might catch some word which would be interesting enough to induce him to fill one of the chairs, even for a brief half-hour, but nothing reached his ears except politics and crops, and he cared for neither. Harding—the pessimist of the club—a man who always had a grievance (and this time with reason, for the money stringency was becoming more acute every day) tried to beguile him into a seat beside him, but he shook his head. He knew all about Harding, and wanted none of his kind of talk—certainly not today.

"Think of it!" he had heard the growler say to Judge Pancoast as he came up—"the Patapsco won't give me a cent to move my crops, and I hear all the others are in the same fix. You can't get a dollar on a house and lot except at a frightful rate of interest. I tell you everything is going to ruin. How the devil do you get on without money, Temple?" He was spread out in his chair, his legs apart, his fat face turned up, his small fox eyes fixed on St. George.

"I don't get on," remarked St. George with a dry smile. He was still standing—"why do you ask?" Money rarely troubled St. George; such small sums as he possessed were hived in this same Patapsco Bank, but the cashier had never refused to honor one of his checks as long as he had any money in their vaults and he didn't think they would begin now. "Queer question for you to ask, Harding" (and a trifle underbred, he thought, one's private affairs not being generally discussed at a club). "Why does it interest you?"

"Well, you always say you despise money and yet you seem happy and contented, well dressed, well groomed," here he wheeled St. George around to look at his back—"yes, got on one of your London coats—Hello, Harry!—glad to see you," and he held out his hand to the boy. "But really, St. George, aren't you a little worried over the financial outlook? John Gorsuch says we are going to have trouble, and John knows."

"No"—drawled St. George—"I'm not worried." He was already getting tired of Harding.

"And you don't think we're going to have another smash-up?" puffed Harding.

"No," said St. George, edging his way toward the steps of the club as he spoke. He was now entirely through with Harding; his financial forebodings were as distasteful to him as his comments on his clothes and bank account.

"But you'll have a julep, won't you? I've just sent John for them. Don't go—sit down. Here John, take Mr. Temple's order for——"

"No, Harding, thank you," the crushed ice in the glass was no cooler nor crisper than St. George's tone. "Harry and I have been broiling in the sun all the morning and we are going to go where it is cool." He was half-way up the steps now.

"But it's cool here," Harding called after him, struggling to his feet in the effort to detain him—there was really no one in the club he liked better than St. George.

"No—we'll try it inside," and with a courteous wave of his hand and a feeling of relief in his heart, he and Harry kept on their way.

Before he had reached the top step his face broke out into a broad smile. Instantly his spirits rose. Here was a man to clear the cobwebs out of anybody's brain, for standing in the open front door, with outstretched hand, was Richard Horn.

"Ah, St. George, but I'm glad to see you!" cried the inventor. "I have been looking for you all the afternoon and only just a moment ago got sight of you on the sidewalk. I should certainly have stepped over to your house and looked you up if you hadn't come. I've got the most extraordinary thing to read to you that you have ever listened to in the whole course of your life. How well you look, and what a fine color you have, and you too, Harry. You are in luck, my boy. I'd like to stay a month with Temple myself."

"Make it a year, Richard," cried St. George, resting his hand affectionately on the inventor's shoulder. "There isn't a chair in my house that isn't happier when you sit in it. What have you discovered?—some new whirligig?"

"No, a poem. Eighteen to twenty stanzas of glorious melody imprisoned in type."

"One of your own?" laughed St. George—one of his merry vibrating laughs that made everybody happier about him.

"No, you trifle!—one of Edgar Allan Poe's. None of your scoffing, sir! You may go home in tears before I am through with you. This way, both of you."

The three had entered the coffee room now, Richard's arm through St. George's, Harry following close. The inventor moved out the chairs in his quick, alert manner, and when they were seated took a missive from his pocket and spread it out on his knee, St. George and Harry keeping their eyes on his every movement.

"Here's a letter, St. George," Richard's voice now fell to a serious key—"which I have just received from your friend and mine, Mr. N. P. Willis. In it he sends me this most wonderful poem cut from his paper—The *Mirror*, and published, I discover to my astonishment, some months back. I am going to read it to you if you will permit me. It certainly is a most remarkable production. The wonder to me is that I haven't seen it before. It is by that Mr. Poe you met at my house some years ago—you remember him?—a rather sad-looking man with big head and deep eyes?" Temple nodded in answer, and Harry's eyes glistened: Poe was one of his university's gods. "Just let me read to you what Willis says"—here he glanced down the letter sheet: "'Nothing, I assure you, my dear Horn, has made so great a stir in literary circles as this 'Raven' of Poe's. I am sending it to you knowing that you are interested in the man. If I do not mistake I first met Poe one night at your house.' And a very extraordinary night it was, St. George," said Richard, lifting his eyes from the sheet. "Poe, if you remember, read one of his stories for us, and both Latrobe and Kennedy were so charmed that they talked of nothing else for days."

St. George remembered so clearly that he could still recall the tones of Poe's voice, and the peculiar lambent light that flashed from out his friend's dark eyes—the light of a black opal. He settled himself back in his chair to enjoy the treat the better. This was the kind of talk he wanted to-day, and Richard Horn, of all others, was the man to conduct it.

The inventor's earnestness and the absorbed look on St. George's and Harry's

faces, and the fact that Horn was about to read aloud, had attracted the attention of several near-by members, who were already straining their ears, for no one had Richard's gift for reading.

He began in a low, clear tone, his voice rising in intensity as the weird pathos of the several stanzas were unfolded until the very room seemed filled with the spirit of both the man and the demon. In his clear enunciation every stanza seemed a separate string of sombre pearls; each syllable aglow with its own inherent beauty. When he paused it was as if the soul of some great 'cello had ceased vibrating, leaving only the memory of its melody. For a few seconds no one moved nor spoke. No one had ever heard Richard in finer voice nor had they ever listened to more perfect rhythmic beauty. So great was the effect on the listeners that one old habitué in speaking of it afterward, insisted that Richard must have seen the bird roosting over the door, so realistic was his rendering.

Harry listened with bated breath, absorbing every tone and inflection of Richard's voice. He and Poe had been members of the same university, and the poet had always been one of his idols—the man of all others he wanted most to know. Poe's former room opening into the corridor had always attracted him. He had frequently looked about its bare walls wondering how so great an inspiration could have started from such meagre surroundings. He had too, with the romantic imagination of a boy, pictured to himself the kind of man he was, his looks, voice, and manner, and though he had never seen the poet in the flesh, somehow the tones of Richard's voice recalled to him the very picture he had conjured up in his mind in his boyhood days.

St. George had also listened intently, but the impression was quite different from the one made on the younger man. Temple thought only of Poe's despondency, of his striving for a better and happier life; of his poverty—more than once he had gone down into his own pockets to relieve the poor fellow's urgent necessities, and he was still ready to do it, a readiness in which he was almost alone, for many of the writer's earlier friends had avoided meeting him of late whenever he passed through Kennedy Square. Even Kennedy, his lifelong

friend, had begun to look upon him as a hopeless case.

This antipathy St. George knew could also be found in the club. Even with the memory of Richard's voice in their ears one of the listeners had shrugged his shoulders remarking with a bitter laugh that musical as was the poem, especially as rendered by Richard, it was after all like most of Poe's other manuscripts found in a bottle, or more likely "a bottle found in a manuscript," as that crazy lunatic couldn't write anything worth reading unless he was half drunk. At which St. George had blazed out:

"Hush, Bowdoin! You ought to be willing to be blind drunk half your time if you could write one stanza of it! Please let me have it, Richard," and he took the sheet from his friend's hand, that he and Harry might read it at their leisure when they reached home.

Harry's blood had also boiled at the rude thrust. While under the spell of Richard's voice a cord in his own heart had vibrated as does a glass globe when it responds in perfect harmony to a note from a violin. He too had a Lenore whose loss had well nigh broken his heart. This in itself was an indissoluble bond between them. Besides, he could understand the poet as Alec and his mother and his Uncle George understood himself. He had already begun to love the man in his heart.

With his mind filled with these thoughts, his hunger for Kate aroused ten-fold by the pathos and weird beauty of what he had just heard, he left the group of men who were still discussing the man and his verses, and joined his uncle outside on the top step of the club's high stoop, from which could be seen the full length of the sun-flecked street on which the club-house stood, as well as the park in its spring loveliness.

Unconsciously his eyes wandered across the path where Kate's house stood. He could see the tall chimneys and the slope of the quaint roof, and but that the foliage hid the lower part, could have seen Kate's own windows. She was still at home, he had heard, although she was expected to leave for the Red Sulphur any day.

Suddenly, from away up the street, past the corner of the park, there reached his ears a low winding note, which grew louder as it turned the corner, followed by the

rattle of wheels and the clatter of horses' feet. He jumped from his chair and craned his head in the direction of the sound, his heart in his throat, the blood mounting to his cheeks. If that was not his father's horn it was wonderfully like it. At the same moment a coach-and-four swept in sight, driven by a man in a whitey-brown coat and stiff furry hat, with two grooms behind and a coachman next to him on the box. It was heading straight for the club.

Every man was on his feet.

"By Jove!—it's Rutter. Bowdoin!—Clayton!—here comes the colonel!"

Again the horn gave out a long withering, wiry note ringing through the leaves and along the brick pavement, and the next instant the leaders were gathered up, the wheel-horses hauled taut, and the hub of the front wheel of the coach stopped within an inch of the horse-block of the club.

"Bravo, Rutter! Best whip in the county! Not a man in England could have done it better. Let me help you down!"

The colonel shook his head good-humoredly, rose in his seat, shifted a bunch of violets to his inner lapel, stripped off his driving coat, threw it across the rail, dropped his whip in the socket, handed his heavy gloves to his groom, and slid gracefully to the sidewalk. There he shook hands cordially with the men nearest him, excused himself for a moment until he had inspected his off leader's fore-foot—she had picked up a stone on the way in from Moorlands—patted the nigh wheel-horse, stamped his own feet lustily as if to be sure he was all there, and with a lordly bow to those about him, slowly mounted the steps of the club.

Harry had already risen to his feet and stood trembling, one hand clutching the iron railing that framed the marble steps. A great throb of joy welled up in his throat. His mother was right—the loneliness had overpowered his father; he still loved him. Not only was he willing to forgive him, but he had come himself to take him home. He could hardly wait until his father reached his side, so eager was he to open his arms and hands and his lips in apology—and Kate!—what joy would be hers!

St. George had also gained his feet. What had brought the colonel into town he said to himself, and in such state—and

at this hour of the day, too? Could it be that Harry was the cause?

"How were the roads, Talbot?" he called out in his customary cheery tones. He would start fair, anyway.

The colonel who, head down, had been mounting the marble steps one at a time, inspecting each slab as he climbed, after the manner of men thoroughly satisfied with themselves, and who at the same time are conscious of the effect of their presence on those about them, raised his head and gazed in astonishment at the speaker. Then his body straightened up and he came to a stand-still. He looked first into St. George's face with a perfectly cold rigid stare; his lips shut tight, his head thrown back, his whole frame stiff as an iron bar—then into Harry's, and without a word of recognition of any kind, passed through the open door and into the wide hall. He had cut both of them dead.

Harry gave a half-smothered cry of anguish and turned to follow his father into the club.

St. George, purple with rage, laid his hand on the boy's arm, so tight that the fingers sank into the flesh: there were steel clamps inside these delicate palms, when occasion required.

"Keep still," he hissed—"not a word, no outburst. Stay here until I come for you. Stop, Rutter: stand where you are!" The two were abreast of each other now. "You dare treat your son in that way?" He turned and beckoned to those in the coffee room. "Horn—Murdoch—Warfield—all of you come out here! What I've got to say to Talbot Rutter I want you to hear, and I intend that not only you but every decent man and woman in Kennedy Square shall hear!"

The colonel's lips quivered and his face paled, but he did not flinch, nor did his eyes drop.

"You are not a father, Talbot—you are a brute! There is not a dog in your kennels that would not treat his litter better than you have treated Harry! You turned him out in the night without a penny to his name; you break his mother's heart; you refuse to hear a word he has to say, and then you have the audacity to pass him on the steps of this club where he is my guest—my guest remember—look him squarely in the face and ignore him. That, gentlemen, is what Talbot Rutter did one minute ago. You have disgraced your blood and your name and you have laid up for your old age untold misery and suffering. Never, as long as I live will I speak to you again, sir, nor shall Harry, whom you have humiliated! Hereafter I am his father! Do you hear!"

During the whole outburst the colonel had not moved a muscle of his face nor had he shifted his body a quarter of an inch. He stood with his back to the door through which could be seen the amazed faces of his fellow-members—one hand tight shut behind his back the other loose by his side, his eyes boring straight into those of his antagonist. Then he answered slowly, one word at a time—as if he had purposely measured the intervals of speech.

"Are — you — through — St. George?" The voice could hardly have been heard beyond the door, so low was it.

"Yes, by God!—I am, and forever!"

"Then gentlemen"—and he waved his hand courteously to the astounded listeners—"May I ask you all to join me? John, bring the juleps!"

(To be continued.)



THE TROUBLE-HUNTERS

By Allen Tupper True

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



LEANING hard over against the driving sleet and pushing against the wind as though it were a great load, three men were beating their way into the teeth of a blizzard, on the top of the Rocky Mountains. Icicles hung from their mustaches, and in front of their faces they carried shovels that they might breathe. Underfoot the snows packed hard as marble, and at each step the wind threatened to take their feet from under the men. At a distance of twelve feet they were invisible to one another, and they kept their uncertain course by following the tops of telephone poles which stuck out two or three feet from the level of the snow.

All day they had been battling with the elements to repair a few little breaks in a telephone wire and, having done it, they had spent an hour pushing back a scant half-mile against the gale. A mile more and they would reach the bunk-house, with its red-hot stove and steaming coffee; but chests and muscles ached, and the increasing gloom told of coming night.

Suddenly one of them pulled up close to his companion and yelled into his ear, "Where's Jack?" Jack had been in the rear and, as they thought, just behind them. They yelled singly and in unison, but the wind whipped the calls into miles of roaring space and howled in derision. Once or twice they thought they heard an answer, but following it they found nothing. Back and forth along the line they hunted—venturing away from the poles into the stabling fury of that driving white—living through ages of suspense when the course of the poles was lost or they separated from one another in trying to pick out the pole next ahead. In an hour the search was abandoned and the fight for the bunk-house resumed.

Next morning they found a wild-eyed wreck of a man lying, mute but conscious,

under a railroad bridge. He had walked all night to keep from freezing to death, and was wholly exhausted. Before he could be gotten to the hospital his frozen face was swollen terribly, and he was conscious only at intervals. And yet in ten days the iron constitution of this man Jack had made him well again, and he was back on the job—crippled, but as full of fight as ever.

This is a sample bit—and not an exceptional one—of the life of the mountain trouble-hunter. From the nature of his profession—and the fact that the great storms bring down the wires and call him out in the open—the life of any trouble-man is a hard one. But when this fellow is guardian and trustee of wires that wander about irresponsibly through the snow-filled gulches of the mountains and the bleak stretches of the wilderness, he has work cut out for him that calls for buck manhood.

The economic development which has pushed the telephone out to the farthermost edges of the frontier—hung it in the Indian wigwam, the trading post, and isolated ranch-house—is one of the most startling phases of the marvellous development of our great West. This development has taken the transmission lines over miles of storm-blighted wilderness, which man had heretofore avoided, and it has again brought to the men who maintain these lines the old battle with the "everlasting way" of nature and the wilderness. It has made of them one of the hardest, most picturesque, and resourceful out-of-door types that we have to-day—a type that is full of the fibre which made frontier history. The stamping-ground of the old trapper—which, by the way, he usually vacated in winter to drop down into the settlements and hibernate—is now the haunt of the line patrolman. When the picturesque "cow-punch," who has herded into fiction lately, is steaming his boots by



Drawn by Allen True.

With a fifty-four pound coil of wire, two skis, a test-set, and his climbing irons on his back, Bill pushed ahead.—Page 96.



That next day's trip was made on skis.—Page 96.

the fire or feeding his stock from hay-ricks, the trouble-hunter is hiking off for a few days' fight with the storm.

Occasionally there creeps into the newspapers a story of a lineman being brought in with frozen feet, or of his having been burnt by the current, but very little is generally known of the hardy, heroic work these men do in the line of duty—of men who wander snow-blind over the mountains, are snowed up in old abandoned cabins with the mountain rats for bedfellows—of men who can spend a week of the worst winter weather travelling deep snow, dependent on themselves alone. The best of these men don't get snow-blind nor freeze their feet nor lose themselves—from hard experience they have learned to avoid these things. Their resourcefulness is unlimited. By starting it in a hat with a match, a candle, and a few shavings, they can build a fire in spite of any wind that blows. They can improvise a first-class snow-shoe from willows, can ride skis double, or can burrow in the snow and keep warm where a coyote would not. There are "snow-men" the same as there are river-men, mountain-men, or sea-men—each at home in his element, and if any man knows the snow and its ways it is the trouble-hunter.

"Bill" Proctor, the emergency man of the Colorado Telephone Co., is a good example of the trouble-hunter. He bears the reputation of having always gotten what he started after; and not only does he take the message to Garcia, but he hurries back for another—the thing is a habit with him. Like most thoroughbred trouble-hunters, Bill is a great walker. On the last of a three-day trip he once made through the mountains to Denver, in an effort to protect his homestead from contest, he covered sixty-six miles over the continental divide in twenty-two hours, and then went to a dance in the evening. He is a little man, but he has one of those jaws that is the feature of a face. The fact that he would take the stages out through the snows after other men had abandoned them was what brought him to the attention of the telephone company.

Last winter the Denver wire chief told him that two men who had tried to "shoot" some trouble from the farther end of the Steamboat toll line had given it up, and had been found snow-blind and snow-bound in a cabin, burning old bedsteads to keep warm.

"I'll get it," said Bill.

Getting it meant a railroad trip over the divide to the rail-head, then a morning's dickering for a team and sled. No one



Drawn by Allen True.

A telegraph line crosses the continental divide, and is maintained during the winter under conditions that are astounding.—Page 96.

wanted to make a trip which they considered impossible. But Bill hired a mule from one man, a horse from another, the sled and harness from a third, and persuaded man number four to drive him through the drifts, a plunging twelve miles on his way. With a fifty-four pound coil of wire, two skis, a test-set, and his climbing-irons on his back, Bill pushed ahead on snow-shoes to Whideley's Peak, where he spent the night, and got a guide and trapper to accompany him. That next day's trip was made on skis—eighteen miles over the Rabbit-Ears Range to the trouble—testing back to Denver whenever the line showed above the snow; and for a half-mile at a time, twenty-one foot poles would be entirely covered. When he had "gotten it" and found the wire clear both ways, Bill and his guide, Charley, started back.

As night came on, the cold increased and their clothing, which had gotten wet during the middle of the day, froze hard as armor. Eating snow dries and parches the throat, so Bill always carries a flask of water on these hikes. That night it froze solid under his coat. To climb the icy crust that formed they tied ropes around their feet and under the skis to give a purchase, and the drag of the skis drove fierce pains through their hips. Misjudging the slopes, which all seem level in the moonlight, Bill followed his partner too close, and there was a disastrous fall when they ran together at the bottom. When they had finished the trip back to shelter, Charley's feet were found to be frozen to his socks and overshoes, in one solid mass of ice. They cut them out and teased them back to life. Charley has stayed right there ever since—a pensioner of the company. Proctor is still broadening his experience shooting trouble—and not until two months later did the entire soles of his feet peel off.

Bill is a recognized authority on "snow-snakes, with their pink little eyes," and to the uninitiated he can unfold wonderful tales of their habits. His recipe for chilblains—"one big onion ground, eight ounces of arnica, two bits' worth of sea-salt, in boiling water, applied to the feet four nights running"—would cure anything. He is never at a loss for ways and means. He has cashed a worthless check for money to catch an outbound train, and then had his wire chief make it good. When he got

to the trouble he did not have enough wire, so he beat his way on the trains to where he could get it. His ignorance of obstacles is appalling.

These are fragments of one man's experiences—and I've detailed a few of them to try and show something of the nature of a trouble-man's work. There are hundreds of other good men whose experiences and abilities are as varied, and anecdotes are endless. But an insight into some of the conditions which prevail where these men are forced to work will probably help more to depict the type I'm describing, and which I admire not a little.

At Corona on the "Moffat line" in Colorado a telegraph line crosses the continental divide, and is maintained during the winter under conditions that are astounding. Sleet-storms cover the wires with ice to a thickness of nine inches and the weight of ice, about twenty pounds to the foot, stretches the wires until they sag to the ground and run from pole to pole at the base, then up the pole to the cross-arm. The poles themselves stick out like huge icicles, and to climb them the lineman clears a space at the bottom, raps the pole with his pick-handle, and hundreds of pounds of ice come crashing down.

The snow, at fifteen feet deep on the average, drifts into huge piles that the heat of a long summer cannot melt. On one occasion a cattle-car, which had stalled near the divide, filled so rapidly with snow that the steers, in tramping it down, were crowded against the top of the car and in danger of suffocating. When liberated they stampeded over a precipice, and their bones lie bleaching there to-day.

The thermometer drops away down, the springs build huge ice-warts on the landscape, and the humming wires border deep and treacherous chasms. But in fierce determination to break men's hearts none of the elements compares with the wind. For a hundred miles up "Middle Park" it gathers velocity, and converges toward the saddle of the range where the wire crosses. Here it howls along, smothering the severity of the landscape in a smooth, hard blanket of white. Nothing lives under its fury. The little dwarf cedars that grow about timber-line are all bent over with the agony of it, and their limbs grow only from the leeward side of the trunks.



Drawn by Allen True.

Up near the tops of the peaks the men chop footholds in the ice-packs and work . . . tied together like Alpine guides.—Page 98.

There is a government observation station at the pass, and for one month it recorded an average wind velocity of thirty miles an hour, and a maximum of eighty-four miles. Such a wind, with sleet, will sandpaper paint off buildings. It will pack the snow hard enough to support an ore wagon, and flatten the lineman against the windward side of a pole, or tear him vindictively away from the other. Such a wind would drive a polar bear to cover.

Yet here the trouble-hunters fight Old Winter to a stand-still, and when he goes into his worst tantrums they hit a compromise by laying the wires on the snow and trusting the frost to do the insulating. Three or four men cover this line, and their chief has a pardonable pride in the regularity with which reports come over the line. Seldom does the record appear—"Wires down, no report."

In several other places telephone lines cross the continental divide and test the fury of the winter wind. When the poles were first set on Mosquito Pass, the wind took out a mile of them the following day. The spans were shortened until only fifteen feet separated the poles, but still they went down, and now over the pass proper there is used a "submarine" cable. The cable leaks—and what a paradox it is, a "submarine" cable, thirteen thousand feet above the top of the sea!

Another district which makes peculiar difficulties for the trouble-hunter is what is known as the San Juan country in southwestern Colorado. It is a mining district in the roughest part of the mountains, and while only eight miles separate two of the towns, they are accessible to one another only by a climb over the mountains of thousands of feet, or a railroad trip of about one hundred miles round. The country is "all on end." The ore from the mines is handled almost entirely in aerial trams, because roads are impractical. The towns nestle below the mountains. The mountains themselves are grim and rusty with iron ore and the timber hangs on their sides like last year's fur on an old buffalo.

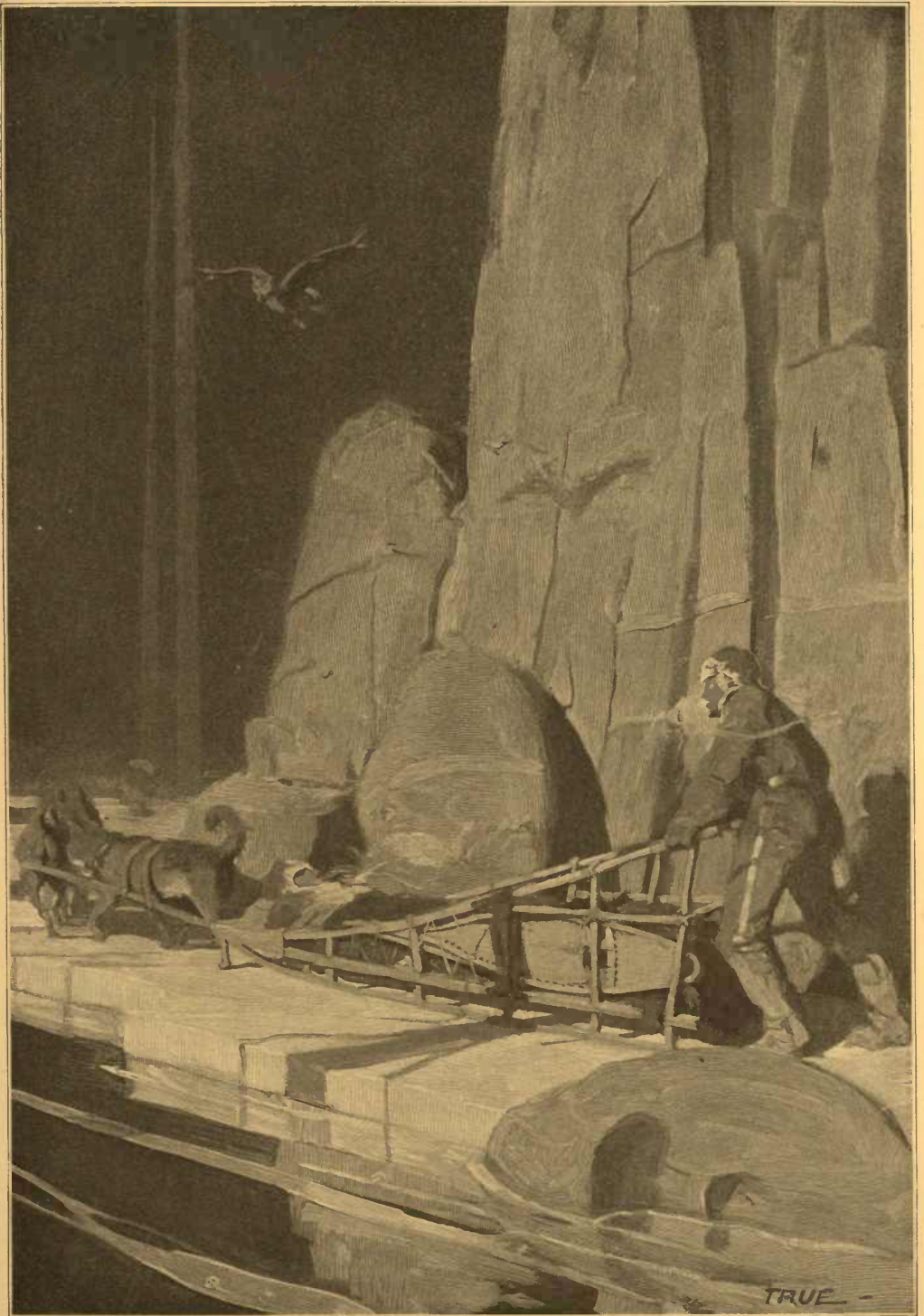
Those steep mountain-sides and deep canyons are a source of endless washouts, snow-slides, and blockades which isolate the towns for months at a time. In the summer of 1909 a landslide shut Silverton off from railroad communication for more than a

month. Then a generous and accommodating washout appeared to clean out the slide and save the railroad about thirty thousand dollars worth of excavating.

Telephone lines in this district are trouble-mongers for certain. Of the forty miles of one toll line only eleven can be followed on horseback. The trouble-men are masters at using the famous "sky-hook." They travel in the ore buckets on the aerial trams much of the time. There are no way stations on these lines, and to drop off the buckets onto the ice-covered towers, as they often do, is a ticklish bit of work.

The peculiarities of the district have made an electrical power company very successful and useful. By spilling a big head of water over the edge of one of the canyons and down a thousand feet onto water-wheels, electricity has been generated that can supply power to the mines perched away up where they are almost inaccessible to pack-mules. The company delivers to the mines power which would be the equivalent of a ton of coal at fifty cents a ton less than it can be bought for in the cities. It has taken the transmission lines to mines all over those mountains—up to an altitude of 13,280 feet, probably the highest transmission line in the world—and the patrolman is thus led over a hundred and fifty miles of the roughest travel that is ever attempted in winter. It takes him over ragged cliffs on his hand line, across icy canyons by a single wire and a safety belt—the most economical bridge extant. In his work it leads him skating through the wooden flume to the storage reservoir—through flood waters in the canyon on a stolen hand-car—and skiing tenderly over slopes that are dangerously steep.

During the summer supplies are cached all over the system and every possible preparation made for the winter. As the drifts grow deep, emergency poles have to be stuffed into the snow and there made to serve, for they could never be set in the ground. Up near the tops of the peaks the men chop footholds in the ice-packs and work along them in the wind, tied together like Alpine guides. Here, as always in a dangerous country, trouble-men never go alone, but always in pairs, so as to be able to get help when accidents occur. That the travel is difficult may be judged from the fact that a repair party once spent eleven



Drawn by Allen True.

In September their isolation begins, and they take in supplies for ten months.—Page 101.

days covering thirty miles of the line. They spent nights under bridges or in abandoned tunnels, and lived dependent on their own cooking as they went. Snow-blindness is a constant menace, and besides blackening their faces, wearing glasses and masks, the men here use black veils. These serve also as protection to the faces, for they can be terribly burnt by the glare of the sun on the snow.

When Winter loosens his grip on the country, the snow-slides begin. They are the rule and not the exception. The principal, staple ones, like the "Sunnyside," are well known, and everyone gives them a wide margin of room. But the most of them come from all directions and follow no rules or routes of any sort. Forty-five of them have been counted in four miles.

In March of one year twenty-eight men in all lost their lives in the slides. Miners were swept out of bed at the shaft-houses and down the mountain, over and over in the snow with flour, ginger-snaps, and mine machinery. Some finished on top unhurt, but others were dug out late in the next summer. It's a time for blooded things to hibernate—the miners cluster round a phonograph and forget the world for months. But it's the trouble-hunter's busy time.

The thaws are teasing loose tons of snow at the top of a great toboggan. Away up at the top where the snow-cones form, one topples over, and a few snowballs start rolling down the slope; then a huge cake drags loose and the slide is off. Quietly and stealthily it starts, gathering volume and speed each second; the swish of the snow changes to a muffled rattle as trees and boulders are polished from the surface and ground underneath; the snow billows up in mushrooms as it is pushed from behind, and ahead of the avalanche rifts of snow shoot out at lightning speed. The speed and power of it are titanic, but the terror of that rumble and noise cannot compare with the awful way that huge, uncanny tangle of snow and trees slugs its way to the bottom and spreads out in a remorseless solidity.

So far the linemen here have had marvelously few deaths from the slides. Besides crediting much to their proverbial luck, it implies a cool judgment and caution in the men. They are usually picked men

and young, who have borne a reputation for endurance and capability in the country. They are all sworn as special deputies, go armed, and carry the authority and confidence of the community.

One thing that should be mentioned is the constant proximity of these men to instant death while they are working on wires that carry such a current as seventeen thousand volts. It is not necessary to come into contact with it—merely to get into the field will kill a man if he is grounded. When a wire goes down, the trouble can often be located by the flame of the arc which is thrown. It will jump the thirty feet from the pole to the ground, and an arc like that will light up the mountain canyons for miles around.

In summer, when thunder-storms are rife, the lightning adds its terror to the lines. The lightning arrestors at the substation flash and crackle like artillery, and now and again cross-arms are burned off or the giant insulators shattered. On the peaks among the clouds electrical storms are always terrifying. The lightning discharges in horizontal instead of perpendicular planes, and distinct electrical waves fly back and forth to oppress a man till he lies down flat and gets under them. At such times blue sparks play all over the mane of a sweaty horse, and enough static electricity is gathered on a telephone wire to light lamp globes, and sparks will jump to the lineman's spurs as he climbs a pole. Lightning is such a factor that barbed wire is often strung on the cross arms with mountain toll lines to catch and ground the bolts.

One power company carries one hundred thousand volts on each of three cables, one-hundred and fifty miles over the mountains to Denver. During a storm these cables are livid lines of blue light streaking through the darkness. When one of these wires grounds, it burns the sand to glass where it enters the earth; and they tell of its having fallen across an iron bridge near Dillon and burned it in two. So much leakage is there from this current that the trouble-hunter's telephone line, strung about fifty feet from the cable-towers, induces enough voltage to make it dangerous. A patrolman who had called up his wife on this wire to let her know he was safe, had no more than heard her

answer than there came to him a piercing scream as she was knocked senseless to the floor.

In Alaska, the last of our great frontiers, the signal service of the United States Army maintains a telegraph line from St. Michaels through the interior, via Fairbanks to Valdez. It is the pride of all men who know of it. The men who operate and maintain it are the pick of the army physically, mentally, and as companions. A year's service here counts for two years, and the men's responsibilities are varied enough to make their position much like that of the Northwest Mounted Police in Canada. They are the hosts of the country; sometimes special sheriffs for the capture of outlaws, and, informally, they are doctors for whites and Indians, and general helpers of the scattered population.

The twelve hundred miles of line traverse as varied a lot of lonesome wilderness as man can find, along a bleak Arctic coast where iron posts are bent double with the sleet; through dense forests of constantly falling timber, and in parts so wild that moose are constantly breaking the wires; along the banks of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers, and over muskegs and swamps of the deadly "nigger-heads." The "nigger-head" is a sort of bunch-grass which builds into humps which make the hardest kind of travel known. A lineman near Talovana, in working through one of these swamps, sprained his ankle and was unable to travel. He crawled a mile or more over the uneven ground, and then gave up and froze to death. The builders saw pretty rough service, lived in tents through the whole winter, and suffered much in learning the ways of the country. A pair of mittens and a sled-trail ending at a hole in the shore-ice told the tale of one man's end, and many were the cases of freezing which resulted from carelessness or neglect. But experience has taught much, and regulations are minimizing more and more the hardships and dangers.

Two signal service men and an infantryman are quartered in repair cabins at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty miles along the line. In September their isolation begins, and they take in supplies for ten months and cache them on platforms away from the reach of squirrels. Besides a gen-

eral equipment each station has a team of five dogs, and along the rivers boats and canoes. Midway between the stations are small relief cabins for emergencies, and many a time has an exhausted "musher" been taken in by the service men and nursed along his way again.

While the severity of winter makes the work dangerous, it is during the summer that the men's work is the hardest. Then the gnats and mosquitoes are rife. They drive pack-animals crazy, and mat into a man's boots and gauntlets in thousands. Besides wearing nets about their heads, the service men have to "pitch" the seams of their gloves to keep out these stinging devils. Summer, too, means soaking treks through the bogs of the muskeg, and long hikes of from twenty to forty miles on the beaches of the Yukon or Tanana. Here the river steamers start forest fires that take out miles of line and poles, and the trouble-man is at work while the moss is still burning. Frosts coming out of the ground bring poles with them, and miles of poles have to be set again. Bunking with the Indians and woodchoppers; dropping down the rivers with the ice and pulling back against the current of a moonlight night—the work of these men forces upon them the isolated, self-dependent life of a wilderness man.

An instance of the work they do is shown in the four-days trip made in February, 1908, by Sergeant Cox, in saving an old-timer, "Old Monte," whose feet were badly frozen and were mortifying while he lay in his lone cabin thirty miles away. Cox started in the morning with his dog team and basket sleigh, with the thermometer below zero and the trail blown in with loose snow. By night the old man's cabin was reached. Next day was spent in doctoring Monte, and on the following morning Cox started alone with the sick man in the dog sleigh for Fairbanks. That day he made the forty-seven miles to Ester Creek, uphill and down, over the divide, through soft snow—a trip that is still talked about among men who are accustomed to the feats of strong men on the trail.

At seven next morning they woke him up to finish the job—eight miles into Fairbanks over an easy trail. They saved most of Monte's two feet, and Cox undoubtedly saved his life.

Cox was soon back at his station working

at the telegraph key. He had telegraphed to head-quarters for permission to leave his post, and only in this way was the feat brought to the attention of men. Things of the sort are done regularly in the line of duty, and no mention of them is ever made—above all, these men are modest. It was with a delightful mingling of modesty and pride that Cox showed me his certificate of meritorious service, signed by President Roosevelt.

Of such stuff are the trouble-hunters: clear-eyed, solid-bodied men who have chosen hard work in the open air; cheerfully

adaptable to any circumstance, troublesome or pleasant; and full of independence and self-reliance.

It is not that winter in the mountains is a new phenomenon or that the perils of a wilderness have not been met by men before—but the spread of the iron and copper wires has taken men constantly into the worst of these perils, and called for the same qualities in the trouble-hunting man that make the tales of Norsemen, explorers, and pioneers so absorbing.

Trouble-hunters they are in every sense of the word.

THE SKY-SCRAPER

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



AMDEN—Robert Camden—"Bob" Camden when one was upon advanced terms of friendship, and they were soon reached—continued to gaze out of the window. Not that any claim can be advanced for any interest on account of the mere act. The admission must immediately be made that nothing unusual marked the actual performance.

The exceptionality of the proceeding arose from what he beheld—more, even, from what he did not see.

The sky was there as usual, a brilliant canopy of the purest jewelled blue, but then, like any of the other every-day wonders of the world, this most miraculous of them all may be dismissed as a commonplace. The earth, the ground outspread before him, was the extraordinary feature. Not that much of it was to be seen. Closely massed roofs stretched out before him and far below him so that it seemed paved with them, wide tops of great buildings appearing hardly more than gray flagstones. These were broken by towers and spires and chimneys, from which mounted plumes of steam

or swung streamers of sun-shot smoke. Among them was traced an insolvable geometric problem of lines which were streets and avenues. Beyond flowed the river, a long strip of the heaven cut out and laid along the land. Over it sped many boats which might have been the darting navigators of a brook's bright surface. Across extended a hanging thoroughfare more wonderful than any hanging garden making a wonder of the ancient world. Then more roofs and steeples and turrets and close arrays of factory chimneys, and at last something green, the country, finally; but directly before him the city as an outrolled map.

Did he see these things? Bless you, not at all. What he discerned was a white, low, wide house, vague and yet clear in the moonlight. For the moonlight was almost as bright as daylight, though casting soft, deep shadows in which much was lost. The brick path up which he looked was lined with lilac and with snowball bushes, but that late June night they were no longer in bloom. On the low steps of the piazza stood pots of some flowering shrubs. Near one of them, her face resting on her arms stretched out along an upper step, half lay a girl all in white. He waited and looked and he did not speak, though he heard a low sob.



All sorts and conditions of men and women.—Page 104.

"You will as soon as you can," she whispered through her tears and her handkerchief and her fingers.

"I'm only going," he assured her, "because I can make something for us to live on that way. This call to New York means a big chance. I can't miss it, and I've got to leave at once. Now that we're engaged——"

She held up one hand to him, which he seized and kissed, but not content with that, he bent and kissed her hair.

The summons to the city had been followed by the immediate business necessity of a departure for South America. Letters were necessarily interrupted. When, returning, he landed in New York, he had not received one for three months. Then at the boarding-house where he had stayed he found his last letter to her returned as not delivered. The missive had been forwarded by the post-office from Chicago, where it had been sent from the village to a street and number there. In the first train he hurried to Chicago and to the address. She had been at the house for a month, working

as a typewriter in a railway office, and had gone away. Whither, nobody knew. At her place of employment they could give him no information. At the village where she had taught in the school, he could only learn that she had gone to Chicago, where her letters had been forwarded to her. At the small farm of her only relative of whom he knew, a married aunt, where he immediately journeyed, he could learn nothing. Her last letter which he had received seemed in no wise different from the others. The sudden lack of all trace, of all knowledge, of her was crushing. She was as lost to him as if she had never existed.

For the waifs and strays of the world—the huge multitude which have no fixed home and abiding-place, and all the established relationships which go with these—to sink from sight and to disappear from ken is not uncommon. The sparrow that falls to the ground falls often with hardly less notice by mankind—and of her Camden could learn no more than of some bird which had flown away in last year's flock.

"She may think I never meant it," he muttered, "and I've only been living every day and every hour to see her again, from the moment I left her. And——"

What might have happened to her? When the black shadow of that thought fell upon him, he turned away, or tried to turn away. His misery, though, was a tyrant from whom he might not fly, for no matter how he strove to escape, the power was ever there to force him back to subjection. No matter what he might attempt for occupation, the weight and pain were upon him, compelling him to carry them and forcing him to stagger under their burden.

So he looked out of the window of the sky-scraper, one of the monster's numberless eyes which opened north, east, south, and west over the city; and while he gazed the life of the mammoth building went on, himself but a mere atom of its thronging population, his story a single incident of its multitudinous dramas. The elevators shot up and down, some to be arrested at any floor, the "express" making but few stops. Up—up they flew, until those within might well believe that they were mounting to the clouds. Their doors clanging open and shut stood in long array, with the uniformed "starter" hurrying the already hastening multitudes. Along the main corridors the crowd poured for conveyance to this or that one of the layers of stories, the individuals alighting and tramping through the miles of halls to the myriads of offices. All sorts and conditions of men and women—"poorman, richman, beggarman, thief" and their feminine equivalents. Up and down they thronged with every variety of garb, with every degree of bearing, with every change of expression of the human countenance. Packed within the iron cages of the "lifts" they were jerked on their various missions—in the mere mechanical discharge of the routine task of the day; in the pursuit of some project in which success meant the accomplishment of a life's ambition; in the dread of some result which involved the misery of a future. They came and they went with the alert step and ready smile of success; with the dragging footfall, the bent shoulders, and down-drawn mouth of defeat. For all purposes and on all quests they hustled and jostled and loitered and lingered, weaving the web of the sky-scraper's life, a multicolored

design of many patterns, unrolled and re-wound endlessly within the twenty-four hours. They arrived and departed, they ascended and descended, and at each stopping-place "Batty" Daly, with the same automatic decision with which he arrested and set going the mechanism of the elevator, announced continuously:

"Fourteenth — twenty-third — thirty-seventh—" until he came to "forty-second. Top floor," when he began again on a descending scale, ending with the proclamation: "Ground floor. All out."

All the time, as he sped up or dropped down, he stared when he passed the ornamented grille of "fifteenth," in the hope of catching a glimpse of Edna Goulder's yellow poll, more golden than the gilding on the filigreed iron-work.

"Got to hurry," he found chance to mutter at last as she darted through the door on one of her many errands to the other offices which the Everwear Hosiery Manufactories had on the thirty-ninth.

"Oh, I couldn't lose you," she answered, elevating her always elevated little chin.

"Sure you weren't tryin' to find me?"

"That's what you're doin' at six when I go home," she answered pointedly.

"Goin', then, to-night?" he asked casually.

"You'll find out if you wait," she replied as she whisked away.

Then down again sank the car, to be ready in the row with a dozen more to take its next load, pressing into it the moment that its last occupants had left it.

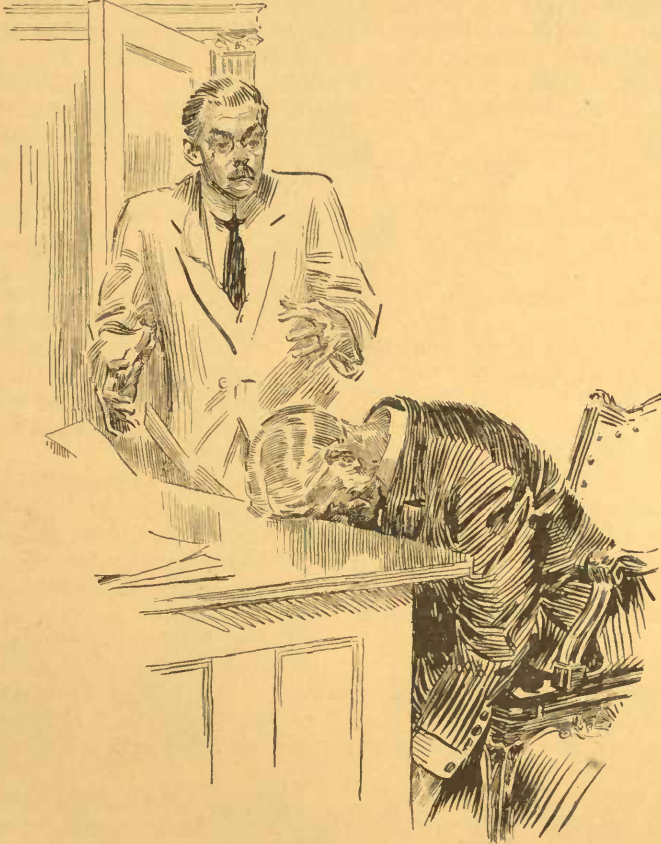
On the third, in the extensive quarters of the Atlantic States Milling Company, which filled a corner and extended far on each side, business had been progressing as usual, and—something else. Wesley Parkman, the head bookkeeper, entering the redoubtable door which bore upon its ground-glass the golden word "President," dropped the heavy bundle of documents which he held. Such a performance on the part of Mr. Parkman was highly unbecoming, as he would have been the first to admit. Indeed, his conduct caused him to feel a fleeting sense of culpability even at the moment. Was he not entering the august presence of Ira Kennedy, the head of the company, and the president, director, trustee, receiver, of as many other companies, corporations, railroads, banks, as

he had years of his life—and he came near to the three score and ten? Also, if Mr. Parkman had been aware of it, he was entering the presence of one even mightier than Ira Kennedy himself, one to whom even greater rulers than Ira Kennedy were

forward, hesitated to touch the prostrate man, spoke his name—and then hurried through the door.

In an instant he returned with the Milling Company's secretary.

"Dead?" whispered the official.



JAMES BOUTWORTH FLAGG

He stepped forward, hesitated to touch the prostrate man.

compelled to yield, one whom, no matter what was the power of Ira Kennedy and others, when the time came they were not able to put under their feet.

What caused Mr. Wesley Parkman to start in such a highly unbecoming manner, and furthermore to be guilty of the delinquency of allowing the papers to slip from his hands, was the sight of the president of the company, bent face downward on his desk, with his arms limply hanging. An absolute stillness about the figure, Parkman felt rather than perceived. He stepped

"I don't know," Parkman chattered.

Together they stood for an instant, doubtful, beside the still figure.

"There's a doctor—Doctor Ferris—in the office of the Germicide Company down the hall. Get him here at once."

A clerk who was at the open door heard, and dashed away.

"Is there any one to inform?" asked Parkman, still in muffled tones.

"He lived up in his big house all alone," declared the secretary positively. "There's not a relative east of the Mississippi, if

there's any out there. He hasn't a belonging in the city except his son—Francis Kennedy."

"He hasn't been on terms with him for a great while," Parkman prompted. "Has not spoken to him in three years."

The secretary nodded.

"They quarrelled about the way the old man," Parkman spoke in still deeper whispers, "managed some tenement property on the East Side. The son's a student of social conditions, and something of a philanthropist and reformer——"

"He's got to be told, I suppose," the secretary said doubtfully.

"Where's he to be found?"

"Don't you know?" asked the other significantly.

Parkman looked his ignorance.

"He has an office up in the thirty-fourth floor, where he's agent of the Tenement House Improvement Association."

"In this building?"

"Yes."

The two men stared at each other.

"Good heavens, Parkman," said the secretary impatiently, "what do you think? Don't you realize that this place has more inmates than the inhabitants of many a town with a third-class post-office? I'll swear the two haven't set eyes on each other for a year."

"Should he be sent for?"

"There's only one man can answer that," returned the secretary—"Mr. Tryngham, of Tryngham, Morse & Mowatt, the general counsels."

"Where do they do business?"

"On the twenty-seventh floor. Go," the secretary directed, "and telephone Mr. Tryngham."

Parkman, departing quickly, encountered the physician rapidly entering. His examination was the briefest. He stood erect by the side of the heavy couch to which the body of the president had been borne.

"Yes," he replied to the other's unspoken question.

"Sudden——" commented the secretary; and as a second thought he added, "Better not let the newspapers get hold of it until after business hours. They'd have out an extra in fifteen minutes, and the market is very unsteady."

"He has such large interests and connections?"

"More than most people suppose. I've sent for his lawyer. He's in the building, and he should be here in a minute."

The mingled sounds of the sky-scraper's complex activities penetrated but dully in the secluded private office. They were so many and diverse and ceaseless that they created an unbroken undertone—in which, however, there was nothing assuaging. It fell upon the ear with a heavy insistence which brought a sense of burden. Sometimes steps more marked in their precipitancy rose to distinctness. Occasionally a voice, lifted harshly or vehemently, could be more clearly heard. The agitation of the troubled stream of life flowing so near was in the air, and reacted upon the nerves. The stillness of the apartment increased the tension. The white hand of the dead man dragging down inertly to the floor, in some way caused each outside noise to appear more acute, the steady resonance of pressing existence to seem more masterful.

The lawyer came in as if late to keep an appointment.

"All over?" he demanded briskly.

Neither the secretary nor the physician spoke, but in the silence was an answer.

"I know all about this," he said sharply. "The old gentleman made his will only last week. Shouldn't be surprised if he felt something was coming. He must have experienced a change of heart. The whole thing's left to his son, Francis Kennedy."

"The king is dead. Long live the king," muttered the secretary, who collected first editions.

"He's got to be brought here at once. I understand he has an office in the building. I'll go for him myself."

Mr. Tryngham, having closed the matter in hand as if he had neatly snapped a rubber band upon it, rapidly left the room. Still his haste, as he approached the elevator and touched the button, was not greater than was usual with him when going to lunch at the Lawyers' Club. Certainly his countenance gave no indication that he was engaged in any more unusual affair. But then so many things came before Mr. Tryngham's notice, he encountered so much that was out of the ordinary in the farrago of the twenty-four hours. Indubitably, though, in his preoccupation, he failed to attend to a conversation carried on beside him.

"You did it on purpose," protested the fair one with the lemon locks. "You went past my floor."

"Think I'm a thought-reader?" answered Prince Charming with the silver-plated badge. "Say, I got something to say to you."

"Why don't you?"

"S'teenth!" he burst forth, so that the announcement sounded like a scornful response to her question. "This ain't no place. Honest, what time you goin' home to-night?"

"If I told you—you'd know."

"I got seats for a show," he declared mysteriously.

Her silence indicated distrust, if not indifference.

"The name at the head of the letter-paper in the Advertising Agency on the twenty-ninth gave 'em to me."

Increasing credulity, the precursor of augmenting interest, showed in her bright eyes.

"Is it any good?"

"Broadway," he replied impressively.

Tryngham stepped from the car at the landing he sought. No. 10038 he found by turning a corner after proceeding down a long intersecting passage. The door with the modest black-lettered name of the charitable organization he threw open. The apartment disclosed was small and bare. By the window a young man sat at a typewriter.

"Mr. Francis Kennedy?" jerked out Tryngham.

"Yes," replied the young man, rising, for something in the speaker's voice startled him.

"I—I—" began Tryngham with as great hesitation as he ever exhibited, "I have come to tell you that your father has just been found dead in his office downstairs."

"Father—" gasped the young man, and stopped short.

"I am the counsel for the Atlantic States Milling Company, also his private legal adviser. I have come to you at once, because I knew that in spite of the—differences between you, that very recently he has made a will leaving you his entire fortune."

Francis Kennedy drew a quick breath. For an instant he raised his hand to his mouth, where, momentarily, the lower lip was caught between the teeth.

"It can't be," he exclaimed.

"There's no possibility of mistake," asserted Tryngham. "I drew the will myself. You're in command now, and it's for you to say what's to be done."

"All is mine," murmured Kennedy as if suddenly reaching a more comprehending realization.

"All the real estate, every foot of it—all the investments—every bond in the safe deposit vaults—the control in all the railroads and business concerns—every share of stock. You are in the saddle now."

"Can anything be done for—father?" he asked with concern.

"Nothing. Parkman and a doctor are with him. We'll keep the death from the newspapers for a few hours."

"I'll go down with you," returned Kennedy rapidly. "But—you tell me all devolves on me from this moment. Can I do as I please?"

"Practically—in every respect. Of course, the will must be probated before you legally come into possession, but there are no relatives and there can be no contest



Mr. Tryngham . . . rapidly left the room.—Page 106.

or opposition. I may say positively that you are absolutely in control now."

"Perhaps I can stop it," muttered Kennedy half to himself. "Do you know anything about the Alaskan Company?"

"The deal——"

"The steal——" said the young man sharply. "No, I am not saying what I should not, for father took it over from others. I don't believe he half knew about it; though, for the first time in years, I wrote to him to tell him. I'd like to do something about that at once."

"You've got the direction of affairs now."

"All right," said Kennedy as he walked to the door. "May I ask something of you?"

"We should be pleased to act for you in the same capacity in which we have acted for your father."

"Very well, but this is different. I'd like to have you telephone Alan Rowlandson, civil engineer, here in the building, and say that I want him to come without delay to meet me at the Atlantic Milling Company."

Five minutes later, Francis Kennedy pushed along the tessellated floor of the approach to the Milling Company's offices. No indication gave evidence of what had taken place within, no suggestion was conveyed of what lay beyond. Death, death itself, was but the mere breakdown of a piece of the human machinery, irreparable in the instance, but immediately replaceable. The next day another executive would be at the desk, and all business would go on the same. Death—it was no more a stranger to the sky-scraper than anything else was strange. Had not each one of its towering stories cost a life, as in their construction each one of its fellows had averaged a life apiece for every stage? Had not its builders counted the cost in death, computing it almost as accurately as the outlay for stone and steel? We do not, with savage rites, splash the blood of victims over the foundations of our huge erections of now-days, but nevertheless there is the sacrifice of life for each great monument of our modern civilization which goes up. The sky-scraper had taken its toll of mortality and of misery, had received the last breath of the fatally injured, had brought the shriek of the broken-hearted. For it there had been sacrifice and suffering, and for it men

had met their end and women wept for them. What was a death more or less for it? Men passed, but it stood and would continue to stand. What was anything to it, the immutable Juggernaut crushing out existences, the Moloch exacting its flesh-offering?

Within the private office Francis Kennedy remained but a short time. He issued from it slowly and silently, with Trynham and the secretary. A younger man hastening up brought him to a stand-still.

"Ah, Alan," he greeted him, and turned to the secretary: "I want to speak a few moments to Mr. Rowlandson alone."

"Come into my room," urged the company's officer solicitously.

When the secretary closed the door, leaving the two young men in the apartment marked with all the opulence of business luxury, Kennedy took a quick turn across the large rug.

"It's a shock, even with the relations, or the lack of them, we have had," he addressed the other. "However, you know the way it has been and, well—I'm sorry without sorrow, if that says anything." Again he walked from border to border of the rug. "I understand I have everything in my hands, on my shoulders, now." He wheeled about. "You've got to start for Alaska at six o'clock—in two hours and a half. I've asked about the train to Chicago."

"Alaska!" exclaimed Rowlandson.

"There are things going on there I can't stop too soon, now that I have the power. I want you to be there and take charge of the Alaska concern and do what is right." He raised his voice with the last word. "I can't go, with my father's death, but I can depend on you. I want you to get on the ground without loss of a moment. I'll send full powers and instructions after you. This isn't because you're a friend, but because I know you're the man for the job. Of course I'm glad that there's this chance for what will be more than worth while to you. So will you be off at six?"

"Off in two hours and a half?" Rowlandson's words fairly ended in a laugh. "Why, I'm to be married in four days, don't you remember? Got it all fixed, license and everything."

"I had forgotten Miss Fairchild," returned Kennedy, stopping short, "and your wedding. Well"—again he resumed his

pacing—"what's to prevent your being married? You have all the requirements arranged, you say."

"But," answered Rowlandson, "you want me to go immediately."

"What's the matter with having the wedding at once? You're so in love, the sooner

"There's nothing one of these sky-scrappers can't supply, even the ministrations of the church. I'll call up the janitor and ask. Let me see, Miss Fairchild is with the Iowka Roofing people."

"On the twenty-eighth."

"Telephone there and say that you have



"A wedding here!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.—Page 111.

the better for you, and I'm mistaken in Miss Fairchild if she hasn't the sporting spirit in her for it. Be married this afternoon, and make Alaska a wedding trip."

"I might ask Florence," said Rowlandson with animation. "In two hours, though, how could it be managed? There wouldn't be time to find a clergyman up-town, and catch the train."

"Be married here and now."

"Here, in the building? Where's the minister?"

a proposition to make to her and that you want to speak to her at once."

"I will," replied Rowlandson with enthusiasm. He hesitated. "But if she agrees—where could we be married?"

Kennedy considered for a moment.

"In my office upstairs. Ask Miss Fairchild to come up there to meet you, and go up now yourself."

For Rowlandson to obtain from the surprised girl the assent to see him immediately, needed but a few moments.

"Oh, Alan," she exclaimed, "there is

something in your voice. Is it anything bad?"

"Good—good!" he exclaimed. "If you'll make it good."

A few minutes later, he waited in the Tenement Association's restricted quarters. The period of suspense became an almost unbearable delay. He had gone through three years with fair patience while they saved enough to give them, in their opinion, or rather hope, capital for the establishment of their partnership in the venture—some business of the reduction of rosy dreams to reality. At last she had "set the day," and his impatience had hardly been equal to the needs of struggling with the slow passing of a fortnight. Now, with the suddenly presented opportunity of the immediate realization of his wish, he could hardly compose himself for five minutes.

Rowlandson's thoughts flew swiftly over the past years. How he had wished for a chance, such a chance as the present, to gain money. Money to give her much which he wanted for her sake. Money for beautiful things for her to wear and worthy of her beauty; for the daily comforts and luxuries of a richer existence; the satisfaction of the amenities of a more affluent condition; the very variety and pleasure of a more leisurely life. Money, as he toiled at his desk in the sky-scraper how he had longed for it, as all the other hundreds and thousands of the sky-scraper's workers longed for it, according to their conditions and experiences. All striving with different aureate dreams before them, all lured onward by varied golden will-o'-the-wisps to labor and contend beneath that mighty roof. The feeling was in the very atmosphere. It might have been some emanation from the towering walls, some overpowering exhalation from the massive foundations. The sky-scraper itself had been for many the source of envy and despair. With its value so great as to be beyond accurate estimate, it seemed to dwarf all possible possession, to render pigmy not only ordinary human beings, but ordinary human fortunes. Was not the very ground on which it stood of such price that the sum would buy land sufficient to grow grain to feed a fair-sized army? Would not the revenue derived from it finance and support many a minor kingdom? Money it represented, money it was built to make, and those who entered

on its service quickly felt and learned the requirements of their overlord. Money was the shibboleth they learned to pronounce, and for those who failed there speedily followed the quick extermination of the unfitted.

Rowlandson had left the door open and he heard her light step in the hall. He was at the threshold as she approached.

"Come in," he said hurriedly. "Francis Kennedy wants me to start for Alaska at six o'clock. There is good pay, perhaps big money, in it. Not to lose it, I've got to go in two hours, to be away I don't know how long. Are you willing to be married immediately? Are you game for that?"

He stopped short, gazing at her anxiously and pleadingly.

"Yes," she said, swiftly and without an instant's hesitation.

"Then," he continued headlong, "I'm going to hunt up a clergyman, if Kennedy hasn't found one. I know you'd like that better than some city official or some judge."

"Fancy being married by a judge!" she protested.

"I'll bring a minister back here if you'll be ready."

"Yes," she answered. "Oh, I never expected that it would be this way! There's no music and I've no veil and there's no wedding cake. But," she continued wildly, "I don't care. We are going to be married just the same, and that's the important thing, darling."

His kiss upon her lips stopped her for a moment.

"Why," she declared exultantly, "I'd rather have it this way—so much sooner than we expected or hoped."

"All right," he said.

"Without any bridesmaids or anything, but—can't I tell Rhoda? Can't I ask her?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry," he answered on his way to the door.

"I've grown so fond of her since she has been next to me there in the office all day. It would seem more like a wedding."

"We need a witness," he said to her over his shoulder as he hastened off. "In fact, we need two. Get anybody else you can find."

Brought face to face with those crowded within the descending car, through the obliviousness of her joy she hardly strove to assume a more sedate mien.

"Why, Daly, it's you," she exclaimed fervently, as if the circumstance were a wonderful fact in a wonderful world.

"Yep—wearin' my own face again to-day. But say," he asked, peering at her, "what's turned on the power?"

"I'm going to be married, Batty. I'm going to be married," she murmured ecstatically.

"Whuh! 's that the lemon pie? To the bridge and railway plumber in the forty-first. The office kid he works for told me."

"But, Batty," she insisted, "I'm going to be married here and now, in a few minutes."

"G'wan!" he ejaculated with scornful indignation.

"I am, truly and really," she protested. "In the room of the Tenement Association. Do you think you could get off long enough to act as a witness?"

With the air of one to whom surprise is an unknown emotion, he accepted the situation.

"Cert." He paused, and continued: "A wedding here in the building. Well, if that don't break the speed limit! Say, 'll you let me tell Edna? For fair, she couldn't stand it to be struck out on that. A weddin' goin' on here and she not also present? Why, she'll hang on a curbstone before a church an hour to see the veil and orange-flowers drive up to the awnin'."

"Of course," she replied as she hurried out. "Tell her that I want her by all means."

When the car next went up, Daly ascended in it as watchful passenger. He had made the necessary preparations and ob-

tained leave. Now, with the severe critical attitude of the expert, he watched his substitute take up the load of which he was one.

"Fifteenth," he said, and as he noted the difference of an inch between the level of the car and the floor he exclaimed, "Can't you make no better connection 'n that?"

In the big room where a hundred and more women and girls were at work, Batty knew exactly where to find Edna. The man at the swinging gate of the railway motioned as if to stop him, but he kept haughtily on.

"I'll come to see the boss another day," he said. "Just now I want to exchange a word or two with Miss Goulder."

Edna saw him, and paused in the occupation of folding the circulars which she took from a pile and placed in envelopes with such sleight-of-hand rapidity.

"Say, you're invited to a weddin'," he announced, bending over her.

A slight wrinkle, the merest rosy

line, appeared on the bridge of Miss Goulder's plump nose.

"Get fifteen minutes off," he enjoined, "even if they don't let you come back. Miss Fairchild's going to be married to the civil engineer guy on the forty-first, up 'n the office of the Tenement Association. I'm to be a witness, and I ran youse in."

"A wedding here!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Why, where's the white ribbons, and—the flowers?"

"Aw, cut it out!" he returned with contempt. "They ain't nothing at these 'to have and to hold' reunions. It's the 'I will' that does the business."



"I brought these flowers," said Edna, "they are not much."—Page 114.

"An' she won't have none," continued Miss Goulder very earnestly. "I wonder—she's been dreadful good to me."

"Well?"

"I just wonder if I couldn't get some little white ones somewhere for twenty-five cents, and if she'd mind——"

"You can get flowers all right. Ain't there that American Beauty counter down on the ground floor? But as for twenty-five cents——"

"Just a few little white ones," continued Miss Goulder thoughtfully, "I think'd be an awful nice thing to do."

"I've heard of worse ways of bein' crazy."

As Miss Goulder was aware, the response contained the strongest approbation and encouragement.

"I'm goin' to try," she said resolutely.

Camden sat busily motionless at his desk. During an hour he had consciously and conscientiously continued at work. The vision which he had beheld out of the window he would not let himself see. The thoughts which seemed to surround him and press for admission to his brain he had kept

from him. Only by such mechanical forcing of attention was he able to accomplish anything. At length he considered that the time he had allotted for the pursuance of the task in hand must have elapsed. He looked up at the clock. At that same instant Alan Rowlandson burst through the door.

"I'm going to be married and I want you for best man."

"I know it," replied Camden calmly. "Didn't you break in here a month ago, almost as much out of your head, and didn't I tell you that I would, with pleasure?"

"But I'm going to be married in five minutes, and I need you immediately——"

"Rather a hurry-up call," said Camden, laughing.

"There's a sudden chance—a glorious chance—for me, and we're going to have the wedding right here. I want you to see me through."

"Minus the regalia? Long coat—long hat?"

Rowlandson struck his forehead with his hand.

"The ring! the ring! I've forgotten the ring."



JAMES H. HARTMAN, ILLUSTRATOR

"Never mind, there's a jeweller on the ground floor."

"Come with me. I'll get one and explain as we go."

Camden rose, put on his hat, and followed the other's hasty steps.

"Is there anything else needed?" asked Rowlandson apprehensively. "Forgetting the ring has given me a jolt. Think quick."

"Rice and old shoes," Camden suggested. "I have no doubt that they could be supplied on the place."

"I mean anything essential," said Rowlandson, searching wildly.

He continued in agitated cogitation while they descended in the elevator, and only appeared to become conscious of the presence of his friend as they pushed hurriedly through a lower passage of the sky-scraper.

"No news?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Camden grimly. "The worst is, I don't know what to try next. I've had the police at it, and private detective agencies. Since I've got this position as the New York agent of the Mexican concern I've got the money. I've the money," he explained bitterly, "and she isn't here to have the good of it, and without that it's no good to me."

"Tough luck," murmured Rowlandson.

"I don't know what may have happened. That's the worst of it. If I've got to bear it I could bear it better, I believe, if I knew that she was not living."

He went on a few steps in silence.

"But, my ancient mariner, I'm no proper wedding guest, much less a best man."

The purchase of the ring was a hasty affair, and within a few minutes the two men were shot upward to the thirty-fourth floor and the office of the Tenement Association. Kennedy was before them, and stood awaiting them at the door.

"I couldn't speak to the janitor. His wife was ill in their quarters somewhere up under the roof. However, I got his assist-

ant and he declared there was a parson in some way connected with the *Home Hearth*, on the twenty-sixth. I went there at once, and found a dominie immediately, all ready for the job. He'll be here in a minute."

The three men stood waiting, without further speech. In the heart of one was the

exultation of sudden happiness; in the other the sharp ache of a hope deferred and sometimes carried to despair; in the third the anxiety of responsibility and duty to be accomplished. They were mere human hearts of the usual human size, but they were the sources of power and life, and the very sky-scraper was the result of the force and will of the hearts of men like these. To behold the gigantic material fabric caused an amazed awe, and yet, mighty mass as it was, great force as it contained, what was it in its effects in comparison with the slightest emotion of some one of its human contents, a heart's momentary impulse reacting upon others and setting in motion chains of events lasting even longer than might the sky-scraper itself, reaching abroad to the very ends of

the earth and onward to the very end of the world? For the worshippers of the concrete, the actual, what they are pleased to term "facts," the sky-scraper was an iron and granite finality, the last word in the argument anent the cosmos. Yet within it human stories were carried on, even day-dreams were dreamed, which were more powerful in their consequence than it, and gave the lie to such philosophy. It was the personification of the seen, the tangible, the world, while within it, as within the hearts of men and women, the real existence was to be found, the existence of sacrifice and aspiration, of fear and of hope, of sorrow and of joy, of hate and of love. A china orange to Lombard Street! The sky-scraper to the youngest heart of the most unconsidered of its workers. In the great scheme of things it stood dwarfed, annihilated in the contrast. Why, Edna Goulder coming up the



"If there's to be another wedding, let me in on it."—Page 115.

hall and holding a tiny sheaf of white flowers easily caused the sky-scraper, in the make-up of the universe, to look, in spite of all its value, like a specified sum which popular wisdom has settled upon as inconsiderable.

Miss Goulder's power of persuasion, aided with a statement of the facts of the case, had beguiled the nosegay from an unusually tender-hearted florist. She advanced with calm confidence, while Batty lagged a little behind in an unwonted embarrassment.

"We're asked to the wedding," she proclaimed.

"Of course you are," welcomed Rowlandson. "Come in," and he stood aside so they could enter the room.

"I brought these flowers," said Edna, with a touch of diffidence. "They are not much."

"They are a great deal," Rowlandson declared. "They're just what we need. Here, we'll put them on the table. No, wait and give them to the bride."

"Here's the one who's going to tie the bonds of matrimony," called Kennedy.

The rosiest and most rotund pattern of a clergyman on whom a bishop had ever laid hands came trotting toward the entrance. Round—not a more perfect example of human sphericity could have been discovered in the whole Church Register. Plump—no missionary society in the old days, no matter how active, would ever have had the courage to send him to an early South Sea island. Smiling—he was bald, and over the pink expanse of his cranium seemed to pass the expanding ripples of his joviality.

"Now—now—this is a pleasure," he cried, rubbing his hands as if, lacking some one, he felt obliged to shake hands with himself in his abounding content.

"Glad you could come," assured Rowlandson heartily. "You see, we're rather in a hurry, and—why is not Florence here?" he continued, turning to Camden.

"The bridal party is perhaps waiting for the wedding march to strike up," he said. "But there's some one."

Light, hurried footsteps sounded from the hall. Rowlandson, in his impatience, pressed to the door.

"Here you are," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "Everything is ready."

Florence came into the room, her hand in his. Rowlandson and she, however, had not advanced beyond the mat when

both involuntarily paused. Something in the bearing of Kennedy and the clergyman, of Edna Goulder and Daly, arrested them. The very air seemed a medium in some mysterious way conveying appraisal of an event. Without seeing Camden they would have known that something had happened. He was staring before him with wild unbelief.

"Rhoda!" he cried.

The girl following Florence suddenly, with a cry, sped by her and cast herself into Camden's open arms. For an instant they were silent and the others equally speechless.

"Rhoda! Rhoda!" he exclaimed, as if in the repetition of her name he sought confirmation of the incredible. "Where did you come from?"

"Why," she replied, "I have not come from anywhere. I've just been here." She withdrew her face from his shoulder to look at him, and at the same time attempted to give him a little shake, which in no wise stirred him. "Where have *you* been? Oh, I've lived in such despair and so hopeless and afraid and everything!"

"You have been here?" he said in amazement.

"Six months in the building," she answered.

"Here in the same building? Why, I have been here nearly a year."

"I could not hear from you. I wrote again and again to the address you gave me in New York."

"I wrote that the block was going to be pulled down to make room for an apartment house."

"I never got the letter, and finally mine began to come back from the Dead Letter Office, and I had no money and I could not do anything. I came to New York and I got this position and I have been hoping and hoping—"

"It's all right now, darling," he assured her.

"It's been a long time," she said sadly.

"We'll just make up for it."

"And—oh—I never, never thought when Florence asked me to come to her wedding at once, that—that—"

The speech stammered into incoherence and indistinctness, as a higher color blushed on her cheeks.

"That you were coming to yours," he teased. "That's right. That there was

some one whom you said that you would have waiting for you. Never mind these people, if they are looking and see us—they've got troubles of their own."

In the break in the tension which had existed, all laughed as if Camden had accomplished the best of witticisms.

"That's the talk. That's the talk," encouraged the divine, and he placed his right hand on his left shoulder and his left conversely on his right, as if he could not refrain from embracing himself in the excess of his cheerfulness. "If there's to be another wedding, let me in on it. Two for the price of one."

Again everybody except Kennedy received the words with fresh hilarity, for the prosperity of a jest lies not only in the ear but in the heart of the hearer, though the Great Authority and Master who never failed to mean everything probably meant that, too.

"Agreed," assented Camden gleefully. "Only we must see these two through first."

The clergyman instantly became as sedate as he could contrive. Still, the situation, as he saw it, clearly contained such funds of humor that a chuckle continually escaped him even as he read the opening lines.

Quickly, though, while the weighty sentences succeeded one another, he and the rest grew more grave. No solemn tone of pealing organ had begun the ceremony. No dim, rich spaces of church or cathedral supplied a setting. Nothing was to be heard except the unceasing roar of the sky-scraper's mechanism, human and material, but faint-

ly dulled by door and distance. The place was merely a barren cubicle in the great structure. The words, though, and the associations with them and the meaning held

by them, were enough. "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder." They were unusual words for the sky-scraper—strange words where the might of men was held to be all in all, where greed and gain formed the rules and usages, where matters of the heart and soul were held but useless sentiment, if indeed they existed at all. Yet when she had murmured clearly, "I will," and he answered firmly, "I will," already, before the end of the service, for everyone there the greatest money transaction in the sky-scraper that day, the biggest

"deal" put through, was but the bartering of idle counters in comparison with the bargain just made by these two, "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death us do part."

Batty Daly walked away unusually silent. Edna, by his side, had not recovered her ready speech. At last, when they came to a darker bend of the corridor, he stopped.

"Will youse?" he asked suddenly.

"I will," she replied, unconsciously in the words she had lately heard.

That is all, except a short conversation which took place an hour afterward in the elevator, of which Batty had again assumed control.

Doctor Ferris of the Germicide Company, descending, found himself beside his *confrère*, the regular physician of the sky-scraper.



"Will youse?" he asked suddenly.

"Hello, Colby," he said, noticing that the other glanced at his watch. "In a hurry?"

"I've been detained," Colby answered. "The janitor's wife in their quarters up on the very top floor's just had a child."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"Well," said Ferris, "the youngster may be said to be born high up in the world."

Both laughed with the indulgent amusement accorded a manifest joke.

EXPERIMENTS IN GERMANY WITH UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

By Elmer Roberts



POLITICAL thinking in Germany, beginning with the later Bismarckian days, abandoned the idea that the individual alone is responsible for his situation in life, his employment or unemployment, and that somehow inwoven with individual responsibility is the responsibility of society, of the whole state. This way of thinking may now be called the minimum German state socialism, the kind of thinking that is still called radical in Great Britain or in America, but in Germany is conservative. It became evident to observers that the loss of employment in industrial crises was brought about by events over which the workman could have no control. Besides periodical depressions, the development of immense organizations, formerly unknown, in the management of which the individual workman does not participate and in which there can be no direct bargain between the managing employer and the employed, has brought economists and the paternal governments of German states to the conviction that the state or the local government must justly share responsibility for unemployment and must devise measures for the creation of a fund out of which the unemployed may of right take assistance. The government has therefore in the course of the last twenty-five years abandoned the stand-point of the imperial industrial laws guaranteeing complete liberty of action between the giver of labor and the applicant, and has undertaken to intervene by a policy of protection. This policy of protection for the employee runs parallel with protection of agriculture, of internal trade, of foreign commerce, and through an intricate

system of adjustments, between all individuals whether great capitalists or small workmen, and the economic whole. It has been therefore an easy question to dispose of, whether public funds should be used in insurance against the results of unemployment. The majority of those deliberating upon the question in municipal councils or in state commissions have decided that such application of government funds is correct in principle.

The trying to think out and experiment with insurance against the results of intermittent employment is a continuance by German cities and the governments of German states of the striving to squeeze dependent pauperism out of the social system, to round out the imperial insurances begun in the eighties for the widow, the ill, the aged, the orphan, and the disabled. Since the state enforces compulsory education, military service, and precautions for the health of the workman, it is regarded as a proper extension of the powers of government to prevent the labor unit from degenerating while temporarily out of use. He must be cared for and kept in a state of efficiency for re-employment, for the army, and for his general functions as a living and contributing organism of the state. Neither circumstances nor the individual's own inadequate powers of resistance must be allowed to transform him into a parasite. The main element of the problem is regarded as psychological, to maintain the human unit in good condition by keeping his spirit in a healthy state of self-respect and courage. After the old, the sick, and the defective have been sifted from the unemployed and cared for each under his classification, and after the police and the

magistrates have driven to forced labor those otherwise able yet without the will to work, there remain the capable and the willing for whom there is no work. Official and semi-official labor exchanges make it easy for the person who desires work to be brought into relation with the person or company having work to give. But after all has been done, a surplus remains of workers over the amount of work to do. The solicitude of the state for the unemployed in Germany is greater perhaps than in most other countries, because the imperial policy is to make life at home easy enough and endurable enough to continue to keep Germans in Germany, to give them employment and a sense of security for the future. The German workman does seem to have the feeling that he is upheld by the whole of the splendid and powerful society of which he is an obscure member. Life is dingy, but he feels that he will not be allowed to become submerged utterly, no matter what calamities may happen to him individually or to his trade.

Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mayence, Strassburg, Luebeck, Rostock, Karlsruhe, Elberfeld, Magdeburg, Cassel, Altenburg, Quedlinburg, Erlangen, and Wernigerode are the principal industrial municipalities that are operating some form of so-called insurance for unemployed.

The municipality of Cologne has had since the autumn of 1896, an insurance against hardships from loss of work. The administration is in the hands of a committee created by the municipal council, consisting of the mayor, the president of the labor exchange, twelve insured workmen elected by the insured, and twelve honorary members chosen from the long list of prominent citizens who are honorary contributors. The governor of the district, who is an appointee of the Prussian crown, has a supervisory relation to the committee. The fund out of which the insurances are paid was begun by voluntary contributions, amounting to 100,000 marks, of manufacturers, other employers of labor, and honorary members. The city appropriated 25,000 marks. The remainder of the funds during a period of thirteen years since the foundation has been raised by the assessments on insured workmen; the total from this source, however, amounting to a little more than one-third. The conditions

giving a workman the right to participate in the insurance are that he shall be eighteen years of age, have resided at least a year in the Cologne district, that he shall have a regular calling, and that he must have paid a weekly contribution of from thirty to forty pfennigs—that is, seven and a half to ten cents—weekly for a period of thirty-four weeks. He then becomes entitled, should he be out of employment during the winter, from December 1 to March 1, to be paid after the third day of unemployment two marks a day for the first twenty days and one mark a day thereafter until the winter season shall be at an end.

As the imperial government's laws concerning insurance against illness or accident provide for these categories, the workman can only continue to receive insurance if he is in sound health and fit for work. He may not benefit if he is on strike or if he has been dismissed through an obvious fault of his own, if he refuses work or has given false information regarding himself. The insurance office is run in intimate connection with the official labor exchange, whose duty it is to know where labor is wanted in any division of effort in the Cologne district and to draw from the body of unemployed enrolled at the exchange those suited to the vacancies that exist. The insured are largely members of the building trades, such as masons, stone-cutters, plasterers, paperers, and carpenters. The results, therefore, are not regarded as representing what they would be were the insurance to extend over the entire working year and to include every variety of workers. The scheme, however, operated sufficiently well to insure its continuance. The plan has been modified in details from year to year, and has become adjusted to local conditions. Last winter the number of the insured was 1,957. Of this number seventy-six per cent. became entitled to insurance to the extent of 61,934 marks. The insured themselves had contributed 23,439 marks. The remainder of the requirements were paid out of the permanent fund, which, with the exception of 6,000 marks, was restored by a grant of 20,000 marks from the city of Cologne and by contributions from other bodies and persons.

Private persons in Leipsic seven years ago founded a non-dividend-paying company with a reserve of 100,000 marks with

the object of insuring against unemployment. The municipality declined to contribute because of socialist opposition, based upon the belief that insurance enterprises of this sort tend to compete with similar provisions of the trades-unions, which pay out yearly in Germany about 5,000,000 marks on account of intermittent employment of their members. The trades-union insurance schemes are usually solvent and well managed. The Leipzig concern divides its risks into four classes. The members pay the equivalent weekly of seven and one-half, ten, twelve and one-half, and fifteen cents throughout the year, the insurance under this arrangement covering the entire year. A special class has also been erected for members of societies, or for entire bodies of workmen in factories, to be insured. The member is qualified for receiving 1.20 marks insurance per day after he has contributed forty-two weeks. The usual conditions of non-payment in case of strike or refusal to accept work or for incapacity for work are attached.

The conflict with the trades-unions has been overcome in the city of Strassburg, by the municipal government co-operating with the trades-unions, and adding one mark per day to the subscription of two marks for each member made by the trades-unions; or in instances where the payments of the trades-unions were less than two marks, the city shares proportionately. This co-operation has been found to work well. The city insurance office settles monthly with the trades-unions. Only one instance has been discovered of deception on the part of a member of a trades-union who was receiving insurance. One consequence naturally has been that the position of the trades-unions has been strengthened. The unorganized labor is taken care of by relief works. In Strassburg as well as in other cities, a close working arrangement exists between the insurance office and the labor exchanges. The co-operation between the trades-unions and the insurance office in Strassburg, has had the advantage of providing the insurance office with accurate information regarding every person in receipt of insurance, and a system of control against deception.

The municipality of Munich has a bill under consideration for paying three marks a day for married men and two marks a day

for unmarried, during a period in each year not exceeding eight weeks, to those irregularly employed. The magistrates decide who are to come within the benefits of the municipal insurance fund, which is created by appropriation from the city treasury, by contributions from employers, and by the subscriptions of public-spirited individuals. Düsseldorf has spent during each of two winters half a million marks in public relief works. The twenty or more other German cities that are experimenting with insurance against the loss of work, are doing so upon one or other of the lines already mentioned.

The subject has, however, taken a larger form in German thought than the experiments of municipalities, though these experiments form an interesting body of results. The broad aim toward which German statesmen are thinking is the building of a governmental machinery that shall bring about compulsory thrift on the part of those liable to unemployment, and the compulsory contribution of the employer of labor, with an addition by society, as a whole, to the fund thus created. Employers are not generally opposed to such a law. Several of the great employing companies of Germany have private systems of insurance; as for instance, the Lanz Machinery Company of Mannheim, which has a capital set apart for the maintenance of skilled workmen for whom the company has provisionally no employment on account of industrial exigencies. The principle upon which the Lanz Company and other companies doing the same thing act is that, when a body of skilled workmen has been brought together and organized with a highly specialized division of labor, the company would suffer a greater loss by allowing the workmen who form trained parts of their industrial machine to migrate to other places in search of work than by paying to keep them ready for re-employment. The Lanz Company also considers that, as it employs men to the full capacity of the works only during brisk times, it is simple justice to give these workmen a share of the accumulated profits during slack times. German companies acting thus toward their workmen have found that an economy was effected by having efficient men ready to fill vacancies or to take up work during periods of expanding

business, so that the full profits of expansion could be realized immediately without the delays that might otherwise be caused by training inexperienced men or by getting trained men from other localities—always a difficult thing to do during a period of prosperity.

The Reichstag in 1902 adopted a resolution asking the imperial government to examine into the possibility of insurance against unemployment. The government charged the imperial bureau of statistics to inquire into the subject, and after three years an extensive report was presented to Parliament based upon the beginnings of the experience by German municipalities and in Switzerland and Belgium. Although this volume was published only four years ago, it is out of date because insurance for unemployment has made such rapid progress that data has, from year to year since 1906, been so expanded that anything written one year has become antiquated the next. Count von Posadowsky, while he was imperial minister of the interior and vice-chancellor, undertook to work out a comprehensive plan for the maintenance of those able to work but for whom no work could be found. He gave the subject much personal attention, and the statisticians to whom he committed divisions of the work brought together a large body of facts and conclusions based upon them. The material, however, could not be brought into a form satisfactory to the analytical and comprehensive mind of Count von Posadowsky. He never submitted the results to the chancellor or to the emperor. The main outlines within which Count von Posadowsky undertook to enclose his scheme are understood to have been compulsory contributions by workmen during the periods of employment, enforced contributions by employers graduated according to wages and the character of the employment, and proportionate contributions from the imperial finances. A consideration that has apparently delayed the imperial government in pushing forward provisions for the idle employable has been the position of the national finances. The annual deficits, covered by annual borrowings on account of large expenses in other directions, caused the feeling that fresh obligations indefinitely large ought not to be undertaken until the imperial expenditures were balanced by revenue. The

idea of an insurance against unemployment on a scale comprehending the empire is for the present in suspense, but it is likely to be taken up as soon as financial embarrassments are out of the way. In the meantime, the problem is being worked out by the governments of German states and by municipalities. The imperial government continues to take censuses of unemployed and to make theoretic studies with the ultimate object of devising a national scheme.

The government of Bavaria appointed a commission in November, 1908, to discuss public insurance against results of loss of work. The conference met the following March, and the principal branches of industry, agriculture, the Chambers of Commerce, and the departments of the government were represented. The propertied interests were skeptical regarding the possibility of an equitable distribution of the burdens of such insurance, while economists and the government representatives took the view for the most part that insurance of this sort was desirable, and that the difficulties could be overcome.

The statistical results of German experiments form already a literature of about eighty pamphlets and books—most of them prepared officially by city statistical offices, or by economists and statisticians employed by municipalities for the purpose. Nearly all the material is accompanied by discussions that in themselves indicate how new the subject is. Herr Dr. Jastrow, who has prepared one of the most lucid commentaries for the city council of Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin with 300,000 population, considers that the discussion has advanced far enough for it to be regarded as non-political and that the question need no longer be discussed as it was some years ago by labelling all those who hold ancient views as reactionaries, and those who believe in such insurance as radicals.

The main preliminaries which have been decided by municipalities that have already put into operation some form of unemployment insurance, are that the use of public money for this purpose is admissible, that the results of unemployment are to be considered in principle as a public matter, and that it is technically possible to provide such assurance.

Insurance is based upon statistics that determine the frequency with which a risk

would be likely to avail itself of the guarantee. No adequate statistics concerning unemployment, nor long-established systems for premiums and indemnities, exist. It has been affirmed that the need for insurance might depend upon the insured person himself, and that the employed workman could easily cause himself to be dismissed, so that he could receive money without work. The objection has also been made that in other forms of insurance there can be a restoration of the damage sustained, and that the remedy for unemployment ought to be work offered, instead of payments for not working, and that the question would still be open as to whether the insured should accept work that might be distasteful to him. These objections are considered to-day as having been disposed of by reflections along this line:

Modern statistics of unemployment are imperfect, but life, fire, transport, and casualty insurances were begun without statistics, and created them only in the course of time. Even the imperfect statistics of unemployed to-day are more adequate as a basis from which to work, Herr Dr. Jastrow says, than the statistics were at the time of organizing most of the branches of existing insurance. The objection that the beginning of the benefits of insurance depends upon the will of the insured person himself, has been answered by pointing out that this applies likewise to liability insurance, where bad faith in the person insured is possible.

An objection more often raised than others is that of unemployed strikers. This has been treated by separating unemployed strikers from the unemployed from other causes. In some discussions of this phase of the subject it is considered that even strikers, when an arbitration court organized under the supervision of the government should have decided that the strike was a just one, could avail themselves of the insurance just as though they had become unemployed through the operation of involuntary causes. This phase of the subject indicates the serious obstacles that are yet in the way of a comprehensive insurance system which shall compulsorily embrace all able to work, yet unemployed. The losses

that have to be replaced in every kind of insurance do not exist as an effect of detached events, but are a permanent condition daily created under the workings of society and daily effaced, with intervals of greater or less severity.

As in other kinds of insurance, it is economically more reasonable to prevent losses than to pay them. Guarantees against unemployment tend, it is observed, to render communities that are paying unemployment insurance at present more careful of the rights and wrongs of the employer and of the employee, to stimulate measures that prevent unemployment just as fire insurance companies assist in the organizing of fire brigades in places where they do not exist and as the invalid insurance department of the government spends considerable sums for the care of tuberculous patients in order to prevent the spread of a disease that will add to the losses. The difference between insurance against unemployment and other branches of insurance is that the policy of prevention lies open in a specially high degree. New questions of dispute have arisen, as, for example, what kind of work can be reasonably provided for the unemployed. Is not a watchmaker justified in refusing to take temporary work shovelling snow, because hard manual labor will thicken the cuticle of his hands so that he is disabled from working at his delicate trade should he have an opportunity to do so? Arbitration courts have been organized in cities experimenting with unemployment entrusted with the decision in such cases, and their verdicts are usually recognized as fair.

The German delegates to the International Congress called to meet in Paris, in September, to consider means for combating unemployment, were prepared to submit to the Congress full narratives of German experience with contingent payments to unemployed. The delegates include Herr von dem Borgh, president of the Imperial Statistical Office, Government Councillor Bittmann of Karlsruhe, Dr. Freund, the chairman of the Association of German Labor Exchanges, Prof. Dr. Francke, and Dr. Zacher, a director of the Imperial Statistical Office.

JULIA WARD HOWE

October 17, 1910.

By Elisabeth Fairchild

THE lips are touched with silence that so long
Were golden-tipped with song;
The lovely hands that ne'er before sought rest
Are quiet on her breast.

Sealed are the ears that gave such instant heed
To any cry of need,
And moveless now at last the eager feet
That were for service fleet.

What righteous cause but mourns to-day in her
Its faithful minister?
What unknown friends but miss a healing touch
From her who loved Love much?

A lighted torch she took long since, in tears,
And bore throughout the years;
Its radiance still undimmed, now she has found
Again, life's perfect round.

Bid her farewell, as fits a warrior
When the good fight is o'er;
No primrose way was the long path she trod;—
But she has walked with God.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE nickname "well-known" is not of my inventing, and I have learned to wear it with smothered feelings: of the nature of these, the less said the better! "Notorious," once a synonym for "well known," would have been as balm, by comparison, to a hard-working and cleanly bosom. In my case the literary tendency and the hollow pocket were both inherited, and my attitude towards both has been, I think I can say, affectionately conservative. I began "to live by the Epistle" (to quote somebody's pleasant paraphrase of Saint Paul), just a quarter of a century ago. That "live by" is a word I like. It has a sort of dreamy connotation, which will not bear looking into by the police, with that most

slippery art of writing, which is dearer than heart's blood, by a good deal, to its true practitioners. I was let loose too young in the grass of Parnassus. A believing relative had pushed me into print while yet I was in the first glow of flamboyance: in which ornate and unnatural state I could never let a plain Saxon word pass my pen. (By the way, a certain sesquipedalianism is natural to Americans: witness our press editorials, our Fourth of July orations, and the public messages of all our Presidents since Lincoln; witness likewise the "federations" in which we "participate," and the "residences" within which we "retire" at night.) For long, I confess it, was my style like a road which led to hilltops, but badly needed

Veracious Details
from a "Well-
known" Author

rolling, being full of pebbles, and ruts, and general cussedness! My first thin volume, financed by the deluded relative aforesaid, was put upon the regular market, in a small edition, through a reputable local firm. By some never-since-understood miracle it afterwards just paid for itself. This circumstance gave me what might be called a false start in the race. But the fun was yet to begin. My second venture was taken and handled by a sanguine publisher, also of some account in the community. He was a lover of Hazlitt, and my novitiate page smelled hard of that dear name, likewise of Browne, and Taylor, and Cowley, and Lamb, and of one R. L. S., a Romany chal then utterly unknown, whom I had found in secret and in secret worshipped. Like all these elders, I put the quotation to use, and remember being ruffled by one criticism which implied that the sayings of my adored masters had been viciously garnered from some anthology. No: my reading has been scrupulously at first-hand, from the very beginning. I maintain yet that quotations (such as have point and lack triteness) from the great old authors are an act of filial reverence on the part of the quoter, and a blessing to a public grown superficial and external. Surely it is well for its large ears to be tickled by the fringes of the banners of the gods, on every due occasion? The innocent and abstruse little essays I sent forth chased their plummy tails for a few months on the sunny lea, never earned a penny, and went eventually to their own place: for the head of the corporation died, and the corporation broke up, and no more for ever was heard of my second copy-right.

Two years afterwards, being now thoroughly fired with all the holy ardors of a vocation found, I plucked up courage to present some manuscripts to a genial gentleman, who fell into the snare and made a pretty blue-coated book of them. Five hundred copies were to sell before my royalties began. In a fit of complete intelligence, nay, clairvoyance, they refused to budge, and this I know, that very shortly that so celebrated firm became extinct! Specimens of my precious output lurk yet in the darkest cellars of another house. I never heard of a human being who bought one. (Oh, the First Editions, the rareties, the *uniquities* "unknown to Lowndes!")

A juvenile magazine presently applied to me to compile a series of folklore articles. I heartily disliked the task, and was not fitted to do it with any degree of scientific perfection; but the

editors were pleased with the result, and paid a fair price for it, and later, as by our contract, made it into a volume in which I held no interest. The common fate swallowed them and it! In a couple of years they sold out and ceased to be. These repetitive blunders cannot be laid to my charge. As for me, I returned to the field with two small volumes of the critical-biographical sort, which were well received by the press. Both gave me no end of pleasure in the writing; the research put into them had been made possible by the lordly three hundred dollars accrued from the unloved job which had preceded them. The publishers, this time, were not only most reputable, but the richest in the country. They did their best for me. Some microscopic royalties dribbled in during the first year, and then dried up. I had already begun to suspect that I was a good deal like the hollow-backed elf in the Breton legend, she who lured to his death the Seigneur Nann. I seemed to emulate that cruel lady, in waylaying successive merchants and inviting them to a dance on the green! Quite the usual thing happened here. The great firm failed (though it got upon its legs again) and it became a necessity for it to cast overboard superfluous cargo. I was therefore asked in the gentlest professional language, what should be done with certain worthy, but obsolete—born obsolete—merchandise? Not being in a position to ransom my belongings, and not being obsessed with "parental mania," I conveyed my idea, also couched in the gentlest professional language, that it were well to put the poor things out of their misery. I asked for some copies (three each, I think) of the doomed masterpieces; the rest, a thousand, perhaps, were decently strangled and cremated. All this while the amiability of reviewers, whenever my name came up before them, was getting quite overpowering: more and more "well known" did I become! and I cannot say there was no flavor in the irony of it.

Between the birth and death of the twin octavos appeared my best book. Almost immediately did it turn from the loud world and become a Carthusian; and still does it lead that pious and setled life, but has not, so far, murdered its sponsors. There is some strange lack of sequence here which I cannot fathom. Two worklets of a semi-private kind I put forth in conjunction with others: their fate also is dim. Hard on their heels followed my one attempt at fiction, to me valueless. The manuscript, written wholly to prove to myself what I already knew by faith, that I had no hold

whatever on narrative, a thing dear to this age, —the manuscript was wrung from me, under protest, by old friends who were playing at publishing, and almost rivalled William Morris while they were about it. They clothed and mounted the edition most beautifully. But obsequies quickly supervened: I viewed those obsequies not without composure.

All this brings me up to about 1897 A.D. In that year the same generous partnership printed my fattest and happiest, and were praised for it in several high quarters. Lo, with untimely haste the godfathers hastened to die: it was, in fact, a case of genteelly deliberate suicide. No material disaster stared them in the face; they simply chose to withdraw, like Lohengrin and divers other heavenly champions, after having struck their blow for imperilled typographical ideals. And the most favored child of my brain went a-wandering, and must lie even now in some Libby Prison of the arts, whence hungry sighs reach the ears of no man. A monograph, brief, having to do with one of the most romantic historical characters, comes forth, in cloth and eke in paper, refuses point-blank to add one copper to its parent's purse, and in its contumely perishes utterly. *That* publisher, too, is dead! Another monograph, long, with illustrations, which was the fruit of very great enthusiasm and very patient work, throve no better. There was most certainly a public which for the subject's sake would have rallied to it; yet, incredible as that may seem, it was never once advertised anywhere, though it was a costly book, issued by a distinguished firm. The end was neat and speedy: it became a "remainder" in no time, and may to-day be bought by the curious, if they know where to find it, at a little less than a quarter of its original price. A third monograph, neither brief nor long, which comprises the best work, carefully edited, of a modern poet not unloved, did the spirited thing: it bellowed, kicked, and cleared the ring, and drove the company into bankruptcy! or, at least, as these casualties occurred with their usual despatch, surely my mild-looking *opusculum* must have had its share in them? Quite undeterred, however, by the evil eye of my genius, some men of faith have newly made a most lovely book in a limited edition, thus sugaring it for the maw of the educated, and on it blazoned my "well-known" name. Ah, ye blessed publisher-folk, as dear to a bygone generation as to this, ye may see your children's children, peace upon Israel; and, (*testet mea manu!*) ye may not.

Then there have been plays: yes! everybody, sane or silly, falls into that trap. Play No. I. gets anonymously on to the boards, has a run there, caresses the impressario, and cheats me beyond all whooping, chiefly through my own callow guilelessness, I must admit, and through the lack of a cynic for adviser. Play No. II. gets accepted, but is not paid for. Before it comes on for rehearsal, it takes the life of the party of the second part, after a humane fashion of mine heretofore indicated; and thereupon it falls into litigation as an asset of his estate. After seven years, I get a pittance which I should be ashamed to name; and not unwisely, perhaps, I let the subject drop. Play No. III., a Sweet Thing, has been abducted in its unique copy and for many a lustrum, by a living Thespian who forgets—simply, efficiently, continuously forgets—to return it; is always about to return it; and never, short of bloodshed, will return it. Play No. IV, a playlet, also in a unique copy (for I was then too weary to make a second one, and too poor to hire a typewriter), is forwarded, duly addressed and return-stamped, to the accomplished creature born to welcome it, and gets lost in the mails, or, at least, is credibly reported to be so lost! Now after this succession of hilarious episodes, I summoned up sufficient philosophic acumen to make a mental quittance of the untrodden stage. This, most heartily: "and soe Home," as Pepys would say. Of course, I could have picked up some split cable-ends and spliced them, by rewriting. But the indications were pretty strong, after due trial, that the game was not to be my game. I did not think it a question of courage, nor even of patience. A decent retriever who hears *Drop it!* has but one gentlemanly action before him.

I have driven my pen along, ever since, and I have not sulked. I have always been sorry (quite apart from any public awards) that I cannot write other things than my own things, or that I cannot write my own things in other ways. I have lived in a world of ideas, and it has mattered far less to me than it might have mattered to some mortals, that I have dined often on hot chestnuts from the stall and a beverage of water and lemon-rind, and found both excellent, let me not fail to add. I have no quarrel with deprivation and discipline. I have toiled mightily for years. Honor itself is profit. As for luck, the moral is a modernized Virgilian one: Ask the other fellow!

"I hang mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread."

Had I a family to keep, my literary autobiography, my Napoleonic path strewn with the slain, might not seem to me so screamingly funny as they do now. Broken echoes from the agony column seem to float in my ears whenever I think of my books, whenever I look upon the annual maximum (some \$3.57½) which they bring me. "Last seen . . . in B. . . sorrowing uncle . . . come . . . all forgiven!" I believe I must be responsible for at least five more publications than those which I have, without too much minuteness, here set down. They are all castaways, and about as conspicuous as underground streams. Certainly no printed list embraces them; no man has a complete set of them; nor can I direct him how to reach that unscaled pinnacle of the bibliophile's bliss.

As I have spent much of my lifetime already, so, unrepentantly, shall I spend the rest of it, with what skill I have acquired; with such motives, purely Gothic, so to speak, as I cannot now swerve from; with unsoured civility toward a world which does not want me, and which is old enough to know its own mind. Meanwhile, I continue "well-known": certes, ever and ever so "well-known." Do not the sacrosanct dailies and weeklies of my native land, the white and likewise the yellow, say so? Who am I that I should take failure for my epitaph, when I hear of so much charm, so much moral value, resident in this clay tabernacle? When men and horses swing spiritually into line for some sudden furious charge on the devil, bah! it is even said that Scroggins is often the bugler: the calm, the wise, the well-known Scroggins!

I am aware that my accurate confessions will dissuade not one jot the devotees, or the intending devotees, of the Muse of Letters. Nor should I have spoken, if that much utility had been the likely upshot of my pains. No: if "I have been," as the Cambridge mystic, Henry More, said of himself nearly three centuries ago, "most of my time mad with pleasure," it is entirely due to the Muse, and to my faith in her. But I should like, rather, to allure to her feet those who may come thither clad and fed, the striplings of our millionaire civilization.

For some Americans must still serve that beauty on her throne, when we of the band who shivered and starved for her can serve her no more.

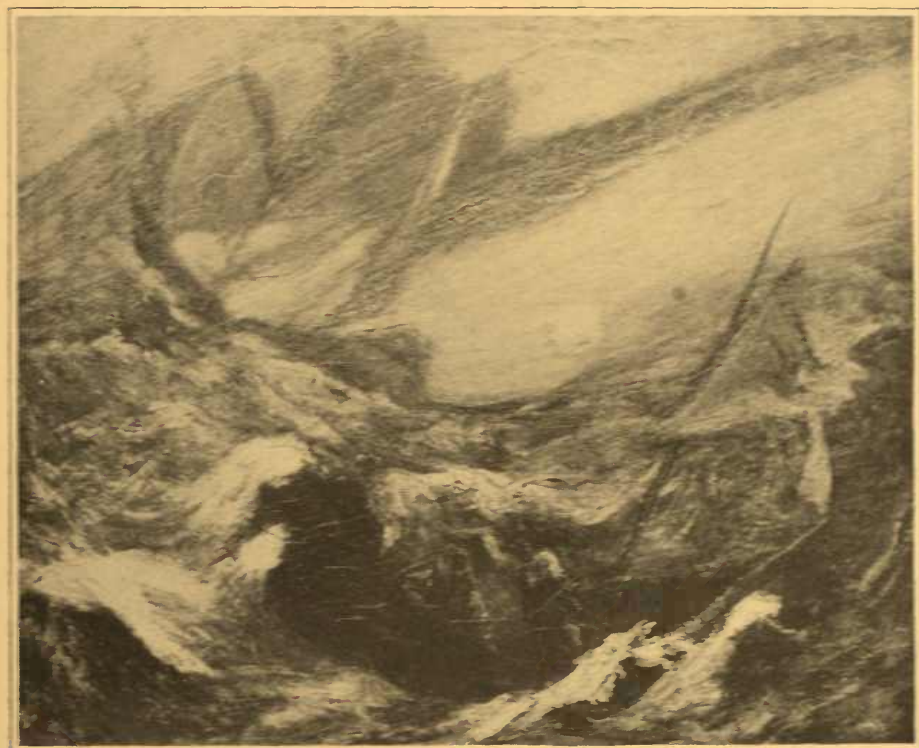
IN the house in which I was brought up, there was a rule that dreams should not be told at the breakfast-table—a rule which, to my mind, robbed the meal of its only possible interest. I still remember an impression of the lawn massed with yellow lions which I desired particularly to share. The table was a large one, seating three generations; and I gained the idea it was on account of the prophetic character of the dreams of a certain great-aunt, that the prohibition was so rigorously enforced. But I know better now. We were forbidden to tell our dreams because dreams—even more than the love of William Blake—"never may be told." They are among the incommunicable experiences. Just as a young painter is taught not to portray a luminary on canvas, so a child must be taught not to describe its dreams. Better relate the dullest true story than the most thrilling dream. Is it that our audiences are so in love with reality? Is it that the isolation of a dream, which may neither be shared or re-enacted, leaves the listener's egotism cold? I do not know, but at the mere words, "I dreamt," you may see your auditor's attention dissolve—neither at his will nor your own—like mist before the sun.

The Telling
of Dreams

Now, is not this strange, when you consider how deeply dreams color the days of even the sanest of us: how in dreams we commune with the dead, love strangers, marry our enemies, fight and die; have, in short, all the adventures of life in its most poignant moods? Yet not even our nearest and dearest will lend us their ears.

Do we merely need more art? Must we seek only some method to hold that dissolving attention until the full radiance of the vision can be sketched out? Or must we all improve in a sort of psychological imagination? Or is it, as I am inclined to think, that something inherent in the experience itself makes it remote, and that as we must die alone, so we must dream alone too?

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



"The Flying Dutchman."

By the kind permission of the owner.

ON ALBERT P. RYDER

THE work of Albert P. Ryder seems destined to hold a permanent and very high place in American art. Those who may not know or who have not yet had the opportunity to appreciate what he has accomplished, may perhaps look on this statement as but another of those so often heard when a critic wishes merely to voice his own opinion. But the many who admire the paintings of Mr. Ryder have not reached their decision in a night. Much of his best work was done twenty or thirty years ago, and I know that I speak for both old and young artists and laymen when I include Albert P. Ryder among the creators, one of those who make things which will always be held beautiful.

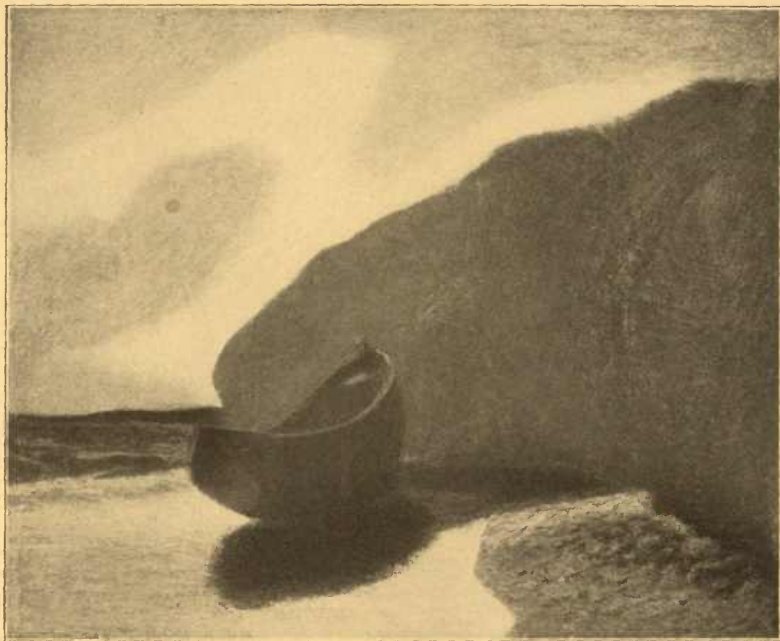
Who has not been carried away by the old story of the Phantom Ship, forever trying to beat its way home through the storm? We see Ryder's "Flying Dutchman," and the very scene lives before us.

We have all felt the terror of the scene on the heath in "Macbeth," have pictured it in our minds, but we may see it realized in Ryder's "Macbeth and the Witches," in all its dramatic intensity, this weird vision of a night torn by storms. The clouds are swept into tatters, the dark blue of the sky is seen through the rifts. To the right, a hill crowned with a castle towers to a great height; at its foot, in the darkness, are two little figures of horsemen—like Greek statues for the spirit of their action. At the left rises another peak, and in the centre of the picture—one of its great sur-

prises and delights—there is the gleam of golden and luminous water.

A night-piece by Ryder may have less of the exquisite subtlety which renders unique a nocturne by Whistler, but it impresses you as being at the same time both simple and strong. In Whistler I see a man coming out to look on the night as a spectacle of magic that the day

direction, the clouds in their solemn drift through the heavens complete the scheme. The color—luminous and intense—gives a measure of the artist's feeling for the mystery of light and darkness. And when we look closer we see a landscape: a beach, an old boat, a bit of sea, and so on. It is so true, so much a portrayal of a place that must have



Moonlit Cove.

By the kind permission of the owner, Alexander Morten.

could rarely afford him; his nights are enchanted and apart; Ryder seems more the man of nature to whom day and night are but two great aspects of the same world—under the cover of darkness he feels the same forces of the wind and the sea that he did when the sun shone and all was clear.

Take for example the picture owned by Mr. Alexander Morten, here reproduced for the first time. The composition is of masterly simplicity. The few and elementary forms are disposed with a rare perception of their most effective and just relations. There is a sense of vastness and yet with it—concentration. How striking is the long line of the cliff that comes down and drops to the water—making the deepest note against the strong light there, so that the eye has a permanent resting and returning point. The boat gives a relieving

been seen, that for the moment we do not realize the art of it all.

Ryder is a poet in everything he does. Among his pictures many were painted simply for the sake of the sheer pleasure he found in the scene as revealed to his own imagination; the names by which they are known have been many times given by others.

What have his paintings besides his individual realization of the subject?

Many would first say color. But there is a quality which takes a more prominent place than color in his pictures, and that is design.

According to his own statement, Mr. Ryder uses no sketches from nature, but lays the picture in according to what he feels to be its needs. Then follows a process of small or large changes that frequently extends over a period of years. The position of clouds in a



"The Temple of the Mind."

By the kind permission of the owner.

sky, the contour of a hill, or the movement of a figure undergoes infinite modifications until the stability and harmony of masses is attained that the artist's astonishing sense of their beauty demands. "I work altogether from my feeling for these things, I have no rule. And I think it is better to get the design first before I try for the color. It would be wasted, much of the time, when I have to change things about."

Ryder has been often praised for his poetic sense and for his color; but I do not remember any stronger appreciation of his design than that of Mr. Roger E. Fry who referred

to him as a "dreamer in paint." And his possessing the quality is the more remarkable in that so few Americans are distinguished for it.

Ryder's pictures, instead of each being one of a succession, to be made more perfect than its predecessor, are the children of his fantasy, and each must be given the individual study that belongs to a new creation. He speaks of the "inner rhythm" in great poetry and he feels it in a subject, strives above all to get this to him always essential factor into his result. Surely no one ever demanded realiza-

tion more uncompromisingly. On one canvas he has been working at times during almost the whole of his lifetime as a painter. "I was foolish enough to sell it some time ago to a man who had another of my pictures and I was worried somewhat at first by his wanting to take it away before I had finished, but lately he has been very nice about it—only comes around once a year or so." This is undeniably extreme, but it must be remembered that to such a painter, a picture is not at all a thing external, but a part of his mind, a part of his life; and before he can let it go out to the world he must be certain that it really is what he has intended—not falling short, nor containing an admixture of the things that slip into a work by chance.

How much the matter of form means to him may be judged from the changes he has made in various of his important pictures. In one, "The Temple of the Mind," there was a bridge which led out of the region of the temple. It suggested the idea that when once a person has crossed this bridge, he can never return. "It was a pretty allegory," said Mr. Ryder, "but that bridge with its horizontal line never seemed to suit the picture. I wanted an upright and thought a fountain might give it. I remembered a fountain I had seen in Florence and put that in, which is what you see to-day."

Later, in speaking of one of his canvases he said, "Perhaps you wouldn't say it had much drawing, but I think it has what you might call an air of drawing." The phrase is admirable, not only to render our feeling about Mr. Ryder's work but about that of many another painter who satisfies us thoroughly as to the construction of his picture as a whole, even if we pick out no particular figure or rock or tree for its drawing. It is the rarer quality—this one that the great artists have—of making a work convince you that it is drawn, through and through. It permits them to place their scene at whatever distance from the beholder, behind whatever stained glass of poetic glamour, and yet lose nothing of the sense of existence that relates their dreams with the realities of life.

Among the many misconceptions caused by the difficulty in defining artistic terms, there is probably none more frequent than the popular idea that good drawing is photographically

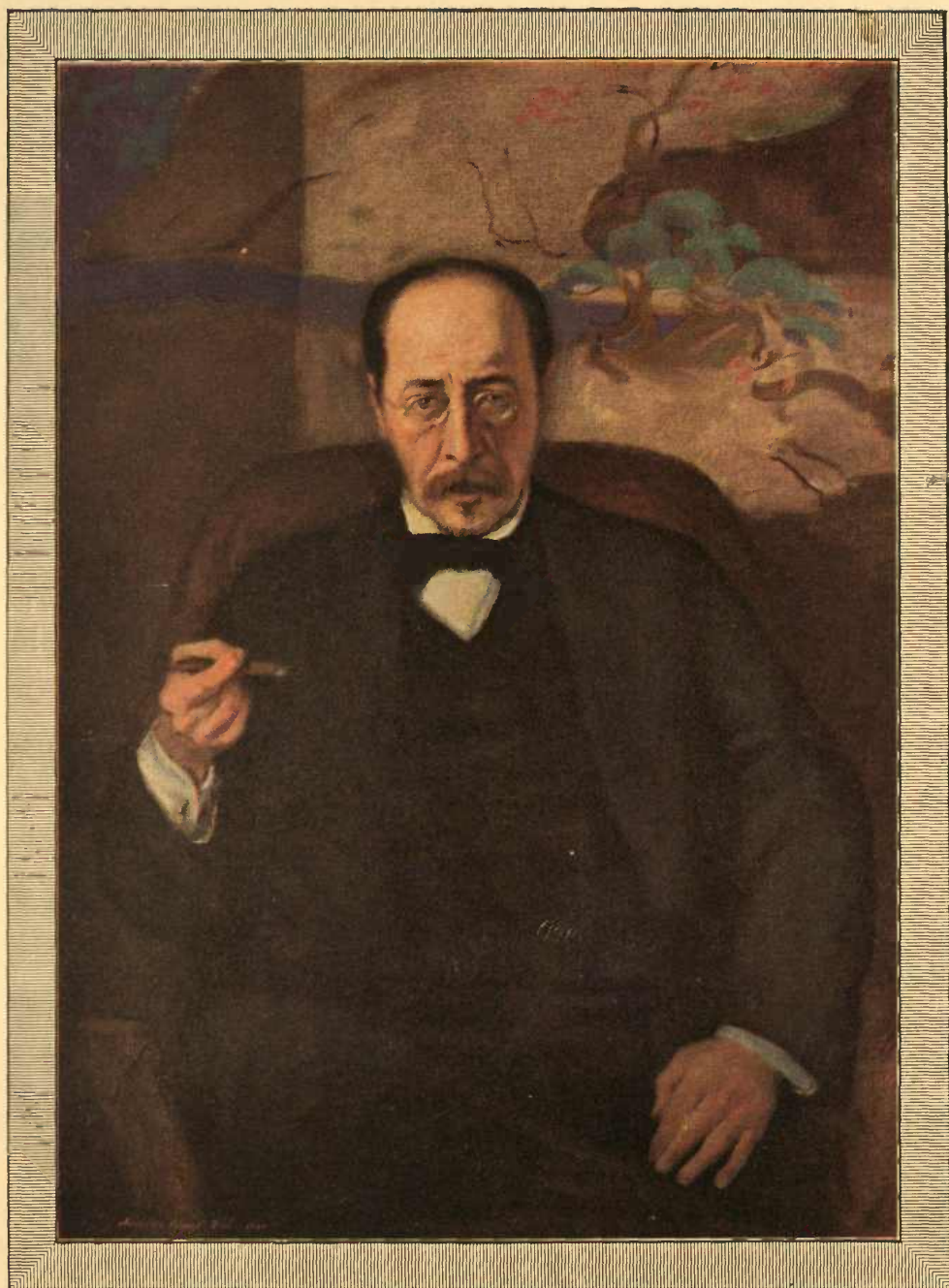
accurate drawing. While few of us know, with any sort of precision, what constitutes good color, the word is at least used in the correct sense of a quality immediately belonging to the realm of æsthetics and expression. Why not face the issue at once, and say that good drawing is that which has such phases as rhythm, harmony, style, strength, and expressiveness? "No one who has had the good fortune to know such pictures as 'The King and the Beggar-Maid,' 'The Temple of the Mind,' or the 'Jonah' could doubt for an instant that they were the work of a rare master of drawing—the quality being rightly understood."

In considering the design of Mr. Ryder's pictures before taking up their color, I have intentionally given precedence to the factor in his art which he seems to me to possess in the greatest purity. The unfinished works among the older colorists, the more easily comprehended methods of our own epoch, show how early in the creation of a picture artists thought out what the relations of color should be. But where the painter only takes up the matter after he has produced an almost complete work in monochrome or something near that, the chances are that he can only add the beauty of tone and quality, not that of color in its truest function of a free agent. To arrive at this full proprietorship in the wonderful quality, the burden of neutral light and dark must be cast aside or rested on some other base than that of the color. In the work of the old Venetians it is clear that the artists often made their drawing do most of the work that the Dutch demanded of values—thus the former could use the full palettes for which they are famous. Probably the future will decide that, with all its other phases, the greatest service rendered by impressionism was the making possible again of color in its free purity.

Mr. Ryder formed his art at a time when such ideas were unconsidered in America, so that with him color is a more limited factor, though a very beautiful one. It is intimately connected with the pigment, and the glow which he has again and again extracted from his material is such as potters and enamellers have striven for, and only attained at their best.

WALTER PACH.





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JOHN LA FARGE.

From an unpublished portrait painted in 1899-1900 by Augustus Vincent Tack.

—See "The Teaching of Art," page 178.

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NO. 2

THE HARBOR

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE



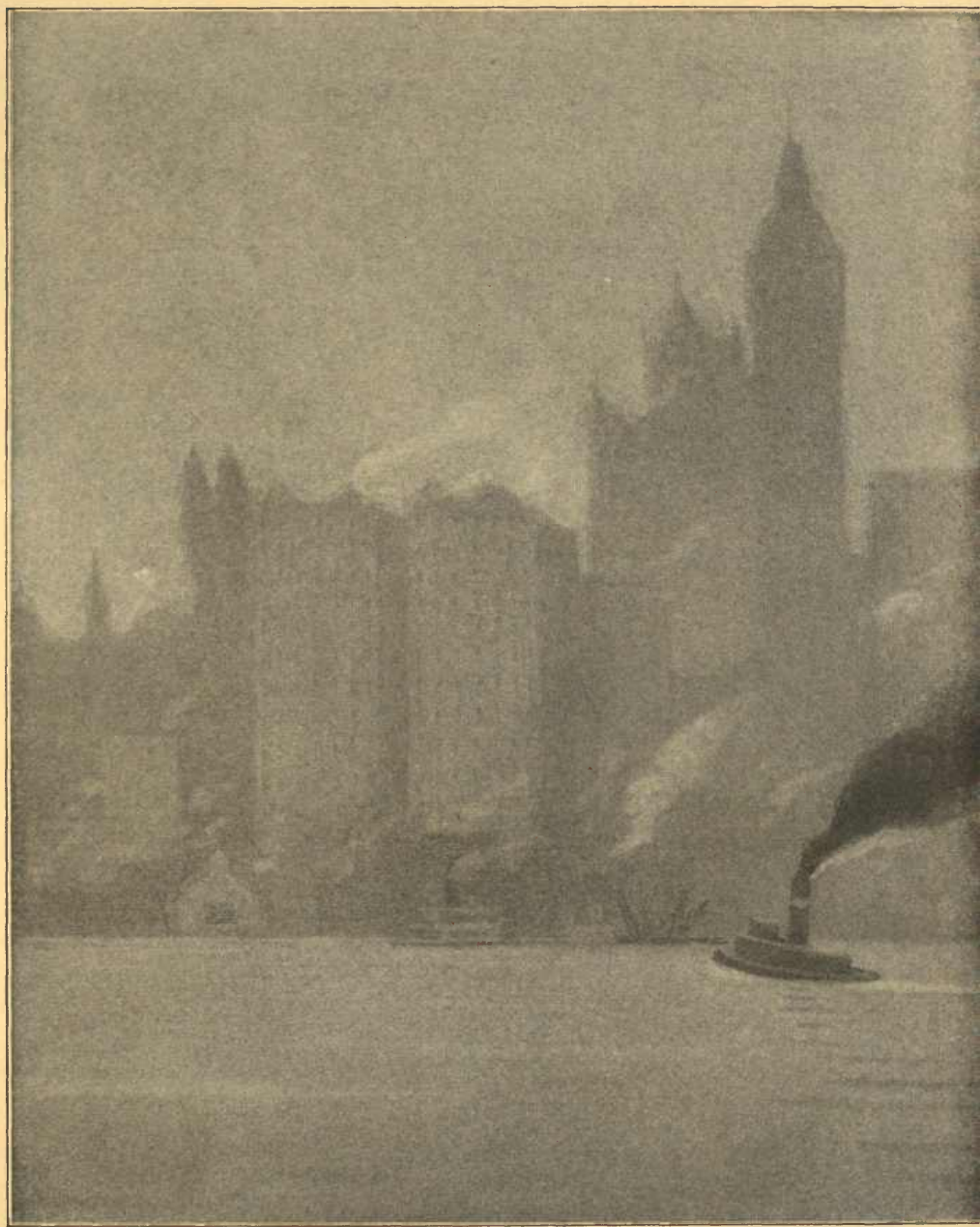
SINCE man first went down to the sea in ships, harbors have been his care, his protection, his delight. Where lonely sea meets barren shore, where the land pushes out a lean finger into the blue or buffets the breakers with a granite fist, the eye may rejoice and the spirit grow lyrical. But it is the sheltered harbor, where the great ships come in to lay their sea-borne burdens at the city's feet, which is the real portal to the ocean road; and at that portal man finds most delight of the deep, because he seems there at once its master and under the spell of its mystery. He sees his patient tugs at work, his long docks laden with freight, his city coming down expectant to the water's edge: and he sees, too, the battered tramps steaming up from under the world rim, the liners going out on their far voyaging. He scents together the odor of the town and the racy salt of the sea. He is aware alike of familiar things and strange. We cease soon enough to greet with fresh wonder the sight of a city, and the unlimited ocean may grow for many of us monotonous or sad. But the harbor is a perpetual wonder and daily a new delight.

There are many harbors intrinsically more beautiful than that of New York, but few more interesting and none more busy. The elderly Southern visitor from Shreveport, La., who refused to utter any expressions of astonishment at the subway crowds, the East River bridges, the electric illuminations on the Rialto, the multitudinous sky-scrapers, but who stood upon the

Battery sea-wall for a time watching the harbor, and then exclaimed with deep feeling, "This sure is the Shrevepo't o' the No'th, sah!" aptly expressed the commercial importance of New York Harbor. But he did not express its peculiar acquired beauty; he could not, for he did not know it well enough. You cannot learn to know New York Harbor from the sea-wall of the Battery. You must view it at all times, from all points and angles, before its multitudinous and ever-changing delights grow into an impression of beauty so strong and so memorable that it can never fade, so strong, indeed, that you will love this smudgy bay almost above all others, finding them tame, or even colorless, by comparison.

New York Harbor is divided by The Narrows, that channel passage between Staten Island and Brooklyn, into two bays, the Upper and the Lower, much like a huge dumb-bell, save that the Lower Bay is the larger, extending south from Quarantine to Sandy Hook, west to Raritan Bay, and merging eastward with the open Atlantic. The great volume of the Hudson, pouring past Manhattan Island, through the Upper Bay and The Narrows, deposits its load of soil in this Lower Bay, where red buoys mark the difficult channel and the larger liners sometimes go aground in the fog. It is seventeen miles as the crow flies from the New York City Hall to Sandy Hook Light. It is only six miles to St. George, Staten Island, which marks the head of The Narrows. The Upper Bay, or harbor proper, is thus far removed from the open sea. It is almost a lake, some

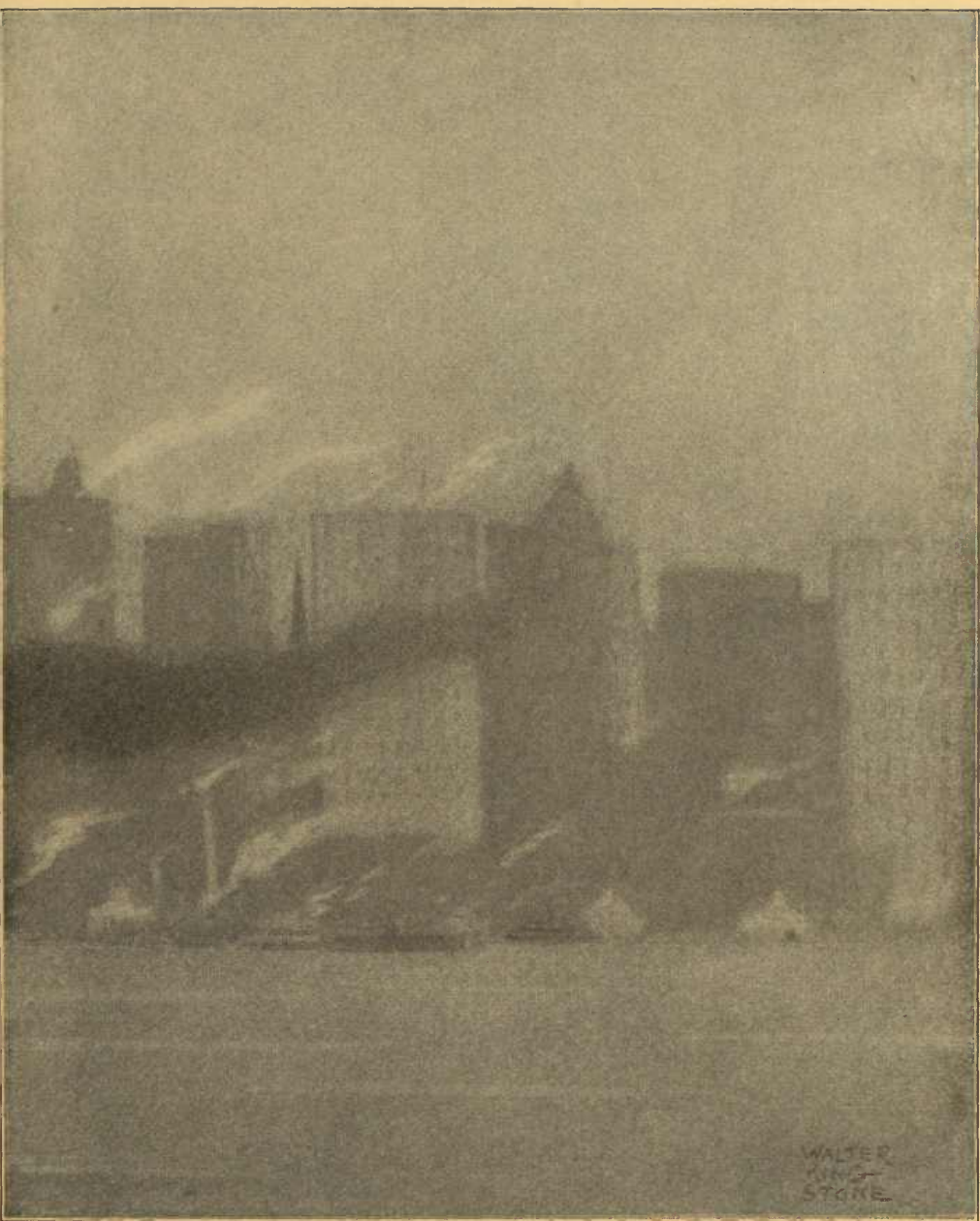
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Its dominant note of power is that Andean pile of

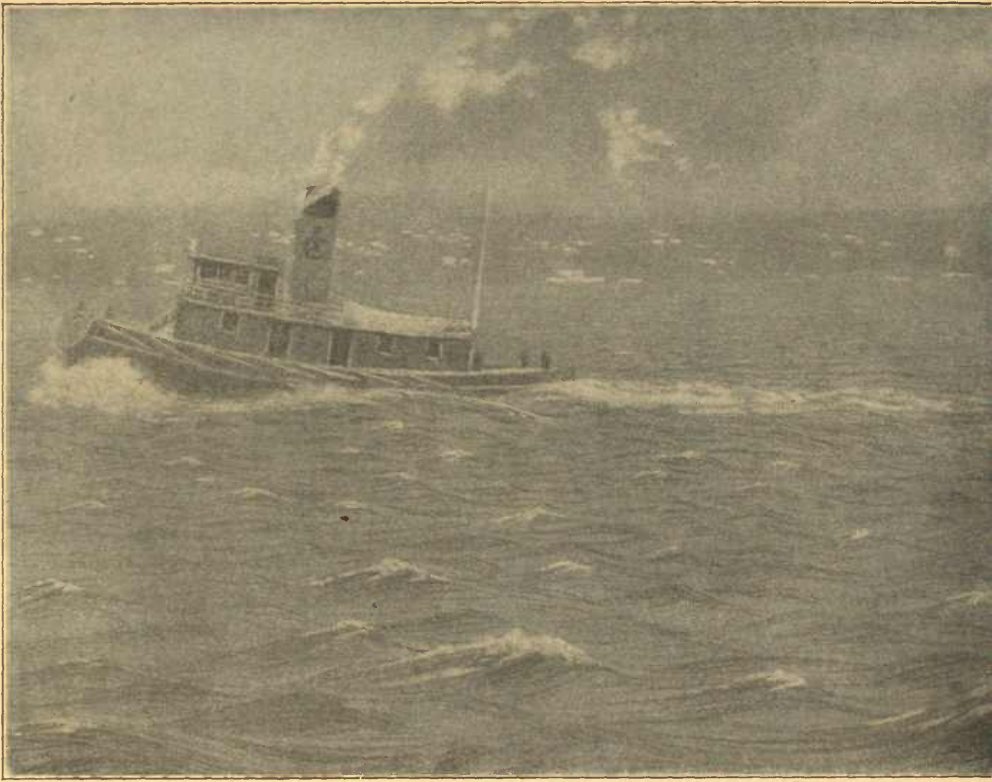
five miles on either diameter, made by the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers. Within its area, and in the rivers on either side of that long, narrow strip of dividing rock called Manhattan Island, half the water commerce of a continent is con-

ducted; and over it on ferry-boats or under it in steel and concrete tubes daily pass so many thousands of people that the head is dizzy reckoning their number. At the head of it rises that Andean range of sky-scrapers on the southern nose of Man-



sky-scrapers which rises at its head.—Page 132.

hattan, man's mightiest material accomplishment since the Pyramids. Over it drifts the smoke from a myriad chimneys on the shore, a myriad funnels on the water. Yet the sea fog works up through The Narrows with the smell of brine; a coast schooner beats in under dirty canvas, with a broken wing, perhaps, from some wild gale off Hatteras; the brilliant sun flashes from a gull's breast and the steel-gray, dancing waves—and the call of the deep comes over you. Your eye

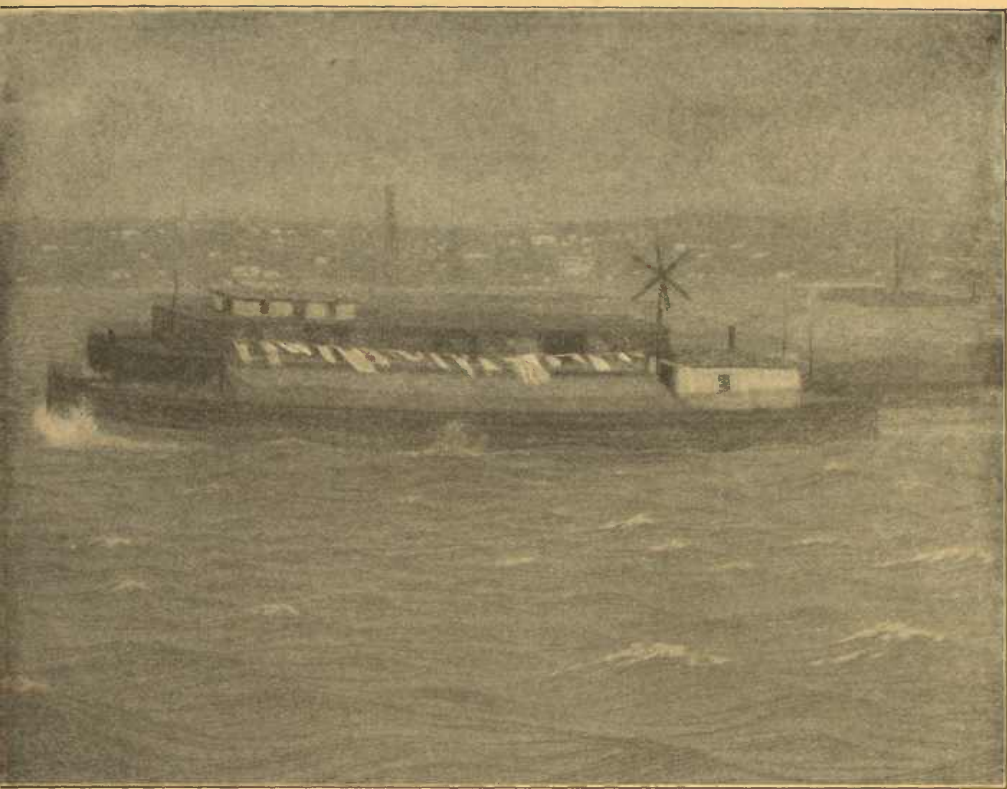


A tug goes past in a keen, off-shore wind, tow-

and your heart follow that steamer dropping down channel with the tide. You feel, as the wash of the liner gently jiggles your ferry-boat, the heave and swing of the long Atlantic rollers. The harbor asks its toll of dreams from those who cross upon it. As little Will o' the Mill stood upon his hill-top and looked down into the plain to the far city, his eyes big with wistfulness, so you may see the army of those who "commute," leaving their day's toil in town, stand on the deck of the ferry-boats at night and look through The Narrows down the ocean road, the ancient call of the sea not yet silent in their hearts, that siren call of freedom and adventure.

What gives to New York Harbor its unique aspect, of course, and its dominant note of power, is that Andean pile of skyscrapers which rises at its head, crowned by the peak of the Singer Tower and flanked by the leaping spans of two great suspension bridges. To the voyager coming up the bay, after his ship has slipped

through The Narrows, past the two forts, and under the green hills of Staten Island, this mountain range seems to rise like mortared Sierras out of the sea, hazed with smoke and blue with distance. As he draws nearer and the buildings take separate form, their tiers of windows proclaiming their incredible height, his first impression of New York, of the New World, is that of an architectural miracle, a Babylonian dream. A first impression is seldom a last; but though the wonder of these buildings soon wears off for those who fly up and down in their elevators or dash about in the canyon slits between them, and their beauty is converted to ugliness when they cannot be viewed as a group, for him who views them from the harbor or the opposite shores their spell of wonder never grows less, their beauty never vanishes. Viewed as a part of the harbor, as its great head wall, as the crown of the picture, they are sometimes of ethereal lightness, sometimes of Dantean strength and massiveness, but always beautiful.



ing a brace of inland canal-boats.—Page 134.

And their aspect over the harbor is never twice the same, from day to day, from hour to hour, nor the same from any two points of sight. If you take a Thirty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, ferry from the Battery, passing through Buttermilk Channel where the long docks face across to Governor's Island, you may look back presently and see the green parade-ground like a lawn at the feet of the sky-scrapers; the intervening water is quite concealed. To one side of you is the Erie Basin, filled with the steamers of all nations, like a corral of strange sea-cattle; to the other side the sailing-ships lie at anchor, between you and the main channel. Behind, leaping up apparently out of a green lawn, are the peaks of lower Manhattan, flying their flags and their white steam-plumes gayly against the blue. That is when the light is clear and sharp. On such a morning you might have stood upon a dock in Jersey City and seen the sun rise behind the long range of towered buildings, transfiguring them.

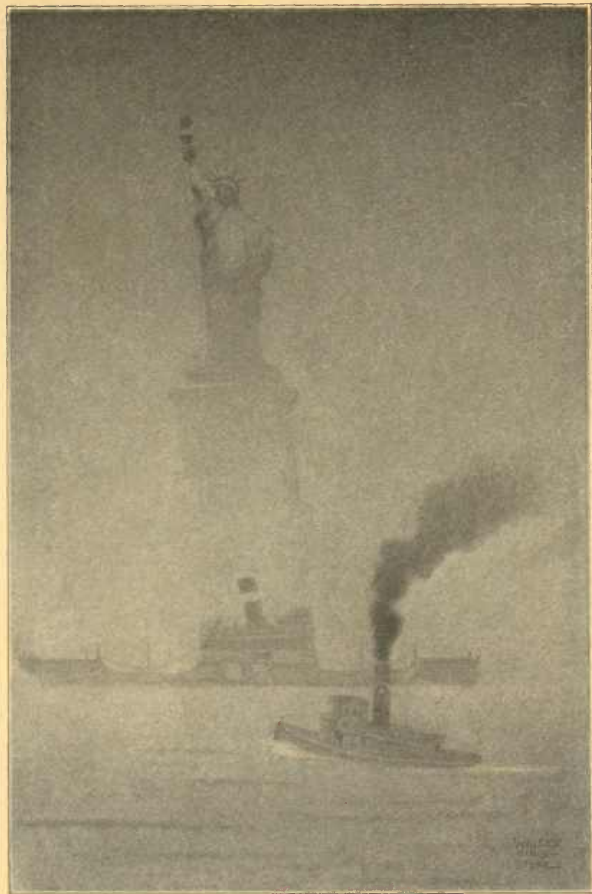
On such a morning they stand in sharp silhouette against the dawn sky, their separate peaks distinct, their bases a blurred mass. They are painted in the flat. Then the sun comes up. Through the cross streets it shoots level rays. Down amid the caves and canyons these rays pierce, touching cornices and windows with gold and bringing out as if by magic the third dimension of the picture. Up against the new-washed sky the smoke plumes grow rosy. Tall building casts shadows upon tall building, mutually supplying the solidity which the isolated steel-frame structure, with its mere shell of stone, cannot suggest: and as the sun itself at last appears above them the whole river seems suddenly to wake to life, and to pour its commerce round the city's feet.

It is seldom, however, save at early morning or on a Sunday, that the atmosphere about these mortared mountains is free from smoke or haze. When once the city and the harbor have awaked, an aerial

gauze is spread over the lower island and the high buildings but loom the larger through it, with deeper shadows or softer outlines or lovelier colors. There are steel-

red stacks of the liners at their piers are gaudy spots of color, and usually some tug trails a gigantic feather of velvety black smoke across the picture. There are days of lowering rain and mist, when the Singer Tower goes out of sight in the clouds and the city, from the harbor, becomes almost unbelievable, while the screeching whistles take on a terrifying tone. There are days, too, of copper sunsets over the low-lying Jersey shore, when, from the water, you see tier after tier of windows on Manhattan turn to molten fire, and from up the darkening river come sudden flashes of copper flame from the windows of the ferry-boats.

With the coming of early night in winter, all the tiers of windows up the cliff walls of the sky-scrapers become checks of gold. As darkness deepens and the outlines of the buildings grow more indistinct, the Singer Tower, bathed in the white glow of its invisible searchlights, seems a strange snow-capped peak lording it over the lesser heights, and the wake of your ferry-boat on the water is a purple lane stretching back to the land of wonder. When the outlines of the buildings have completely disappeared, the innumerable window lights are the street lamps of a city running up a great hill,



If the day is foggy . . . Liberty looms large and ghostly behind them.—Page 135.

gray days, when the sun is overcast and a wind is up; and the white-caps on the harbor, the steam plumes from the buildings, the foam-fleck in the wake of tugs and ferry-boats, are spatters of china-white on a monochromatic picture. There are Japanese days, when a thin sea fog is in, though the sun is bright and cheerful. Then the harbor, the sky, and the city are but three delicately differentiated shades of the same blue, and the great buildings loom remote and ethereal, once more painted in two dimensions. On such a day the gay flags whipping out high aloft and the

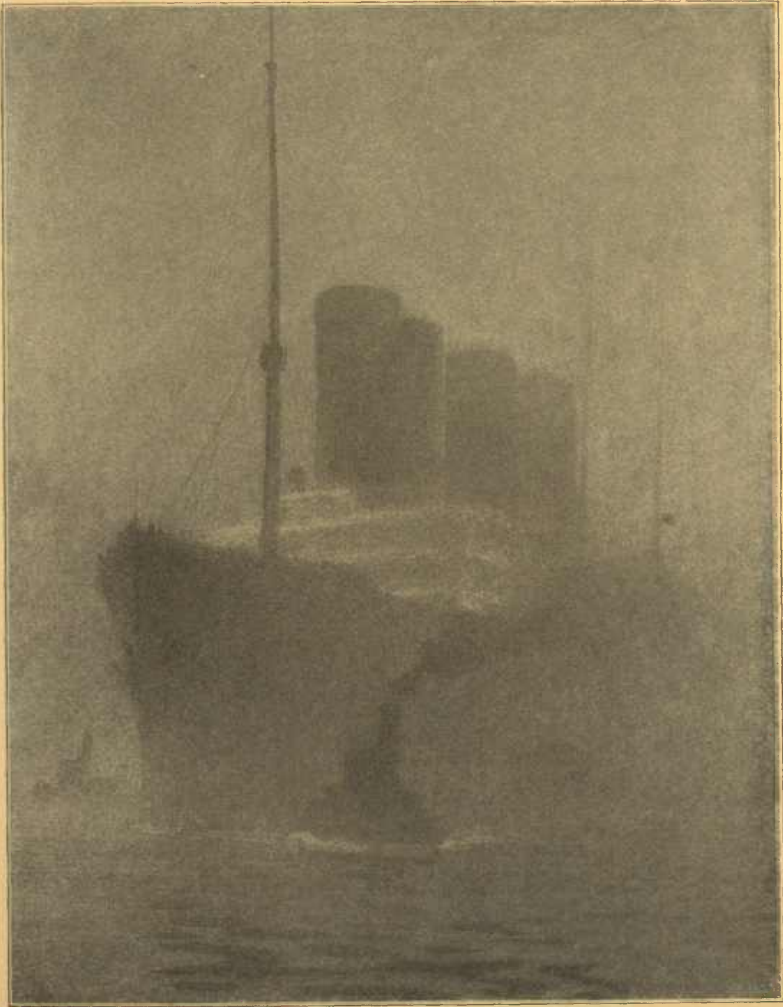
as if New York were builded on a mountain side, and the white tower, instead of appearing suspended in midair, seems to crown this eminence. Now, looking away from the city, you see the ferry-boats, with their rows of windows each with a light twinkling through it, moving over the water like animated birthday cakes.

By day or night, the humble voyage to Staten Island is a perpetual delight. By day, it may be, a tug goes past in a keen, off-shore wind, towing a brace of inland canal-boats. These barges flaunt an independent life of their own under the very

nose of New York. Geraniums bloom by the tiller, the domestic linen is flapping on a line, a face glances up at you from the cabin door with only the mildest interest. What has the slow, peaceful, nerveless life of canals to do with this great town and panting tug and white-capped, racing bay? The tug, almost as if it were aware of the incongruity, as if it were caught associating with a country cousin, pushes on hastily, warned by the hoarse, rattling, bass bellow of a liner coming down the channel. The liner goes past without a sound save the occasional roar of her whistle, her passengers high above you hanging over the rail

and looking back at New York. But in the anchorage west of the channel, from the Statue of Liberty on, the rusty tramp ships point into the tide without life or motion, wearily resting. If the day is foggy, they cut black against the vast gray blank of sky and water, the sooty laborers of the deep, and Liberty looms large and ghostly behind them.

On such a day of fog, too, when the city might be a hundred miles away, it often happens that in half the circumference of the horizon nothing will cut against the pale blue or the gray immensity but a single tug, sending up a gigantic mushroom



You may sometimes greet a monster liner coming up from Quarantine. . . . Her towering prow and lofty stacks are visible, her stern is lost in the mystery.—Page 136.



Behind you the Singer Tower raises its shaft of pale light, and the trains

of smoke which moves along with the boat as if its stem were stuck fast in the funnel, and tones so softly into the mist that the brush of a Corot might have painted it. In the fog, indeed, there is the constant excitement of sudden, unexpected picture, or sharp meetings with sea fellows. Warned in advance by the bellow of her whistle, you may sometimes greet a monster liner coming up from Quarantine, which she was able to reach before the fog bank caught her, to hold her till morning anchored outside the Hook. A pigmy tug runs on ahead, like a little dog, and even when her towering prow and lofty stacks are visible, her stern is lost in the mystery. When all the fabulous length of her has slipped past, her decks crowded with men and women peering cityward, and when the deafening vibration of her whistle has grown fainter,

you hear on your own starboard bow the mournful fog-bell off St. George, and see emerge through the mist the humble wharves of Staten Island.

Across the Kill von Kull, at Bayonne, is a smelter chimney several hundred feet tall, which pours out a perpetual stream of pale, yellowish smoke. When the wind is west, this smoke drifts directly over Staten Island. One afternoon, as the ferry-boat approached the slip, I saw the sun piercing down through this haze, carrying the shadow of St. George Hill darkly over the water to the east as far as the government anchorage, and there striking full upon a gray battle-ship and her collier. It was ridiculously as if a spot-light in the second balcony of a smoky theatre were directed upon the star performer on the stage; yet it was all on so vast a scale that you bowed

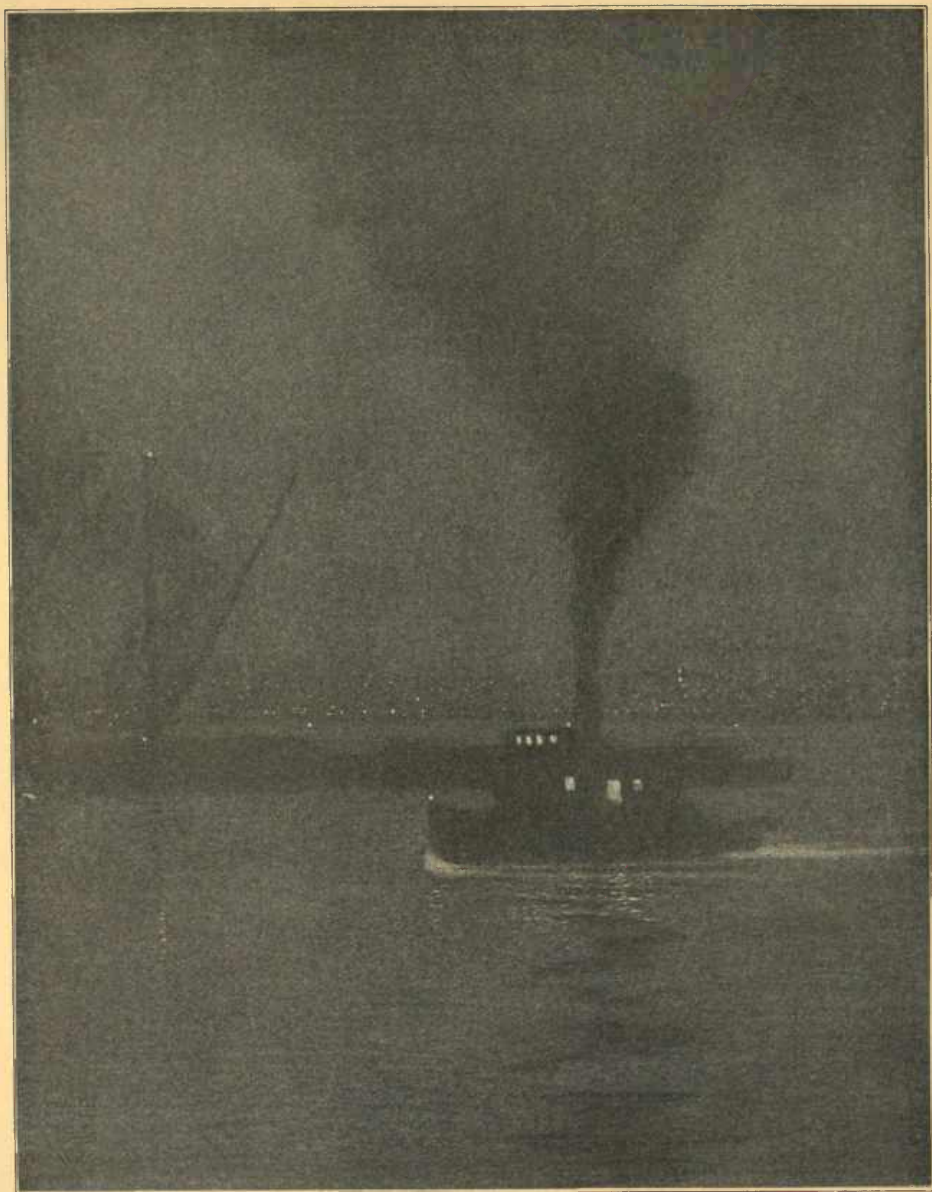


crawl like glow-worms over the high-flung web of Brooklyn Bridge.—Page 140.

in admiration. The grim iron hulk of the fighter seemed almost self-consciously aware of the dramatic effect. There is something a bit theatric about an ironclad always. This one was, for the space of several minutes, the centre of every gaze on the ferry-boat. Here for once, at least, the implication of sex we have placed upon ships seemed amply justified!

Just below Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island is South Beach, and there on a clear day you may look across the yellow sand and the strip of bright blue water in The Narrows to the green shore of Brooklyn, while to your right, beyond the two piles of red brick buildings on the Quarantine islands, the Lower Bay stretches out to open sea. New York is invisible somewhere back to the left, and this narrow strip of vivid blue is the ocean road leading

from her gates. As you sit in the warm sand, watching the white yawls skim back and forth or a three-master beat in against wind and tide, you suddenly see a red prow push out from behind the rampart of Fort Wadsworth. Silently, without smoke or churn, as if she were drawn along by an invisible wire, the steamer passes you close by, swings toward the Ambrose Channel, and heads for the open sea. Then another comes, and another. Red stacks or yellow or black, German or British or French flags (and only too infrequently the Stars and Stripes), proclaim the ships of this transatlantic line or that. Some of the smaller vessels are coasters or deep-sea tramps. That great black hulk with four red stacks, which hides half the Brooklyn shore, is the *Mauretania*. The day's exit has begun. The first ship is already a

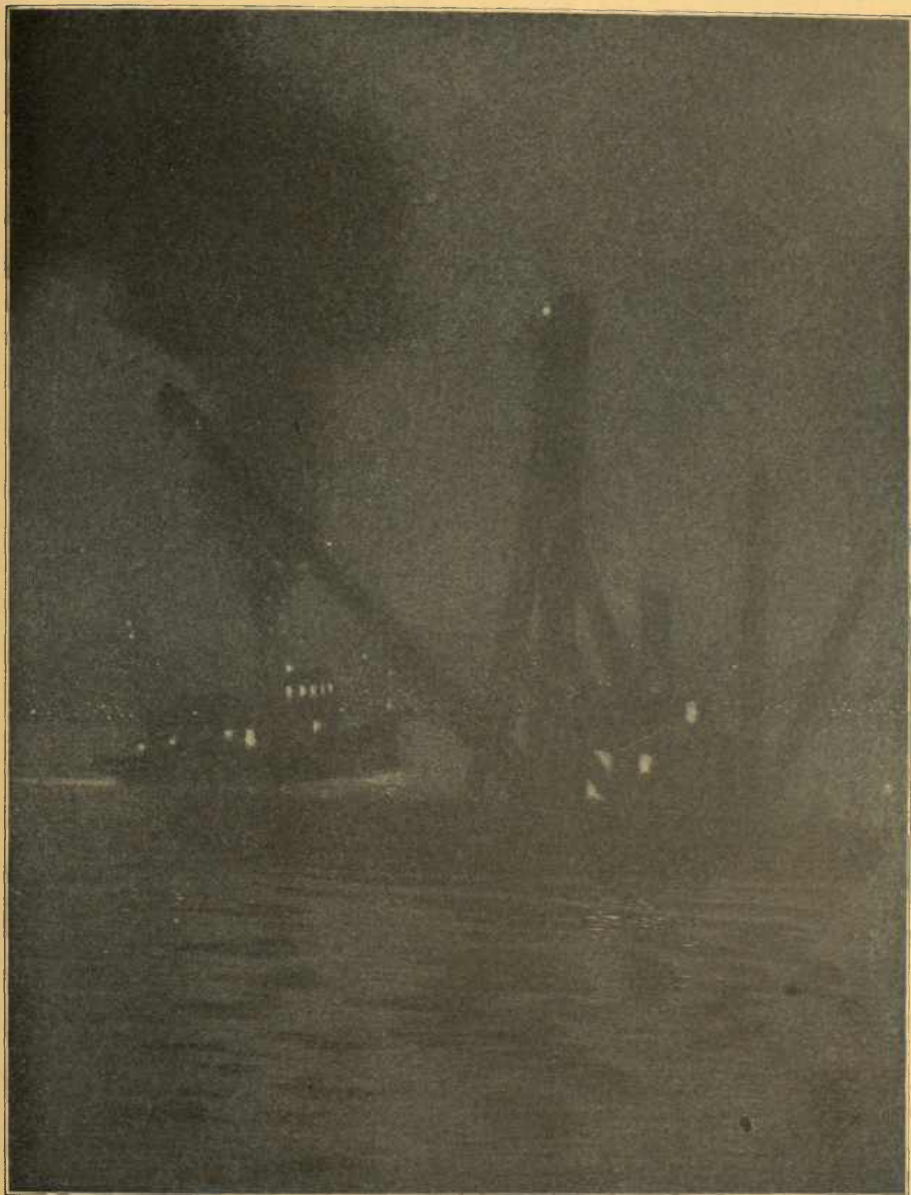


You go past a derrick lighter, too, like a huge inanimate

speck on the horizon. Behind her, down the Lower Bay, follows the procession. To see these great ships coming through The Narrows, one after the other, from the invisible city and standing out to all the ports of the world is to hold a vision of the commercial importance of the town and the harbor more overwhelming, perhaps, than any which a nearer view affords or

which any statistics can supply. And you, it may be, are sitting the while in a bathing-suit on the warm sand, basking like a savage in the sun and the clean salt air!

There are certain pleasures permitted to those we pharisaically call "the lower classes" which atone in no small measure for the lack of wealth or a place in the social register. One of these is the pleas-



spider on its back towed by a water-bug.—Page 140.

ure of eating fruit or cookies or buns in public places, if you chance to be hungry. Another is the pleasure of going down the harbor by boat to Coney Island on a hot summer night. The boat, an old-fashioned side-wheeler, drops down the Hudson from Harlem, making her last stop at Pier One, at the Battery, where a sweltering mob waits to crowd upon her already crowded

decks. You must push and scramble in the approved New York fashion if you would secure a place near the rail, and your nose will be assaulted by the smell of stale "refreshments" and your ears by the inharmonious strains of a band of musicians, sawing out a popular tune. But after the walking-beam is once more in motion and the evening breeze over the

water carries the sound and odor astern, the harbor is spread for your delight.

Perhaps a last hot orange flare of sunset remains in the sky over the low Jersey shore, but night has dusked the Brooklyn bank. Behind you the Singer Tower raises its shaft of pale light, and the trains crawl like glow-worms over the high-flung web of Brooklyn Bridge. As the boat passes down well to the east of the channel, the fiery flare from a blast-furnace reddens the horizon, and against it two stand-pipes on iron stilts are suddenly thrown into silhouette out of the night, like huge daddy-long-legs striding along the top of the docks. You go past a derick lighter, too, like a huge inanimate spider on its back towed by a water-bug, and slip almost in among the fleet of sailing-ships anchored off Gowanus Bay. How silently, mysteriously, they ride at anchor in the night, their bare spars and faint web of rigging black against the sky, their red and green lights alone giving sign of life! Perhaps another comes to join them even as you pass, her ghostly sails booming suddenly at you out of the dark, or sliding down with a rattle of tackle and the hoarse shouts of the crew.

Through The Narrows the lines of twinkling lamps on either shore run on as far as the dark, ominous battlements of the forts, and then the Lower Bay widens ahead, the great beacon of Sandy Hook Light flashes at regular intervals seemingly out of the limitless water, and the wind freshens, grows more salt, brings to stifled nostrils a breath of brine. A short while, and the excursion boat rounds the end of Sea Gate and rolls on the dying ground swell from the open Atlantic.

And there, directly before you, though for some time you have detected its highest tower over the land, Coney Island pricks its incandescent battlements upon the night and turns to troubled gold the moving waters at its feet. A tinsel, tawdry thing by day, a delirium of shabby make-believe, by night it is a dream mirage rising out of the ocean, a towered city builded all of golden lamps, with splashes here and there of red or green; and the sound of it, coming over the surf as the steamer moves in to the pier, is the vast, happy roar of a carnival.

The Coney Island boat on its return is no less heavily laden, but the crowds are sleepy now and the atrocious band is silent. In the shadows of the stacks, or unashamedly on the open



Some tug trails a gigantic feather of velvety black smoke across the picture.—Page 134.

decks, girls lay their heads upon their lovers' shoulders. The children sprawl in slumber, their grimy hands clutching a wooden spade or a half-eaten pop-corn ball. A last look eastward before the boat enters The Narrows shows the Dreamland tower at Coney still illuminated, but the window squares on the Brooklyn bank and the hills of Staten Island are dark now. The shore is sleeping, too. Entering the Upper Bay, you know how late the hour is, because the Singer Tower is invisible. The searchlights which play upon it have been extinguished. Only a faint rosy haze of light, reflected up on the sky from the street-lamps, proclaims the city. Midnight has struck. The boat churns on past the sleeping fleet of sailing-vessels to the right, the long line of deep-sea tramps anchored under the torch of Liberty to the left. There is no sign of life on any of them. A ferry-boat goes past, her decks almost deserted. Around the nose of the

Battery a tug is creeping with a string of black barges in tow; the harbor night shift are toiling in the dark. Through the trees on Battery Park winds the glow-worm of an L-train. Above the Battery loom the monstrous, indistinct cliff walls of the sky-scrappers, and a slit of night sky between them proclaims the existence of Broadway. As the sleepy crowds on the boat clamber down the gang-plank, this dim, gargantuan pile of brick and mortar seems to swallow them up. They become dehumanized. They vanish into the dark pier-shed like black corn into a hopper. They are converted into mere atoms of the city's swarming life.

The wheels churn again, the boat moves up the river, under the stars, past the endless mountain-range of town outlined on the night sky. The smoke of day has cleared from the harbor now. The everlasting toot of whistles is almost stilled, save when a belated ferry-boat draws out of her slip or a tug labors past with a barge of freight-cars. The black water tosses cool and mysteriously deep, and when a puff of breeze comes over it from the city the sudden smell of street dust is revolting. There, where the long liners sleep beside their iron piers, nosing their prows close up to the first

lamps on the shore which twinkle away in endless perspective down the cross streets, is the end of the ocean road. Behind lies the harbor; in front lies the inland river; and between the pleasant country whence the river comes and the wind-swept waters whither the great ships go sits the city, monstrous, stifling, strong, and metallic, and asks its toll of countryside and sea. It asks its toll of us as well, on such a night as this, when we too finally leave the excursion boat and are swallowed up within its walls—its toll of sadness and unsatisfied desire. Northward, under the Palisades, the glimmering Hudson melts into the dark. Southward, washing the base of the mortared mountains, the harbor opens like a gateway of escape. A final glance from the pier before we turn into the choking streets, a final breath of its salt odor—and then the closing of the prison gates!

But, after all, the harbor has borne us for a time on its bosom into another world, and whispered, if all too briefly, of the strangeness of the sea. Even as it brings the commerce to our gates, it lifts our spirits beyond the clutch of commerce. It ministers at once to utility and to beauty. This the harbor will ever do so long as man goes down to the sea in ships.

TRUMPET-CALLS

By C. A. Price

HARK! hark! the summons clear and far and fine!

Now on a hill in Italy I know
The little trumpets of the springtime blow,
Beside the twisted olive and the vine;
Purple and red in the warm rocks they shine
Nursed by the bending skies; and from below
Faint overtones of bells float up that show
Where Arno threads the plain with glancing line.

White drives the sleet and black the tree-trunks stand
Here where I sit and forth the window stare;
The heavens are lead, the earth an iron band
Such as to pierce no tender flower could dare,—
But I know how, in that enchanted land,
The little trumpets call through the still air!

THE WEST IN THE EAST
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

THE GATEWAY TO INDIA

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"



It is because they are very sophisticated, or because they know the wonders beyond, that certain travellers tell you that Bombay is only the entrance to India, and not interesting. One can make some very accurate guesses about the people inside the house from the condition of the front steps, the cleanliness of the bell-handle or knocker, and the manners and appearance of the servant who opens the door. At least I am almost unconsciously in the habit of doing so, and one is apt to be more cheerful at the drawing-room entrance if the guardian of the outer door gives you a pleasant greeting. The British front door to India, or Government House Bombay, gave us such a pleasant greeting that we were cheerful throughout the rest of our stay, despite hardships and illness here and there.

First we went to the new hotel, considered the best in India, but we were there for a very short time, for after delivering various letters of introduction we were promptly invited to become the guests of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay. But already at the hotel I saw many things. Along the halls outside the guest-rooms I saw little knots of native servants, in groups of from two to half a dozen, according to the size of the master's family. How little an Indian needs, even with the good pay of a servant, was plainly evident. They had their beds and cooking utensils with them, and at certain hours one saw them eating, or sleeping, huddled together outside their master's door.

Our rooms were large and airy. There was only the necessary furniture, no hangings, and our own bedding was used on the beds. Everybody carries his own bedding

in India, and outside the large establishments of the government officials, everywhere it is needed. You are supposed to carry your own bedding with you just as you carry your own tooth-brush. In the trains—and there are very long train journeys, by slow trains, in India—in the guest-houses of the native princes, in camp of course always, and in the hotels and inns, your own bedding is a necessity. Indeed you can scarcely carry too much in India if you wish to be comfortable. All sorts of clothing, from fur coats to the thinnest linen, all sorts of hats from a cap to a pith-helmet, a spirit-lamp, a folding table and chair, a small amount of tinned or bottled food and a supply of mineral water for the train, a large supply of linen and underclothing, for one changes often, and the laundry work is done by beating on flat stones. The changes of temperature from noon till midnight are startling. One must give up cold baths and take to tepid or hot water, and be careful, indeed, what, and how much, one eats and drinks. No alcohol before sunset, and very little then, and the plainest and most nourishing food.

In this land, as large almost as the whole of Europe, there are only a few large cities where one can buy any of the luxuries or comforts of life outside the obvious, and what you need you must carry with you. On a large scale you do what the native does, you carry your household gods and goods about with you.

How differently "pick up your bed and walk" sounds in your ears when you see a whole population of hundreds of millions actually carrying their beds with them whenever they move. Why should one take heed as to what one shall eat, or drink, or wear, when a handful of rice, a thimbleful of water, and a loin-cloth suffice. The

group of servants in front of their master's door at the hotel, or the hundreds of families I have seen travelling by train, by bullock-cart, or even on foot, have squeezed and sifted life's necessities down to the vanishing-point.

I can see why the gentle Prince of Peace appealed to the Roman, the German, the Scandinavian, the Briton. These heavy-eating, hard-drinking, hard-fighting peoples, who must have skins, and furs, and huts, and fires, or die, saw in Him and His teachings the very antipodes of all they were, or strove to be. Not so the gentle Hindu. These are not miracles to him; indeed along material lines, he and his ancestors, so far as any man can recall history, have lived that way.

India has sixty-two million Muhammadans to-day, and but very few Christians, and most of these Muhammadans are converts. The Muhammadan conquerors brought few women with them, and their direct descendants are few in number to-day compared to their converts. To slay the idolater and the heretic, and to be recompensed in another world of fascinating material, not to say sensual gratifications, for so doing, and in this world to be received at once on conversion into the great Muhammadan brotherhood, where there is no caste and no irremovable inequalities, this has appealed to the Indian far more than the doctrines or promises of Christianity. Muhammadanism is purely democratic. There is no caste even of priests. He who mounts the pulpit and prays, preaches, or reads from the Koran is only an equal among equals, and not set apart or considered above others. It is much like the democratic ways of early Puritan Congregationalism, when the sages would have snorted indeed at the thought that their religious leader was in the least tainted with any such doctrine as the indelibility of the priesthood, or powers of confession or absolution, other than those of any father at his own fireside. Congregational ministers of the old type were leaders in politics, were sent to Congress, and abroad as ambassadors, and took a conspicuous part in town meetings, and would have scoffed at any insinuation that they were priests, or not as other men, in the homely duties and responsibilities of daily life. Alas, as society becomes more complicated, it demands easy

and simple classifications and nomenclature, and thus a priest is a priest, a banker a banker, a professor a professor, without much time or thought given to shades and differences.

This feature of the Muhammadan creed strongly appeals to the caste-bound and neglected Hindu, who must be born again, and born again in no metaphorical sense, to move an inch above the social status allotted to him by his own religion. Besides this, the Christian brotherliness and love in India are names, not facts. The low-caste Hindu may become what his abilities lead to amongst the Muhammadans, he may become a great man among them, and marry into the proudest family. Their welcome is a real one. But what Christian missionary even, let alone the layman, offers his daughters or sisters to the Hindu convert? There is not even a Christian club in India of which he can become a member. The proudest native prince in India is not allowed inside the doors of the Bombay Yacht Club, even as a guest.

One often hears Protestantism and Catholicism compared, to the disadvantage of the latter, because the Protestant countries are more prosperous, wealthier, more powerful. This same reasoning is used when comparing Christianity with Brahmanism, Confucianism, Buddhism, but the argument does not lie, as the lawyers say. To the Hindu mind it is no argument at all. His ideal is to get out of the world, not to get what he can out of it, and stay in it. That one's beliefs should be scientifically true, or that they should produce in an individual or a nation powers of wealth-getting or comfort-making, is not only not required of his faith by the Oriental, but he looks upon such tests as preposterous. If plague or famine come to a whole province, or loss or illness come to him individually, or the will of a ruler whom he believes to be divinely guided brings disgrace upon him, all these are accepted as inevitable. It is part of the mysterious and incomprehensible divine plan, and leads to no questioning, criticism, or even complaint of the ways of God with man. We recognize self-sacrifice and unselfishness as spiritual graces to be cultivated, but the great majority of Christians look upon an unsuccessful Christian as lacking in some essential manner the full dower of his faith. If

the Hindu believed that his faith forbade working on Sunday, or forbade divorce for example, he would sacrifice himself rather than disobey. We on the contrary have allowed laws of economics and laws of health and freedom to over-ride the dicta of the priest.

I am not deciding between the two, though I believe we are right; I am merely noting differences which must be kept in mind by the student of the East if he wishes to gain something more of an understanding of the situation than the mere superficial contempt, and cobwebby experiences, of a self-satisfied traveller.

The conversion of the thousand million brown and yellow men of Asia by the five hundred million Christians is so far away in the distance that no eye, even of the imagination, can see so far down the aisles of time.

Far be it from me, a Christian, to discourage the attempt. On the contrary, Christianity has become so clogged with materialistic misinterpretations of its messages; the tent-making and fishing apostles have been so lost in cardinals and bishops living in palaces with the revenues of princes, that the Christian missionary seems almost the one fine and genuine thing left. Just because there is no hope of visible success for him, he is the more admirable and the more Christian.

It is true that the East moves slowly, but even if we count by centuries, the Muhammadan has much the best of it. One Oriental race, the Jews, who live among us, who have been persecuted in every country of the world save America, have not been converted to Christianity. The Parsis in Bombay—there are some fifty thousand of them out of a total population of some eight hundred thousand—are the most prominent and the most powerful people, financially and politically, there and come most in contact with the British politically and commercially, but they are as much Zoroastrians to-day as when they fled to India from Persia. The Parsis all over India still retain the headgear which was forced upon them as a humiliation in the early days of their coming to India, just as the Chinese retain the pig-tail, which was forced upon them as a mark of bondage, by their conquerors the Tartars, two hundred and fifty years ago. The Parsis, rich and

poor alike,—though like the Jews there are few poor amongst them—maintain their religious tenets amongst this mass of Hindus and Muhammadans, and despite the influence of their friends the Christian British.

The towers of silence are one of the sights of Bombay. The Parsis will not defile the three elements, water, fire, and earth, with the remains of their dead. They refuse to dispose of bodies after death in the water, in the ground, or by burning.

It happened that we arrived at the towers of silence on Malabar Hill just as a funeral procession was marching in. Shortly after we were escorted to the top by a courteous attendant, whose brother was the chief official. Once there he explained in detail the procedure. In the midst of our talk another procession wended its way up the hill, and we saw at close quarters what was at the moment being described.

The corpse is borne up the hill, followed by relatives and friends in white, walking two by two, and hand in hand, the joining of hands symbolizing the perpetual prayer between the two thus linked together. The procession halts, and the body is then carried to a raised platform where the covering is taken off. A swarm of vultures from the surrounding trees flop heavily down, and soon nothing is left but the bones. The bones of all alike are then thrown into a common pit, where they are converted to ashes by chemicals.

The mourners sit about in the quiet grove provided with seats and flowers and fountains, saying their prayers, while the filthy birds have their orgies. Tales are told of a finger, or some other portion of a body, being dropped upon the passers-by in the street below by the gorged and greedy birds. It is a greswome spectacle to those unaccustomed to it, but the Parsis I saw there seemed serene and peaceful mourners, quite undisturbed by the quarrelling birds flapping their wings lazily in over-fed contentment.

Here was a notable example indeed of difference of custom and its results. My friend the Parsi could hardly refrain from the expression of disgust at our method of delivering our dead to the earth and the worms. Because we of the West have succeeded beyond measure in material things, as compared with the East, we are apt to assume that our methods in spiritual things

are for that reason superior. As I have said elsewhere, this is faulty reasoning. I doubt if we have any right to assert ourselves along these lines. These Parsis are as confident in their faith, their creed, their methods, horrible though this particular rite seems to us, as are we. It is this hands-off policy in such matters on the part of the British which deserves the highest encomiums for their rule. It is pity that in matters of education they have not adopted the same policy, pity too that they are playing into the hands of a minute minority both in India and in Egypt by pushing to the front the theory of representative government, which the vast majority, at any rate in India, do not understand, cannot reconcile with their traditions, and do not want. I should be sorry to appear bumptious in making this categorical statement. It is true that I have not talked with all these three hundred millions of people—nor has any one else—but I venture to say, modestly, that I have talked with a greater variety than most travellers, and a far greater variety than most officials, whose work precludes the possibility of much travel, and the consensus of those I met bears me out in this statement.

It is not, and this is the crux of the confusion in most Western minds, that they are not ready for representative government, and for Christianity, but that they have no wish to get ready. They do not want them at all. We Westerners are exaggeratedly impressed with the superiority of our institutions, both secular and ecclesiastical. We believe that if only other peoples understood them they would adopt them. We spend millions, and many lives, in making them understand, and my personal opinion is that the more they understand, the further they are from adopting our institutions. Our points of view, our traditions, our moral and mental freezing and boiling points, are worlds apart. The Indians who have seen most of England and the English appreciate them least, and have no overpowering wish to copy their institutions, or to become English. The Parsis of Bombay, with no caste prejudices, who are on the friendliest footing with the English, who are an intelligent and intellectually superior people, are as much Zoroastrians to-day as though the New Testament were non-existent. The ideals of Christian-

ity do not appeal to the great mass of the Eastern races, or not to be too didactic, have not appealed to them thus far successfully.

With the complaint and criticism of the traveller from the West that everything moves too slowly in the East, from missionary enterprise to the means of locomotion, I have no sympathy. I have ridden ponies, elephants, and camels, and driven in ox-carts and camel-carriages, and travelled nearly fifty-five thousand miles during the last year, in trains and ships, and I find them all too rapid. Even the eight miles an hour on General Kuroki's old military railway through Manchuria was too fast. There is so much to see on every hand that even an ox-cart may go too fast. When I think that this whole volume contains about two words for every mile I have travelled, I realize that I am right in saying that one goes too fast, rather than too slow, in the East.

The Strand, Broadway, and even the boulevards of Paris, with the grotesque eccentricities of the male attire, and the present-day unbifurcated trouser gowns of the women, are tame, and brown, and dull, compared with the kaleidoscope of moving color in the streets of Bombay.

At the races one day I turned my back on the horses and counted fifty-eight different kinds of head-gear amongst the men in the grandstand, and no doubt there were others I did not see. The Parsi, with his lacquered cow's hoof, the Arab, the Persian, the Hindu, from north, south, east, and west, were there, and how many more I know not, and when it is remembered that the Maharajah of Gwalior's head-gear is as different from that of his neighbor at Indore as is the cowboy's sombrero from the tile of a Beau Brummel, and that these differences exist all over the East, it is easy to realize that the streets of Bombay, to a newcomer, seem to be a waving, moving mass of form and color.

The British in India in spite of the universal dislike of ostentation amongst the best of them, either here or at home, have been obliged to assume, officially at least, an air of state and ceremony. The crimson and gold liveries of the Viceroy, and of the Governors of Bombay and Madras; the splendid body-guard of mounted Sikhs, well horsed, proud in bearing, all of them over six feet in height, with their turbans

and lances; the crimson-lined state carriages, with two men in scarlet and gold on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind, and always splendidly horsed, all this makes for the dignity and splendor that the Asiatic demands of his ruler. It may be absurd to the American, but there is no doubt whatever that a Viceroy in a cloth cap, on a bicycle, would ruin India in a month. We have prejudices the Oriental thinks silly; they have prejudices that we had best in charity and for safety's sake let alone.

The administration of India in England is in the hands of a Secretary of State for India, assisted by a council of not less than ten members appointed for ten years by the Secretary of State.

The executive authority in India itself is vested in the Governor-General in Council. The Governor-General, or, as he is more generally called, the Viceroy, is appointed by the Crown, and holds office for five years, this term is sometimes extended. The salary of the Viceroy is 250,800 rupees a year. The rupee is now worth one shilling and fourpence, or roughly thirty-four cents; the salary amounts therefore to about \$84,000 a year; but I should be sorry to undertake the job and to pay my expenses out of that sum.

The Council of the Viceroy consists of six ordinary members besides the Commander-in-chief of the army, and they are appointed by the Crown and hold office for five years. This Council is enlarged into a legislative council by the addition of sixteen other members appointed by the Viceroy under certain restrictions.

Further, India is divided into nine provinces: Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, The Punjab, Central Provinces, North West Frontier Provinces, and Burmah. The Governors of Bombay and Madras are the most important officials after the Viceroy, and are appointed by the Crown, and each carries a salary of \$40,000 a year. The Governors of Bombay and Madras have an executive council of two members of the Indian Civil Service appointed by the Crown. The Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, The Punjab, and Burmah are appointed by the Viceroy with the approval of the Crown; the Chief Commissioners of the Central Provinces and

the Agent to the Governor-General who governs the North West Frontier Provinces are appointed by the Viceroy in Council. Of these divisions I visited seven, and in each I was impressed by the enormous amount of work being done, by the conscientious—often I thought too conscientious—way in which it was done, and by the dignity and fearlessness of the men who were doing it. If it were not for the interferences from the India Office, and the criticism from ignorant politicians, who shamelessly play India off for votes at home, it would be the most ideally managed, as it is the most successfully administered, dependency in the world.

It is curious to note that an agnostic is apt to be more sentimental in his dealings with men than the believer. As an avowed heretic he may wish to prove that he is even more merciful than the orthodox; or he may salve his conscience by assuming an exaggerated love for humanity as his love of God dwindles. To worship the God of the multitude must be a hard thing for the intelligent man, either in the West or the East; but to turn from that to the flattery and adulation of the multitude itself is to proclaim one's self to all intelligent men, no matter what rewards and prizes are gained thereby, as a scoffer among scoffers, as scornful in the seats of the scorners. Conscience is so pitiless that even to be a prince in an ochlocracy can hardly recompense the intellectual traitor, and surely a trained mind, laughing in its sleeve, will find a peculiarly painful punishment awaiting it somewhere.

The misfortune of a dangerous illness brought us the good fortune to spend some two weeks as the guest of the Governor of Bombay. Here we saw housekeeping, as I saw it again later as the guest of the Viceroy at Calcutta, on the magnificent and dignified scale made necessary by the climate, the social demands, the high position of the host, and his unceasing and unending procession of guests. Very few of them are of his choosing or inviting, few of them indeed his personal friends, but Bombay is the door to India, and England has many friends all over the world, and for reasons of state, or courtesy, or as frank hospitality, Government House Bombay receives them all, some to stay a night or two, and all to lunch or to dine. Dinners of a dozen, or of

twenty, or of seventy, night after night, and the dinner of seventy as well and as noiselessly served as the tête-à-tête dinner in our own sitting-room. At the head of this establishment the Governor of Bombay, with a besetting sin of toiling when he should be at play, at exercise, or in bed.

The steward or manager of an establishment as well managed as this must be a housewifeic jewel of the Koh-i-noor variety. But that is behind the scenes. I can only speak of the results.

A man who has a province of 75,000 square miles and a population of over 15,000,000 to govern, including a city the size of Bombay, must have his hands full, and can spare little time for his guests and their entertainment.

I had heard of the institution called an aide-de-camp before, and I have met them in other parts of the world; but just as there are peaches outside of Jersey, strawberries elsewhere than in Maryland, clam-bakes elsewhere than in Fair Haven, Massachusetts, soft-shell crabs, oysters, terrapin, canvas-back ducks elsewhere than in America, but none quite so good, so if you would know the fine flower of aide-de-campship you must needs go to India.

A man with as many strings to his bow as a governor of one of these great provinces must have many servants, capable, willing, and efficient, or the business would soon be in a tangle. Besides capability, willingness, and efficiency, these men must be loyal, and if in addition they like their chief, you have a corps of assistants approaching perfection. There is the Military Secretary, the Private Secretary, the Physician, and others, each with his duties. But besides their specific duties they are the hosts by proxy of their chief, and everywhere and at all times they are there to save him trouble and to make his work easy. Every day in your dressing-room before dinner you find a type-written list of the guests you are to meet that night, and the name of the lady assigned to you to take in to dinner. Austrian and Polish nobles, Russian and French princes, German diplomats, members of Parliament, officials, British and Indian, Royal Highnesses, all must be properly placed, and all must know their neighbors, and as a result what subjects of conversation may cause friction and are to be avoided. When all are as-

sembled in the drawing-room, the aide on duty for that day appears with the Governor, whom he announces: His Excellency! That gentleman makes the round of the room, shaking hands with each, offers his arm to the lady entitled to that honor, and we go in to dinner, where a score or more of turbaned servants, in crimson and gold liveries and barefooted, serve the meal.

It is noticeable that the other Europeans are impressed by the stately and dignified way things are done by the British officials in India. The Governor is easily king, no matter who is there, and during my stay he entertained all sorts, including royalty and high diplomacy, renowned travellers, sportsmen, journalists, and statesmen. One gets an impression of the sturdy self-control, of the patient mental power, which are the driving force behind the handful of Englishmen who hold this country. They have it in their blood, the best of these people, and these highly placed Englishmen almost without exception—I only met one exception, and the harm he does, although negatively, makes one gasp to think what would happen were there more like him—take the throne with an air of authority and a lack of self-consciousness, as of men sitting down for a chat with a friend.

In these democratic days much ceremony and formality, a semblance of pomp, makes the observer uneasy very often lest something, so to speak, should come unstarched, or go wrong, lest the procession should be marred by a sense of unreality, and tempt one to titter. Not so here. Even after the novelty wears off, one is not impressed by the artificiality so much as more and more impressed by a growing feeling that this is not the simulacrum, but the reality of power. But it takes a big man to carry it off—England, by one of her blunders, still has a knot of them here in India.

I have always thought that if I were not myself, or as Mr. Choate gallantly and wittily phrased it, could not be my wife's next husband, I should like above all things to have been the secretary to a great man, Cromwell, Hampden, Washington, Lincoln, Bismarck, and had a hand in the chosen doings of the picked giants of earth.

It must be some such feeling as this which stirs in the breast of the ideal aide-de-camp. The aides of the Viceroy, of the Governor of Bombay, and of the Governor of Madras

who in distinction from other officials in India receive their commissions from the Crown, and wear their aiguillettes of gold over the right shoulder, as representatives of royalty; other A. D. C.'s wear them over the left shoulder. A witty gentleman eating honey in the country turned from the dish and remarked meditatively: "If I lived in the country I should certainly keep a bee!" If I lived in officialdom I would make any sacrifice to keep an aide-de-camp!

An aide-de-camp is a person whose business it is to be agreeable. His task is one requiring unceasing vigilance, good health, good looks, a kindly disposition, and not only manners, but what is the fine flower of manners, manner. His duties are so multifarious, his accomplishments necessarily so varied, that it seems at first glance a preposterous joke to propose to any one mortal that he should perform them, combine them, conceal them deftly, and not die of megalomania.

He begins his day, let us say, at Government House, by taking a guest to ride at 7 A. M.—it is too hot to ride at any other hour. He cares no more for that particular guest than for the grandsire of the horse he is riding, but he is a very clever and a very observant guest if he discovers it. As the clock strikes seven he appears, smiling, shaven, clean, with a "I hope I have not kept you waiting!" He is full of such phrases as that by the way. Indeed he is an anthology of colorless and comforting phrases, not quite flattering, not quite humble, but partaking of both, which steep the unsuspecting in an aroma of superiority and security. He has listened to your banalities about horses and horseflesh, in the smoking-room the night before, with a certain worshipful awe in his eyes, and you now find that he rides as though he were in a cradle, and you perhaps as though you were on a ship's deck. He modestly defers to you as to whether we trot, or walk, or canter, and he is ready to go on or stop, as best pleases you. He has a thousand things to do that day, and you nothing, but he is positively reckless as to time if only you are happy. If you will only waste his time, nothing apparently will give him greater pleasure. He leaves you at the door of your bungalow on your return with thanks for your company, and hope in his eyes, and on his tongue, that you

will favor him with your company again. You make what you consider a remarkably quick change and arrive at the breakfast-room. Apparently he has been there for hours. All in white, booted and spurred, with aiguillettes over his shoulder, ribbons on his breast—for he is on duty to-day—no heat, no wilted collar, no single hair in disarray, he awaits you, and even his smile is cool and inviting. If there are many guests at breakfast or at luncheon he gently insinuates you into the room, but by his manner alone he transforms you into feeling like a whole procession, and you swell with satisfaction as he hands you to the best place vacant. He takes a chair, with an expression, conveyed wholly by his corporeal attitude, as though to say: "As for me, what matters it where I sit!" He succeeds by some curious personal magnetism, born I suppose of long practice, in giving you the impression that you are riding upon a very tall elephant, magnificently caparisoned, while he is standing in the street admiring you.

After he has seen that you have your cigar or cigarette, and asked solicitously if you have seen the last Reuter telegrams and the newspaper, he leaves you, but he leaves you in a delicious atmosphere not of mere comfort, but of comfort that you begin to feel you have deserved by some effort of your own. There is a marked difference between common or garden comfort, and A. D. C. comfort. The latter is lighted and scented with a certain subtle something that makes you feel that your state of languorous ease has been won by you after long and arduous toil; while as a matter of scientific fact, it is only the A. D. C. wand which has played upon your egotism, and made it seem for the nonce noble.

If you wish to do an errand in the town before luncheon, he will either accompany you himself, or provide you with a companion. If he goes himself he instals you in the right-hand corner of the carriage or motor, in the place of honor, and you sail away, soldiers and policemen saluting, and others salaaming as you pass. He does not say it, but his air implies that these marks of respect are due to your imposing personality, and not to the royal liveries.

If a member of your party is ill, he never forgets to send her flowers, to inquire for her health, and to suggest other comforts.

He has done an hour's work before the morning ride, and despite the air of idleness and the apparent contempt for time, he has done two hours' more work before the drive.

This almost feminine regard for your comfort, and the sight of him modestly curled up on a sofa at tea-time, like a stretching house cat, may lead you astray. Take him on at billiards, at racquets, at real tennis or lawn tennis, at polo or cricket or a day's shooting, or go through a day's hard ride in camp or at manœuvres with him, and you find that he plays all the games you know and many more, and he beats you at all of them easily and apologetically. Among this knot of embroidered and decorative young gentlemen you may find a distinguished performer upon the piano-forte, who will play you his own compositions; another who publishes fugitive poems; another who could easily make his living as a caricaturist; but none of these accomplishments is foisted upon you, rather are they dragged forth, or discovered by accident. None of them will speak of himself, or his doings, experiences, or successes, and one and all abhor lime-light upon themselves or their deeds. What an education a little of their companionship would be for many of my countrymen, who after half an hour's acquaintance seem to fill the atmosphere with exclamation points, and repetitions of the ninth letter of the alphabet.

On all official occasions, after dinner, or at dances, the A. D. C.'s attentions to the forlorn, the scraggy, the three-cornered, the convex-backed, the concave-chested, the self-conscious, the awkward, the acidulous of the opposite sex, would put the most fanatical Salvation Army captain to shame.

I have grown to look upon A. D. Cship at its best, as one of the healing professions. It ministers to the social soul diseased. It deals with the more hidden maladies of vanity, self-consciousness, social awkwardness, non-appreciated virtues, hypothetical prowesses, and soothes them unobtrusively, gently, and successfully. Chatterton, and Byron, and Poe might all have been saved by the ministrations of an accomplished A. D. C.

As for his relations with his chief, he surrounds him with a purring adulation which soothes irritation, and lays the dust of the small attritions and futilities of the daily

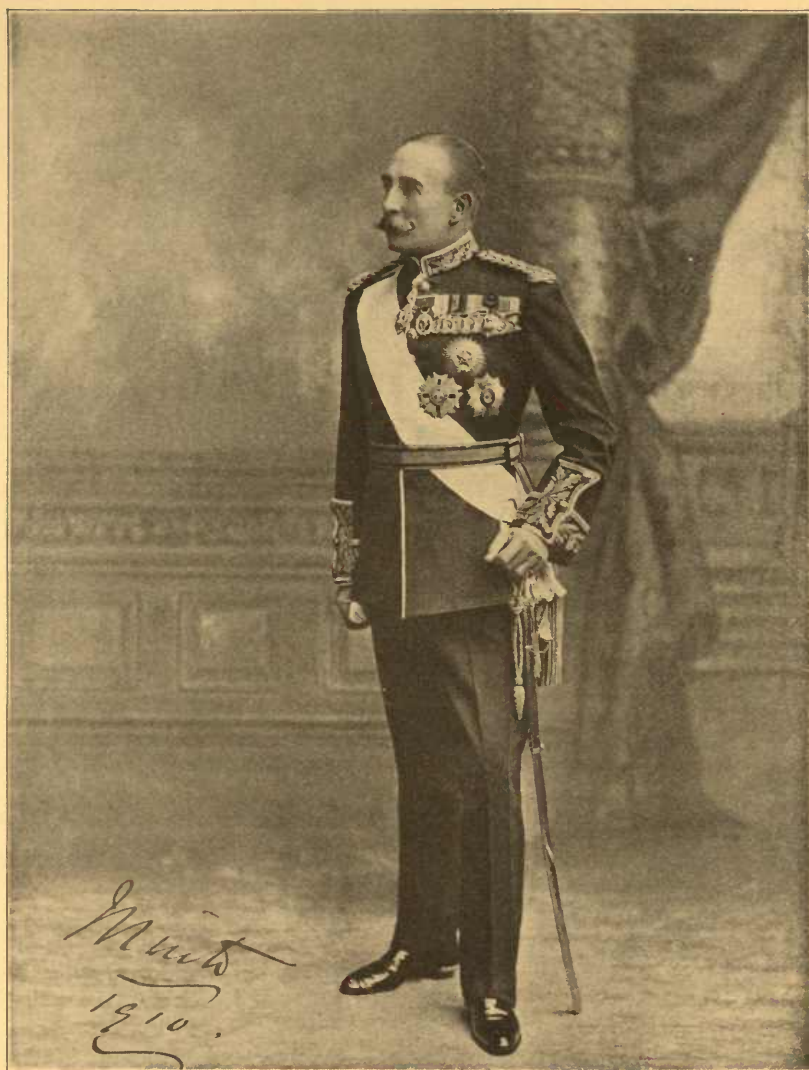
task. He gives spiritual subcutaneous injections of confidence and courage; waves aside the phantoms of discouragement; lights up the dark places of dull duties; and helps to fulfil the deeds in hours of insight willed, which must be done, like most severe tasks, in hours of gloom.

If he really likes and respects his chief, his voice and mien are a veritable paean and hallelujah of praise, when he appears before the guests and announces: His Excellency! You are at once prejudiced in the great man's favor, prone to believe that he is indeed Excellent.

There is nothing mawkish about this loyalty, nothing effeminate. It is like the tenderness with which an engineer oils his great ship-propelling machinery, or the gentleness and care of a sportsman for his guns.

In a climate where the greatest discomforts come from the heat, and the etymological offspring of the heat, the houses are built for coolness and for shade. At Government House Bombay, there is a large central bungalow containing the drawing-rooms, dining-room, billiard-room, ball-room, smoking-room, the entertaining-rooms in short, and surrounding it are the bungalows containing the living apartments of the Governor, his staff, and his guests. We were royally housed in a bungalow overlooking the bay, with reception-hall, sitting-rooms, bath-rooms, and bedrooms, and with separate entrances and outer halls. The service is at first uncanny, so noiseless are the barefooted attendants. You wash your hands in your dressing-room, and almost before you are out of the room a silent brown man has slipped in to change the water.

Servants are of course cheap as measured by our standards, though by no means as cheap as they were twenty-five years ago; but they are also so bound, partly by caste rules, partly by lethargy, partly by centuries of habit, that it requires many of them to keep the household machine going, even when it is of modest proportions. In the case of the Governor of a great province or more particularly in the case of the Viceroy, the number required is legion. No one of them will undertake another's task, and the social and religious differences between them are so great that there are no illustrations from American life that will serve to mark them. Between the low-



From a photograph by Albert Jenkins, Simla.

The Earl of Minto, Viceroy of India.

caste sweeper of the garden walks and the Sikh soldier on guard at the front door, for example, there is a social difference not of degrees but of latitudes. It is criminal to think of associating together. We must not forget that we are among people here who though starving will throw away the meal with contempt upon which even the shadow of a low-caste man has fallen. We should remember too that these peculiarities of caste are not uncommon even amongst ourselves. The writer of Genesis recalls that the custom existed in Egypt "because

the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." When Joseph entertained his brethren in the house of Pharaoh the Egyptians ate apart, the Hebrews ate apart, and Joseph ate apart, much as the Maharana of Udaipur would do to-day did he entertain strangers and inferiors. I know more than one continental Catholic who has never to his knowledge sat at table with a Jew; and we all of us eat, and drink, and are friendly with people whom we do not ask to break bread with us at our own



From a photograph by Albert Jenkins, Simla.

Lady Minto.

tables. These Indians have their caste prejudices, so have we, and when analyzed the differences are of degree rather than fundamental, and so likewise are the eccentricities of housekeeping in the East or the West; there are difficulties to contend with on both sides of the world.

Bells and mechanical appliances are not necessary, for at any hour of the day or night you clap your hands, and there glides noiselessly into your presence a brown phantom to do your bidding. All the work of every kind is done by men, except the

sweeping of the leaves by one or two women in the garden. They all seem, if one may judge from appearances, not only contented but proud. Good behavior means fixity of tenure, and ultimately a pension. The same justice, and honesty, and impartiality which hold all India, holds even more effectively here, because in the case of servants they come into closer contact with their masters, and in many cases like them as well as respect them. John Nicholson was not only a hero among his white fellows but a hero, too, to his soldiers and servants. His great

height, his flowing beard, his dignity of bearing, and audacious courage so delighted the Sikhs that a sect of them called themselves by his name, and established him as their *Guru*, or priest.

Amongst other letters, I had a letter to a distinguished Hindu, who has won high rank in the judiciary of India. I spent a long day in the courts with him, and on one occasion I sat through a scene which I shall never forget. The buildings used by the court in Bombay are larger and finer than those in New York, and the judges better paid than even our judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was one of appeal from a decision of the lower court condemning two Hindus to death for murder. It was a disgusting story, and most of the evidence was circumstantial, except that of a lad of sixteen, a decadent, who claimed that he had been forced by the others to take part in the crime. There sat a Hindu judge, and beside him an English colleague; the case was argued for the appeal by an English barrister. Many hours, much money, much investigation and sifting of evidence had gone into this dull matter of the guilt or innocence of these three Hindus of the very lowest caste. The British machine was working as carefully, as minutely, as though great personages, or important matters of state, were at stake. It was an object-lesson of the slow ponderous English way of being just. It was a sledge-hammer to crack an egg, but it was justice for those cow-herds, who possibly earned two or three cents a day, and justice as nice, and careful, and impartial as for a prince. In the old days their ruler would have had their heads off, or their brains and bellies crushed to a jelly beneath an elephant's feet and knees, or sent them about their business in five minutes, and nor the victims, nor their friends, nor any one else would have thought anything more about it.

In a country where lying and deceiving are looked upon as an intellectual employment, as worthy as any other; in a country where a man will murder his own child and bury it in his neighbor's garden to fasten suspicion upon him, it is easy to realize how difficult is justice, and how experience alone can weigh evidence and get the truth from witnesses. It is sciolism worse confounded to write letters and pamphlets

from cosy chambers in London or New York on the subject of justice in India, the tyranny of the police, the haughty English official, and kindred criticisms. I have visited courts and prisons, I have sat in the highest court, and also in front of the deputy-commissioner's tent pitched on the plains of the Punjab, on a hot day, and thus seen justice meted out to the high and low, and to all conditions of men and women, and now that I am far away from it all, I marvel even more than I did then at the patience, forbearance, kindness, and impartiality that I saw.

My distinguished Hindu friend was of the Brahman class, who had been educated in England and thereby—by crossing the black water—outcasted. He belonged to the intellectuals of his creed, and told me he was what we should call a Unitarian. He praised the virtues of the Hindus, said they were peaceable, gentle, mild, but also suspicious, envious, and jealous, and easily excited by playing upon their religious fears, when they lost all sense of the justice and honesty of their rulers, or of anybody else, and became cruel. The Hindus, he said, have as a rule but one wife, taking another only in case the first one bears no children, or, amongst the lower classes, that there may be more people to work the land, and this in spite of the fact that their religion does not forbid polygamy.

He maintained, as did every Indian of the scores I talked with, that caste is the curse of the country, keeping people apart, setting them against one another, and that so long as caste exists there is no hope of self-government.

He thought the British did not see enough of the people, were socially exclusive, and thereby barred from understanding the people they lived amongst. I said that all Englishmen made the same remark, that the Indians are inscrutable, mysterious. He denied this, and said that they were quite understandable, and would talk freely and frankly, but that they were not allowed to be on such terms with the English as permitted freedom and frankness of intercourse, and that therefore they were dubbed inscrutable. He said the feeling between Hindus and Muhammadans was as strong, and in some places as bitter, as ever.

He thought some protection would be good for India, for of course with free-trade India was at the mercy of Lancashire.

He was in favor of as much participation in the government by natives as was possible, and held that education was

agreed upon one thing, that the subtleties of British compromise were beyond us.

I quote this gentleman, as I shall quote others, not because I agree or disagree with all their views, but that my readers may grind each his own axe. As for me, I beg



From a photograph by Bourne & Shepherd, India.

Sir George Sydenham Clarke, Governor of Bombay.

making progress even among the women. He showed the same feeling, though very guardedly expressed, that other intelligent Indians show wherever one meets them, that much of the distrust and dread of the Indian for the English are due in great part to the unsympathetic attitude of the majority of the English, and claimed that confidence and sympathy would be repaid by loyalty and frankness.

We discussed the curious contradictoriness of the English, who insist upon the unearned increment theory as applicable to land in India, though they fight it at home; and who support the theory of native princes in India, with their patriarchal influence and methods of government, while denouncing dukes and great landlords at home. We

to emphasize the fact that I have no axe to grind other than to call the attention of my countrymen to problems and situations, that they are marching toward, and rapidly.

At a dinner given for me by the Chief Justice, we dined at a new club where both Indians and British meet. Indeed it was formed for that purpose, and certain already hard-worked Englishmen whom I met make it a point to go there. At the dinner in question only men were present, and there were as many Indians present as Europeans, and it seemed to me that problems of government and politics were discussed as freely as they would have been in New York or in London.

But when one leaves this atmosphere of the high-placed, to spend many hours in the

part of the town inhabited by the Indians themselves, the practical situation seems to swamp the theory completely. What sympathy, what kindness, what understanding of their needs or of their defects, can permeate this mass? Even my Hindu friend, when pressed for an opinion, admitted that he saw no solution except British domination for centuries to come. Just what your eyes see, just what your ears hear, make one almost contemptuous of the most intelligent man's opinion who has not actually been in India. These streets swarming with people; these shops, which are merely large-sized goods boxes with one end taken off, in which are huddled merchants and their families, and their wares, in a cubic space perhaps twice that occupied by a deer-hound when travelling in his huge basket to a show; the variety of costumes, head-gear, and physiognomy—I was told that forty different dialects are spoken in the bazaars of Bombay—distinctions of class apparent even to my untutored eyes, from the man in a loin-cloth to some petty rajah in a gilded coach, with servants swarming over it and around it, or dainty Parsi women taking their airing in well-turned-out carriages, with footmen clearing the way for them; beggars covered with dust and ashes; "Arabs and students, what a mixture it is!

Nor democracy, nor any other form of government, has done away with social differences, for the form of government is yet to be even dreamt of that can endow men with equal patience, equal industry, equal good judgment, and until that time comes, society will be as little level, as the troughs and crests of the ocean. Even in the West, where religion and politics have assumed the livery of Equality, little has been done; but in the East religion and politics for thousands of years have insisted that justice demands inequality, and from Quetta to Calcutta, and from Madras to the Khaibar Pass, there is no sign that the old ways are passing.

A journalist whom I met in Bombay, who, though he was not an anarchist, was none the less voluble in his criticisms of the British methods of rule, was discussing the recent visit of Mr. Keir Hardie to India, and I remarked that he was a curious leader for a Brahman to follow. "We do not follow him," he replied, "we are only

using him as we should use anybody else who will follow us! The men he influences," he continued, "are of little use to us, but they are a nuisance to the British."

There are over a thousand newspapers published in the vernacular in India in over twenty-two dialects or languages. In the large cities like Bombay, and to some extent in the outlying districts, they have a certain influence, not always, I fear, for good.

But if the East is buried deep in its own superstitions, we are obsessed by ours. Education and teaching are two of ours. The misty talk about teaching people to respect themselves is a very loose phrase. To teach Lincoln to respect himself was to increase his respect for patience, for humility for good-humor; to teach John Nicholson to respect himself was to increase his respect for truth, courage, and duty; on the other hand, to teach a forger to respect himself is to make his next forgery more daring; to teach a thief to respect himself is to make his next loot larger; to teach certain firebrand politicians to respect themselves, either in India or in England, is to increase their respect for jaunty omniscience, for second-hand scholarship, and for the sly sedition of the bomb, the pistol, and the vernacular press.

To teach a man to read, or to write, or to count does not teach him to think, or to know. We tried teaching our Indians; England teaches in India—under the ægis, by the way, of the most absurd Macaulayan and antiquated system, the system of a man as contemptuous and ignorant of Eastern literature, religions, and philosophy as he was accomplished as a maker of historical phrases and literary antitheses—but to little avail, for the reason that few of us as yet realize the limitations of education. The Indian senior wrangler is no more morally an Englishman than he was before he knew the English alphabet. You cannot teach character, no matter how much else you teach, and character is the only thing worth while. Men are only of the same class, of the same moral aristocracy, when their blood boils and freezes at the same moral temperature, and in all the world there is no text-book on that subject, and but few teachers.

Much of the confusion in this matter arises from the fact that we confound training and education. The majority of men

who go through schools and universities get no training at all, and fail and are forgotten; the men who do get the training in schools and universities make it appear that it was altogether due to school and college, which is not the case at all.

It was training that produced Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Lee, and not education in any academic sense, though Hamilton, Jackson, and Lee were students. It is not the learning that makes the man, but the man who uses his learning as a gymnasium in which to train his powers. We go on crowding men into state and philanthropy-supported institutions of learning as though they were magical receptacles for the production of trained men. Years of failure have taught us nothing.

I agree that the state ought to supply the opportunity for elementary study, and that it is wise and generous charity which offers opportunity for high and costly experiment and investigation, but only those who earn their way ought to have the path beyond made easy. Luther, and Erasmus, and Bacon, and the lesser breed of intellect, will blaze their own path through the forest of difficulties; the others should not be pampered into intellectual dawdling, but left, and even forced if necessary, to fell the forest and plough the plain.

America has had free education from the beginning, an unequalled test, and yet the men who have made America are without university degrees, with such few excep-

tions that the academically educated are lost in the overwhelming majority who have trained themselves. Even those who have academic degrees owe their places in the world to other training than the

training received from books and professors.

The world wonders at the decadence of school-burdened France, where the boys are effeminized, the youths secularized, and the men sterilized, morally and patriotically; France with its police without power, its army without patriotism, and its people without influence; disorderly at home and cringing abroad; a nation owing its autonomy even to the fact that it is serviceable as a buffer-state. When I write "disorderly at home," it is not the off-hand rhetoric of the hasty writer. Monsieur Emile Massard made a report to the Paris Municipal Council on the subject of the encumberment of the Paris streets. He says there are near-



Aide-de-camp to the Governor of Bombay.

ly half a million vehicles of all kinds in Paris to-day, with twenty thousand hand-carts and nine thousand barrows. In 1909, sixty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy accidents were caused in the Paris streets by eighty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight vehicles, or about three accidents for every four vehicles, and there was one summons for every seventy-seven motor taxi-cabs. I am unorthodox, I might even be dubbed a heretic by the narrow, but I am bound to confess if ever a nation suffered from physical and moral dry-rot,



From a photograph by Clifton & Co.

View of Bombay from Malabar Hill.

as a direct result of secular education, it is France.

America and Germany have been saved from this by faith and reverence. In France reverence has been knocked on the head and faith smothered in ridicule, and she has produced a school-bred hooligan, in Paris at any rate, whose lack of the human traits of decency, honesty, gentleness, and manliness are unequalled outside of a menagerie. Heretic I may be, but I would rather suffer a Mass even, than mock at my mother. Education without moral training is simply a diabolical misfortune. But the fallacy remains, and with it a terrible waste of human material, and an increase of that uneasy unhappiness, which is the curse of modern society, for men and women are naturally discontented who feel dimly that they are developed along wrong lines, and yet are loath to admit that they should exchange the black coat for the blouse, the pen for the plough, and the æmia of mediocre mental accomplishment for the health of rude toil. There is a multitude of failures at these Indian

examinations. It takes twenty-four thousand candidates for matriculation to secure eleven thousand passes, and of these eleven thousand only one thousand nine hundred survive to take the B. A. degree. At Oxford, for example, and as a means of comparison, the number of those who fail to matriculate is negligible, and of the nine hundred who annually matriculate, about six hundred and fifty proceed to their degree. In the long run, God himself reads just matters. Development along false lines ends in disgrace and failure. We to-day may see Turks and Italians, the descendants of the Mughals and the Cæsars, working as day-laborers in the far-off West of the Argentine Republic, and five hundred years hence a Chinese official will ponder over the fact that the descendants of English lords and American millionaires are tilling his fields. By instinct we say "Mother Earth" and "Mother Nature," and we are right; all the others are step-mothers, or mothers-in-law.

It is curious that England, which has won so great an empire, and which has been

ruled and served by an uneducated but trained aristocracy, should of all nations turn to books and professors to solve its Indian problems. In the House of Commons, July, 1910, there were one hundred and eleven Etonians, the great majority of whom are far better fitted to lead a squadron of cavalry, or to govern a foreign province, than to pass an examination in competition with Frenchmen or Germans of their own age. I hope I am not assuming too much when I say that these same Etonians would agree with me.

India needs engineers, agricultural chemists, archaeologists, mining engineers, architects, statisticians, students of hygiene, political economists, scientific farmers, but how many such men have her schools and colleges produced—practically none. All this work is done by Europeans, while the Indian student has but one aim, to become an employee of the government, a cog in the wheel of bureaucracy, with a little power over his fellows, and a pension in store for him. The supply of these is exceeding the demand, and those left over are like badly cooked food, neither good as a fertilizer nor to eat; they are spoiled for the fields and too feeble for useful mental labor. I mean no insult. I am saying of the East what I have first said of the West. England has transferred the Western fetish of secular education to India, with the result that might have been expected. The Indian seditionist is no worse than the Parisian hooligan, and both, with certain differences, are the result of the same system.

The sun is blazing down on the garden in which lives a saint, so-called, whom I visited one day in Bombay. He has not spoken for twenty-three years, and his neighbors look upon him with awe. He permits me to take his photograph, and I wonder whether it is for peace or as a penance that he has made this law for himself. We question him, and he by signs tells us that he is quite happy, quite indifferent whether he lives or dies, and quite sure that all is for the best in the world, if one only takes a perspective of, say, a thousand years or so. We are too close to things to know much about them, he maintains, and gets as far away as he can.

Some months later, I visit at Davos Platz a man who for nearly thirty years has been studying drops of blood under a microscope. He is getting as close to life as he can, but admits that he knows little more than the sage in his hot garden at Bombay. Both the Western scientist and the Eastern sage smile indulgently at the fussiness of modern life. My own experience of men in many lands has taught me that the most active are the least valuable. It is a notable survival of the simian in man that so many people think that constant mental and physical activity is a measure of value. Busy people seldom accomplish anything. The statue, the poem, the painting, the solution of the economic, financial, or social problem, the courage and steadfastness for war even, are all born in seclusion and appear mysteriously from nowhere. Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes all appear from nowhere, and promptly take command of the busybodies. What a crowd of men we all recall who were so busy making themselves remembered that they are already forgotten! It is said that some ninety-five per cent of business men, brokers, and bankers fail. It is busyness that does it. We must give the Eastern philosophy its due. We are none of us infallible, not even the most modern of us, and I am not sure that the proud flesh of the social sore is not as visible in the Tweed Ring, in the State-House scandals in Pennsylvania, in the Sugar scales of certain millionaire merchants, in the Poplar Union revelations in England, or in the crowd at a race-meeting in Paris, as anywhere in India or in China.

I regret, for the sake of my Western readers who are accustomed to the proclamatory cocksureness of irritable activity, that I am leaving Bombay with so little ability to provide them with any essence of omniscience of my own manufacture. Having no claims social, political, or financial to make upon my fellow-countrymen, I am satisfied to serve them with food for thought rather than to denounce them for the benefit of their enemies, or to flatter them for their own undoing, that I may have their approval.



THE WESTERNER

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL



JOANNA'S resentment at being sent East at the end of her freshman year in the State University was not altogether due to her disappointment at missing the very considerable gayety of that co-educational institution. A suspicion that culture and polished manners were thought to be more easily acquired near the Atlantic coast than in the Mississippi valley aroused passionately the heat of her generous local patriotism. She traversed the continent, therefore, in a high state of belligerent opposition to everything Eastern, especially to the supercilious Eastern notion that there was any difference between the two sections of the country.

No sooner was she settled in her new dormitory than she began her crusade. "You think all Western men are long-haired cow-punchers!" she cried to her room-mate, who had committed the crime of being born in Maine. "Let me tell you that they are not, but a great deal better-dressed, and more up-to-date and—and cultivated than these silly Eastern boys!"

She got small satisfaction out of the girl from Maine, who, being a hopeless grind and working for honors, spent very little time in comparing different brands of young men; but she promised herself a fine opportunity for combating narrow-minded Eastern notions in her projected visit to her cousins in Vermont. Her mother's family had come originally from the Green Mountain State and there was still left in a small village in the more mountainous part of the State quite a settlement of Perkinses and Hadleys, who, hearing that one of the Kansas branch of the family was in New England, invited her to Hillsboro' for her Christmas vacation.

She found that place a singularly remote and isolated little cluster of houses, lost in a forgotten valley of the Green Mountains and immensely far removed from any sort of main current. Her new relatives were very simple-minded, elderly village folk who certainly would not have thought of claiming for themselves either culture or polished manners, much less a monopoly of those advantages; but Joanna's nervous young hand had held the bowstring taut for

too long a time to alter her purpose. With a noisy twanging she let fly all the arguments she had feathered and stored up for a quite different collection of people. As soon as she landed in the snow-bound little village, clinging, rather forlornly it seemed to her, to the great sloping flank of Hemlock Mountain, she began her campaign, which consisted of many-times reiterated statements that their ideas about the West were all wrong. There was no difference at all, she told them, between Vermont and Kansas except that Kansas was sophisticated and advanced and modern while Vermont was provincial, narrow, and behind the times.

"Ah, we are not like most Yankees," they told her unexpectedly. "We know about the West. A Westerner lives here and has for years—a man from Nebraska."

Joanna was stupefied. "A Westerner live here!" she cried. "What in the world does he do *that* for?" A plausible excuse striking her, she answered herself before her cousins could recover from the rich insult of her question, "Oh, perhaps he has business interests." Like all American girls she had been trained to understand that "business interests" formed an adequate explanation for the most bizarre actions. "No, he's not in business," they told her, "he's poor, like everybody else around here. He farms it."

Joanna was smitten into silence. Emerging from this with a long breath of utter wonder, "Well, I never heard of anything like that in my life!" she averred. "To leave Nebraska for Vermont!"

She felt very much irritated that such a *lulus naturæ* should have obtruded itself into her triumphal celebration of the superiorities of the West. His mere existence was bad enough, but as she began to hear more of him, her exasperation grew. He, too, it seemed from her cousins' talk, loved the West and, like Joanna, was much given to describing it to all who would listen; but "Why I never *heard* of such things. *Never!*" the girl cried out again and again, as his stories were repeated. She was driven from the offensive to the defensive at once by those preposterous stories of broncho-busting, cattle-brandings, Indian dances, coyote hunting, and cow-punching. It must be admitted that it was through no fault of her cousins that she felt her native region disgraced by this account of its main

industries. To do them justice, they evidently admired the West immeasurably as a land of fascinating, wild, and abandoned freedom, and thought themselves very commonplace persons compared with inhabitants of that part of the country.

No attitude they could have taken would have more inflamed the fury of their Western relative. In vain she told them of expensive school-houses, "*much* better equipped and more modern than those of the East," of trolley-cars and theatres and Maeterlinck clubs and paved streets and art associations and city water-works and country clubs and brick office-buildings and smart sets only differing from those of the East in that they were "a thousand times smarter in every way." The concensus of opinion among the Perkinses and Hadleys continued to be, as far as she could determine, that she must live in a very queer section of the West, quite unlike the rest of it. She chafed fumingly under this assumption of these kindly, elderly country-folk who seemed to think of her as a little girl. It was all very different from what she had planned.

On the fourth day of her visit, as they sat at the noonday dinner-table, the noise of hoofs, beating rapidly on the hard-trodden snow, made itself audible. Her cousins looked at her and smiled, "That's the Nebraskan," they said. "He's the only person around here that goes a-horseback."

She rushed to the window and voiced the first and second wave of astonishment which overwhelmed her in two exclamations, "Why, he's *old!*" and, "What *has* he got on!" They protested, "Oh no, he's not at all old! He can't be a day over fifty-five." And, "He always dresses like that. You see for yourself. He got used to it in the West, I suppose."

Joanna returned to the table swelling with wrath. "Well, I've lived in the West all my life and I never saw anybody so rigged up outside a circus-tent!" As her astonishment and indignation grew, "He's a fake!" she broke out a little later, "I bet you my bottom dollar that man's a fake!"

Her cousins ignored her thesis and pounced on its expression with delighted exclamations, "There! That's the way *he* talks, with those picturesque expressions. That's the first really Western thing you've said."

Joanna colored over her slip and kept her further sceptical surmises to herself.

"Here he comes back," said her great-aunt at the window, "I'm going to ask him in to meet you. You'll find him a *real* nice man. And he thinks as much of the West as you."

He proved to be a tall, lean elderly mountaineer, precisely like every one else in Hillsboro' except that he wore his gray hair long on his shoulders. His voice was nasal and he spoke with a pronounced Yankee twang. He looked at Joanna kindly, shifted his wide-brimmed sombrero with the rattle-snake band into his left hand, pulled off the deep-cuffed gauntlet glove from the other and shook hands heartily with her. "A little girl from Kansas, eh? Well, that's fine! It does my eyes good to see anybody from God's country. You must come up and see m'wife and me at our ranch. Tain't much to look at compared to the payrayra (he pronounced prairie as Joanna had heard "old settlers" in Kansas say the word), but we'd be almighty glad to see you. We Westerners ought to have quite something to talk about."

Joanna surveyed him in silence from his sombrero to his wide-fringed chaps and tinkling spurs. She made no objection to the acceptance for her of his invitation by her great-aunt. She was suppressing a great laugh. She thought to herself that she had never seen anything in her life more ridiculous than this spare old Yankee farmer tricked out in his absurd costume.

"Yes, I'll go to see him," she told herself that night, "and I bet I'll find out a thing or two about him before I get through! He can't run any bluff on *me*!" Joanna observed in her conversations with herself, none of the finicky restrictions which she put on her audible speech in this country of critical Easterners.

The vehicle in which she made the journey to the other end of the dark and narrow valley struck her, like so many other things in this much-vaunted East, as very poor and mean. It was an unpainted wooden box on runners (she had overheard some one give it the strange name of "pung") filled with straw which was supposed to keep her feet warm as she perched on a springless seat. She was so triumphantly full of her prospective exposure of her pseudo-compatriot that she let slip the op-

portunity to point out that if Westerners had been living there they would have had long ago a trolley-line running up the valley with warmed and lighted cars upholstered in plush. As a matter of fact, since none of her elderly relatives ventured out on such a long drive in mid-winter, she had only a hired boy to whom to make this observation if she had thought of it; a boy so swathed in wrappings that only a pair of contemplative eyes was to be seen, a boy who preserved a penetrating silence.

It was a gray day, very cold, with occasional flurries of snow. Joanna thought that no one could dream of anything more utterly dreary than this tiny strip of frozen land, shut in by the huge, unbroken wall of sombre, cloud-veiled mountains. The few houses they passed, small, plain buildings, planned apparently with a sole aim to economy, gazing blankly at her with frost-whitened little windows, seemed, against the desolate height of the mountains on which they clung, like the veriest cabins.

The silence, the piercing cold, the gray gloom, the suffocating nearness of the mountains worked on the impressionable girl like an evil spell. She thought of the dazzling sunlight of the plains, of the spacious farm-houses, like luxurious country residences, which she knew in her own State, steam-heated, with electric lights, close by trolley-lines, surrounded by a prosperous company of huge barns and stables; and she felt her heart contract with a pitying horror of the lives that must be lived here.

By the time the horse had plodded to the end of the journey, which proved to be a small, poor old house like all the others, the girl's sensitive nerves were quivering like fiddle-strings. "Oh, how do you *stand* it here, you Easterners!" she cried as soon as her wraps were unloosened enough for speech. "I should think you would smother with those horrible great mountains shutting out all the air. I can't breathe!"

Her hostess, a small woman, mild-eyed and smiling, said with a cheerful literalness, "Oh, there's plenty of air here. That's just your imagination, I guess."

Her host, arrayed in a red shirt with a gay neckerchief around his corded old neck, said nothing. He was seated in a splint-bottomed chair with a bright tidy on the



"It does my eyes good to see anybody from God's country."—Page 160.

back, his eyes bent on the operation of sorting beans. Close on the other side of the window where he sat rose the first slope of the foot-hill, its outcropping granite ledges within reach of his hand. The mistress of the house turned to put away the girl's wraps and paused, saying with a quaint shyness, "Would you like to come and see the house? Your aunt said she wanted you should see a real old-fashioned Vermont farm-house such as your folks come from. The boy says you can't stay very long so maybe you'd better do it now."

Joanna in an unwonted silence followed her about her tiny domain, looking at the low, slanting ceilings of the bedrooms, at the clumsy, old-fashioned "conveniences" of the kitchen, at the darkened, musty "best room," at the steep stairs, at the bare, worn boards of the floors, covered with home-woven rag rugs and bearing, in deep grooves, the impress of the many generations before the present owners, whose feet

had trodden the narrow round of their daily life. She could make no comment because of the knot in her throat, and when her hostess paused again in the dining-room and remarked with a little air of pride, "It took quite a while to fix things just the way he wanted them, but *we* think we got a nice little home," Joanna found something unendurably touching in the speech.

Her host rose now and slipping on a coat said, "Now, Mother, you go git her things again. You've showed her all your belongings. And I want she should see the barn." His wife protested that young ladies have no interest in barns, but succumbed to his statement that "she'd ought to see where her grandfather come from as much as her grandmother."

It was with little enthusiasm that Joanna saw herself thus provided with the opportunity for cross-examining questions that she had come to seek. Her mood had

quite changed. She was not so much militantly disposed to defend her home region, as heart-sick with longing for it, for its cheerful, wide-margined prosperity, for its young, thriftless, confident affluence. This barren old country, overshadowed sadly by a past as poor and pinched as its present, filled her with an outraged compassion.

Her heart swelling with this vague and painful emotion, she followed her host about the little barn, seeing but not noting the herd of three cows, the one horse who thrust a good-natured face out from his stall, the adjoining shed where a few matronly hens stood shiveringly about, lifting up first one foot and then the other to warm it in their fluffed-up feathers. There was a pause after this and she was aware that the farmer had asked her some question. She had not heard it, and, looking inquiringly at him, suddenly observed the signs of excitement in his weather-beaten face. She said, "I didn't catch what you said, please," but he answered only by a long stare. He seemed to be struggling with a great indecision which he finally cast off with a gesture of resolution, and beckoned her to follow him up the steep, ladder-like stairs. They crossed the hay-mow in silence, treading softly on the masses of short, fine, sweet-smelling grasses. Joanna noticed that a corner of this second floor was roughly

partitioned off with unplanned boards to form a small room.

Into this her companion introduced her, saying with a tremor in his voice, "You're the first person but me that's ever be'n here." He added, apparently as explanation, "They don't many folks from the West git back to Hillsboro' and you're the only one that *ever* got as far as this end of the valley."

Joanna looked about her uncomprehendingly. The place was like nothing she had ever seen. It was very small, a rough bunk covered with skins stretched along one side, a few tin cooking-dishes hung on the walls, and a little sheet-iron cooking-stove, oddly new and unused-looking,

ing, thrust its pipe out of a hole in the window. The walls were almost covered with pictures stuck up with pins and nails.

Their character gave her the first, faint, anticipatory glimmering of the meaning of the ugly little room. They were of all sorts, rough, line drawings cut from newspapers, colored illustrations from the magazines, but they all represented Western scenes, the sort of Western scene that Joanna was always repudiating in her description of her Kansas home—cattle-stampedes, cow-punchers, Indians, sod-houses, lines of prairie schooners making their way through sagebrush, cow-boys galloping along over vast, sunlit plains where nothing broke the per-



"It took quite a while to fix things just the way he wanted them."—Page 161.



"Say, it's a great country, ain't it?"—Page 164.

fect circle of the sky-line—Joanna clasped her hands! Ah, at least the horizon was right, that ample horizon encircling the friendly fertile, useful land! That was home!

"I *knew* you'd like it! I *knew* you'd understand!" cried the old farmer at the sight of her kindling eyes. His tone denoted an immense relief. Even through Joanna's impervious youth there struck the conviction that he had *not* known she would like it, that she had been in danger of striking a false note, of destroying something cherished. She turned to him and saw almost with terror that his gaunt old face was very

white and that his chin trembled. "It seems so good to see somebody that can understand," he said in simple apology for his emotion.

Joanna sat down on the edge of the bunk and looked earnestly at him. Her intense hope that he would say something to give her a clew as to her attitude was fulfilled by his continuing as though he were in the middle of a story she knew quite well. "You see, my being out there such a short time—'twas only three months from start to finish—I was afraid I'd forget about it some. So as soon 's I could I fixed this up like the little shack I had out there, and I keep puttin'



She drove away into the quick-falling, sombre winter twilight.—Page 165.

up all the pictures I can git a-hold of, so's to keep me reminded—" His nasal explanatory voice changed to the note, startling and thrilling, of a man speaking openly of a great passion. "*Say, it's a great country, ain't it?*" he said.

Joanna had never before in her girl-life heard that note, but her inexperience was no barrier to her recognition of it. She felt that she too was probably very pale.

"Seems like," went on the farmer, always with this new voice that transfigured his words, "seems like I'd *never* lived—not what you could call *live!*—but just them three months. There wan't no chance here then any more than now, but just to pick stone and pick stone and pick stone and scratch enough off'n your stone-heap to keep from starving to death. But 'twan't that so much. I'd always felt sort of cramped and cooped up here, as if there'd been folks living here so long they'd breathed up all the air. And when I went West I see what I'd been looking for. I took to it! First time I opened my eyes onto a payrayra I felt as if I'd been stone-blind till then. I remember how I breathed—how I could breathe! I knew, when you come in and said you felt smothered—when I first come back, I used to lift every one of the mountains every time I drew a breath."

Joanna ventured a question. "How long have you been back?" she asked.

He meditated. "I'm fifty-eight, and I was twenty-three then. That makes thirty-

five years. Its quite a spell, but I ain't forgot I'm a Westerner. I've tried to keep as young-minded and high-hearted as they all were out there. Its been something to try *for!*"

Thirty-five years. Joanna tried to take it in. Of the asphalt street and comfortable tree-shaded houses of her home town, there could have been no trace but a few sod-cabins on the prairies. It was almost twice her life-time. And he had spent it here.

"I had an awful good claim staked out," the farmer went on, "with a creek running right through the middle, and I was saving all the money I earned cow-punching to buy farm tools. I expect I could have made quite some money if I'd have stayed—and maybe *been* somebody."

Something about the tone with which he uttered this conjecture struck oddly on his listener's ear. It was not the accent of bitter unresignation which would have suited his words, but a sort of affectionate and unregretful reminiscence, quite different from the throbbing note of passion with which he had spoken of his love for his distant foster-fatherland.

"Why didn't you stay?" she burst out.

"Oh, I *couldn't!*" he said quickly, as though pointing out a quite apparent obstacle. "Good land! she'd have died, she was so homesick for the mountains and the old ways."

Joanna gathered that he was speaking of his wife. She recalled that faded insignifi-

cant little woman with an effort. She had forgotten her existence. She stared at the farmer. Whatever answer she had expected, it was not that.

He took her stare apparently as a question, for he went on to explain, "She was a nice little orphan girl that the family next to me had brought along as a sort of bound girl, and she was scared to death of everything out there. That was how I happened to notice her the first time. Everybody but me had gone to a dance and she was washing dishes when a burro that somebody'd brought there that day began to hee-haw in the corral. You've heard burros all your life so 'tain't likely you can re'lize how like the devil they sound when you don't know what 'tis. Anyhow, first thing I knew, this poor little girl was hanging on to me, looking like—looking like—well, if you'd seen her you wouldn't ha' forgotten it—and begging me to kill her before they could get her. She thought 'twas Indians. It sounds funny but 'twan't funny to her. She thought everything was Indians. And she didn't have any family to look after her and take her back. She was all alone."

He drew a long breath of utter satisfaction. "I tell you *what*, its a sight of comfort to me to look at her now and think she ain't ever looked like that since. There are some things worth living to do."

Joanna was shaken with that sense, so terrible to the young, of unnecessary tragedy, of avertable loss. "Why, she'd have got used to things if she'd stayed!" she broke out.

The farmer shook his head. "She wan't that kind. She'd ha' died before she got used. Lots *did*, you know. It was the men that took to the country, *reeady*."

"Why, I love it! I love it," cried Joanna.

"Well, you were born there," said the old man reasonably. He looked away and said in an altered voice, "you see, we ain't never had any children to take her mind up.

There wan't much I *could* have given her but things the way she wanted 'em."

Joanna found nothing to say.

The agitation with which he had begun the conversation had now passed into a ruminative pleasure in her company. He sat down beside her on the bunk, explaining humorously, "Them skins are wood-chuck. There don't many coyotes grow in Vermont and I had to take next best if I was to have things look the way they did in my little sod-house out there."

After this, clasping his great, gnarled, farmer's hands about his upraised knee, he talked for some time with a reminiscent gusto of things Joanna had heard much of in the speeches on the annual "Settlers' Day" at home. She could not force an attention to his rambling talk. She looked about the poor rough room like a child's make-believe play-house, and tried to think of the meaning of what she had been hearing. She was like a person who has been too near to a great explosion. There was nothing in her ears but a vast, vague reverberation, whose solemn significance she could not as yet conceive.

When the hired boy came stamping and calling into the lower part of the barn to say that they must start back, she went with him docilely. She took the cookies which her hostess gave her in a paper bag to eat on the way home, and she shook hands with her host in perfect silence. "Come again," he told her heartily; "its done us a sight of good to have you." Joanna noticed that he said nothing before his wife of the subject of his talk in the barn.

The two stood side by side in the low door, smiling and waving good-by to her as she drove away into the quick-falling, sombre winter twilight.

They asked her on her return if she hadn't found him after all quite a Westerner, and she broke into a quick storm of tears.

NINFA

By Rennell Rodd

WHERE the steep Volscian ridge leans down
To the low Pontine shore
We found a little silent town
In which men dwell no more.
Mid-spring had strewn with lavish hands
That wilderness with flowers,
Where mirrored in her mere she stands
A wreck of broken towers,
A fortress of the border feud
In long-forgotten years,
That consecrates to solitude
Her triumphs and her tears.

Dark ivy shrouds her girdling walls
A hundred summers deep,
And stillness like a spell enthalls
Her everlasting sleep;
A sleep no jarring voices break,—
The faint sob from her stream,
The sway of rush beds in the lake
Accord with her long dream.
The marsh bird comes to hide her nest
Here in a safe retreat;
The silver nettles have possessed
Wide square and trackless street;
The arches of her palace courts
Are tapestried with vine;
Tall thistles close her battle-ports
And bar the unroofed shrine,
Where frescoed choir and moss-green nave
Are choked with bramble-rose,
And through the creviced apse a wave
Of honeysuckle flows;
Where wild valerian's crimson fires
Light altars long grown dim,
And jasmine's heavy scent inspires
The insect's drowsy hymn.

Beyond, toward the waning day,
The fens stretched rank and wide,
In all their reckless pomp of May,
To the blue Tuscan tide.

The poppied fields were one red flare,
And banks of golden broom
Made all the languid lowland air
Oppressive with perfume.

What bandit clan of lawless days,
What brood of outcast men
Dwelt here to watch the southward ways
That cross the ill-famed fen!
What hands for good or evil wrought!
What fervent hearts grew cold!
What thinkers here untimely thought
In that grim world of old?
What stricken captives fronted fate?
What penitents cried woe?
How did they fare in love and hate
Who died here long ago?
Alike on belfry tower and keep
Impartial ivy waves,
And wheresoe'er her dead folk sleep
The poppies hide their graves.

Lo while we dream the skies turn gold,
The evening draws to end,
Dark over Ninfa's ruined hold
The purple shadows blend;
And gabled fane and fortress tower,
And lake and winding stream
Grow conscious of the passing hour,
And catch the transient gleam.
The rose flush fades from Norba's height
And Circe's cape afar;
Now Cori shows a single light
Beneath a single star.
Now myriad swarms of flitting fires
Light up the path we climb
Between dark banks of scented briars
With feet that bruise the thyme;
The heart's quick pulse is almost pain
In this tense mood of May;
And as we leave the shadowy plain
And make the mountain way,
We turn and see, where swift night falls,
The marsh land's misty breath
Wind like a shroud round those gray walls
Long dedicate to death.

CONQUERING THE SIERRAS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



T the launching of a battleship some fair maid, after a trying ordeal at the costumer's, must stand becomingly on a high staging, must be photographed by the newspapers, and gracefully break a bottle of champagne tied with long ribbons. Similarly, on or just previous to the opening of a great railway to regular passenger service, some promising youth is given the distinction of being the first passenger over the line. In the present case of the new Western Pacific from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, I was the innocent and enthusiastic victim; and the fact of my being rather premature, so that the directors' car had to be replaced by a little bob-tail gasoline motor running on the rails, and the champagne was eliminated altogether, had not dampened my enthusiasm in the least.

But now, stalled at the end of all creation with the driver flat on his back under the car and the Great American Desert stretching gray and limitless as the sea with nothing but detached barren mountains floating in it—with one stick of chocolate for four healthy men and no water whatever—I began to wonder if I had not ventured on a very foolhardy undertaking. Now that I had time to think it over, I remembered where other adventurers had come to grief in just this way—automobiling into a desert, and trying to walk out again. The remaining three of us got out of the car and, none caring to look squarely at the others, each chose a different segment of the quivering horizon and stared at it. I slyly felt the chocolate-stick in my pocket to see how big it was. The driver, noticing a slight drip from the condenser, produced a greasy tin can and placed it beneath. The water was very hot and dirty, but yes, it might be well worth saving.

However, the gasoline engine is only the second most fickle and second least dependable thing known to man, and after a bit of

diplomatic coaxing, she began to bark again with regularity. And as we sped along once more through the hot singing breeze I felt glad that the break-down had occurred, for, with nothing but smooth sailing, the desert might have bored me as it does through passengers from the East with last week's papers to read; but one brief moment of standing a little motionless black speck in a gray infinity, sweeping so far and so wide, had sufficed to crowd overwhelmingly upon me the haunting, almost fearful, charm of the desert. The gaunt, austere features of its old countenance, drawn as with a hard needle upon a burnished plate, made it more than just a landscape now. Each bold headland, manœuvring into position ahead of us, rose with an individual, almost personified, dignity of its own, disclosed its lean long flanks out of the quivering heat, and sank again buried in centuries of meditation. Then the changeful sage-brush—now olive-green, now deathly gray—began to spread like faded tapestries upon the hard hills; and presently out of this seemingly eternal stillness came motion—flying bands of wild horses with arching necks and flowing manes galloped up like charging cavalry, satisfied their curiosity, wheeled and galloped off again. A troop of whirlwinds followed, springing out of nothing to right and left, lifting their lithe, curving white bodies hundreds of feet in air, rushed across the levels like ghosts of Greek dances with arms uplifted and draperies whirled about them; and having run their dizzy course, dissolved again in air.

But lastly, far away under the slanting sun, arose a long ragged wall unlike the detached ranges of Nevada—the barrier wall of the Sierras. Old John Muir, who loves them better than any man, calls them the Mountains of Light. So they appeared now, a streaming cobalt ribbon along the horizon. But he also remarks, after having prowled them over for a good part of his



In the lap of a broad valley lay the town of Quincy.—Page 172.

life, that they are the most uninterrupted high wall of mountains in the world. Other higher peaks and clusters there are; but for an unbroken thousand-mile wall they are not to be equalled; and the old trails over them are among the highest regularly travelled highways of the world.

I knew a little of the Sierras myself—as much as one may learn by sitting astride of their giant backbone fourteen thousand feet above the sea, sliding down snow-banks at forty-five degrees, and peering over ledges into valleys five thousand feet deep. Therefore I looked long and dubiously at this approaching barrier; for, if the motor continued on its good behavior, my business was to be the first passenger to cross these mountains clear down to the sea on a one per cent grade. A one per cent grade means that instead of requiring three or even four locomotives to hoist your long lines of Pullmans over the heights, you twine in and out through a lot more scenery, and finally attain about the same elevation with a single engine, but without ever rising or falling more than one foot in a hundred, or 52.8 feet in a mile.

And now, while I still continued to doubt its possibility, we began to do it. Sweeping around the last headland, we started on a long southward flank movement up the wall of the Sierras. The desert sank beneath us and spread wider and wider, lying like an inland ocean. The sage-brush

surrendered to faint green slopes. The slanting sun made state-house domes of the bare round foothills. Chill winds blew from the thinly timbered heights. Another circumstance caused us to shiver a little; for although we were presumably scheduled as an extra with certain time-table, and meeting-points with freight-trains, we had done about as we pleased, stopped for a picture here, a break-down there, until now a little black streak creeping below us on the gray desert assumed the proportions of a pursuing stock-train. It is never etiquette to stop a stock-train, but when it is loaded with five hundred bleaters which the Interstate Commerce Law declares must be unloaded, fed, and watered at a certain time, you positively must stop it. So I continued to look apprehensively over my shoulder each time we entered a cut and to peer ahead at each curve out and over a bare brown country for all the world like the Urals. And what was that faint road-like marking paralleling us on the hillsides, heading with us for a certain bleak depression in the wall? Why, none other than the old, old Transcontinental Trail whereon prairie schooners sailed and stage-coaches raced with Indians or were halted by highwaymen.

Do you imagine it is the work of one man in one lifetime to locate a way through the Sierras? Far from it. When old Jim Beckwourth in the emigrant days trekked



Red-barked bull pines — Page 171.

back and forth between God's Country and the Desert he trekked through this Beckwourth Pass (though they spell it differently now) and after him came this faint road creeping over the hills; and after that came surveyors and engineers for the Central Pacific, the Union Pacific 'way back in the eighties, and the Denver and Rio Grande. But all these men met with the same obstacle:—they could very easily get up to the backbone of the Sierras, as we are doing now, but they could not get down. They all kept their eyes on the North Fork of the Feather River, as the only possible route, trudged it, measured it, and abandoned it

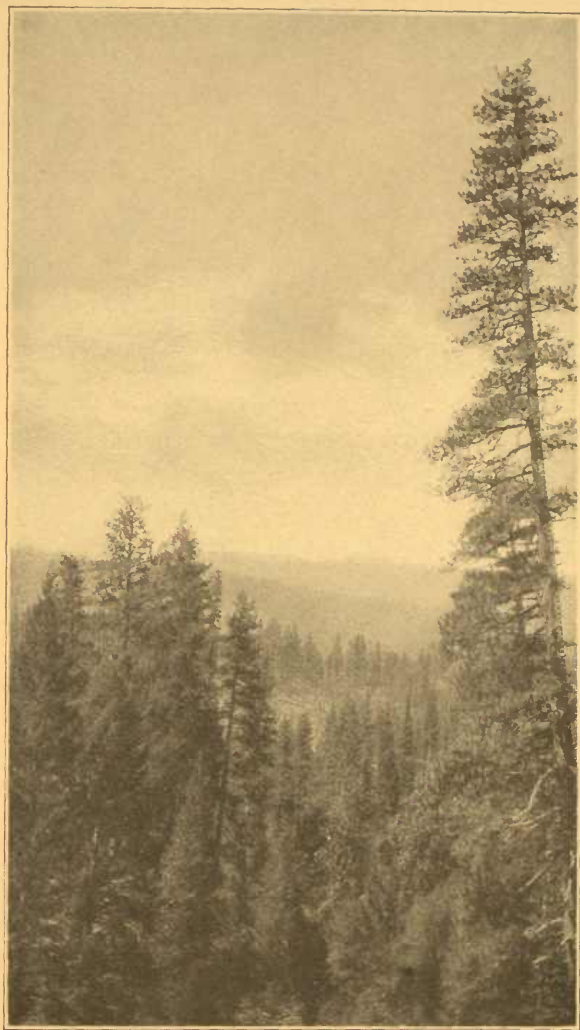
as too steep. The secret of the Sierras was not yet to be disclosed, and Henry Clay was still incontrovertible in his assertion that the Pacific Coast never would amount to much because you couldn't get a railroad into it.

Meanwhile, thinking of these things and listening for the approach of the five hundred bleaters, we arrived at the top of the world; and casting an apprehensive glance behind and a dubious one at the driver, we lighted a flaring red torch and plunged into six thousand feet of damp, echoing tunnel. Nothing could be more remarkably different than the opposite ends of this tunnel—the east portal looking out upon the barrenness of the Urals, the west portal opening to beautiful mile-high mountain meadows fringed with purple and copper-colored walls. Safe on a siding in the midst of these, we waited, idly enjoying their rare young beauty after the gray desert, while the five hundred bleaters rumbled by and went into pasture for the night. Then, shivering in the cool dusk and blinking at the red sky, we alighted in the town of Portola, wherein I was delighted to observe that the genuine old early days in California are still

going on. The metropolis of Portola is located just behind two giant bull pines "at the top of the one per cent" where the locomotives stop to get their breath. It is as innocent of lamp-posts, telephones, water-pipes, gas-jets, and paint as an Ingersoll watch, and has yet to achieve its first birthday. Four June weddings had just been chronicled in Portola; but nobody has ever died there. The climate is large and crisp, and having eaten ravenously from a rough-pine table at the clean little rough-pine restaurant, I left the bronzed division engineers who had ridden with me all day, engaged in a most intricate game of

chess involving one hundred moves with one hundred gravel-cars among one dozen sidings without interfering with lambs in rapid transit—and retiring to one of the four beds in the three rooms over the barber shop which served as hotel, I pried the sash out of the window and slept a big sleep with the delicious mountain air streaming over me.

Having observed next morning that the sun was preparing to rise, I hastened to the water-barrel in the front yard and was luxuriously pouring cold water over myself when the town alarm-clock, in overalls and cap, came over from the railway station, call-book in hand, to arouse me. The June frost still lay on the ties as we tipped over the one per cent and started on our long serpentine journey down to sea-level. How indefatigably the engineers had stuck to that one per cent! In one place they dug below the bed of a stream and walled it off just to save fudging a paltry ten feet. In other places they had spent tens of thousands on high spider-legged trestles, and each time we came to one of them I said some prayers and stiffened into dentist-chair rigidity; for to ride at train speed on the solid earth in a bob-tail motor is exciting enough, but to be hurled unexpectedly a hundred feet in cold morning air with nothing but a translucent film of ties apparent below was a thing perhaps finally to discipline one's mind to expect, but never to accustom one's "innards" to. As we sailed along, now touching the earth, now flying in air, there began to appear below us a most beautiful succession of mountain meadows, each a shining little green gem set deep in the hazy blue mantle of the surrounding heights and guarded by a dense army of shaggy bull pines with trunks as thick as tall brick chimneys and bark as



Overlooking a mountain meadow.—Page 170.

red, with weather-beaten limbs spreading, not upward pertly as the lesser trees do, but outward and downward as if they stood with arms outstretched saying with great dignity and sadness "Here have I stood faithfully these many centuries against the warring elements."

Presently, out of these jewel meadows sprung a young little stream gaining breadth and confidence as it ran—the Middle Fork of the Feather River—and we began to follow it. This was the same stream that all the other railroads had followed with rod and instrument only to abandon in despair, and we would finally have to



The most romantic land I had ever traversed.—Page 176.

abandon it too, for in all the length of the Sierras there is not one stream so far discovered that flows from its source down to the plains on an easy grade. Some there are like this that flow tranquilly along through high meadows only to leap into impossible chasms farther below, while others fall white and precipitously from their sources to enter the lower levels at a slackened pace. A lifetime of searching has not disclosed one well-behaved streamlet in the range. We sat drawing pictures in the sand—the bronzed division engineer and I—discussing this peculiar

perverseness of geography at the very point where our abandonment of the Middle Fork was to occur—the mouth of the Spring Garden Tunnel. The newly pierced mountain lay heavily on this tunnel and the neighborhood was strewn with crushed and splintered timbers as big as a man's body. Gangs were working in it now, day and night, taking out old and putting in new; but important as this work was, I had been so many times delayed by work-trains on my journeys, I felt a fiendish delight in having the big double-deck "jumbos" pushed out of the tunnel along with their muddy gangs and smoky lanterns to let me through.

Having emerged blinking into the daylight, we next used up an entire meadow with a bold round turn for the sole purpose of gaining forty feet and passed out under our own tracks, as the St. Gothard is so fond of doing in an emergency. Another stream greeted us now, and far down in the lap of a broad valley lay the dear little town of Quincy (this is genuine affection, and at first sight, for I had never heard of Quincy any more than you). But I decided to sidetrack and run down into it even though it required that

the general superintendent, roadmaster, telegraph operator, station agent, and conductor of the Quincy Western Railway (these being all the same man) should boost their one and only day-coach out of our way with their one and only locomotive and give us right of way over the entire system—which consisted of three miles of rails of the vintage of 1867 laid down on the soft green grass. For at Quincy was a real discoverer. I had met many engineers by the way, but a discoverer was something more than that and not to be passed by.

Quincy, as towns go in California, is an old town with a quiet, shady main street, a white Doric courthouse standing in a prim green common exactly as if it had been cut out of a picture of a New England town and pasted onto a background of misty blue California forest; with an old brick stable where the stage-coaches still change horses for Reno and the great unknown exactly as they have for a generation; with, also, a cool hotel whose bar, decorated with mounted grizzly bears' heads and the quaint faded photographs of actresses long since dead, savored of the good old times. On this main street also is the office of A. W. Keddie, engineer; and when I had discovered him among his drawing-tables and wall-maps he turned out to be a tall, straight, old-fashioned Scotchman with iron-gray hair slanting defiantly upward, a keen dark eye—"Ah, but it was the nose that did it!" said I to myself as he reached out like a steam-shovel and grasped my hand. "Any one following that long, straight vulpine nose would surely arrive at something worth while." And noting a characteristic abruptness about him, I came immediately to the main point and asked him to tell me about how he discovered the way

to conquer the Sierras. It was in 1864 that Keddie dropped into Quincy and, having once seen it, concluded he'd stay. In 1867 a group of people in a neighboring valley, realizing that they could never compete with the world and pay the enormous expense of freighting their goods in over the snow, engaged him to explore the Sierras for a wagon-road that should lie below the snow line.

"Here is the North Fork basin," explained Keddie, spreading his rugged hand over an entire country on the map of his



Where the river was about to pour down through the middle of the earth.—Page 176.

own making, "and here is the Middle Fork country. The Middle Fork was well enough from here up, but from here down she's bad, very bad. That's where they lost poor Rogers and could not even recover his body. But the North Fork nobody knew about. I asked old guides. They didn't know. I hunted up old Indians and they didn't know. An old friend of mine said, 'You're daft, mon! A crow couldna fly through there!' So I resolved to explore it myself." When did a real discoverer ever take anybody's word for anything?



Old Ironside on account of its armored and warlike appearance.—Page 176.

And to explore it he began, starting with an Indian packer, a barometer, a compass, a note-book, and a large trust in Providence; and after travelling for weeks at the discouraging rate of four miles a day he came out again to civilization and reported that, contrary to every one's supposition, the Middle Fork followed a very easy grade and could be used. But that was not all: phenomenally good fortune attended him, for, journeying as he did during the month of February, a great storm arose while he was on the way and for three days and nights he lay in camp waiting. At the end of that time came a clear quiet morning,

and, rising at dawn, he beheld the whole upper mass of the mountains a glistening wilderness of snow; but the lower edge of it, clearly traced along the canyon side, ran three or four hundred feet above him, and where he stood not an unmelted flake had fallen. His delight can be better imagined than expressed. It would have been one thing to discover gold as his contemporaries were doing—gold to be quickly dug up and unwisely spent; but here was an imperishable discovery of benefit to a great region of beauty and fertility for all time to come.

So, while the railway engineers were sadly abandoning Beckwourth Pass, the knowledge that would have made the pass available was in the head and in the note-books of this keen Scotchman, but he knew nothing of them, and they knew nothing of him; so for years after, the white Sierras laughed over it and enjoyed their solitude.

But in 1892 another engineer strode into Quincy. He was engaged by a public-spirited body of San Franciscans to hunt, not for a low wagon-road, but a low-grade railway over the Sierras, and he had looked into every nook and cranny of them

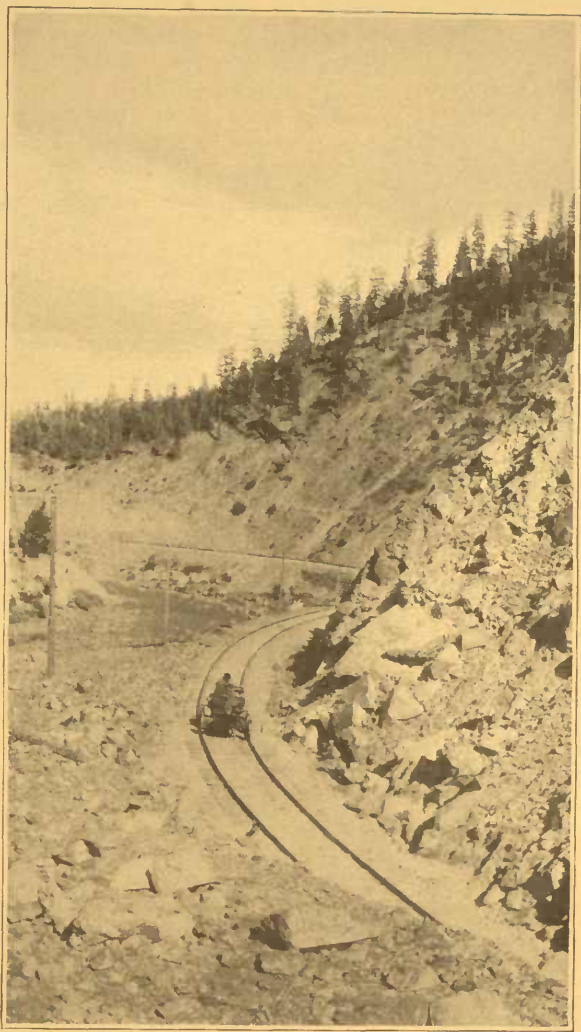
from San Jacinto up. His name was W. H. Kennedy, of Oregon, and when he asked Keddie what he knew about the Feather River, Keddie replied in his characteristic manner that he knew all about it and would show him. So down the North Fork they crept once more, and by the time they had come out again Kennedy had hit upon the possibility of joining all these independent explorations together by the simple but costly expedient of driving a tunnel from the upper Middle Fork to the lower North Fork and locating a 1.3 per cent grade from the desert to the sea. Such was the Spring Garden Tunnel I had traversed an hour

before, and such was the breaching of the Chinese Wall, the conquering of the Sierras.

I shall long remember my afternoon's ride. As we proceeded down the canyon the Sierras showed little sign of having been conquered, but rose in ever-increasing height and magnificence about us. All along the way lay upturned cars, splintered timbers, huge bits of steel formerly part of Herculean steam-shovels but now twisted and abandoned junk. Blunted steel teeth a yard long and thick as an arm lay cast about, and their long marks where they had bitten into the granite cliffs remained to indicate the Cyclopean warfare carried on by the big construction companies of Ogden, who, well seasoned to desert and the wilderness, dragged their great shovels and compressors after them over hill and down dale on a trail of their own making, to attack the mountains at many points at once.

I could well imagine by the quantity of powder cans, the wrecked compressors, the broken drill steel, how for these five years past the thunder of dynamite had reverberated continuously through the canyon, how the tons of granite had splintered and roared down to the foaming river beneath, how men and mules had sweated in summer, frozen in winter, and had been isolated almost to the point of starvation by the slides, only to keep resolutely on storming the heights.

Having accustomed myself to being hurled in air, I was now to grow used to racing with a swollen green river roaring with white plumes over granite; to charging down tangents laid on a narrow ledge, onto a curve, the outside rail of which was the only visible guard between me and the abyss; to plunging into tunnels



Our bob-tail gasoline motor on the approach to Oroville.—Page 176.

—not such conventionally timbered tunnels as one usually meets, but ragged black holes blasted out of the living rock. As we entered one of these—red torch flaring, rain pelting from the roof, echoes from the motor exhaust drubbing at our ears, siren whistle screaming like a banshee—we met a band of turbanned Hindoos with black skins and shining teeth, and ear-rings in their ears. They jumped panic-stricken from their hand-car, yelling wildly, and crouched in the rock crevices with gleaming eyes. I was well aware that they were only laborers on the road; but, if ever I am called upon to furnish stage setting for an am-



Approaching Oroville.

ateur performance of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, I know how to do it. Good brakes on the bob-tail motor prevented a collision, but I never fully regained my composure that day, for the pace grew swifter and swifter, the river whiter and whiter, the cliffs straighter and straighter. The Sierras, far from surrendering, rose thousands upon thousands of feet above me, a troop of menacing giants—gilded battlements on their heads where the afternoon sun still shone, mile-long shadows of inconceivable mistiness and depth flanking them, and at their feet caverns and darkness. Travellers who have beheld the grandeur of Rome, the beauty of Florence, yet hold that Edinburgh is the most romantic city in the world. So I, with the magnificence of the Yosemite all unforgotten, and in my mind's eye the picture of the Grand Canyon so far beyond all human comprehension, still felt that this was the most romantic land I had ever traversed. What an opportunity had the Crusaders missed! Why, the imagination of a mollusk sufficed to people it with armored knights filing down the declivities with banners waving. The spindling pine-tops were a thicket of storming lances. And there were dragons in it too—huge green roaring dragons with foaming white manes.

Many times I stopped the chugging motor, jumped, camera in hand, from the car, and, having flung out my arms as a

signal to a pursuing locomotive kindly not to run over us, attempted to get one of these black-and-gold fortresses in the finder, but it was no use; that landscape had grown beyond the possibilities of amateur photography. At last, when we reached the place where I knew the river was about to pour down through a hole to the middle of the earth, leaving us barked and surrounded by the Sierras, we whipped around the base of a steep, smooth promontory and began to see possibility of escape. This was the last portal, and learning that it was nameless and in imminent danger of being called either the Devil's Slide or Lovers' Leap, I took the liberty of christening it Old Ironsides, on account of its armored and warlike appearance.

It was night when we chugged into the busy town of Oroville—Oroville of the roaring mining days that Bret Harte knew. But now how different! Instead of the throng of mining men with pick and pan, organized capital, with a troop of sixty dredgers, each in its own little duck-pond, digs up the landscape, washes the gold out of it, and piles it in barren heaps to be sold for crushed stone or railway ballast or levelled off for town lots; and instead of striding in, booted and pistoled, to merrily shoot up the town, we now arrive on swift interurban trolleys; and with well-groomed whiskers or fluffy dimity, as the case may be, we seek the nickel picture-shows and enjoy

grand opera from a tin horn. The only member of the community who has not changed is the conservative, gold-digging, frugal-living heathen Chinese, who for ways that are dark and tricks that are queer appears to be as peculiar as in the days when he was sung by California's youthful bard.

Sunrise on the third day found us speeding southward along a strangely straight and level track, with the mountains lying low and misty under the pale sky. They looked as solid and impenetrable as ever; but I smiled almost exultantly at the thought that they were no longer so. Attacked in the early day by an old negro guide upon the east, stalked by a long-legged adventure-seeking Scotch Don Quixote with an Indian Sancho Panza on the west, and pierced in the middle by the man of science, it remained only for the present-day builders to change old locations here and there, to throw in a loop or two and lengthen the tunnels, to tame them down to one per cent; so that in the year 1910 an idle passenger with a puny six-horse motor and no effort at all might run the whole gamut from desert to sea-coast, from snowy crag to broad plain. This broad plain continued

the entire day, smiling a fertile yellow smile of cultivated fields or checkerboarded with orchards, presided over by a tall State capitol dome showing blue and faint in the distance like Pisa from afar, and divided in the middle by the muddy Sacramento.

Toward evening, wrapping blankets about our heads to escape the flying gravel and clinging to our seats, we climbed over the low Coast Range hills against a tearing gale from the sea, and ran down to the wide salt marshes on the other side. Night overtook us as we clattered past a lot of switches and came to the last of our wonderful and various journey at the end of a long pier. Across a broad stretch of turbulent black water a fine glistening dew of electric lights lay upon the opposite shore, marking the site of a happy-go-lucky city named after a jolly old saint, erstwhile paradise of muckrakers, but now, rising tall and phoenix-like from the ashes of her former self, looking with courage toward a brighter future, with a world-famous harbor at her feet, and behind her—if she but rises to the occasion—all that alluring wealth-laden old continent that Columbus set out for but never found.

IN A LIBRARY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

DIM bindings, gray with shadows which the years
Have slowly drawn across your penciled gold—
Dear pages, now a little worn and old
With dust and sunlight, and perhaps with tears
That may have fallen as the joys and fears
Of living hearts beheld your hearts unfold,—
O magic hearts whose fire is never cold,
Immortal with the passion of your seers!—

A little wistfully I come to where,
Amid the shadows of your treasured place,
You stand removed, in solemn quiet row. . . .
Almost I seem a shadow, whom the air
Drifts to you,—whom some twilight will efface,
Looking back sadly on you as I go.

THE TEACHING OF ART

By John La Farge



THE usual habit of mind of the artist leads him into manners of consideration which are less direct than those of some other professions. It is a very true instinct which has made Mr. Whistler, the American painter in England, use the butterfly as his signature. It is not that the butterfly's flight is really wayward and capricious, but that his mode of search is not conducted on the same lines as ours. I am not apologizing, but merely stating this tendency of the average artistic thinking. Naturally, also, the man who has done things in which his personality largely enters, and who knows how inadequate is all effort that is guided by an ideal, that man will be timid in deciding to express himself otherwise than through his accustomed forms. He will have believed and followed out certain principles, and the more he respects these principles and ideas, the more unwilling he must be to have his personal equation, his own shortcomings, become confused with the principles which have guided him. That is the only objection which I can see to the artists' talking much about art, and it is often the reason for their wise silence upon the subject. If this scruple is well understood by those to whom he speaks—if his attempt to disengage ideas from the contradictions of practice is felt by those addressed, the artist, I hope, can safely trust to his hearers.

While detained by such considerations, I happened to read some statements of Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall in a number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which treated of the teaching of art in universities. On that theme, I have woven the expression of certain contemplations affected more or less by former ideas which had at first presented themselves. I asked myself, if, after all, such a storehouse of intellectual thought as a university must be, would not be the best sounding-board, if I may so say, for the assertion and diffusion of reasonable appeals to higher thought and higher practice in art.

We are impressed to-day by the enormous power of commerce. We see unfolded on a larger scale the necessities of trade and the principles that govern it. For the first time since the date of the Roman Empire, we see all known nations affected by these exigencies, and that, to their knowledge. For, of course, these laws must always have existed, and have been the basis of much of the history of the world, but at no time has this been so clear, and at no time before could such questions have been openly considered before an entire world.

Now, then, as far as is possible in human affairs, the opposite energies to those of trade are the pursuits of truth by Science and by Art. These are both disinterested and not momentary. The university is a stable support for these balancing desires of man. Here the contemplation of the past may be reasonably and rightly of more importance than any management of the present. Here experiences can be stored up, which will affect the future only. Here the one can hold out against the many, and that without entanglement and without friction. So that what there may be of persistent law can be kept alive and serve for outside guidance. The enthusiasm for what is apparently useless, will feed the practical usefulness of the outside world. The very fact that this tree of knowledge grows apart, and so grows that it cannot be directly made use of—cannot be cut down for common purposes of trade—may allow it to grow in such liberty, in such health, as to afford shelter to those who need shade and protection from the outside world. Its apparent uselessness is its real virtue. I use the words "usefulness" and "uselessness" in a momentary manner, because there must come a time when they are interchangeable, and what has been abstract study or contemplation or accumulation of forgotten fact, often accompanied by an attitude of mind too lofty for the moment, becomes the source of the power for all usefulness. The breadth of mind fostered by the study of opposites, when well directed,

allows the use of partial truths for their proper place, which is the moment, and the occasion. So that the study of past art, the appreciation of what has been best, has helped the momentary development of the artist in what seemed new lines. Never, perhaps, has the admiration of the past been more intense than during that individual flowering, which we call the Renaissance. The flowering of Greek art was attended by continual inquiries as to the limits of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Remember Socrates, remember Euripides. With the latter, a previous training in pictorial art might easily pass into the free and open handling of the great problems of life: his "modernity," as it is called, is entangled with pictorial feeling, and that lyric quality so distinct in the Greek poets is a manner of representing sentiment and feeling by images, the nearest of all artistic expression, the expression of painting, which uses things for thoughts.

I can imagine that I recognize the distinctive artistic habit and training in the platonic Socrates. In the use of images of daily life for semi-arguments, in the appeal to description as a method of enforcing or rather instigating reasoning, and, finally, in that marvellous use of irony, which is especially the position natural to the artist—that is to say, a form of balance and of measure, and not carrying things into extremities, which is also a type of the Greek mind, and its glory. That is to say, the constant view of a possible other side so presented as to oblige one to choose by one's own decision.

Surely, we can see that in such cases the abstract contemplation of art has not apparently limited its free play. There is, on the contrary, something in all Greek work, which even in the poorer examples testifies to a higher culture above the maker. More probably intellectual struggle and philosophical contemplation served as a helping of the higher ideas of art against the very commercial development of Greek civilization. And so, perhaps, with Mr. Marshall, one might be tempted to place in learned institutions disconnected with the forms of trade, a certain power of keeping up tradition. And, by tradition, I do not mean the tradition of practice—that might or might not be—but the tradition of what is known and can be known. There is enough of

science, enough of history, necessary to the serious teaching of art, necessary to its practice—to supply certainly a form of education. And it is not only for the practitioner that such accumulation of knowledge would be valuable; the public to be appealed to by the practitioner would, in its best examples, have been informed by such a training. The history of art might form as good a historical training as any other history, and could not be pursued without such an acquaintance with the developments of human thought as would amount to a certain study of philosophy.

Roughly, let us instance the fact that the developments of architecture in France, as we call the land to-day, are dependent upon the divisions of former times and their slow delivery from outside influences and gradual but not complete agglutination.

I am thus thinking, apparently, as Mr. Marshall has thought, of a university teaching as being quite different from the school teaching of such great institutions as the French Schools for Art. These are Government concerns which train their pupils for usefulness, and especially usefulness for the Government; prizes, medals, etc., give even civil exemptions, as the second-class medal shortens military service; hence, contradictory studies cannot coexist there. The student is not presented with views that might make him choose some other path than the one ordained for him. The scientific studies in art, which might weaken his belief in certain rules, are more or less neglected. Those studies which will hold him in the narrow and straight path, are strongly encouraged. Now this I take to be the opposite of the contradictory pursuits which a university could encourage; and in so far, the university could give the highest teaching possible, apart from that great teaching, the influence of persons. Such a teaching as this latter might or might not coexist with the contradictory teachings of a university. Of course for the arrival on the stage of certain individuals who are to give their stamp to already known thought, no university can provide. No one has ever sowed the seed of genius. But no teaching either, has ever broken the force of that power of the individual, which we know as genius. Though a great number of the greater minds in art as well as in science and literature have not had the full

academic training of some of their inferiors, can we in any way suppose that they would have refused it, since they have laboriously replaced whatever want of training they felt in themselves?

We know the enormous influence of Leonardo throughout Italy, and how he might be said to be a university in himself. The anxiety to know, the last interest that remains of human interests, according to Virgil, so devoured Leonardo that his production as a painter exists more largely in the works of other men than in his own. The persistence of his mind through the Italian artists is like the persistence of his thought in the great painting of "The Last Supper," which carries its meaning to us though most of it no longer exists. But we have built it up out of tradition, out of copies and descriptions and analogy. The different minds affected by Leonardo received these impressions and these teachings according to their natural bent, and perhaps have remained as original as they could have been without the greater mind inciting them. Surely we can see how full of life the study of art, in connection with the entire reach of science, has proved to be with these men.

Take another illustrious name, that of Michael Angelo, we can see how rich the supply of thought and of study must have been with which he fed what we know of him, the plastic representation of the human form divine. Traditionally, we know of him, as of the other, that they were earnest and early workers in the study of that necessary anatomy which was to give them the power of expression.

No, all that can be supplied is knowledge and a chance for using it. And with that knowledge, the noblest of all the gifts of the great institutions of learning is a certain fostering of elevation of mind. It is not so much by what he knows that the man brought under the trainings of the great academies is marked; it is by his acquaintance with the size of knowledge; with, if I may say so, the impossibility of completing its full circle; with the acquaintance of the manners of enlarging his own boundaries; with the respect of other knowledge than his own; with a certain relative humility, as compared with the narrower pride of him who knows not the size of the spaces of the world of knowledge. And such an attitude

of mind; such an exaltation above petty prides; such a belief in something larger than one's self; such an openness to the world, is the privilege of a full artistic development. The true artist is a man of culture inasmuch as he is an artist; he is a personification of culture, even if he be a peasant like Giotto and like Millet.

Here, in fact, the peasant—that is, the peasant of certain lands—may be more capable of great culture than the little bourgeois above him who is already the result of some narrow form of civilization, and whose ideas are already secondary and not based on the simplest of human experiences.

Moreover, whether we wish it or not, we shall be obliged to know more of the ways of thinking of other nations, as the whole world becomes more and more a single nation, divided by varying traditions and habits. In art, it will be impossible to avoid the influence of the further East. China and Japan, for instance, will have a great deal to say to us. We shall not be able to shut them out from the knowledge of our artists. As travel becomes more and more extended, more and more habitual to both rich and poor, as the photograph brings any fact from anywhere to us, we shall not be able to train our young minds in the only belief and faith of the *Orders*. Whatever we especially believe in or think best, we shall have to defend with a full knowledge of the other side. Therefore, we shall have to appeal to principles, to the development of history. And this previous "vaccination" will prevent the students, will prevent the younger minds from the influence of fashion, which is another form of commerce. There will be nothing any more strange and queer and quaint which can be copied and imitated, as unknown, and made a transient fad. The copy will have to be a copy of the qualities, not of the programme. All the more reason for hastening that day, as an acquaintance with the real things places the cheap imitations where they belong, not as anything wicked, not as anything immoral—but as something cheap, meaning something whose essence is mean. One of the great causes of much of modern mediocrity in art has been this sudden invasion of novelty. To-day there is no time to perfect the theory of any new special mode of art by bringing it into high forms of practice before

another is presented. A distinguished English architect said to me: "After 1851, the year of the great Exposition, which brought samples of all kinds of architectural features from various parts of the world, it was impossible to get in London a decent classical moulding of the average kind." It was easier to make new designs, based on new patterns, whose incorrectness would be covered by their novelty. While, as long as only a few models were before the workman artist, his only chance of excellence was in the greater *refinement* of his work; that is to say, and it is worth noticing, in the more accurate pursuit of the *ideal* of that pattern or form. When forms and modes of arrangement and types of beauty are well apprehended in principle, then *only* comes the triumph of execution. So that it is the very fact of the apprehension of the ideal which allows the practical to triumph.

For example, let us say that we shall take an ornamented Greek moulding of which a small fragment may remain; such a fragment as some detail of the Pandrosion. The teaching that would be given by the university, removed from all desire of practice, would be the nearest to that given in the actual Greek work-shop where the moulding was made. And I regret to say that it would necessarily be contradictory to the usual teaching in the schools and museums; and to the usual practice of the architect. To go on and explain this anomaly by insistence, I have actually seen, in a museum, such a fragment cast and *repeated* as if to show merely what the pattern was, from which the workman had worked, and produced something of his own; for, of course, the workman being a Greek, and anyhow an artist, his pattern was simply a pattern, not more scared than a round or a square or a general direction, and it was in the make, in the actual feeling for the special curves, for the special lights and darks produced by these curves, that the beauty of the Greek ornament, the superiority of the Greek workman have left behind even the best, if there be any best, of similar modern work. Have I made this understood? Commercially, fashionably, it would be foolish to do this particular ornament all fresh and new created as if never done by man before. But intellectually and artistically, the only excuse for a

pattern of ornament is to give a chance to the person who makes it, or rather works *from* it, to express himself; that is to say, to express his appreciation of, and delight in, the *ideal* of that pattern. As when the Japanese artist draws a twig, a branch—the pattern of that branch he knows, the pattern of that willow, the pattern of that oak—but, as he says, when you draw a branch, you must feel as though you were that branch yourself. That cannot be taught in the ordinary teaching. It can only be taught from the two extremes: from one hand to the other of the artisan teacher and the artisan pupil, or from the thinking man who expounds it in the higher teachings regardless of usefulness. And what I say is so simple that minds accustomed to thought will hardly realize that in the practise of modern art such a statement would appear as novel as once did the explanations of Copernicus.

By "ideal," therefore, I do not mean a certain difference of pattern. I do not mean a particular pattern or what is called a "standard" carefully chosen out. Of course, in commerce, the handsome young man with the red hair, who spells art with a big A, is sure to say, "Oh, yes, madam, the ideal is this. Our No. 327," and he reaches it down from the shelf. No, I don't mean that. The ideal of that pattern must vary according to the race who carried it out, and the place and end it was for. It is no longer on the Pandrosion as on the Parthenon—nor is it the same in Sicily, nor again in Asiatic Greece, nor again in Buddhistic India, nor in further Japan. According to each mode of thought and civilization must it be different. It must vary according to the light, and according to the height, and according to whether it is to cut in or break more or less, to stop or to correct, to soothe, to sparkle, to distinguish or to pass over. It will be made to increase the effect of horizontal, or of perpendicular. The *pattern* will be the same, the *thing* will be different. So that the Greek could go on and copy that pattern over and over again, and make it perpetually new indefinitely for centuries. Yes, and though in white marble or in gray stone, it had more light and shade and more color than a whole French *salon*, and more artistic expression than a mass of sentimental modern English paintings put together. Try!

Look at it when you are tired of having been through a modern show. It has carried the soul of some individual to you as well as the taste of his race; it is as if you heard the voice of the singer with the music that he followed.

But one may say, we have not got the men who are men enough to do this. Yes, we have; I can think of a dozen of them. Could not Mr. Saint Gaudens, Mr. Adams, Mr. French cut a good moulding? But remember that we do not *ask* for the expression of an ideal in our modern art. We *ask* for the *careful copying of a pattern*. So that millions of dollars are spent on ornamentation upon which hundreds of thousands of men are employed; all of which together are not worth a square inch of the good old work which reproduced carelessly sometimes, loosely perhaps, but reproduced an ideal. This goes so far that even the *casting* made by a Greek or a Japanese has more feeling than the original hand-work of many of us moderns. That is to say again, that they followed not the accuracy of the *pattern*, but the accuracy of the *ideal*. If this idea has more or less deserted the teaching of modern art, on account of commerce, why should it not find a place in the university? There are no objections to it there. There are no economic reasons why the ideal must *not* be sought for, there are no reasons in the university for being on time with the fashion or keeping up with the patterns that fashion places before us. In fact, the fashionable would be as ridiculous in the university as to be out of the fashion must be to the passing world that moves for the day only. Therefore, the art that stays would naturally belong to the teaching of the university; that is to say, as long as it confined itself to ideals and not to patterns.

For patterns again, are just as much the disease of the more ambitious expressions of art, as they are injurious to such modest divisions of artistic work (as we have been thinking of) when *they* were imitated, and not the ideal *they*, the patterns, were invented to express. Take, for instance, the choice of the types of human form necessary, apparently, in the history of religious art. As the type, that is to say, the pattern, becomes more distinct, we are warned in some way or other that the intention, that is to say, the ideal, has departed. The

ends of the different great schools, tail each time into such examples. You can recall the persistent simper of the last Gothic prettiness—the wooden classicality of the late Italians, the blowziness of the great Flemish deities and saints. And to-day in the decorative work liked in commercial England, and hence fashionable with us, the feminine types looked at with the eye of experienced life, recall the ladies so much admired by the sensuous gentlemen who inaugurated what has been called the “fleshly school” of art and literature; the great eye and gross jaw and the heavy voluptuous lips dear to the painters who began with Mr. Maddox-Brown and ended with Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The dear ladies of modern English church work keep to this general moral view, remaining when most innocent, nice golf adepts, sometimes healthy, and when attenuated, more affected by amorous passion than ascetic life. So that the professional beauty and the ladies of the music halls are typified, and used as the pattern for Blessed Mary and Elizabeth. Do not misunderstand me, it is not the using of these persons themselves in representations that I object to, even if they be nasty (which I am far from saying), because in them the divine soul can be followed. It is the working out of their pattern and their type. In the old work, far back, the artists also used the people around them. But somehow or other, they seem to have been usually impressed with a notion that out of those persons they must draw the possibilities, the highest human graces which could be lifted and informed by divine grace. According to the persons whom they had about them and whose type or pattern they had to adopt, they sought out in these various human compounds what they could give that was beautiful spiritually. According to the type or pattern, it might be more or less one kind of thing. It might be dignity, steadfastness, innocence, purity, tenderness, kindness, mercy, devotion. But it was not the *pattern*. It was a thing the pattern could help one to. So, there are big eyes and little eyes, and long noses and short noses, and thin faces and full faces, red hair, black hair, and brown hair, and paleness or color, and strength or weakness; in each and all of these things, the artist looked underneath for what there

might be, and did not allow the contradiction of the pattern to crush out these ideals within. You will see, therefore, that this is absolutely in contradiction to what is called "fashion," and it represents the pursuit of the ideal through all the momentary changes which fashion may like or not like.

And so, not trusting to the ideal, our age has been afflicted with the belief in the patterns that men call "a style." It has sought for dignity, for monumental splendor, for what has been called "religious expression," now in pattern of the "Gothic," now in pattern of the "round arch," now in the horizontals and perpendiculars of the "classics." Forgetful of the ideal which exists in all of them, forgetful of the special ideals which exist in each one of them, we have again trusted to sets of patterns. In the prevalence of these patterns was to be found the thing that would save one. Within no very distant memory most of us have gone through this experience—and is it not time that we should be taught thereby? Certainly, the proper teaching of a university (necessarily contradictory to any one single development, because the study of history serves as a balance wheel)—certainly the teaching of a university could free us in the future by preventing our being surprised at the excellency of new patterns. They could all be classified and their motives explained, their technique separated from their intention, and be admired for the good contained in them. I was saying that our own personal experience covers these changes of the fashion pattern in art. Nearly fifty years ago I was introduced to the reading of Ruskin, and the merits of the pointed styles. My mentor was an English clergyman steeped in the Oxford movement, and he directed me to the study of art from a point of view of admiration for mediæval thought and a belief that therein was detained (I mean within certain patterns was detained) the living germ of religious art. You will see that I did not come from art to the church, but from the church to art. I lived long enough in a few years to realize that however necessary to understanding the history of art in the West such sympathies might be, they still narrowed the field of the application of man's yearning for expression as connected with religion—I mean, if these patterns that we admired so much were

supposed to give all possible chance for religious sympathies and likings. Still, I never felt it necessary to abandon the thread of general intention that guided us, the teacher and the admiring pupil, in those early days of boyish enthusiasm. It is the time of life that delights in exaggeration, and perhaps it should be supplied with occasional overstatements and with opportunities for letting the heart take a great share in the discussion of intellectual matters. Youth is beautiful, and the longer it can last the better for the man himself, even if the older man growing up within him realizes that he has responsibilities in thought which change the boundaries about which the youthful mind played freely. Even my good friends in Japan, my Buddhists, who told me also what to think about art as connected with religion, never really disturbed these first likings, though they helped me to change the form of my judgment. The ordinary world during this last half-century, came to see that religious art had existed before the flowering of mediævalism. Again, I have been the witness of theories limiting the best expression of religious art to moments preceding the great Christian life of what used to be called the Dark Ages. In France, for instance, the architect, the decorator of churches, abandoning the "Gothic," went back to the "Romanesque" patterns. The "round arch" began to have a sanctity similar to that which my first friend saw in the pattern of the pointed arch—a mystic meaning, a perfection of religious expression as complete and more easily apprehended than that of pointed architecture. Perhaps to-day they may be going back as far as the forms of Byzantine civilization, which precedes and properly includes the beginnings of the Romanesque. Then it will be considered that the patterns belonging to these first established churches of Christianity show that external policy and too rapid crystallization of thought deteriorated the simplicity of early Christian art. And as early Christian art used the pagan symbols, which it found ready to its hand, I should not be surprised if it were asserted that within these pagan symbols we might find enough to touch us with the association of the very beginning of the preaching of the New Light. You will see that we have gone back a far

way from the ecclesiasticism of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as we follow out the patterns that I sketch roughly. It might be interesting in connection with what I have just said of a vital principle and ideal filling with life a pattern apparently antagonistic, to see what has happened in the monuments of a great religion—a religion which has curious analogies to Christianity, however different its theological theory may be. I refer to the singular late discoveries which show that Greek forms are the first under which are depicted the doctrine and the life of Buddha, Sakyamuni. A form was necessary, and the Greek patterns, antagonistic as their origin might be, were ready to hand. Hence, the Buddha, draped like a Greek god, with ornaments and architectural details borrowed from a religion essentially different in its manifestations; so that the most joyous and clearest and narrowest of artistic expressions was used for the most abstruse, pessimistic, and least joyous of all manners of religion. From that origin, these patterns of representation and of form have persisted in the East and are continued yet in the Buddhistic art of Japan, the only country, with China, in which Buddhism has flourished to this day in free intercourse with human life. In the evolution of art as “hand-maid of religion” under Buddhistic ecclesiasticism, as for example, in Thibetan art, we see the gradual formalizing which separates art from life. Little by little, formulas are established and patterns approved of by the clergy, which are less and less sympathetic to the layman and gradually not understood by him, however full of meaning they really are. The images of the gods, so-called, or more correctly, of the attributes of the divinity as they come from the Thibetan work-shop or have been derived from Mongol influence, seem to us horrible, disagreeable, monstrous, and heartless; and they are so; that is to say, they are *pure patterns* apart from human life, they are records in plastic art of an attempt at representing pure thought. The Eastern holy man who makes them or worships them, as we call it, is fully satisfied with these queer and complicated assemblages of forms, each detail of which establishes some theological statement. He has attained further than we have—in the dissociation of art from its

natural birthplace and home: the Heart of Man, and is obliged to continue without change or progress, because the human element of sympathy has been eliminated by the *pure worship of the pattern*.

We might see, then, that the consideration of such a detail as an ornamental pattern would involve so many issues as to touch all the special deposits of knowledge; in short, to be a little epitome of a university training. It might be hoped that just within the university such disinterested study could be carried out, because it would have no commercial end, and be merely valuable for the development of the mind. And I take it that the training of universities is not to prepare merely for some special function in the world, but to allow the mind to understand what these functions are. I could see no harm if the enthusiastic youthful minds discovered that the practise of the plastic arts was not the pursuit that a great many of them were meant for. In every case, however, both for those who practised, and for those who did not, a larger human development would be possible—would be natural. The work of art which is final in itself and disinterested is not only a collection of signs which indicate the psychology of its maker; the work of art is a collection of signs which shall reveal the soul of its admirers, to themselves certainly—and later, in a mode of history, to us who can thus partake in the past without being entangled in all its notions. Our own notions, which belong to our own time, can be purified and exalted by this contact. The teaching of the classics in all nations which have classics, has continued on that account. I have lightly touched upon the possible development of a study of architecture, and, consequently, of decoration, which should be freed from daily necessity, from obligations of economy, from the yoke of administrative use that crushes, for instance, the so-called French School, which would prevent the narrower mind from its habit of dictation, and at the same time would strengthen the man born for greater things, by assuring him that the voice of the spirit which he hears within him is the same voice that has spoken to the Fathers. You will consider all that I am saying as a mere meditation, not an attempt at the orderly proving of some proposition. It would be

for minds more competent to judge of systems, to lay out the possible geography which I dream of. But it is singular that in all the departments of art we still need larger teaching. Take, for instance, a form of art which has interested me personally, and of which there are eminent representatives, already in universities, engaged in the very work of preparing the young mind to understand the possible development of painting. It was brought to me but a few months ago that we still had no codified history of painting. A Japanese gentleman wrote to me in the name of the head of an Imperial School of Art, asking me in what work I would find an explanation of the European art of painting. And I had to tell him that there was no such work; that, perhaps, after all, it would have to be written by a Japanese. I explained that we were entangled, practically as artists, in many conflicting traditions for which a general solution had not been formulated.

That, in the first place, as he knew, European art had at a certain moment actually undertaken scientific study as necessary to its own development; that one of its great leaders had abandoned art for a scientific view of the world. I meant Leonardo. That many of the early students of anatomy were among the artists. That our art of painting had involved gradually the use of everything that the sight could employ—things which the Japanese had done without. That modern art, for instance, was now entangled with scientific studies of light and color, the laws which of course must have always been at the basis of all painting. We had, I told him, no adequate account of these developments. I told him that for each transition in our art of painting there had been necessarily special technical developments, even down to the different uses of paints, of canvases or surfaces to paint on, or brushes to paint with, and that from his own special Japanese knowledge he would know that an appreciation of these details was inseparable from the results. We had, it is true, certain historic accounts of the use of pigments and materials, but that they were especially unknown to painters; and also, that these accounts were in the form of chronicles—if one might say so—and not based on any general theory of the necessities implied

in each case. We had, as they had in Japan, histories of certain painters, and that of late (as in Japan) attention was being paid to the methods of certain painters, so that the manner of their expression by the use of their hands and the use of their materials was being classified. But that only a very little had been done this way. Also, that we were only beginning now to connect the artist with his surroundings in the accounts of him; and also that we were very slowly recognizing the opposite side; that is, the intimate personality of each prominent artist, which had determined, after all, the particular appeal to our soul made by each one. That some of the most illustrious were only beginning to be understood; that the most famous of all, Michael Angelo, was only just beginning to be disentangled from the use made of him; that the next greatest one, Rembrandt, was also merely beginning to be understood; that so little were the necessities of art understood, that only a little while ago I had seen remarked in the catalogue of the great Rembrandt show in London, that he, Rembrandt, had made special use in his pictures of the people who surrounded him, and even, strange to say, had used his own portrait; and this as if it were some special personal trait and not the history of every artist in all countries and all times. That, therefore, there was no general history of the development of painting as caused by the necessities of the time, the use of materials, and the mental and physical make-up of the artist. Therefore, I urged him to incite some Japanese to do such a thing: all the more that they were disinterested and had not to undertake the defence or the praise of anything, because of outside reasons. I said to him, also, that the appreciation of *quality*, which was the great factor in the artistic criticism of Japan, had become less and less important to us, and that even we cared little for the lasting of our work, and more yet, that in decorative work the commercial spirit had so taken hold of us, that we prepared it so that it might not last long. I told him how regardless architects were of the quality of materials used, and that few, if any, would prefer a wall painted by Titian to a wall painted by any commercial firm, provided it cost enough; and again, I urged him to send the Japanese to our rescue.

Now, these epigrams, these short-hand statements of facts, were built of the solid truth. Comprehensive study of one of the arts of which we know the most, has yet to be made. What more splendid object could there be for the great net of university teaching! The mere scheming-out of such a system of study would encourage special students to take up each successive detail in a logical connection. It might be, as it were, a psychological history, a scientific, a sociological one, and *necessarily* touch the most practical points of the most mechanical of all the arts. As it has been in Japan, even the ordinary house-painter and paper stainer could not escape the result of better general teaching.

Perhaps I am but dreaming, but our dreams often come true when we are much interested, and certainly no one can be injured by dreams that tend to elevate our intentions and make us sympathize with the life of a greater part of the world. The ordinary necessities dull us enough and force us to see more meanly. That side has always taken care of itself. Perhaps, also, there may be some special excuses for indulging in the ideas of a greater synthesis, as I have hinted before. The world is to be more and more connected, and the great oceans will not divide the minds of men as much as did formerly an ordinary stream or a mountain chain. Indeed, they are the pathways of that very commerce whose bad sides the university as a type of disinterestedness can abate, diminish, turn aside. That very commerce is to be a help to larger ideas and better understandings. It is only necessary, I think, to cultivate distinctly the differences between choice and necessity—between the pursuit of an ideal and the pursuit of momentary advantage which is based, of course, on momentary necessities. As I said before, commerce itself will help us against itself. I can look forward to a day when the very level of art will be raised through enormous vulgarization of the average and the pretty good. A day may come when, as in Japan, the ordinary house-servant would consider as habitual not only the art of the Far East in its better forms, but something better than the West is yet able to produce. I think we see some promise of that to-day in the ordinary objects of home use. If the mass of what is produced by ordinary trade

can only be well lumped together, all the more reason that the finer qualities may serve their purpose. There must come a day, too, when Fashion begins to stand still, as it has in the East, upon the levels solidly deposited. That is an influence that may do us quite as much good as the teaching of the East now backing upon us conquerors, in the recognition of force as the only real basis of right. A general consensus of culture may allow more play for special varieties worth preserving.

A general consensus of culture would increase the reasonableness of the artist, and thereby bring him more really into harmonious appreciation of the greater work. For that is always supremely reasonable. Let me quote something I was reading lately in the *Journal* of a great painter whose fiery genius was not cramped, but helped, by the kind of culture which I am advocating, and in which he believed also; a man, too, as fully removed from the commercial side of art as this or any century has given. I mean Delacroix. It is written in one of his note-books, along with the usual facts of a very prudent, economizing, and well-ordered life. He was a great admirer of many English painters, and with the greatest facility took in Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner (whom he had known personally), and Holman Hunt and the modern pre-Raphaelites. Criticising certain imitations as injurious and unreasonable because they do not belong to the *unity* of the paintings he speaks of, he explains to himself how they are the cause of a certain *unnaturalness* which attends the works of so many English artists who are, in reality, *naturalists*. This is what he says: "True superiority does not admit of eccentricity. Rubens, who might seem an exception, is in reality within his own genius, and has no exaggerations but those which are in the direction of his own ideas and always founded upon the observation of Nature. Those who have thought that the bizarre is a mark of talent are but shadows of artists. The greatest genius is always a being who is extremely reasonable, even if his reasonableness is not at the moment understood." To anyone who knows the impassioned works of this great painter, it will be a sort of proof of the truthfulness of my belief. He was a man of great general training, and of a curiosity for every

variety of thought and information which his good sense, also cultured, taught him to limit; because he had decided that of all his curiosities, art was the one best suited for himself, and for which he had to reserve the greater part of his strength. Nor have I known of any important artist who did not believe in intellectual training. Even the accidental quotations which we have of the thoughts of famous artists, make in themselves a kind of education, and that from the Chinese or the Greek to the sayings of the men of to-day. I had almost hoped that some day a kind of dictionary, an authoritative series of definitions for almost everything relating to the art of painting, might be made out of these fragments scattered almost everywhere. The meaning, at least, of such a dictionary, such an encyclopedia, could be carried out by the university. Instead of being a series of pages of paper contained within a certain number of volumes, it might be a series of studies covering many years, but all of them made within the protection of the varying forms of thought which belong to the great names that stand out among the schools of the past.

Here, then, in such a place as the university, which is not so much a physical as a spiritual existence, might my dream come true. Here could be planted for art that great useless tree of fixed knowledge. It could not be sawed down for firewood or for planking or for elegant veneers. But its seeds could be planted elsewhere, to grow up and give rest and shade and fruit. The studies of the architectures of the past would not be the studies of patterns, but the studies of thoughts which necessitated the patterns, and for which physical material had to be used. Therein the studies of other sciences would help the understanding and the development of these means to an end. In the same way, for such an art as my art of painting, the physical sciences would explain the nature whose patterns we painters use. It would explain the choice of our materials, and the study of our history would show how they came to be used. We would see the *human soul*, which is the essential *material* of which art is made, developed in individuals, sometimes in harmony with the souls around them, sometimes in opposition to them. We should see how "art is not the attempt

at reflecting others, at taking possession of others whose souls belong to themselves; but that it is an attempt at keeping possession of one's self. It is often a protest at what is displeasing and mean about us—it is an appeal to what is better; it is an appeal to the permanent reality in presence of the transient; it is an attempt to rest for a moment in the true way."

For however often the work of art represents the present, the moods of feeling of the future are as often reflected by it as the habits of the moment. And the artist must have had partners, since he has had admirers, even when he antagonizes his time. However transient certain of his forms, however much to us who come afterward they indicate the period, he has expressed not his time, but the needs of others who have been looking in the same ways, and yet have had no voice. And if they have not quite understood, yet this accumulation of tendency has become stronger and clearer in their descendants. To *explain fully*, then, the face of the work of art, one would have to melt into it in some way the gaze of those who had looked at it. Their negations or their sympathies have fallen on the work, and these affections of the soul are carried down to us on these surfaces of material. The most spiritual teachings could coexist according to my dream, with the most careful training in the knowledge of the reason of physical processes. For that, in other words, is another definition of the work of art. Always the technique has struggled to be equal to the spiritual intention and nothing could be more easy proof of it than the work of Rembrandt.

In that union of the different arts which we call decoration, we should be taught again the real place of the pattern. We should know that the spirit of the Middle Ages is not called up by the mere intersection of the curves which make the pointed arch. The persistence of perpendicular and horizontal, which can be obtained by the T-square and the foot-rule, would never seem to us to be classical, and the knowledge of the orders would seem to us a necessity and not an object. We should learn to follow out what might be the true intention, solemnity, or of grace, or fervor, or peace, some kind of human emotion. And as we know that these are not purchaseable, we

should not look to obtain them in commercial warehouses of knowledge. There can be no Macy's for the intellectual and the moral. For all the transient outside, for all the commercial, there would then be no wasted effort at improvement, no indignation at its being what it is. All that enormous side of practical art which provides the tradesman with things to supply the momentary fashions, would drift entirely out of the student's vision. The touchstone can always be applied which determines whether the work or the object we look at is made for us—that is to say, for sale to us in some manner of flattery—or whether it is made for itself, independent of us, which is the only way by which it can exist when we are no longer looking at it. In this country especially we must for a long time be victims of the necessity of

trade; of its need to handle art as well as other things, and as in other matters that are for sale, even votes, what we need to know is the danger, and it is for us to be out of reach. Even in questions of the most ordinary taste, apart from principle and tradition, the wise man knows this, for taste might partly be defined as a sort of experience of life.

I must have been deficient in the treating of a subject whose edges are so indefinite, but I feel almost sure that what I have said is an appeal to the possibilities. I have not tried to say anything new. In the consideration of the teaching of what is permanent, that is not necessary. And, for my part, I should be ashamed if I could not be approved and understood by my Egyptian colleagues and fellow-workmen of six thousand years ago.

CHILD'S PLAY

By Mildred Howells

A CHILD at play, I launched my mimic ships,
 Freightd with childish treasures, on the sea
 That pressed salt kisses on my finger-tips,
 But never brought my ships again to me.

Vainly I wondered if they sank outright,
 Or if, at last, upon some distant shore
 Their cargoes brought another child delight.
 I only knew that they returned no more.

An older child, my treasures still I launch
 Upon hope's treacherous tide, and still in vain
 Patient I wait to see my vessels staunch,
 Before a prosperous wind, sail back again.

Whether some empty heart my losses fill,
 Or whether in a shipwrecked waste lies strown
 My ventured wealth, I shall not know until
 This life's long childhood is at last outgrown.

THE PRICE

By Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND



LONG the corduroy road between the level ranks of the forest Captain Hurlbut led the half dozen troopers of his scouting party. The hoofs of the horses drummed pleasantly on the worn logs of the roadway, and the men took off their hats and held them against the horns of their saddles, letting the cool, balsam-scented air whip across their faces and through their hair.

They were not a particularly martial-looking lot, the six troopers who followed Hurlbut. The briars and thorns of the north country, and its drenching morning dews that soaked through khaki and leather to the skin, had reduced their once trim uniforms to collections of dirty patches, held together in some fashion wholly inscrutable to the casual observer. They carried their carbines with the trained carelessness of hunters—their sabres were missing. Also they had trimmed the wide, jaunty brims of the campaign hats to a scant inch. The result was not artistic, but the hats stayed on their heads.

But the figure that rode two horse's lengths in front of the troopers was different. Although he had shared the hard work of his company, he had kept his uniform shapely and reasonably clean. His leather puttees glistened with oil, and his hat was set at the angle seen in the "men wanted for the army" posters. He carried his naked sabre in his hand.

"Ain't he the dandy, though?" exclaimed Parsons, nodding at the captain's straight back. Henderson, riding at his side, agreed with a gesture.

"And he's proof," he went on, "that you can make as good a soldier in two months as you can in twenty years out of the right kind of stuff."

"I don't know," replied Parsons with a deep frown which indicated a desire to be fair, "those regulars—"

"Regulars nothing," interrupted Henderson quickly. "I tell you Walter Hurlbut's

the best captain in the army this minute—and he didn't know what war was six months ago. Why shouldn't he be? Look what he was: head of a big publishing house, art critic, clubman, traveller, athlete! A big, broad-gauge man in every way, and he forgets all that he has been, and turns every ounce of his ability to being a soldier. He thinks, man! he doesn't learn all his war from books!"

"Yes, but he's different," persisted Parsons.

"Different!" retorted Henderson, bending to the sudden leap of his horse as the animal cleared an old stump in the road, "of course he's different. He's a human being instead of a carefully trained machine."

"He's married, too," Parsons said, as though adding an obstacle which argument could not surmount.

"Right," agreed his companion, "and that's the finishing touch. You don't catch him mooning over his wife's picture either! I've seen her, and she's a wife worth going back to, but he doesn't let that count. He takes bigger chances than the rest of us. It'll work that way every time, too. You take a good business man and show him the ropes of the army, and he'll make a better soldier than your trained fighting machine."

Hurlbut suddenly threw up his gauntleted hand and pulled his horse up on his haunches. The six men came to an abrupt halt.

"Dismount!" ordered the officer quietly. One trooper was left holding the bridles of the horses, and the five men followed the straight figure into the woods.

"What are we after?" whispered Parsons.

"I don't know," answered Henderson, "but he does!"

The little party moved quietly through the pines, following an old trail, so old that the path on which they stepped was a full two inches lower than the needle-carpeted

ground. As they walked they could hear the distant purring of a brook, and the swirl of water about old timbers of some sort. The tiny path bent to the left and came out upon the edge of a brook. A hundred yards ahead of them stood the ruins of an old saw-mill. Hurlbut stopped, wiped his face with a clean handkerchief, and looked about him. He consulted a note-book, then moved ahead without a word, the men following him in silence. For half an hour they followed the path, which climbed steadily up a long slope. Above the rising shelves of trees they could see the bald knob of a hill. For a week they had been watching that hill in the distance from their camp by the river, and now they looked at it curiously. Hurlbut turned to his men suddenly.

"I've brought you five men," he said curtly, "because you all know something about stalking deer. There's a man somewhere on the flanks of this hill that we want. I don't want him shot, I want him taken. Henderson, you come with me. The rest of you scatter; keep just far enough apart so you can see the men on both sides of you."

Like shadows the six figures shrank into the underbrush and commenced moving up the flank of the hill. Henderson and the captain went forward almost on their hands and knees, Hurlbut first taking the precaution to rub his shining puttees with black mud, and lay his clanking sword carefully behind a stump. They crawled forward a hundred yards and then paused, panting, to get their breath.

"Somebody's been working a heliograph from this hill," explained Hurlbut.

Again they went forward, dodging from tree to tree noiseless as Indians, and crawling across the open spaces on all-fours, only their heads raised like snakes. Through the thinning trees they could catch clearer glimpses of the bald, rocky crown of the hill. Henderson suddenly reached over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trooper's pointing finger and saw the tripod of a heliograph instrument leaning against the trunk of one of the last trees. Hurlbut nodded and rose to his feet. As he did so they heard one of the troopers off to their left call sharply:

"Don't move, there! I've got you covered!"

A strange voice answered cheerfully: "All right!"

The five men hurried quickly toward the spot from which the voices had come, to find Parsons leaning easily against the bole of a tree, his carbine at his hip, its muzzle pointing at a brown-clad figure sitting on a stump twenty yards away, smoking a cigarette and smiling at Parsons cheerfully through a carefully trimmed black beard. As Hurlbut came into view the man on the stump rose easily and saluted, paying not the least attention to the nervous jerk of Parsons's weapon. He was a tall, well-built man, deeply tanned; his uniform was similar to those of his captors, save that it was much cleaner. Hurlbut walked toward him without returning the salute, in spite of the fact that a torn shoulder-strap hung from the other's shoulder.

"What's your regiment?" Hurlbut demanded abruptly.

"Forty-second New York," replied the stranger promptly.

The troopers exchanged expressions of astonishment and covert winks, but the captain made no comment.

"What are you doing out here beyond the outposts?" he continued. Without answering, the other pointed to the instrument against the tree. Hurlbut frowned and pulled at his blonde mustache.

"There's a scouting party six miles farther up the creek," exclaimed the man, "sent out day before yesterday. I'm relaying their reports back to head-quarters."

"What troops are in that scouting party?" asked Hurlbut after a pause.

"Half of 'L' company of my own regiment," the other answered quickly.

Hurlbut studied the ground in front of him, and poked his heavy Colt back into its holster. The five troopers lounged about on the grass or leaned against trees, wiping the perspiration from their faces and eying the two officers curiously. Only Parsons had not moved, but stood against the same tree, the bolt of his carbine drawn back, the black muzzle never wavering from the strange officer's body. The black-bearded man seemed to have forgotten the existence of Parsons and his carbine.

Hurlbut raised his head, and the men who could see him noticed that it looked a year older and was rather white.

"The Forty-second New York," he said coldly, "is something like a thousand miles south of us. There isn't any scouting party up the creek. How long have you been on this hill?"

The dark man shrugged his shoulders and threw away the butt of his cigarette.

"Never mind the formalities," he said quietly, letting out the last of the smoke from his cigarette as he spoke, "I've been here long enough to find out what I want. Of course I shan't answer any of your questions."

The attitude of the five lounging troopers changed as the man spoke. They ceased to look at him curiously, and their eyes hardened. Parsons jerked his carbine to a firmer position against his thigh, and his lean forefinger crawled a trifle nearer to the trigger. Hurlbut looked steadily over his captive's head and gave the necessary orders. The troopers went forward silently to bind the man's hands. Hurlbut noticed that they tied the cords vindictively, drawing them unnecessarily tight.

"Never mind tying them quite so tight," he said.

"Thank you," said the dark man quickly. "I shan't try to escape."

The men seemed not to hear his speech. It was as though a sudden barrier had risen between them, and made of him a different sort of being. Hurlbut looked steadfastly away from the man as the little group moved slowly down the slope, the prisoner walking ahead with his hands tied behind him; the troopers close behind, their carbines resting easily in the crooks of their arms; Hurlbut a little to one side. As they neared the foot of the hill, a cock-partridge burst suddenly out of a tangle of bushes with a startling thunder of wings, and bored, twisting, out of sight among the trees. One or two of the troopers jumped slightly and gave vent to startled exclamations. Hurlbut and the prisoner stiffened slightly like setters, and followed the flight of the bird with eyes that snapped with eagerness. Their glances met and the dark-haired man smiled brightly, his white teeth showing pleasantly through the closely-trimmed beard. Hurlbut had to stiffen the muscles of his face quickly and turn his glance off toward the brook to check the smile of common feeling.

"A fine bird," he heard the prisoner say to the men behind him. The troopers looked at each other in uncertainty and did not answer.

As they reached the path which passed the ruined mill the prisoner seemed intent in watching the waters swirl about the rotting piles and did not look at the path in front of him. His foot caught on an old stub and he fell headlong, heavily. The troopers, mistaking his action, half-raised their weapons and then lowered them awkwardly. The man had fallen in such a way that, with his hands pinioned behind his back, he could not rise.

"It's careless of me," he said, "but you've trussed me up so well I can't get up."

Hurlbut felt the blood tingling in his cheeks as the soldiers assisted their captive to rise. Parsons even went so far as to dust off the man's clothes.

"Never mind, thanks," said the man carelessly; "I won't need them long," and he grinned at Parsons.

"You can untie those cords," said Hurlbut, choosing his words carefully. He felt a strange hesitancy about referring to his prisoner even so far as speaking of his hands, so he said "cords" deliberately. He was glad, too, when the man did not thank him, but merely bowed silently.

As they walked back over the deeply worn path, Hurlbut studied the other's figure and carriage. He had thought of spies often enough, but he had never connected them, somehow, with this sort of a man. He had not bothered to think much about their possible personalities; the mere word—spy—covered their whole existence and made of them a thing not to be tolerated. This was a man of his own kind; he caught himself thinking exactly how the prisoner would look in evening clothes, and every time the picture flashed before his mind he saw the broad red ribbon of the Legion passing across the man's shirt-front. He smiled slightly to himself at the conceit, for it had always been a secret ambition of his own to be able some day to wear one of those red ribbons himself. He wondered if perhaps he and this stranger did not think alike about a good many things—if perhaps they had not left the same sort of things behind them. This other man could not go back to them, and his people would

not care to hear how he had met his death—a spy!

One of the waiting horses down the road heard the sound of the approaching party and whinnied. The prisoner lifted his head sharply and peered down the aisles between the trees. The neigh of the horse went through Hurlbut strangely. He seemed to feel all the sensations that had passed through the other. The snorting of the horses must have told this man that he was one stage nearer the end of all things: the little plot of open ground, the white-faced officer, and the file of nervous, twitching men—one of whom had a weapon loaded with a blank cartridge!

They came out into the road and saw the trooper and the waiting horses. Hurlbut breathed easier for some reason. It was a relief to him to have even one more man—though merely a private who had really borne no part—to shoulder the responsibility of this thing which was growing more hateful every instant. The troopers waited for the captain to come up as they reached the horses. Suddenly the prisoner turned and came quickly to Hurlbut.

"It's only a little while now," he said quickly in a low, pleading tone. "Will you let me walk beside you and talk with you on the way back?"

For an instant Hurlbut hesitated, looking away, then he turned and met the other's eyes. They were looking at him, very straight and with a terrible earnestness.

"Very well," he answered curtly.

The little group arranged itself quickly. Two of the troopers rode ahead; Hurlbut followed with the prisoner walking at his side, and the remaining four men walked their horses a few paces farther to the rear.

"Little chunks of time," said the prisoner suddenly, without looking up at the man beside him, "are queer things. I had my own uniform done up in a bundle under a stone a dozen paces from the stump where you found me. Had you been ten minutes later, I would have been a prisoner of war instead of a spy!"

Hurlbut made no reply, and the man on foot laughed shortly.

"I suppose," he went on, "I owe my life—or rather my death—to tobacco. I decided I'd smoke one cigarette before I changed my clothes. I wonder," he fin-

ished whimsically, "what my status would have been if you'd come on me when I was half in one uniform and half in the other!"

Hurlbut fought with a growing desire to ask this man all sorts of questions; to sympathize with him, to ask him what messages he might write, what explanations he should make—all this, and even a desire to see the man slip quickly into the bushes before the troopers could shoot. Instead of answering, he set his lips in a firm line, drew the black, ugly Colt from its holster and laid it across his saddle-bow. The prisoner noted it and raised his eyebrows ever so slightly. Hurlbut flushed, pretended to examine the cylinder of the weapon, and shoved it back into the holster.

"I wish you wouldn't put that away," protested the man quickly. "I feel better with it boring into my mind."

"I'll run the risk," said Hurlbut shortly.

They went forward monotonously over the squared logs of the old road. Hurlbut did not have to check his horse for the benefit of the man on foot, who walked with long, easy, tireless strides. The low-voiced talk of the troopers behind them sounded distinctly.

"I've just been wondering," said the spy, "whether, if I'd had my choice, I'd have picked a day like this as my last. Would a man rather flicker out with the world at its best or its worst? On the whole, I believe I'm rather glad it isn't raining."

The captain was commencing to regret that he had promised to let the man talk. The spy was looking at things so exactly as he would have had a doomed man look, and yet it made it that much the harder. It seemed to him that he could follow every step of the man's mind, and all that he said seemed exactly the thing that Hurlbut would have said. He wished fervently that the man would fall a prey to fear and keep silent.

"It's a queer thing," the spy continued in the same idle fashion, "it's a queer thing this walking to death with your eyes wide open, and the best part of what ought to be life ahead of you. I don't see why it doesn't make me mad with the injustice of the thing."

"You took the chance. You didn't have to play the spy," his captor reminded him.

"Oh, yes I did," replied the other, looking up in a straightforward fashion which



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Followed the direction of the trooper's pointing finger and saw the tripod of a heliograph instrument.—Page 190.

made the other silent; "there wasn't anybody else to do it. That isn't mock heroics, you know, but just plain facts. I can't make it seem quite real yet. Why, I've always been so disgustingly healthy I've never even thought of dying. They won't hang me, will they?" he finished in a sudden burst of anxiety.

"No," answered Hurlbut in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, and added, to stiffen his wavering sternness, "I'll see that you're shot."

A hundred yards farther along the road, Hurlbut cleared his throat nervously and began:

"If there are any messages, or anything of that kind, I will be very glad——"

"Ho!" the other broke in on him suddenly, "messages!" Then he went on more quietly: "That's good of you, but I'm not going to bother any of my—friends with the details. As for the real messages, well, they can't very well be sent."

"No," agreed Hurlbut, without in the least intending to speak, "that's true. A man has no time——"

The spy looked at him quickly, eagerly. He waited an instant for Hurlbut to go on, his lips parted expectantly, then, as the officer did not continue, he went on hurriedly:

"It seems queer, doesn't it, for men like you and me to be here talking this way? You know, I'm glad it was you and not some red-faced, strait-laced soldier that took me. I shouldn't have been able to talk to him—and it helps me, really. I knew one of—well, let's be plain-spoken and say 'my own kind,' and it was a relief. And it seems as though we ought to be just walking home after a ride with the hounds, talking about the way my mount fell and threw me, and here you are taking me to be shot!"

"Talk about something else," Hurlbut suggested roughly.

The spy looked steadily at Hurlbut's profile, his own face set seriously, as though he were trying to convince himself just what sort of a man lay beneath the tanned skin and the yellow mustache. Finally he threw up his head with an air of decision and took the plunge.

"Aren't you willing to forget you're a soldier, and remember you're a man long enough to keep me sane?" he demanded

quickly. "Are you so tightly cased in your uniform that you begrudge the last few hours of life to a man with nothing ahead of him but certain death? Don't you suppose I'm leaving anything behind me that I regret? Do you think I'm talking this way out of sheer bravado? Man, don't you understand that it's only by thinking of the things so close behind me and keeping my mind off the grisly thing such a little way in front that I can keep my knees stiff?"

Hurlbut swallowed chokingly and kept his eyes steadfastly turned from the eager face at his side. The earnest, pleading sentences cut into the very core of his being. It was all so unreal: the brilliant sunshine, the thousand familiar sounds of the woodland, the pleasant, muffled sound of the horses' hoofs and the jingle of harness, and the low, cheerful talk of the men behind them, broken now and then by a full, deep-chested laugh. And then, cutting sharply across this background of ordinary things, the tense, insistent voice of the man at his side, pleading only for a few moments of unrestricted speech, speech of the things that they both might understand, and that others—the officer who commanded the firing-squad, perhaps—might not.

"Well?" said Hurlbut encouragingly.

He did not see the smile of relief on the other's face, but he knew it was there from the change in his tone.

As the spy talked, the stiffness of Hurlbut's attitude began to relax. Now and then he broke in upon the steady flow of the other's words, but always, when he spoke, he heard the dull voices of the men behind him, and caught the easy attitude of the troopers in front, and fell silent again.

"I was going to write about this war, too," the other man was saying; "I've never written anything but plays before, but I think I could have done this."

Hurlbut turned quickly in his saddle.

"You're not Gustav Vermuhlen, are you?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Yes," answered the spy simply.

Hurlbut remembered, now, having read the notice that the young dramatist had gone into the army. Then his mind went farther back, and he remembered sitting in his own office and talking with his assistant about the advisability of putting out an



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"You're not Gustav Vermuhlen, are you?" he demanded breathlessly.—Page 194.

American edition of the young dramatist's last play. Like a picture on a screen this thing snapped out of Hurlbut's mind, and he saw Vermuhlen's body, limp, lying on its face in the wet grass of to-morrow morning. The steady flow of the man's speech broke through onto Hurlbut's mind again.

"I suppose I couldn't even talk of these things if they had been one whit less perfect," Vermuhlen was saying, "but a man can't very well complain—though the best thing in his life is cut short when he's had a few years even without a flaw, can he?"

"No," answered Hurlbut almost unconsciously, "no, I suppose not."

"But she's so young—so absolutely without thought of facing anything alone, and yet so brave. I know she'll come through all right——"

"Who?" interrupted Hurlbut.

"Why, my wife," answered the other quickly, surprised. "I know she'll come through all right," he went on, "but I know how hard it will be—and I feel—well, I feel so much sorrier for her than I do for myself. May I show you her picture?"

Hurlbut looked down to see the other fumbling in the breast of his brown tunic.

"Don't!" pleaded Hurlbut thickly; "don't!"

Vermuhlen looked up in surprise, and saw that his captor's face was white and drawn. "I'm not playing fair with you," he said quickly; "I've no right to make your duty harder. I didn't mean—" in the intensity of his feeling he rested his hand on Hurlbut's saddle.

"Look out, captain!" Parsons yelled suddenly. "He's reaching for your gun!"

The little cavalcade halted suddenly. The two men, the prisoner and his captor, stared at the troopers, their carbines half-raised, and then at each other. Vermuhlen shook his head slightly and smiled faintly.

"I can't do it," Hurlbut muttered under his breath; "my God, man, I can't!"

"You've got to," the other whispered; "it's a hard price for both of us, but we've got to pay it. Let me go with the men!"

Hurlbut sat motionless in the saddle, his face a mask, but behind it his mind a riot of conflicting thoughts, his pulses now racing madly and now almost sluggish.

"Parsons," he said suddenly, "did you ever read a book called 'The Father'?"

"Yes, sir," answered the astonished trooper. Hurlbut looked the question at the others and two or three of them nodded their heads wonderingly.

"Well," explained Hurlbut with a gesture toward his prisoner, "this is the man that wrote it—it and a lot of other things just as good or better. And we're taking him to be shot!"

The troopers shifted uneasily in their saddles. Hurlbut rubbed his palm slowly over the horn of his saddle and stared at the ground. The men were obviously at a loss what to do or say; this was not at all a part of the game of war they had been playing; these two men before them were not at all like Thuston or Crockett or some of the other officers. They waited for Hurlbut to speak.

"This man's books," he went on without looking up, "have been printed in three or four languages, and they've gone into hundreds of homes and made people happy. They've been put in the theatre—and people have laughed and cried over them. I have. He's a young man, and he'll write more books and more plays and better ones—but he won't if we shoot him."

The troopers nodded soberly, frowning. Vermuhlen started to speak, but Hurlbut's next words cut in ahead of him.

"He's a spy. He has found out things about our army that it's our duty to prevent his knowing. He's sent the information to his own forces—and we can't stop that. He's but done his duty—but he put on our uniform to do it, and the penalty of that is death."

Again Hurlbut paused, and again the troopers nodded soberly. Vermuhlen looked from one bearded face to another, and read only perplexity in their eyes.

"All six of us are soldiers," continued Hurlbut, "and we have our duty plainly cut for us. Because I happen to be an officer, the responsibility of my duty is heavier than yours. I'm a soldier, and I've tried hard to be a good one—but after all, I'm a man first and a soldier afterward. I can't take this man and shoot him—after what he's done for the other men and women in the world!" he finished helplessly. He stared at the ground in silence for an instant. Henderson cleared his throat noisily, and Hurlbut looked up.

"I'm going to let him go," he announced. "It's a breach of duty—and you men will see it. You won't need to report it, because I shall confess." He turned suddenly to Vermuhlen—"You can go when you will. I won't stop you."

Vermuhlen shook his head and smiled. He spoke partly to Hurlbut and partly to the men.

"No," he said deliberately, "I shan't take the chance you give. It's a fine last tribute you're paying to whatever I may have done—but I'll not see a good soldier broken that I may live. Your captain is going to let me walk between two of you the rest of the way to your camp."

Hurlbut started to speak, but the other held up his hand.

"There's no use protesting," he insisted; "if I won't run, I won't, and you can't make me!"

Without a word, Hurlbut wheeled his horse and rode on. The troopers closed loosely about Vermuhlen, and the little group moved slowly on through the thinning trees. Hurlbut rode with his head bent, thinking of the picture in the breast of Vermuhlen's jacket, and of another in the breast of his own. He kept asking himself what Vermuhlen would have done if their positions had been reversed. His thoughts moved dully around a monotonous circle; he felt that he could not go back to his own wife and feel as he had, with the thought of that unknown wife across the sea, waiting hopelessly. And yet, if he ordered the men aside, drove his prisoner into the woods, and then galloped away—he could not go back then, with a blot on his army record. The whole color of his life was spoiled, and all because Vermuhlen had wasted five precious minutes smoking a cigarette and had not changed his uniform! A hot, rebellious anger at the unreasoning power of little things surged through him. One tiny cigarette, cold now somewhere among the pine needles, had sent one man to his death and brought to him a lasting unhappiness that would not pass.

A murmur of voices behind him made him turn, and he saw that Parsons had taken the prisoner up onto his horse behind him. He noticed, casually, that the men were laughing, evidently at something that Vermuhlen had said. What a thor-

oughbred this man was! Hurlbut knew that he was clinging to life with all the fervor of youth and a great love, and yet he could smile and talk to the men about him—and more than that, he could be so thoughtful as to take temptation of his own causing out of a stranger's way! And ever as Hurlbut thought of the other's handsome, black-bearded face, he saw the lithe body lying on its face in the wet grass.

There was a sudden wild clatter of hoofs behind him, and sharp, snapping cries from the men. Hurlbut's hand shot to the butt of the big revolver before he wheeled in his saddle to see Parsons lying on his back in the road, while the spy, flattening himself onto the neck of Parsons's horse, had already swung the animal around in the narrow road.

"Shoot him!" yelled Hurlbut, "shoot him!"

He tried to raise his Colt, but his hand seemed nerveless. He sat almost inert, watching the other men raising their carbines with unaccountable slowness. Already the prisoner's horse had stopped his frantic plunging and fallen into his stride.

"Fire!" shouted Hurlbut, seemingly forgetful of his own weapon.

Then he saw the five men, all of whom could clip coins at fifty or even a hundred yards, send one after another of the steel-jacketed bullets whistling harmlessly through the air above the head of the fleeing horseman—not yet a score of yards away from him.

"Go after him!" thundered Hurlbut, and he spurred his own horse as the troopers lumbered into awkward, half-hearted pursuit. They went out of sight around a turn in the road, and Hurlbut almost unconsciously pulled his horse to a walk and then stopped. He listened to the diminishing sound of hoofs and the cries of the men. From time to time the sound of a shot came back to him. Minute after minute he sat stolidly in the road, waiting for the return of his men. After what seemed an interminable time they came around the turn of the road, Parsons, on foot, in front of them.

"Well?" said Hurlbut as they came up.

Henderson saluted solemnly. "We couldn't catch him, Captain," he explained. "You know, sir, Parsons's horse was the fastest in the company. And he

got off so quick I guess it flustered our shooting. I think we winged him, but we couldn't tell for sure."

Hurlbut nodded slowly. "You and Tooley go back to that hill," he ordered, "and stay there until relieved. If anything happens, ride in at once and report."

The captain started to wheel his horse but Henderson, after an instant's awkward hesitation, spoke again.

"And, Captain—" he began diffidently,

and then more boldly as Hurlbut faced him, "I guess we ain't any better soldiers or worse men than you are, and—I guess we understand!"

Impulsively Hurlbut's hand shot out, and Henderson gripped it hard.

"Thank you," said Hurlbut shortly, and then Henderson and Tooley trotted back toward the hill behind them, and Hurlbut rode toward camp at the head of his depleted force with his chin up and his eyes looking straight before him.

THE GOD OF THE MEN WHO DO THINGS

By Gerardus Post Herrick

THE cause is all, and the triumph naught
To the God of the men who do things,
He scorns the "Don't" and leaves the "Ought,"
This God of the men who do things.
He has one motive and only one,
He loves things doing and loves things done,
As all His battles are fought and won,
The God of the men who do things.

He knows high purpose, He works things out,
The God of the men who do things,
Though the lazy lie and the righteous scout,
This God of the men who do things.
He cares not a whit for the common mould,
He burns the dross to refine the gold,
He cannot be bought, He cannot be sold,
The God of the men who do things.

He hates things weak, He loves things strong,
This God of the men who do things,
In soul or body, in right or wrong,
This God of the men who do things.
He knows there is hope for the men who try,
He sees them fail and He sees them die,
For they will win to him, by and by,
The God of the men who do things.

WOMEN AND WEALTH

By J. Laurence Laughlin



HERE have been many analysts of the American woman as a type—a type which must be difficult to express, seeing that our country has within its wide boundaries many differing environments, and seeing that each woman differs in nature from every other. Fiction, however, will continue to present feminine characteristics as character so long as human nature enjoys the portrayal of its own singular or dramatic performances. But the study of woman-kind in our country, as influenced by the extraordinary changes in our economic conditions, and reflexively as herself influencing the economic situation, is a matter which lies outside the realm of fiction, no matter how realistic, and has a bearing of no mean importance on the facts of our every-day life. It is a task requiring great temerity to undertake, no doubt, and one in which the opportunities for going astray are labyrinthine. Why speak of women, for instance, as forming an economic factor separate from men? This certainly is dangerous ground; and it is likely to call out the suggestion that the observations made of woman are equally true of man. Perhaps this is a caution which points to a truth; but *nous verrons*. More than this, an essay on American women might be said to be as definite as an essay on trees. American women are no more alike than trees; they differ as much as the persimmon differs from the peach tree. Therefore we shall not venture on the difficult task of generalization about American women as a whole; and we hope to file a *caveat* here and now that great and obvious exceptions must always exist even for every limited formulation that we may venture to make. However, if some general tendencies may be made out—which in the very nature of human beings cannot be all-inclusive—we shall be satisfied.

Large and serious changes affecting the whole community often go unnoticed by the most of us precisely because of their general and wide-reaching character. A change

so large that it carries with it the surrounding details of human intercourse does not provoke comparisons. A gradual change of climate which leaves hills, streams, forests, fields, and homes in the same old relationship is not easy to define. So a change in the relations of women to American life, which brings a whole generation under the same new influences, leaves each member of the group under the same general impressions relatively to each other, and a new community existence moves on without much realization of its newness. Homogeneity in the new crystallization suggests no strangeness such as might be called forth by a comparison between a new and an old crystallization. That a new crystallization, however, is going on in our life under the pressure of great economic forces seems to be beyond question; and the part in it played by the women of the United States certainly offers in itself an interesting study.

Without doubt, many women of America are at the present day being put to one of the greatest tests of fibre and character which they can ever undergo—and one under which they are not appearing to advantage. A deterioration in influence and quality is coming to change the very elemental functions of a large class of women in our institutional life. Is this a temporary manifestation, arising from lightness of mind, out of which a sound inner strength will soon bring a better outlook; or is this deterioration only the beginning of a long and inevitable decline? Our men have always been distinguished by their good-natured, tolerant, indulgent appreciation of women. In addition, this great commonwealth has been creating new wealth in a way unknown in any other country on the globe. As a consequence, it will be worth while to focus attention on this trial which many American women are to-day undergoing.

II

THE economic characteristics of American life in the past generation—perhaps before the eighties—was the general ab-

sence of great riches, and the existence throughout the country on the whole of a comparatively simple standard of living. Even the rich of that time made no great show of superior resources; and the gap between them and the so-called working classes was far less than it is now, not only as concerns the actual expenditure, but also as concerns the standards thought necessary to respectable social standing. There was no general extravagance in houses, furniture, clothes, ornaments, equipages. There was no such general diffusion of wealth as to create a leisure class of any noticeable extent. It was at once usual and expected that men should be busy in some occupation, no matter how old or reputable their families; and with the great body of the people necessity was the inevitable spur to work of all kinds, agricultural and industrial. Work was general and therefore respectable. There were few fictitious standards of comparison set by a superiority due to degrees of riches. Scanty incomes demanded a careful adjustment of means to ends, and forethought as to expenditure was so much a matter of course as to be counted on as an element in fashioning character and social standards.

These economic conditions were reflected in the ideals and standards of the women of that day. In women, as in all human nature, there is the good and the bad; but the environment tends either to stimulate or to lessen the good and the bad. In that earlier day, the mass of women were free from the disadvantages of being rich. Inequalities of wealth had practically no influence in causing any condescension to those who had to earn a living by work of any kind. Women of the best social standing took a share in the physical work of their households. To paint a little wood-work, to fashion some article of furniture, to care for the garden, to harness a horse, to study the markets, to give thought to economies, or to personally share in the care of the house, were the common virtues even of women of some means. And among the generality of women a considerable part of the domestic labor in the home was performed by the wife or daughter. Among the poorest families there was much sodden drudgery; but in the main, work had a healthy effect on the mind and body of

women—and from families of this sort the nation has been recruited in robust energy, in enterprise, and in intellectual vigor.

III

It is needless to say that a change has come over the face of our economic life. There are, of course, vast numbers who are to-day poor, or in very moderate circumstances, but it is known of all that with the enormous increase in wealth has come the creation of a very large leisure class composed of the rich and the very rich. This is the most significant fact of this generation. The miles of comfortable, or even handsome, houses in every large city, the thousands of automobiles on the streets, are only a few of the obvious evidences of the wide distribution of riches. The effect of this economic phenomenon upon American women is a matter of the highest import, a study of the first magnitude. It touches the very heart of our social life, and makes for good or for ill on a great scale in our immediate future. This is the test, as has been said, which a large body of American women are undergoing—the greatest test to which human nature can be subjected—the test of prosperity and riches. How are they coming out of it? It may, therefore, be the bounden duty of a student to examine this question with the same spirit with which he would approach the scientific study of the coddling moth on apple-trees. To be sure he may not exhaust the subject, he may not even be correct in his analysis, but at least he may call attention to it, and challenge the critical intelligence of those who may differ from him.

To what is about to be said it may be replied that the same thing can be affirmed of men; that they, also, have been put to the same test. The relation of men to this recent economic readjustment, however, is not the same as that of women; the patent disassociation of women from industry, in the main, is a sufficient basis in itself for a separate study of the economic effects of a great increase of wealth upon some women. Women have had more to do with the spending than with the producing of wealth. Moreover, I am one of those who believe that women differ widely from men—without raising any foolish questions

about superiority or inferiority—and that women as women exercise in their own way a powerful influence on the economic and ethical ideals of society. For scientific purposes the classification of women by themselves is based on sufficiently disparate situation and characteristics to warrant such an attempt as is suggested.

IV

WE may now proceed to outline the characteristics of the prevailing types of well-to-do women of the present day, as contrasted with those which were briefly set forth for the previous generation. But let me say again that there must be many exceptions to any general statements and that there is great danger in sweeping generalizations. Nevertheless, it is possible that there may be such repetition or prevalence of acts as to form groups of facts, capable of being classified and described—and from which important inferences may be drawn.

(1) The first and most obvious phenomenon is one which has appeared again and again in past history—one, too, which is founded deep in every human nature. It is only natural that it should appear now in a democracy just as we are emerging from a stage of relative poverty to that of relative affluence. In primitive society, as well as in the Middle Ages, as soon as persons got power and wealth they wished distinction; they wished to indicate by their chateaux and palaces, their dress, tables, manners, and retinue of servants a position superior to that of others. Indeed, it is a commonplace of economics that a large range of human wants arise from the desire to make a display of superiority. Such things as napkins, table linen, now in common use, were originally devised as means of distinguishing a superior from an inferior class. This general method is being employed to-day in our country among those who have recently accumulated wealth. Our so-called "smart" society differentiates itself from others largely by forms, usages, and expenditures in which only a few can participate. Without great wealth a certain sort of exclusiveness is impossible; hence, sooner or later, new wealth—even if the vulgarity of its first possessors debars them for a time—gives to the second or third generation the satisfaction of exclu-

siveness based on the power to buy what others cannot afford. To be conspicuous, even to do audacious and unconventional things, in order to show distinction, is no uncommon trick of those who pose as superiors. The affectation of superiority by those who have little intelligence but great eagerness for social position is often accepted as real when it takes the form of critical condescension to those about them. It is this claim to a counterfeit superiority because of the possession of wealth which has come to be one of the commonest characteristics of a large class of American women of to-day. Without titles and manor-houses, the democratic society of to-day is weakly repeating the history of earlier ages, when privileged classes assumed the marks of distinction based on power. Then it was often based on the power of military force, the law that might makes right; but now it is based on the power of wealth, the law that riches makes superiority.

(2) In other words, there has come about an unfortunate shifting of standards, a change in relative emphasis, together with a falling off in ethical ideals. The common passion of the rich women—and it is probably equally true of too many of those who are not rich—is for what she thinks to be social position. I am not so simple-minded as to attempt to define that *ignis fatuus*, "social position." There is the height from which one level of servants looks down on another; there is the possibly uncultured, select coterie of a country village; there is the equally uncultured and often uninteresting rich coterie of the larger city. No matter what its quality, no matter how its atoms chanced to collect, once that its characteristic of solidarity and exclusiveness is realized, then the light-headed, and especially the merely rich, would sacrifice health, ideals, and even ties of relationship and friendship for the bauble which to their minds admits them to the desired circle, and sets them apart as socially superior to others. In this pitiful social climbing, in this devastating social rivalry, in which certain requirements have the force of tyrannical despotism, and in which character dwindles to unconscious imitation of what is supposed to be "the thing," the quality of many well-to-do women is very plainly deteriorating. Among them conduct,

courses of action, personal estimates are not based on conscious reflection, on tests of right and wrong, on a judicial balancing of pros and cons, but almost entirely on what "others will think," that is, on the tyranny of chance opinion in the social set which they value more than their own souls. How many mothers of this class would allow young girls of the coming-out age to snub an immoral young man who was a social leader, and thus cause her to be left out of the usual round of invitations?

(3) Not infrequently a test of social exclusiveness is the willingness of the members in a "set" to be wilfully blind to immoral performances. Indeed, the supposed unwillingness to accept the current code of morals in the set, or not to join in with it, is a reason for exclusion. To speak to outsiders of peccadilloes which are common property within the charmed circle is high treason to the laws of social position. Thus new codes of ethics for women are ever being created, based not on the higher experience of the race, but on the chance and loose ideas of self-indulgent persons who happen to be for the time regarded as leaders of society. The relative emphasis has shifted. The principles of a hardy people, by which they have risen to power and influence, are thus exposed, through the weakness of some of its women, to inevitable deterioration. As are our women, so are our men. Tell me the ethical standards of our mothers and daughters and I will tell you in the main the ethical standards of our fathers and sons.

(4) In passing from the old order to the new, the well-to-do woman of to-day has come to regard work as demeaning. She would be chagrined to be caught doing any physical labor in her household, which her mother before her very likely did as a matter of course. Superiority is now supposed to be evident in the ability to hire the largest retinue of servants, so that all physical exertion is rendered unnecessary as well as demeaning—that is, if it is rendered because of economy or necessity. Idleness has come to be a mark of social eminence. Whether a woman is properly to be included or not in good society is almost decided by the fact that she takes her breakfast and spends her morning in bed. To say that work has become demeaning, however, is not to say that fashionable women

are not busy or over-occupied. It depends on whether the particular occupation is "the thing." She must not work because of necessity; she may walk in the country, but not in the city when shopping. Or, merely to be audacious, because she is a member of a privileged coterie, she may conspicuously do a task of the working class to prove that her position is impregnable. She may fill her day with attendance on committee meetings or on hospital boards; but it often depends upon who else is on those boards or committees. She would not wish to have her name—that is, if her social position is not yet impregnable, and not infrequently when it is—appear on a board on which there were "nobodies." No matter what the merits of the institution, much depends on whether it has been taken up by the set.

(5) It has sometimes been said that American women are becoming more independent; that the opening of new occupations to women has given them more opportunities to earn income and has freed them from the necessity of marriage. There is no doubt much truth in this as regards the women who work for income as well as those who willingly take up the burdens of household tasks—and who may be said to form our large and "sound remnant" and the future hope of society. But the so-called independence of the richer women has its roots to all appearances in selfishness. She is independent of restraint, because she is unwilling to do anything onerous or disagreeable. Freed from want, freed from exertion, freed from anxiety as to the future, she is in the perilous position of having to follow only her self-indulgencies. Her parents, who have known the privations of an earlier time, foolishly wish their daughter to have everything which money can buy. Through a natural but unintelligent fondness there has been created an environment acting to weaken positive fibre and to develop selfishness. Except in a strong inherited helpfulness, altruism has thus a poor soil in which to flourish. In her self-centred life, she is shut off from any real knowledge of the great world of poverty and suffering outside her ken. It is pathetic to think of how many women, whose wealth means potential usefulness, spend their time and all their thought in purely selfish absorption in the work of their

dress-maker and coiffeur. They become hen-minded and inane largely because their lives are engrossingly selfish. They are self-willed and seemingly independent, because they are too often regardless of the needs and happiness of others.

(6) Idleness, or the escape from doing difficult or unpleasant things, fails to develop fibre in a grown woman, as well as it does in a child. Freedom from disagreeable or enforced tasks—to be removed as soon as they are shown to be disliked—produces spoiled children, as every one knows; but it does not seem to be as well recognized that a continuation of this process in later years produces spoiled grown-up children. So far has the evil of new wealth influenced those who have not learned how to use it that self-indulgence has become a marked characteristic of the well-to-do. Removed from the necessity of self-control as a means of obtaining an income, and having the means of gratifying every whim, their self-control no longer appears except so far as it is necessary to make social conquests, or to get a satisfaction for personal vanity. Then self-indulgence leads to the inevitable satiety of usual satisfactions. Dress, houses, silver, and footmen can be bought by all who are rich—and cease to be marks of exclusiveness, as the rich increase in numbers. Then satiety in obvious things begins to prompt a hunt for new sensations—a state of mind which explains the brief career of a social favorite, the taking up of a winter sensation and its early and complete oblivion, the appeal to the social palate of things having the tang of tainted duck.

(7) In many cases the new wealth has come without the necessary accompaniment of a previous preparation for its use. There are, of course, many noble women of poor origin, but of high character, whom no new riches could injure or corrupt. But in examples so numerous as often to set the standard, women with raw, uncultivated minds, unable to discriminate between the real and the false, not able to know an impostor because they have never known by contact the real man of cultivation, unable to control vanity by any power of logic or analysis, yet swollen with the conceit born of wealth, have—even when not obviously vulgar—developed a lack of perspective which forms a sad indictment of their

early education. Since education is not information or learning, but a point of view, the lack of education appears to be perilously general—if we judge from much of the social outcome. Certainly, if the point of view is common that merit is to be measured by what one has rather than by what one is, much of women's education has been wofully imperfect. But in this day of transition in all education it is too easy to score by hitting the insufficiencies of women's education. If much of our education for men is bad, theirs is worse. If we demand on the one hand that a man's education should fit him for the actual life he is to lead, why should not the same demand be made on the other hand for the education of women? So far, a great amount of no education—or bad education—has excited in certain classes of women a crowd of expectations which have led them to regard as necessities things of insubstantial value; but if things are denied them which are wilfully demanded, they develop a hot discontent. The situation thus produced is one which concerns ideals. To be truly educated, to have a right point of view, is to have high ideals. Selfish, self-indulgent lives are directly traceable to low ideals. It is an economic truism that if we change the wants of a people we change the whole character of the production which supplies those wants. It is the point of view which makes the difference between the civilization and industries of the Apaches and those of the New Englanders.

(8) Were the desire common to be an agreeable personality rather than to exult in what one has or in what one knows, the extravagance of the day would not be so general or so amazing. The extravagance of many American women is a fairly good test of their point of view, of their ideals. Unfortunately, it too often represents, not merely the satisfaction of the beautiful, but vanity, emulation, self-indulgence, and love of display. In many cases, no doubt, it represents no thought at all, but only a mental flabbiness which accepts, as a matter of course, what is done by the people around them. How great is this extravagance is, perhaps, scarcely realized in a community where extravagance is so nearly universal, and where the cost of living is so generally high, as in this country. But undoubtedly much of the situation in-

cluded under the term high cost of living is due to the unrestrained desire to have everything that any neighbor or acquaintance has. Many women are often too shallow to think out the sources from which their extravagances must be supplied, or how far they are responsible for the insane passion for riches which now corrupts the good morals of industry and the state. They are not companions to their husbands and fathers, they are kept in accepted ignorance of family finances, and permit themselves to play the rôle of well-dressed dolls—for which they must share the responsibility with the men.

V

WE may be too close to the events to perceive the true causes at work; and perhaps we may not sufficiently discriminate between the evil and the good sides of the transitional movement now before our eyes. We realize, however, that American men are quite too good-natured, and leave American women too much to themselves with an unlimited purse; otherwise we should not see the startling things done by audacious women, living in Paris, while their providers are absorbed in their business ventures at home. Moreover, life has become much more complicated and distracting; so many more things have to be known, considered, decided upon, that the unbalanced, untrained mind reels in confusion, and neurasthenia gathers in its legion of victims. With the confidence of uneducated minds almost any important problem is attacked, only to display amazing crudity, shallowness, and inanity. There is, to be sure, a greater rush for education, but it is a question whether it is accompanied by a gain of ideals. The new education is sought for by the rich woman, much as is modern marriage, as a means of self-satisfaction, and not as a means of benefiting others; by some as means of income in order to get larger personal satisfactions; from a desire to receive, not from a desire to give; considering not what one can bring to the world, but what one can get out of it. That is, there may be more education, but it is possible that it has come with lower ideals of duty to others. This matter of drooping ideals, however, may be only a consequence of another sweeping

current of change moving alongside the swelling tide of riches—the diminishing strength of religion. There is no use shutting our eyes to it; it is here. Religious dogma no longer has the old influence upon our conduct—and many of us, looking to the future, are wondering what is coming to take its place. In many communities the churches are kept alive mainly by the women. If they are to find the sanctions of religion less than of old, what have we with which to replace the influence they exercised in the past?

VI

WHETHER we like them or not we must face the facts about us. The characteristics of the modern type of rich women have changed from those of an earlier generation; and the consequences which are already noticeable can not be blinked.

The so-called independence of women-kind—the greater individuality it may be—shows its undesirable side in a wide-spread self-indulgence and selfishness. Among the richer classes, the general unwillingness to do, or even to hear of, anything unpleasant is so marked as to be a common characteristic. This phenomenon of to-day, however, is only the explanation of a well-known economic generalization in regard to the family. It has long been observed that the birth-rate diminishes as the scale of riches rises. With the growth of wealth, we must be prepared to expect—what is now evident about us—fewer children and a weakening of family ties. As much as possible, nothing will be allowed to interfere with the pursuit of personal gratifications.

The growth of selfishness, under the name of greater freedom, the avoidance of tasks and hardships, the desire for new and frequent excitements, the personal delight in notoriety, have in undue measure drawn the attention of such women away from the care of their children. But whatever the cause, the conscientious supervision of the morals and training of their children is not to-day what it used to be. The case is too common to be rare of the woman who makes serious sacrifices if she may but strut her brief hour in those houses where society gluts her passion for recognition. The sacrifices in order to have sufficiently expen-

sive dresses, the worries and extravagance to keep up with those who are richer, the conscienceless living beyond their means to satisfy the craving for social excitement, are seen and known by the children; and the children early become snobs and unconsciously imitate the standards and ideals of their elders. Thus is the poison transmitted into the blood of the next generation.

It is safe to say that the spread of divorce is due more than anything else to the personal selfishness, the personal extravagance, and the personal aversion to anything unpleasant of the modern woman of the world. And her example is of influence on the less well-to-do woman whose unhappy married life is unrelieved by the distractions open to the rich. In the main, the unrestrained selfishness and the exaggerated extravagance leads many a rich woman to ask: "What am I getting out of it?"—not, "What am I bringing to it?" The willingness to control self from a sense of duty, a steady performance of tasks for the sake of a given object, the ability to sacrifice some satisfactions for the common good, content with a limited income, are rarer than they once were. At the bottom it is the domination of the rising selfishness.

The forms taken by this selfishness are protean; but the one which has a large economic significance is that of national extravagance. Not having had to do with the winning, but only with the spending of wealth, the rich woman is more or less responsible for the criminal lust for riches which is now cursing the nation. More than she can possibly realize, her discontent at not having an expenditure equal to that of others richer than herself is the cause of the passion to get rich quickly. More than she knows, she is at the bottom of speculation and of the schemes for getting wealth other than by saving in order that men may be able to gratify her demands. It has been said that in Europe the man preys on the woman; that in this country the woman preys on the man. More than she knows, she is responsible for the wide-spread disposition to live beyond one's means; for the mortgages on the homes, the showy automobiles, and the extravagant dresses and entertainments which aim to express social superiority. It has not passed unnoticed that diamonds to the value of \$48,000,000 were imported into

the United States last year. Traced to its ultimate analysis, the uncontrolled passion for pleasure and expensive forms of gratification has caused the living beyond our means in recent years and influenced the extraordinary reversal of late in the relation of the imports to the exports of merchandise. For this our rich and our would-be-rich women are in a degree responsible. With low ideals, additional income does not mean more of higher satisfactions; it means only more foolish, emulative, showy expenditures; and in this competition—as in the building of battle-ships—there is no place to stop. An increase of salaries to academic men, for instance, does not necessarily mean more thinking, more scholarship, more books, and more aids to learning; it may possibly mean only longer ostrich feathers and wider hats for women who think they must compete with the idle rich.

VII

It is obvious that any person—man or woman—who has had little experience of the sacrifices by which wealth is accumulated is open to the temptation of careless or wanton expenditure. Due to the very fact that women as a whole have had little to do with the work of production and exchange of wealth, and have received their means largely from those who have been seasoned in that work, it is but natural that riches should have been the cause of more or less deterioration in the fibre of many women. Idle sons who have inherited great wealth often show the same weaknesses. Hence the indictment runs correctly against a large class of American women to whom it has been given to spend swollen incomes.

On the other hand, we recognize instinctively the existence of a numerous class of women—the "sound remnant"—against whom this indictment does not lie. Possibly, it may be answered that those who are not rich have remained uncorrupted. Unfortunately such a statement cannot be made safely. The danger is not confined to those who have the means to spend. The passion for social position is almost universal; and the example of the rich who have low ideals is hungrily followed by those who have low incomes. It is the deteriorating example of those who guide the expenditure of the rich women that is spreading

widely and thoughtlessly over the great class outside the well-to-do. The danger lies in the increasing adoption of habits, social customs, and expenditure based on low ideals—which attracts the weaker and poorer members of the sex who are most influenced by emulation. What is going on amongst us is not new; it is an outcome of rapidly growing wealth, like that in later Rome, or in England when Thackeray wrote. It is no reason why we should despair of the republic; but it is a grave reason for sounding the alarm and calling for higher social ideals.

The remedy is not in any external form of government, not in legislation, not in woman suffrage. There will be no change for the better except in a change of ideals—higher ideals, and a more general diffusion of them. There are women—many of them—who feel the sobering responsibility of the power given by riches, and who think carefully of the effect of their example on others; but they do not now seem to be in the majority. We all know the familiar type: the woman of some beauty and personal charm who sold herself in marriage to a rich man, in order that during his life, and above all after his death, she may have the spending of untold sums—not to better the world, but to gratify her pride and her social ambition. If all that wealth were taken away from her—the sleek, petted favorite of society—the chief damage would be hurt vanity; there would be no loss to the world, no diminution of any helpful force in the community. On the other hand, we also know the type

—a rarer one—of the woman to whom a husband had left large wealth, whose pleasure is not in self-indulgence, but whose wisdom and sympathy in giving is such that the power of her riches is multiplied an hundred-fold and whose unselfish life is a benediction to every one who is privileged to know her. But such as she are relatively few in number. The regeneration of the ideals of society is unfortunately not likely to come from the well-to-do; it is rather necessary to plan and to build in spite of the low ideals of many of the undisciplined, pleasure-loving rich. Doubtless our only hope is from the greater number of those women who have had the privilege and blessing of limited incomes, and who have known the discipline due to a life of self-sacrifice and self-control. As yet the human race seems to be unable to keep its virility when given unlimited satisfactions. Fortunately riches are not universal, and the mass of mankind are under the spur of necessity to high thinking because it is essential to their material existence. Fortunately, also, it lies in the power of each woman to decide for herself whether she will be weakly swept along by the prevailing current of self-indulgence or whether she will rise to the responsibility of setting higher the ethical standards of our social life. Those who make a poor use of the great power of wealth are relatively few, but their influence is relatively great; yet the right-minded women, who constitute the great majority of their sex, have it in their power to minimize the abuses of wealth-power by the counter-acting force of a scornful public opinion.

THE CYNIC

By Elsa Barker

HE dreamed one dream, and ever after none;
 He spoke one word, and silence followed it;
 He wrought one fabric, then no more he spun,
 But from his corner mocked the Infinite.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IV.—THE LAND OF THE MUSK-OX

XXI.—THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES



ON August 20 we reached Sandhill Bay, the farthest arm of Lake Aylmer, our northmost point by canoe. Next morning, after breakfast, we set off on foot, still northward, to seek for musk-ox, keeping to the eastward of Great Fish River. The country is rolling, with occasional rocky ridges and long, level meadows in the lowlands; practically all of it would be considered horse country, and nearly every meadow had two or three grazing caribou.

About noon, when six or seven miles north of Aylmer, we halted for rest and lunched on the top of the long ridge of glacial dump that lies to the east of Great Fish River. And now we had a most complete and spectacular view of the immense open country that we had come so far to see. It was spread before us like a huge, minute and wonderful chart, and plainly marked with the processes of its shaping-time.

Imagine a region of low Archæan hills, extending one thousand miles each way, subjected for thousands of years to a continual succession of glaciers, crushing, grinding, planing, smoothing, ripping up, and smoothening again, carrying off whole ranges of broken-up hills, in fragments, to dump them at some other point, grind them again while there, then push and hustle them out of that region into some other a few hundred miles farther, there again to tumble and grind them together, pack them into the hollows, and dump them into pyramidal piles on plains and uplands. Imagine this going on for thousands of years, and we shall have the hills lowered and polished, the valleys more or less filled with broken rocks.

Now the glacial action is succeeded by a time of flood. For another age all is below water, dammed by the northern ice, and ice-

bergs breaking from the parent sheet carry bedded in them countless boulders with which they go travelling south on the open water. As they melt, the boulders are dropped; hill and hollow share equally in this age-long shower of erratics. Nor does it cease till the progress of the warmer day removes the northern ice-dam, sets free the flood, and the region of Archæan rocks stands bare and dry.

It must have been a dreary spectacle at that time, low bare hills of gneiss, granite, etc., low valleys half filled with broken rock, and over everything a sprinkling of erratic boulders; no living thing in sight, nothing green, nothing growing, nothing but evidence of mighty power used only to destroy. A waste of shattered granite spotted with hundreds of lakes, thousands of lakelets, millions of ponds that are marvellously blue, clear and lifeless.

But a new force is born on the scene, it attacks not this hill or rock, or that loose stone, but on every point of every stone and rock, in the vast domain, it appears—the lowest form of lichen, a mere stain of grey. This spreads and, by its own corrosive power, eats foothold on the granite; it fructifies in little black velvet spots; then one of lilac flecks the pink tones of the granite to help the effect; soon another kind follows—a pale olive green lichen that fruits in bumps of rich brown velvet; then another, branching like a tiny tree; there is a ghostly kind like white chalk rubbed lightly over, and yet another of small green blots, and one is like a sprinkling of scarlet snow—each in turn of a higher and larger type, which, in due time, prepared the way for mosses higher still.

In the less exposed places these come forth; seeking the shade, searching for moisture, they form like small sponges on a coral reef; but, growing, spread and change to meet the changing contours of the land they win, and with every victory or upward move adopt some new refined intensive tint that is

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

SKETCH MAP OF

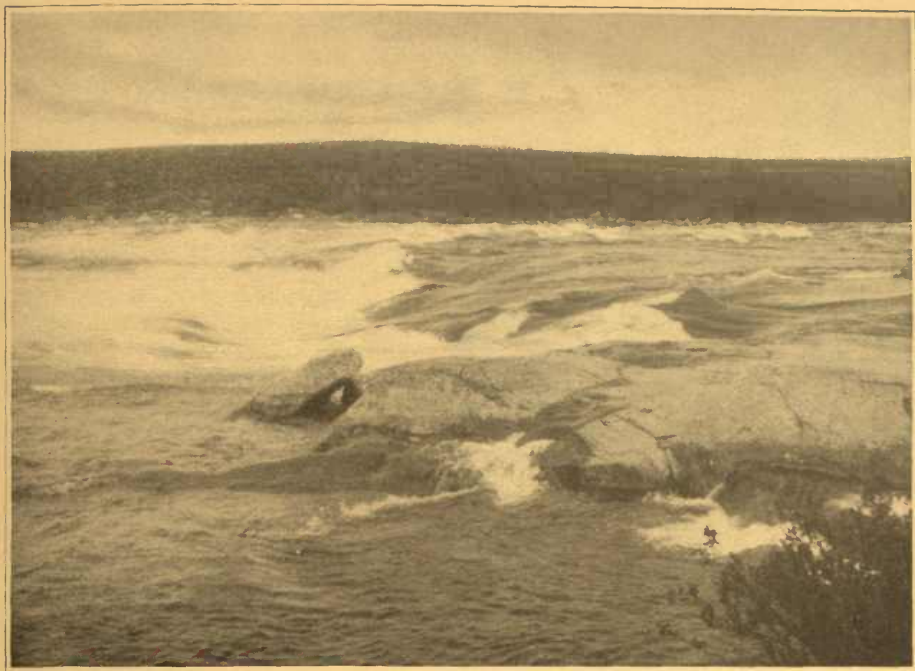
AYLMER AND CLINTON-COLDEN LAKES

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ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Scale of Miles

Canoe Routes and the Level of Lakes



The falls of the Casba River.

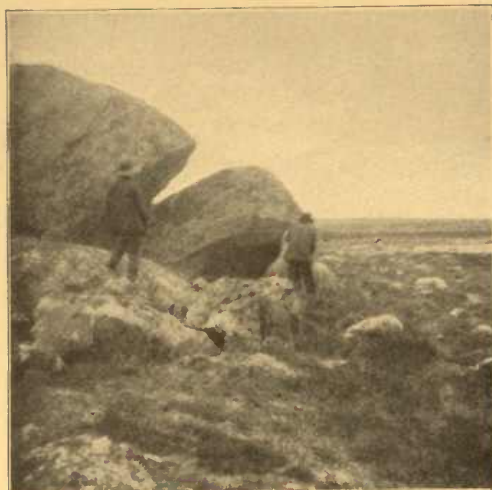
the outward and visible sign of their diverse inner excellences and their triumph. Ever evolving, they spread until there are great living rugs of strange textures and oriental tones, broad carpets there are of gray and green; long, luxurious lanes, with lilac mufflers under foot, great beds of a moss so yellow chrome, so spangled with intense red streaks, that it might in clumsy hands look raw; and knee-deep breadths of polytrichum which blends in the shady places a moss of delicate crimson plush that baffles description. Down between the broader masses are bronze-green growths that run over each slight dip and follow down the rocky crannies like streams of molten brass. Thus the whole land is overlaid with a living corrosive mantle, of activities as varied as its hues. For ages, these toil on, improving themselves and improving the country by filing down the granite and strewing the dust around each rock.

The frost, too, is at work, breaking up the granite lumps; on every ridge there is evidence of that—low, rounded piles of stone which plainly are the remnants of a boulder shattered by the cold. Thus, lichens, moss

and frost are toiling to grind the granite surfaces to dust.

Much of this powdered rock is washed by rain into the lakes and ponds; in time these cut their exits down, and drain, leaving a broad mud-flat. The climate mildens and the south winds cease not, so that windborne grasses soon make green meadows of the broad lake-bottom flats.

The process climbs the hill-slopes; every little earthy foothold for a plant is claimed by some new settler, until each low hill is covered to the top by vegetation graded to its soil, and where the flowering kinds cannot establish themselves, the lichen pioneers still maintain their hold. Rarely in the landscape, now, is any of the primitive color of the rocks; even the tall, straight cliffs of Aylmer are painted and frescoed with lichens that flame and glitter with purple and orange, silver and gold. How precious and fertile the ground is made to seem, when every square foot of it is an exquisite elfin garden made by the little people at infinite cost, filled with dainty flowers and still further embellished with lavish jewelry. Not a cranny in a rock but is seized on at once by the eager little gar-



Getting the first sight of the musk-ox



The bull turned and faced us.



Snap shot taken at fifty yards.

deners and made a bed of bloom, as though every inch of room were priceless. And yet Nature here exemplifies the law that our human gardeners are only learning, "Mass your bloom to gain effect."

As I stood on that hill, the foreground was a broad stretch, the shining sandy yellow of drying grass, but it was patched with large scarlet mats of arcturia that would put red maple to its reddest blush. There is no Highland heather here, but there are whole hill-sides of purple red vaccinium whose leaves are but a shade less red than its luscious grape-hued fruit.

Here were white ledums in roods and acre beds; purple maranias by the hundred acres; and framed in lilac rocks were rich, rank meadows of golden grass by the mile.

There were leagues and leagues of caribou moss, pale green or lilac, and a hundred others in clumps, that seeing here the glory of the painted mosses were simulating their ways, though they themselves were not truly mosses at all.

I never before saw such a realm of exquisite flowers so exquisitely displayed, and the effect at every turn throughout the land was color, color, color, to as far outdo the finest autumn tints of New England as the Colorado Canyon outdoes the Hoosac Gorge. What Nature can do only in October elsewhere, she does here all season through, as though when she set out to paint the world, she began on the "Barrens" with a full palette and when she reached the tropics she had nothing left but green.

Thus, at every step, one is wading through lush grass or crushing prairie blossoms and fruits. It is so, on and on; in every part of the scene there are but few square feet that do not bloom with flowers and throb with life; yet this is the region called the *Barren Lands of the North*.

And the color is a reflex of the higher life, for this is the chosen home of the swans and the wild geese; many of the ducks, the ptarmigan, the lap long-spur, and snow-buntings—the blue

lakes echo with the wailing of the gulls and the eerie magic calling of the loons. Colonies of lemming, voles, and ground squirrels are found on every sunny slope; the wolverine and the white wolf find this a land of plenty, for on every side, as I stood on that high hill, were to be seen small groups of caribou. This was the land, and these the creatures I had come to see. This was my farthest north and this was the culmination of years and years of dreaming. How very good it seemed at the time, but how different and how infinitely more delicate and satisfying was the realization than any one of the day-dreams founded on my vision through eyes of other men.

XXII.—THE MUSK-OX

THIS was the home of the musk-ox as well, or, rather, the southern edge, for these northern buffalo should now be farther north, but our luck was with us. As we paddled along the north shore of Aylmer we noticed a large brown speck that moved rather quickly along. It was undoubtedly some brown animal with short legs, whether a wolverine a mile away, or a musk-ox two miles away, was doubtful. Now did that canoe put on its six-mile gait and we soon knew for certain that the brown thing was a musk-ox. We were not yet in their country, but here was one of them to meet us. Quickly we landed. Guns and cameras were loaded.

"Don't fire till I get some pictures, unless he charges," were the orders. And then we raced after the great brown creature grazing away from us. We had no idea whether he would run away or charge, but knew that our plan was to remain unseen as long as possible. So hiding behind rocks, when he looked around, and dashing forward when he grazed, we came unseen within two hundred yards, and had a good look at the huge woolly ox. He looked very much like an ordinary buffalo, the same in color, size, and action. I never was more astray in my preconcept of any animal, for I had expected to see something like a large brown sheep.

My first film was fired. Then, for some unknown reason, that musk-ox took it into his head to travel fast away from us, not even stopping to graze; he would soon be over a rocky ridge. I nodded to Preble. His rifle rang and the bull wheeled sharp about with an angry snort, and came toward us. His head was up, his eye blazing, he looked like a South African buffalo and a prairie bison combined, and seemed to get bigger at every moment. We were safely hidden behind rocks, some fifty yards from him now, when I got my second snap.

Realizing the occasion, and knowing my men, I said, "Now, Preble, I am going to walk up to that bull and get a close picture. He will certainly charge me, as I shall be nearest and in full view. There is only one



The trophy that weighed nine hundred pounds.

combination that can save my life; that is, you and that rifle."

Then with characteristic loquacity did Preble reply:

"Go ahead."

I fixed my camera for twenty yards and quit the sheltering rock. The bull snorted,

the summer haunt of the caribou on the Arctic coast, therefore the caribou came to us in their winter haunt on the Artillery Lake. We did not expect to reach the real musk-ox country on the lower Back River, so the musk-ox sought us out on Aylmer Lake. And yet one more piece of luck is



An Arctic fox in his summer coat.

shook his head, took aim, and—just before the precious moment was to arrive—a heavy shot behind me rang out, the bull staggered and fell, shot through the heart, and *Weeso* cackled aloud in triumph.

How I cursed the meddling old fool. He had not understood. He saw as he supposed, the 'okimow' in peril of his life, and acted according to the dictates of his accursedly poor discretion. Never again shall he carry a rifle with me.

So the last scene came not, but we had the trophy of a musk-ox that weighed nine hundred pounds in life, was five feet high at the shoulders, and is a world's record in point of size.

Now we must camp, perforce, to save the specimen. Measurements, photos, sketches, and weights were needed, then the skinning and preparing would be a heavy task for all. In the many portages afterward, the skull was part of my burden; its weight was actually forty pounds, its heaviness was far over a hundred.

What extraordinary luck we were having. It was impossible in our time limit to reach

to be recorded. That night something came in our tent and stole some meat. The next night Billy set a trap and secured the thief—an Arctic fox in summer coat. We could not expect to go to him in his summer home, so he came to us.

While the boys were finishing the dressing of the bull's hide, I, remembering the current from the last bay, set out on foot over the land to learn the reason. A couple of miles brought me to a ridge from which I made the most important geographical discovery of the journey. Stretching away before me to the far dim north-west was a great splendid river; broad—two hundred yards wide in places, but averaging seventy or eighty yards across, broken by white rapids and water-falls, but blue deep in the smoother stretches and emptying into the bay we had noticed. So far as the record showed, I surely was the first white man to behold it. I went to the margin, it was stocked with large trout. I followed it a couple of miles and was filled with the delight of discovery. Earl Grey River I have been privileged to name

it, after the distinguished statesman, now Governor-General of Canada.

Then and there I built a cairn, with a record of my visit, and sitting on a hill with the new river below me, I felt that this surely was the climax of the expedition. The entire programme was completely carried out. I had proved the existence of the abundance of caribou—had explored Aylmer Lake, had discovered two great rivers—and finally had reached the land of the musk-ox and secured a record-breaker to bring away. This I felt was the supreme moment of the journey.

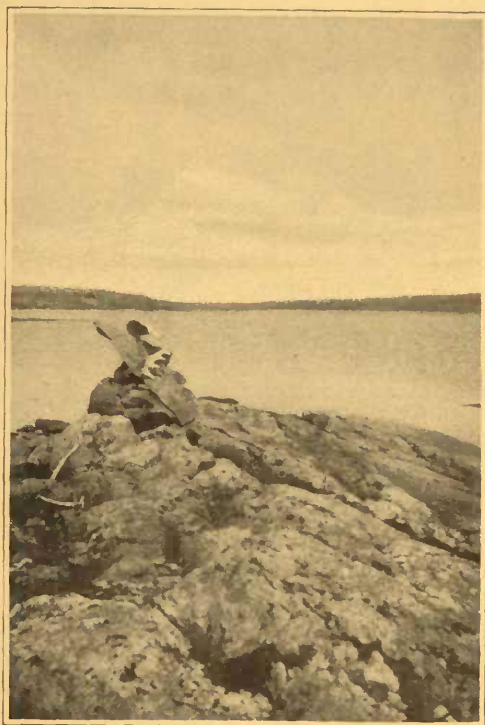
Realizing the farness of my camp from home abode—it could not have been farther on the continent—my thoughts flew back to the dear ones at home and my comrades, the men of the Camp-Fire Club. I wondered if their thoughts were with me at the time. How they must envy me the chance of launching into the truly unknown wilderness, a land still marked on the maps as “unexplored.” How I enjoyed the thoughts of their sympathy over our probable perils and hardships, and imagined them crowding around me with hearty greetings on my safe return. Alas! I found out later that these my companions did not even know that I had been away from New York.

XXIII.—THE FIRST WOODS

ON August 24 we left our northmost camp on Sandhill Bay and faced about for the return journey, and on September 1 arrived at the first dark line of timber.

How shall I set forth the feelings it stirred? None but the shipwrecked sailor long drifting on the open sea, but come at last to land, can fully know the thrill it

gave us. We were like starving Indians suddenly surrounded by caribou. Wood—timber—fuel—galore. It was hard to realize—but there it was all about us, and in the morning we were awakened by the sweet, sweet, home-like song of the robins in the trees, singing their “cheer-up, cheerily,” just as they do it in Ontario and Connecticut. Our cache was all right. Our stock of luxuries was replenished. We now had unlimited food as well as unlimited firewood, what more could any one ask, yet there was



The cairn at the Earl Grey River.

more. The weather was lovely; perfect summer days, *and the mosquitoes were gone*, yes, actually, now, and fly-bars were discarded for good. On every side was animal life in abundance; the shimmering lake with its loons and islands would fit exactly the Indian's dream of the heavenly hunting grounds. These were the happy halcyon days of the trip, and we stayed a week to rest and revel in the joys about us.

Billy went “to market” at once, killing a nice, fat, little caribou. Next morning, on returning to bring in the rest of the meat, we found that a wolverine had been there and lugged the most of it away. The tracks show that it was an old one accompanied by one or maybe two young ones. We tracked them some distance, but lost all trace in a long range of rocks.

The wolverine is one of the typical animals of the far North. It has an unenvi-

able reputation for being the greatest plague that the hunter knows. Its habit of following to destroy all traps for the sake of the bait is the prime cause of man's hatred, and its cleverness in eluding his efforts at retaliation give it still more importance.

It is, above all, dreaded as the enemy of a cache, and, as already seen, we took the extra precaution of putting our caches up trees that were protected by a necklace of fishhooks. Most Northern travellers have regaled us with tales of this animal's diabolical cleverness and wickedness. It is fair to say that the malice, at least, is not proven, and there is a good side to wolverine character that should be emphasized; that is, its nearly ideal family life, coupled with the heroic bravery of the mother. I say "nearly" ideal,

for so far as I can learn, the father does not assist in rearing the family. But all observers agree that the mother is absolutely fearless and devoted. More than one of the hunters has assured me that it is safer to molest a mother bear than a mother wolverine when she is accompanied by the cubs.

Belalise, a half-breed of Chipewyan, told me that twice he had found wolverine dens, and been seriously endangered by the mother. The first was in mid-May, 1904, near Fond du Lac, north side of Lake Athabaska. He went out with an Indian to bring in a skiff left some miles off the shore. He had no gun, and was surprised by coming on an old wolverine in a slight hollow under the boughs of a green spruce. She rushed at him, showing all her teeth, her eyes shining blue, and uttering a sound like a bear. The Indian

boy hit her once with a stick, then swung himself out of danger up a tree. Belalise ran off after getting sight of the young ones; they were four in number, about the size of a muskrat and pure white. Their eyes were open. The nest was just such as a dog might make, only six inches deep and lined with a little dry grass. Scattered around were bones and fur, chiefly of rabbit.

The second occasion was in 1905, within three miles of Chipewyan, and, as before, about the middle of May. The nest was much like the first one; the mother saw him coming and charged furiously, uttering a sort of coughing. He shot her dead, then capturing the young, examined the nest; there were three young this time—they were white like the others.

The last case brought the matter much nearer home, for the

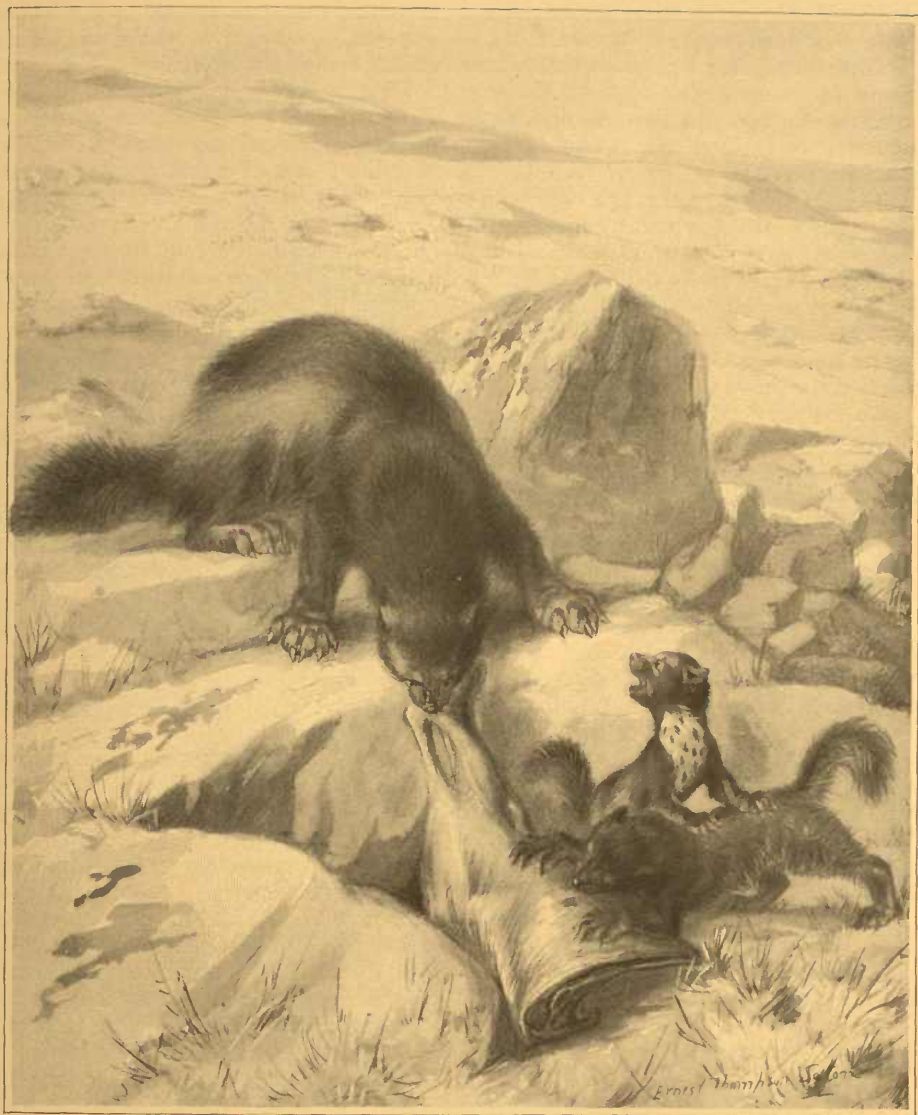


Head of bull musk-ox—a study.

scene was close to one of our camps. The story was related by Murdo McKay, who went to the Barren Grounds with Warburton Pike.

One day early in July, 1893, while they were encamped on Great Fish River below Musk-ox Lake, McKay and three others in camp saw Pike on a distant hill-side, jumping about in a curious way, then fire his gun a couple of times. At length he came into camp carrying three wolverines, the mother and two nearly-grown young ones. It seems that he came on them unexpectedly, and without provocation the mother attacked him. He had a lively time with her and had much ado to protect his legs; until we managed to kill her with a lucky shot.

Thus we had fine opportunities for studying wild life. There was only one unfulfilled desire in all we had done; I had not



A wolverine and her cubs stealing our caribou meat.

seen the great herd of caribou returning to the woods that are their winter range.

This herd is said to rival in numbers the buffalo herds of story, to reach farther than the eye can see and to be days in passing a given point; but it is utterly erratic. It might arrive in early September. It was not sure to arrive until late October, when the winter had begun. This year all the indications were that it would be late. If we were to wait for it, it would mean going

out in winter on the ice. For this we were wholly unprepared. There were no means of getting the necessary dogs, sleds, and fur garments; my business was calling me back to the East. It was useless to discuss the matter, decision was forced on me. Therefore, without having seen that great sight, one of the world's tremendous zoological spectacles—the march in one body of millions of caribou—I reluctantly gave the order to start. On September 8 we

launched the *Ann Seton* on her homeward voyage of nearly 1,000 up-stream miles.

Light in cargo and in hearts we made long journeys in those shortening days. Crossing the lake in one-third the time it took in coming, we reached Stony Island at the noon of the 25th.

Thence southward through ever calmer water our gallant boat went spinning, reeling off the level miles up the river channel and down again on its south-west branch, in a glorious red sunset, covering in one day the journeys of four in our outgoing, faster and faster. We seemed to fly, for we had the grand incentive that we must catch the steamer at any price that night. Weeso now, for the first time, showed up strong; knowing every yard of the way, he took advantage of every swirl of the river, and in and out among the larger islands we darted, and when we should have stopped for the night, no man said "stop," but harder we paddled. We could smell the steamer smoke, we thought, it was most inspiring, and the *Ann Seton* jumped up to six miles an hour for a time. So we went, the night came down, but far away were glittering lights, Fort Resolution and the steamer that should end our toil. How cheering. The skilful pilot and the lusty paddler slacked not—forty miles we had come that day—and when at last some forty-nine, nearly fifty, paddled miles brought us stiff and weary to the landing it was only to learn that the steamer, notwithstanding bargain set and agreed on, had gone south *two days before*.

XXIV.—FORT SMITH AND THE TUG

THAT night I slept indoors perforce to avoid the host of land-polluting, sleep-destroying dogs—or, rather, lay down, but did not sleep, but tossed all night with a sense of smother, and next day gladly launched the canoe for Fort Smith. Now we began the slow, laborious work called "tracking"; that is hauling the canoe up stream at the end of a line, and in seven days reached Fort Smith.

Here again we had the unpleasant experience of sleeping indoors, a miserable, sleepless, stifling night.

Next day we rode with our things over the portage to Smith Landing. I had se-

cured the tug *Ariel* to give us a lift, and at 7 P.M., October 5, we pulled out for the next stretch of the river.

That night we were obliged to sleep at the sawmill, and, having had enough of indoors, I spread my blankets outside, with the result, as I was warned, of constant visits from the numerous dogs. Next night we selected an island to camp on; the men didn't want to stay on the mainland for "The woods are full of mice now and their feet are so cold when they run over your face as you sleep."

We did not set up our tents that time, but lay on the ground; next morning at dawn, when I looked around, the camp was like a country graveyard, for we were all covered with leaves and each man was simply a long mound. The dawn came up an ominous rose-red. I love not a rosy dawn; a golden dawn or a chill-blue dawn is happy, but I fear the dawn of rose as the red-head light of a storm. It came, by 8.30 the rain had set in and steadily fell all day.

XXV.—FORT MCKAY AND JIAROBIA

AT midday, 15th October, we reached Fort McKay, this was the last point at which we saw the Chipewyan style of tepee, and the first where the Cree appeared. But its chief interest to us lay in the fact that it was the home of Jiarobia, a capable river-man who wished to go to Athabaska Landing. The first thing that struck us about Jiarobia—whose dictionary name, by the way, is Elzeur Robillard, was that his house had a good roof and a large pile of wood ready cut. These were extremely important indications in a land of improvidence. Robillard was a thin, active, half-breed of very dark skin. He was willing to go for two dollars a day the round trip, (eighteen days) plus food and a boat to return with. But a difficulty now appeared. Madame Robillard, a tall, dark half-breed woman, objected: Elzeur had been away all summer, he should stay home now. "If you go, I will run off into the backwoods with the first wild Indian that wants a squaw," she threatened. "Now," said Rob, in excellent English, "I am up against it." She didn't understand English, but she could read looks and had some French, so I took a hand.

"If madame will consent, I will advance her fifteen dollars of her husband's pay and will let her select the finest handkerchief in the Hudson Bay's store for a present."

In about three minutes her Cree eloquence dies a natural death. She put a

a good deal of Chipewyan. Many of his personal adventures would have fitted admirably into the Decameron, but are scarcely suited for this narrative. One evening he began to sing, I listened intently, thinking maybe I should pick up some ancient *chanson* of the voyageurs or at



The head of the musk-ox.

shawl on her head and stepped toward the door without looking at me. Rob nodded to me, and signed to go to the Hudson's Bay store, by which I inferred that the case was won; we were going now to select the present. To my amazement she turned from all the bright-colored goods and selected a large *black* silk handkerchief. The men tell me it is always so now; fifty years ago, every woman wanted red things. Now, all want black, and the traders who made the mistake of importing red have to import dyes and dip them all.

Jiarobia, or as we mostly called him, Rob, proved a most amusing character as well as a "good man" and the reader will please note that nearly all of my single help were "good men." His store of anecdote was unbounded and his sense of humor ever present, if broad and simple. He talked in English, French, and Cree, and knew

least a woodman's "Come-all-ye," but it proved to be nothing but the "Whistling Coon."

XXVI.—THE RIVER

Now we resumed our daily life of tracking, eating, tracking, camping, tracking, sleeping. The weather had continued fine with little change ever since we left Resolution, and we were so hardened to the life that it was pleasantly monotonous.

How different now were my thoughts compared with those of last spring—when first I looked on this great river.

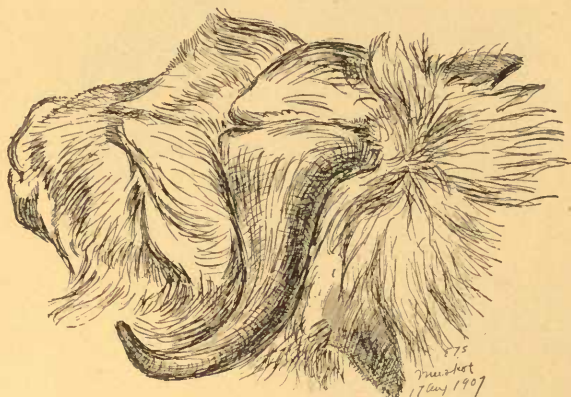
When we had embarked on the leaping, boiling, muddy Athabaska, in this frail canoe, it seemed a foolhardy enterprise. How could such a craft ride such a stream for two thousand miles? It was like a mouse mounting a monstrous, untamed, habitually rolling horse. Now we set out

each morning, familiar with stream and our boat, having no thought of danger, and viewing the water, the same turbid flood, as our servant. Even as a skilful tamer will turn the wildest horse into his willing slave, so have we conquered this river and made it the bearer of our burdens.

Next night we somehow left our tent behind. It was old and of little value, so

the broad, calm Slave, with its majestic stretches of level floods, are now as happy halcyon memories of a bright and long gone past."

My men were skilful and indefatigable. One by one we met the hard rapids in various ways, mostly by portaging, but on the morning of the 20th we came to one so small and short that all agreed the



Horns of the bull musk-ox.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

we did not go back, and the fact that we never really needed it speaks much for the sort of weather we had to the end of the trip.

We were now in the Canyon of the Athabaska, and from this on our journey was a fight with the rapids. One by one, my skilful boatmen negotiated them; either we tracked up or half unloaded or landed and portaged, but it was hard and weary work. My journal entry for the night of the 18th runs thus:

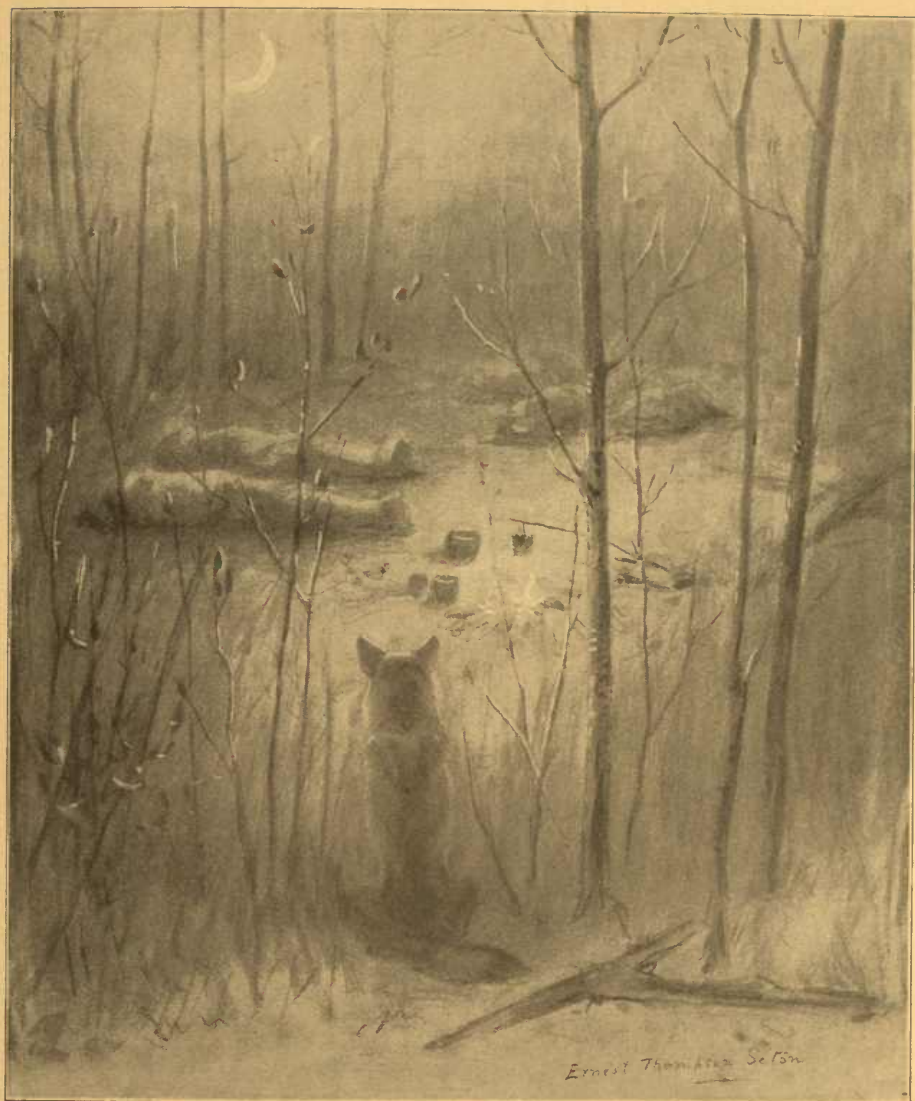
"I am tired of troubled waters. All day to-day and for five days back we have been fighting the rapids of this fierce river. My place is to sit in the canoe-bow with a long pole, glancing here and there, right, left and ahead, watching over the face of this snarling river, and when its curling green lips, apart, betray a yellow brown gleam of deadly teeth too near, it is my part to ply with might and main that pole, and push the frail canoe aside to where the river is in milder, kindlier mood. Oh, I love not a brawling river any more than a brawling woman, and the memories of

canoe could be forced by with poles and track line. It looked an insignificant ripple, no more than a fish might make with his tail, and what happened in going up is recorded thus.

XXVII.—THE RIVER SHOWS ITS TEETH

"Oct. 20, 1907. Athabaska River. In the Canyon. This has been a day of horrors and mercies. We left last Camp early, 6.55—long before sunrise, and portaged the first rapid. About 9 we came to the middle rapid; this Billy thought we could track up, so with two ropes he and Rob were hauling us, I in bow, Preble in stern, but the strong waters of the middle part whirled the canoe around suddenly and dashed her on a rock. There was a crash of breaking timber, a roar of the flood, and in a moment Preble and I and all the stuff were in the water.

"'My journals,' I shouted, as I went down, and all the time the flood was boiling in my ears my thought was on 'my journals,' 'my journals.'"



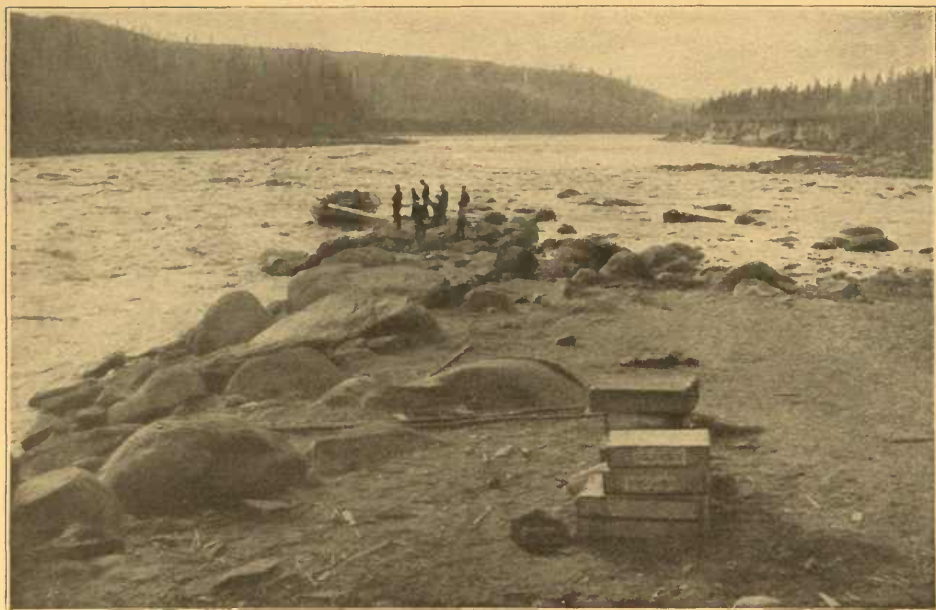
The camp was like a country graveyard.

"The moment my mouth was up again above the water, I bubbled out, 'my journals, save my journals,' then struck out for the shore. Now I saw Preble hanging on to the canoe and trying to right it. His face was calm and unchanged as when setting a mouse trap. 'Never mind that, save yourself,' I called out; he made no response, and, after all, it was safest to hang on to the canoe. I was swept into a shallow place at once, and got on my feet, and then gained the shore.

"My journals, save them first,' I shouted to the two boys, and now remembered

with horror how, this very morning, on account of portaging, I had for the first time put all three journals in the hand-bag that had disappeared, whereas the telescope that used to hold two of them was floating high. It is the emergency that proves your man, and I learned that day I had three of the best men that ever boarded a boat. A glance showed Preble in shallow water, coolly hauling in the canoe.

"Rob and Billy bounded along the rugged shores from one ice-covered rock to another, like two mountain goats; the flood was spotted with floating things, but no



Looking down the Athabaska River from the island in the Grand Rapids.

sign of the precious journal bag. Away out was the grub-box, square and high afloat, it struck a reef. 'You save the grub,' yelled Billy, above the roaring, pitiless flood, and dashed on. I knew Billy's head was cool and clear. I plunged into the water, ice-cold and waist-deep, and before the merciless one could snatch it along, I had the grub-box safe. Meanwhile Rob and Billy had danced away out of sight along that wild canyon bank. I set out after them. In some eddies, various articles were afloat, a cocoa tin, a milk pot, a bag of rare orchids, a half sack of flour, and many little things I saved at cost of a fresh wetting each time, and on the bank, thrown hastily up by the boys, were bundles they had been able to rescue.

"I struggled on, but the pace was killing. They were young men and dog-runners. I was left behind and was getting so tired now I could not keep warm; there was a keen frost and I was wet to the skin. The chance to rescue other things came again and again. Twelve times did I plunge into that deadly cold river, and so gathered a lot of small truck. Then knowing I could do little more, and realizing that everything man could do would be done without me, turned back reluctantly. Preble passed me at a run. He had left the canoe in a good place and had saved some bedding.

"'Have you seen my journal bag?' He made a quick gesture down the river, then dashed away. Alas! I knew now, the one irreplaceable part of our cargo was deep in the treacherous flood, never to be seen again."

At the canoe, I set about making a fire; there was no axe to cut kindling-wood, but a birch tree was near and a pile of shredded birch-bark with a lot of dry willows on it made a perfect fire-lay; then I opened my *water-proof* matchbox. Oh horrors! the fifteen matches in it were damp and soggy. I tried to dry them by blowing on them, my frozen fingers could scarcely hold them. After a time I struck one; it was soft and useless, another and another, at intervals, till thirteen, then despairing I laid the last two on a stone in the weak sunlight, and tried to warm myself by gathering firewood and moving quickly, but it seemed useless, a very death-chill was on me. I have often lighted a fire with rubbing-sticks, but I needed an axe, and a buckskin thong for this, and I had neither. I looked through the baggage that was saved, no matches and all things dripping wet. I might go three miles down that frightful canyon to our last camp and maybe get some living coals. But no, mindful of the forestry laws, we had as usual most carefully extinguished the fire with buckets of water.

My teeth were chattering now, the clothes freezing on my back, and I was tired out. Then came the thought, why despair while two matches remain. I struck the first now, the thirteenth, and in spite of dead fingers and the sizzly, doubtful match, it crackled, blazed, and then, oh blessed, blessed birch-bark, with any other tinder my numbed hands had surely failed, it blazed like a torch and warmth at last was mine, and outward comfort for a house of gloom.

The boys, I knew, would work like heroes and do their part as well as man could do it; my work was right here. I gathered all the things along the beach, made great racks for drying and a mighty blaze. I had no pots or pans, but an aluminum bottle would serve as kettle, and prepared a meal of such things as were saved. A scrap of pork, some tea, and a soggy mass that once was pilot bread. Then sat down by the fire to spend five hours of growing horror, one hundred and seventy-five miles from a settlement, canoe smashed, guns gone, pots and pans gone, specimens all gone, half our bedding gone, our food gone, but all these things were nothing, compared with the loss of my three precious journals; six hundred pages of observation and discovery, geographical, botanical and zoological, five hundred drawings, valuable records made under all sorts of trying circumstances, discovery and compass survey of the beautiful Nyarling River, compass survey of the two great northern lakes, discovery of two great northern rivers, many lakes, a thousand things of interest to others and priceless to me, my summer's work gone; yes, I could bear that, but the three chapters of life and thought irrevocably gone; the magnitude of this calamity was crushing. Oh, God! this is the most awful blow that could have fallen at the end of the six months' trip.

The hours went by and the gloom grew deeper, for there was no sign of the boys. Never till now did the thought of danger enter my mind. Had they been too foolhardy in their struggle with the terrible river? Had they, too, been made to feel its power? My guess was near the truth! and yet there was that awful river unchanged, glittering, surging, beautiful, exactly as on so many days before, when life on it had seemed so bright.

At three in the afternoon, I saw a fly crawl down the rocks a mile away. I fed

the fire and heated up the food and tea. In twenty minutes I could see that it was Rob, but both his hands were empty. "If they found it," I said to myself, "they would send it back first thing, and if he had it, he would swing it aloft." Yet no, nothing but a shiny tin was in his hands, and the blow had fallen. The suspense was over, anyway. I bowed my head, "We have done what we could."

Rob came slowly up, worn out. In his hand a tin of baking-powder. Across his breast was a canvas band. He stepped toward me and turned; there on his back was the canvas bag that held the labor of all those long, toilsome months. "I got 'em all right," he smiled in a weak way.

"And the boys?"

"All right now."

"Thank God." I broke down and wrung his hand. "I won't forget," was all I could say. Hot tea revived him, loosened his tongue, and I heard the story.

"I knew," he said, "what was first to save when I had seen you got ashore. Me and Billy, we run like crazy, we see dat bag away out in de deep, strong water. De odder tings came in de eddies, but dat bag, it keep 'way out, but we run along de rocks, after a mile it came pretty near a point, and Billy he jump on a rock and reach out, but he fall in deep water and was carried far, so he had to swim for his life. I run on anoder mile to anoder point; I got ahead of de bag, den I got two logs and hold dem between my legs for raft, and push out; but dat damn river he take dem logs very slow and dat bag very fast, so it pass by. But Billy he swim ashore, and run some more and he make a raft, but de raft he stick on a rock, and de bag he never stick but go like hell.

"Den I say, 'Here, Billy, you give me yo' sash,' and I run tree mile more, so far, I loss sight of dat bag and make good raft. Bymeby Billy he come shouting and point, I push out in river, and paddle, and watch and sure dere come dat bag. My, how he travel! far out now, but I paddle and push hard, and bump he came at raft, and I grab him. Oh, maybe I warn't glad! Ice on river, frost in air, fourteen mile run on snowy rocks, but I no care, I bet I make dat boss glad when he see me."

Glad! I never felt more thankful in my life. Guns, cameras, food, tents, bedding, dishes were trifling losses, and the horror of

that day was turning to joy by the crowning mercy of its close.

"I won't forget you when we reach the landing, Rob," was all I could say. I didn't, or the other; and Robillard said afterward, "By Gar! dat de best day's work I ever done, by Gar, de time I run down dat hell river after dem damn books."

XXVIII.—BRIGHT AGAIN

In an hour the other men came back. The rest of the day we put in drying the things, especially our bedding. We used the aluminum bottle and an old meat tin for kettle; some bacon, happily saved, was fried on sticks, and when we turned in that night it was with light and thankful hearts, in spite of our manifold minor losses.

Morning dawned bright and beautiful and keen. How glorious that surging river looked in its noble canyon, but we were learning thoroughly that noble scenery means dangerous travel; and there was much noble scenery ahead, and I, at least felt much older than before this upset.

The boys put in a couple of hours repairing the canoe; then studied the river in hopes of recovering the guns. How well they seemed to know it! Its every ripple and curl told a story of the bottom and the flood to these river-men.

"There must be a ledge there," said Billy, "just where we upset. If the guns went down at once, they are there; if they were carried at all, the bottom is smooth to the second ledge and they are there." He pointed one hundred yards away.

So they armed themselves with grappling poles that had nails for claws. Then we lowered Rob in the canoe into the rapid and held on while he fished above the ledge.

"I tink I feel 'em," said Rob, again and again, but could not bring them up. Then Billy tried.

"Yes, they are there," but the current was too fierce and the hook too poor; he could not hold them.

"Then," said I, "there is only one thing to do. A man must go in at the end of the rope; maybe he can reach down. I'll never send any man into such a place, but I'll go myself."

So I stripped, padded the track line with a towel, and put it around my waist, then plunged in. Ouch! it was cold and going seven miles an hour. The boys lowered me

to the spot where I was supposed to dive or reach down. It was only five feet deep but struggle as I might, I could not get even my arm down. I ducked and dived, but I was held in the surface like a pennant on an air-blast. In a few minutes the icy flood had robbed me of all sensation in my limbs, and showed how impossible was the plan, so I gave the signal to haul me in, which they did, nearly cutting my body in two with the rope. And if ever there was a grovelling fire-worshipper, it was my frozen self when I landed.

Now we tried a new scheme. A tall spruce on the shore was leaning over the place; thirty feet out, barely showing, was the rock that wrecked us. We cut the spruce so it fell with its butt on the shore and lodged against the rock. On this now Rob and Billy walked out and took turns grappling. Luck was with Rob. In a few minutes, he triumphantly hauled up the rifle, and a little later the shotgun, none the worse. Now we had saved everything except the surplus provisions and my little camera, trifling matters, indeed; so it was with feelings of triumph that we went on south that day.

In the afternoon, as we were tracking up the last part of the Boiler Rapid, Billy at the bow, Rob on the shore, the line broke, and we were only saved from another dreadful disaster by Billy's nerve and quickness, for he fearlessly leaped overboard, had the luck to find bottom, and held the canoe's head with all his strength. The rope was mended and a safe way was found. At that time I realized the force of an Indian's reply to a trader who sought to sell him a cheap line, "In the middle of the rapid, one does not count the cost of the line."

At night we camped in a glorious red sunset, just above the Boiler Rapid. On the shore was a pile of flour in sacks, inscribed in Cree, which Billy read off, "Gordon; his flour."

Here it was, the most prized foreign product in the country, lying unprotected by the highway, and no man seemed to think the owner foolish. Whatever else these Indians are, they are absolutely honest.

The heavenly weather of the Indian summer was now upon us. We had left all storms and frost behind, and the next day, our final trouble, the lack of food, was ended. A great steamer hove in sight—at least, it looked like a steamer—but, steadily

coming in, it proved a scow with an awning and a stove on it. The boys soon recognized the man at the bow as William Gordon, trader at Fort McMurray. We hailed him to stop, when he was a quarter of a mile ahead, and he responded with his six sturdy oarsmen, but such was the force of the stream that he did not reach the shore till a quarter of a mile below us.

"Hello! boys, what's up?" he shouted, in the brotherly way that seems natural to all white men when meeting another of their race in a savage land.

"Had an upset and lost all our food."

"Ho! that's easy fixed." Then did that generous man break open boxes, bales, and packages and freely gave without stint all the things we needed. Kettles, pans, sugar, oatmeal, beans, jams, etc.

"How are you fixed for whiskey?" he asked, opening his own private not-for-sale supply.

"We have none, and never use it," was the reply. Then I fear I fell very low in the eyes of my crew.

"Never use it! Don't want it! You must be pretty damn lonesome in this country," and seemed quite unable to grasp the idea of travellers who wouldn't drink.

Thus the last of our troubles was ended. Thenceforth, to the end of October, the voyage was one of warm sunny weather and pleasant travel. Each night the sun went down in red and purple fire. Each morning rose in gold on a steel-blue sky. There was only one bad side to this, that was the constant danger of forest fire. On leaving each camp—we made four each day—I put the fire out with plenty of water, many buckets. Rob thought it unnecessary to take so much trouble. But great clouds of smoke were seen at several reaches of the river, to tell how dire it was that other campers had not done the same.

XXIX.—THE END

ALL the night of Hallowe'en a partridge drummed near my untenanted couch on the balsam boughs. What a glorious sound of woods and life triumphant it seemed, and why did he drum at night? Simply because he had more joy than the short full day gave him time to express. He seemed to be beating our march of victory, for were we not in triumph coming home? The gray first-light

came through the trees and showed us, lying each in his blanket covered with leaves, like the babes in the woods. The gray jays came wailing through the gloom, a far-off cock-of-the-pines was trumpeting in the lovely, unplagued autumn woods. It seemed as though all the very best things in the land were assembled, and the bad things all left out, so that our final memories should have no evil shade.

The scene comes brightly back again, the sheltering fir-clad shore, the stanch canoe skimming the river's tranquil reach, the water smiling round her bow, as we pushed from this the last of full five hundred camps.

The dawn fog lifts, the river sparkles in the sun, we round the last of a thousand headlands. The little frontier town of the landing swings into view once more—what a metropolis it seems to us now! The *Ann Seton* lands at the spot where, six months ago, she had entered the water. Now in quick succession come the thrills of a larger life—the letters from home, the telegraph office, the hearty good-by to the brave river-boys, and my long canoe-ride was over.

I had held in my heart the wanderlust till it swept me away, and sent me afar on the back trail of the north wind. I had lived in the mighty boreal forest, with its redmen, its buffalo, its moose, and its wolves; I had seen the great Lone Land, with its endless plains and prairies that do not know the face of man or the crack of a rifle; I had been with its countless lakes that re-echo nothing but the wail and yodel of the loons, or the mournful music of the Arctic wolf. I had wandered on the plains of the musk-ox, the home of the snowbird and the caribou. These were the things, I had burned to do. *Was I content? Content!* Is a man ever content with a single sip of joy long dreamed of?

Two years have gone since then. The wanderlust was not stifled any more than a fire is stifled by giving it air. I have taken into my heart a longing, giving shape to an ancient instinct. Have I not found for myself a kingdom, and become a part of it? My reason and my heart say, "Go back to see it all." Grant only this—that I gather again the same brave men that manned my frail canoe, and as sure as life and strength continue, *I shall go.*

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

IX



ALL the way back to his house St. George's wrath kept him silent. He had rarely been so stirred. He was not a brawler—his whole life had been one of peace; his whole ambition to be the healer of differences, and yet there were some things he could not stand. One of them was cruelty to a human being, and Rutter's public disowning of Harry was cruelty of the most contemptible kind. But one explanation of such an outrage was possible—the man's intolerable egoism, added to his insufferable conceit. Only once did Temple address Harry, walking silently by his side under the magnolias, and then only to remark more to himself than to his companion—"It's his damned, dirty pride, Harry—that's what it is!"

Harry also held his peace. He had no theories regarding his father's conduct: only facts confronted him, one being that he had purposely humiliated him before the men who had known him from a boy, and with whom his future life must be cast. The end had come now. He was adrift without a home. Even Kate was lost, if what he had overheard by chance at the club was true—that Willits had already begun to supplant him in her affections. This last attack of his father's would strengthen the bond between them, for she would never overlook this last stigma which his father had cast upon him when she heard of it, as she certainly must. Nobody would then be left on his side, except his dear mother, the old house servants, and St. George, and of these St. George alone could be of any service to him.

It had all been so horrible too, and so undeserved—worse than anything he had ever dreamed of; infinitely worse than the night he had been driven from Moorlands. Never in all his life had he shown his father anything but obedience and respect; furthermore, he had loved and admired him;

loved his dash and vigor; his superb physique for a man of his years—some fifty odd—loved too his sportsmanlike qualities—not a man in the county was his equal in the saddle, and not a man in his own or any other county could handle the ribbons so well. If his father had not agreed with him as to when and where he should teach a vulgarian manners, that had been a question about which gentlemen might differ, but to have treated him with contempt, to insult him in public, leaving him no chance to defend himself—force him, really, into a position which made it impossible for him to strike back—was altogether a different thing and for that he would never, never forgive him.

Then a strange thing happened in the boy's mind. It may have been the shifting of a grain of gray matter never called into use before; or it may have been due to some stranded red corpuscle which, dislodged by the pressure he had lately been called upon to endure had rushed headlong through his veins scouring out everything in its way until it reached his thinking apparatus. Whatever the cause, certain it was that the change in the boy's view of life was as instantaneous as it was radical.

And this was quite possible when his blood is considered. There had been, it is true, dominating tyrants way back in his ancestry, as well as spendthrifts, drunkards, roisterers, and gamesters, but so far as the records showed there had never been a coward. That old fellow De Ruyter, whose portrait hung at Moorlands and who might have been his father so great was the resemblance, had, so to speak, held a shovel in one hand and a sword in the other in the days when he helped drown out his own and his neighbors' estates to keep the haughty don from gobbling up his country. One had but to look into Harry's face to be convinced that he too would have followed in his footsteps had he lived in that ancestor's time.

It was when the boy, smarting under his father's insult, was passing under the blos-

soms of a wide-spreading magnolia, trying to get a glimpse of Kate's face, if by any chance she should be at her window, that this grain of gray matter, or lively red corpuscle—or whatever it might have been—forced itself through. The breaking away was slow—little by little—as an underground tunnel seeks an opening—but the light increased with every thought-stroke, its blinding intensity becoming so fierce at last, that he came to a halt, his eyes on the ground, his whole body tense, his mind in a whirl.

Suddenly his brain acted:

To sit down and snivel would do no good; to curse his father would be useless and wicked; to force himself on Kate sheer madness. But—but—yes—he was twenty-two!—in perfect health and not ashamed to look any man in the face. St. George loved him—so did his precious mother, and Alec, and a host of others. Should he continue to sit in ashes, swaddled in sack-cloth—or should he meet the situation like a man? Then as his mental vision became accustomed to the glare, two things stood out clear in his mind—to win Kate back, no matter at what cost—and to compel his father's respect.

His mother was the first to hear the music of this new note of resolve, and she had not long to wait. She had come to town with the colonel—indeed it was at her request that he had ordered the coach instead of coming in on horseback as was his custom, and was at the moment quietly resting on St. George's big sofa.

"It is all over, mother," Harry cried in a voice so firm and determined that his mother knew at once something unusual had happened—"and you might as well make up your mind to it—I have. Father walked into the club five minutes ago, looked me square in the face, and cut me dead; and he insulted Uncle George too, who gave him the greatest dressing down you ever heard in your life." He had learned another side of his uncle's character—one he should never cease to be grateful for—his outspoken defence of him before his equals.

Mrs. Rutter half rose from her seat in blank astonishment. She was a frail little woman with pale blue eyes and a figure like a curl of smoke.

"Your—father—did not—speak—to—you!— You say—your father— But how dare he!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"But he did!" replied Harry in a voice that showed the incident still rankled in his mind—"and right in the club, before everybody."

"And the other gentlemen saw it?" She stood erect, her delicate body taut with emotion. There was a strain of some old-time warrior in her blood that would brook no insult to her son.

"Yes, half a dozen gentlemen saw it. He did it purposely—so they could see. I'll never forgive him for it as long as I live. He had no business to treat me so!" His voice choked as he spoke, but there was no note of surrender or of fear.

She looked at him in a helpless sort of way: "But you didn't answer back, did you my son?" This came in a tone as if she feared to hear the details, knowing the boy's temperament, and his father's.

"I didn't say a word; Uncle George wouldn't let me. I'm glad now he stopped me, for I was pretty mad and I might have said something I would have been sorry for." The mother gave a sigh of relief, but she did not interrupt, nor did she relax the tautness of her body. "You ought to have heard Uncle George, though!" Harry rushed on. "He told him there was not a dog at Moorlands who would not have treated his puppy better than he had me—and another thing he told him—and that was that after to-day I was *his* son forever!"

St. George had been standing at the front window with his back to them looking out upon the blossoms. At this last outburst he turned, and said over his shoulder:

"Yes—that's true, Annie—that's what I said and what I meant. There is no use wasting any more time over Talbot, and I don't intend to."

"But Mr. Rutter will get over his temper." (She never called him by any other name.)

"Then he will have to come here and say so. I shall never step foot in his house until he does, nor will Harry. As to his forgiving Harry—the boot is on the other leg; it is Talbot, not the boy he outraged, who must straighten out to-day's work. There was not a man who heard him who was not ashamed of him. Oh!—I have no patience with this sort of thing! The only

son he's got—his only child! Abominable—unforgivable! And it will haunt him to his dying day! Poor as I am, alone in the world and without a member of my family above ground, I would not change places with him. No—Annie—I know how you feel, and God knows I have felt for you all these years, but I tell you the end has come! It's finished—over—I told him so to his face, and I mean it!"

The slight body sank back into her chair and her eyes filled with tears. Harry knelt beside her and put his arms about her. This mother, frail as she was, had always been his refuge and comfort: now he must do the comforting! (Keep moving, old red corpuscle, there is a lot of work ahead of you!)

"Don't worry, you dear little mother," he said tenderly. "I don't know how it's coming out, but it will come out somehow. Let father go: Kate is the only thing that counts now. I don't blame her for anything she has done, and I don't blame myself either. All I know is that everything has gone wrong. But wrong or right I'm going to stay here just as long as Uncle George will let me. He's been more of a father to me than my own. It's you I can't get along without, you precious little mother," and he patted her pale cheeks. "Won't you come in every day—and bring Alec too?" then, as if he had not yet asked her consent—"You don't mind my being here, do you?"

She bent his head closer and kissed his cheek. "No, my son, I don't mind—I'm glad. Every night of my life I thank the good Lord that you are here." She raised her eyes to St. George, who stood looking down upon them both, and in a voice barely audible, an unbidden sob choking her utterance, faltered—"It's only one more proof of your goodness, St. George."

He raised his hand in protest and a faint smile crossed his face. "Don't talk that way, Annie."

"I will—it's true. It is a proof of your goodness. I have never deserved it. I don't now—but you never fail me." Her voice was clearer now—her cheeks too had regained some of their color. Harry listened wonderingly his arm still around her.

"I couldn't do anything else, Annie—nobody could under the circumstances." His voice had dropped almost to a whisper.

"But it was for me you did it, St. George. I would rather think of it that way; it makes it easier. Say you did it for me."

St. George stooped down, raised her thin white hand to his lips, kissed it reverently, and without a word of any kind walked to the door of his bed-room and shut it behind him.

Mrs. Rutter's hand dropped to her lap and a smile of intense relief passed over her face. She neither looked after St. George nor did she offer any explanation to Harry; she merely bent forward and continued her caresses, stroking the boy's glossy hair, patting the white temples with her delicate fingers, smoothing the small, well-set ears and the full brown throat, kissing his forehead, her eyes reading his face, wondering if she had spoken too freely and yet regretting nothing: what she had said had come straight from her heart and she was not ashamed of it.

The boy lay still, his head against her breast. That his mother had been greatly stirred was evident in the trembling movement of the soft hands caressing his hair and in the way her breath came and went. Under her soothing touch his thoughts went back to the events of the morning:—his uncle's defiant tones as he denounced his father; his soft answer to his mother; her pleading words in reply, and then the reverent kiss.

Suddenly, clear as the tones of a far-off convent bell sifting down from some cloud-swept crag, there stole into his mind a memory of his childhood—a legend of long ago, vague and intangible—one he could not put into words—one Alec had once hinted at. He held his breath trying to gather up the loose ends—to make a connected whole; to fit the parts together. Then, as one blows out a candle, leaving total darkness, he banished it all from his mind.

"Mother dear!—mother dear!" he cried tenderly, and wound his arms the closer about her neck.

She gathered him up as she had done in the old days when he was a child at her breast; all the intervening years seemed blotted out. He was her baby boy once more—her constant companion and unending comfort: the one and only thing in her whole life which understood her.

Soon the warmth and strength of the full man began to reach her heart. She drew

him still closer, this strong son who loved her, and in the embrace there grew a new and strange tenderness—one born of confidence. It was this arm which must defend her now; this head and heart which must guide her. She was no longer adrift.

The two had not moved when St. George re-entered the room some moments later. Harry's head still lay on her breast; the thin transparent hands tight about his neck.

X

THE colonel's treatment of Harry at the club had cleared the air of any doubt that either the boy or St. George might have had concerning Rutter's frame of mind. Henceforth the boy and the man would conduct their lives as if the Lord of Moorlands did not exist.

So the boy unpacked the things which Alec had brought in, and with his mother's assistance—who came in once a week—hung up his hunting clothes in the closet; racked up his guns and fishing rods over the mantel and suspended his favorite saddle by a stirrup on a hook in the hall. Then the two had set out his books and miniatures; one of his mother which he kissed tenderly with the remark that it wasn't half as pretty as the original and then propped up in the place of honor in the middle of his desk, and another of his father which he placed on an adjoining table—as well as his few belongings and knick-knacks. And so the boy settled down determined not only to adapt himself to the comforts—or want of them—to be found under St. George's roof, but to do it cheerfully, gratefully, and like a man and a gentleman.

To none of all this did his father offer a single objection: "Make a clean sweep of Mr. Harry Rutter's things," he had said to Alec, "so that I may be relieved from the annoyance of a second delivery."

Alec had repeated the order to Harry word for word, adding: "Don't ye sass back, Marse Harry—let him blow hisself out—he don't mean nothin'. He's dat mad he's crazy—gits dat way sometimes—den purty soon he's fit to bust hisself wide open a-cryin'! I see him do dat once when you warn't mo'n so high, and de doctor said you was daid fo' sho'."

Harry made no reply, but it did not ruffle his temper. His duty was no longer to be

found at Moorlands; his Uncle George claimed him. All his hours would now be devoted to showing him how grateful he was for his protection and guidance. Time enough for his father, and time enough for Kate, for that matter, should the clouds ever lift—as lift they would—but his Uncle George first, last, and all the time.

And St. George appreciated it to the full. Never had he been so happy. Even the men at the club saw the change, and declared he looked ten years younger—fifteen really, when Harry was with him, which was almost always the case—for out of consideration for St. George and the peculiar circumstances surrounding the boy's condition, his birth and station, and the pride they took in his pluck—the committee had at last stretched the rule and had sent Mr. Henry Gilmor Rutter of Moorlands—with special reference to "Moorlands," a perennial invitation entitling him to the club's privileges—a card which never expired because it was systematically renewed.

And it was not only at the club that the two men were inseparable. In their morning walks, the four dogs in full cry; at the races; in the hunts, when some one loaned both Harry and his uncle a mount—at night, when Todd passed silently out leaving all the bottled comforts behind him—followed by—"Ah, Harry!—and you won't join me? That's right, my son—and I won't ask you," the two passed almost every hour of the day and night together. It was host one minute and father the next.

And this life, if the truth be told, did not greatly vary from the one the boy had always led, except that there was more of town and less of country in it than he had heretofore been accustomed to. The freedom from all care—for the colonel had trained Harry to neither business nor profession—was the same, and so was the right to employ his time as he pleased. At Moorlands he was busy over his horses and dogs, his sporting outfits, riding to hounds, cock-fights—common in those days—and, of course, assisting his father and mother in dispensing the hospitality of the house. In Kennedy Square St. George was his chief occupation, and of the two he liked the last the best. What he had hungered for all his life was sympathy and companionship, and this his father had never given him; nor had he known what it was since

his college days. Advice, money, horses, clothes, guns—anything and everything which might, could, or would redound to the glory of the Rutters had been his for the asking, but the touch of a warm hand, the thrill in the voice when he had done something to please and had waited for an acknowledgment—that had never come his way. Nothing of this kind was needed between men, his father would say to Harry's mother—and his son was a man now. Had their child been a daughter, it would have been quite another thing, but a son was to be handled differently—especially an only son who was sole heir to one's entire estate.

And yet it must not be thought that the outcast spent his time in sheer idleness. St. George would often find him tucked away in one of his big chairs devouring some book he had culled from the old general's library in the basement—a room adjoining the one occupied by a firm of young lawyers—Pawson & Pawson—(only one brother was alive) with an entrance on the side street, it being of “no use to me” St. George had said—“and the rent will come in handy.” Tales of the sea especially delighted the young fellow—the old admiral's blood being again in evidence—and so might have been the mother's fine imagination. It was Defoe and Mungo Park and Cooke who enchained the boy's attention, as well as many of the chronicles of the later navigators. But of the current literature of the day, including Longfellow, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and Emerson, no one appealed to him as did the man Poe. He and St. George had passed many an hour discussing him. Somehow the bond of sympathy between himself and the poet had become the stronger. Both had wept bitter tears over the calamities that had followed an unrequited love.

It was during one of these talks—and the poet was often under discussion—that St. George had suddenly risen from his chair, lighted a candle, and had betaken himself to the basement—a place he seldom visited—from which he brought back a thin, crudely bound, and badly printed, dust-covered volume bearing the title “Tamerlane:—by a Bostonian.” This, with a smile he handed to Harry. Some friend had given him the little book when it was first published and he had forgotten it was in

the house until he noted Harry's interest in the author. Then again, he wanted to see whether it was the boy's literary taste, never much in evidence, or his romantic conception of the much-talked-of poet, which had prompted his intense interest in the man.

“Read these poems, Harry, and tell me who wrote them,” said St. George dusting the book with a thrash of his handkerchief and tossing it to the young fellow.

The boy caught it, skimmed through the thin volume, lingered over one or two pages, absorbing each line, and replied in a decided and delighted voice: “The same man who wrote ‘The Raven,’ of course—there can't be any doubt of it. I can hear Mr. Horn's voice in every line. Why didn't you let me have it before?”

“Are you sure?” asked St. George, watching him closely.

“Am I sure?—of course I am! Listen to this:

‘We grew in age—and—love—together,
Roaming the forest and the wild——’

That's Kate and me, Uncle George,” and he smiled sadly. “And then this line:

‘I saw no heaven but in her eyes.’

And then this line in ‘The Raven’—wait—I will read them.” He had the sheet of paper Richard Horn had read from at the club, in his pocket and knew the poem now by heart:

“‘Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within
the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the
angels call Lenore——’

That's me again. I wish I could read it like Mr. Horn. What a voice—so deep—so musical—like a great organ, or, rather like one of the big strings on his violin.”

“And what a mind, too, Harry,” rejoined St. George. “Richard is a long way ahead of his time. His head is full of things that few around here understand. They hear him play the violin or read, and some go away calling him a genius, but when he talks to them about the way the railroads are opening up, and the new telegraph this man Morse is at work on, and what is going to come of it—or hear him discuss the development of the country along scientific lines, they shrug their

shoulders and tap their foreheads. You want to talk to him every chance you get. That is one reason I am glad they let you into the club, for he is too busy in his workshop at home to speak to anybody. Nobody will do you so much good—and he likes you, Harry. He said to me only the other night when I was dining with him—the night you were at Mrs. Cheston's—that he felt sorry for you; that it was not your fault, or the fault of your father—but that you both had been caught in the ebb-tide of a period."

Harry laughed: "What did he mean by that?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. You made so good a guess on the Tamerlane, so it just occurred to me I'd try you on this," and St. George laughed heartily. (St. George was adrift on the Ebb-tide himself did he but know it.)

Harry thought earnestly for a moment, pondering upon what the inventor could have had in his mind. It couldn't have been politics that Mr. Horn meant, nor failure of the crops; nor the way the slaves were treated. None of these things affected him. Indeed none of them did he know anything about. Nor was he an expert on duelling. It must have been Kate. Yes—of course—it was Kate and her treatment of him. The "tide" was what had swept them apart.

"Oh, I know," he cried in an animated tone. "He meant Kate. Tell me—what did he say about her?" He had searched his books for some parallel from which to draw a conclusion, but none of them had given him any relief. Maybe Mr. Horn could solve the problem.

"He said she was the first of the flood, though he was mighty sorry for you both; and he said, too, that, as she was the first to strike out for the shore, Kennedy Square ought to build a triumphal arch for her," and St. George looked quizzically at Harry.

"Well, do you think there is any common sense in that?" blurted out the boy, twisting himself in his chair so he could get a better look at his uncle's face.

"No—it doesn't sound like it, but it may be profound wisdom all the same, if you can only see it from Richard's point of view. Try it. There's a heap of brains under his dear old cranium."

Harry fell to tapping the arm of his chair. Queer reasoning this of Mr. Horn's he said to himself. He had always thought that he and his father were on the tip-top of any kind of tide, flood or ebb—and as for Kate, she was the white gull that skimmed its crest.

Again Harry dropped into deep thought, shifting his legs now and then in his restless, impatient way. If there was any comfort to be gotten out of this new doctrine he wanted to probe to the bottom of it.

"And what does he say of Mr. Poe? Does he think he's a drunken lunatic, like some of the men at the club?"

"No, he thinks he is one of the greatest literary geniuses the country has yet produced. He has said so for years—ever since he began to write. Willis first became acquainted with Mr. Poe through a letter Richard gave him, and now that the papers are full of him, and everybody is talking about him, these backbiters like Bowdoin want to get into line and say they always thought so. But Richard has never wavered. Of course Poe loses his balance and topples over once in a while—but he's getting over it. That is his mistake and it is unfortunate, but it isn't a crime. I can forgive him anything he does so he keeps to his ideals. If he had had a better bringing up and knew the difference between good rain-water, Madeira and bad rain-water and worse whiskey he would keep as straight as a church deacon. Too bad he doesn't."

"Well," Harry answered at last, rising from his chair and brushing the ashes of his pipe from his clothes—"I don't know anything about Mr. Horn's tides, but he's right about Mr. Poe—that is, I hope he is. We've both got a 'Lost Lenore'" and his voice quivered. All Harry's roads ended at Kate's door.

And so with these and other talks, heart-burnings, outings, sports, and long tramps in the country the dogs scampering ahead, the summer days slipped by.

XI

SUCH were the soft, balmy conditions in and around the Temple Mansion—conditions bringing only peace and comfort—(heart-aches were kept in check)—when

there came one August morning a decided change of weather—so decided that everybody began at once to get in out of the wet. The storm had been brewing for some days up Moorlands way, where all Harry's storms started, but up to the present moment there had been no indications about Kennedy Square of its near approach, or even of its existence.

It was quite early in the day when the big drops began to patter down on Todd's highly polished knocker. Breakfast had been served and the mail but half opened—containing among other missives a letter from Poe acknowledging one from St. George, in which he wrote that he might soon be in Kennedy Square on his way to Richmond—a piece of news which greatly delighted Harry—and another from Tom Coston inviting them both to Wesley for the fall shooting, with a postscript to the effect that Willits was “still at the Red Sulphur with the Seymours”—(a piece of news which greatly depressed him)—when Todd answered a thunderous rat-a-tat and immediately thereafter opened the dining-room door just wide enough to thrust in his scared face—then his head; shoulder; arm—and last his hand on the palm of which lay a small, greasy card bearing the inscription:

JOHN GADGEM, AGENT.

The darky, evidently, was not in a normal condition, for after a moment's nervous hesitation, his eyes over his left shoulder as if fearing he was being followed, he squeezed in the rest of his body, closed the door softly behind him, and said in a hoarse whisper to the room at large:

“Dat's de same man been here three times yisterday. He asked fust fer Marse Harry, an' when I done tol' him he warn't home—you was 'sleep upstairs, Marse Harry, but I warn't gwinter 'sturb ye—he say he come back dis morning.”

“Well, but what does he want?” asked Harry, dropping a lump of sugar in his cup. He had been accustomed to be annoyed by agents of all kinds who wanted to sell him something—one thing or another—and so he never allowed any one to get at him unless his business was stated beforehand. He had learned this from his father.

“I don't know, sah.”

“What does he look like, Todd?” cried St. George, breaking the seal of another letter.

“Wall, he ain't no gemman—he's jus' a pusson I reckon. I done tol' him you warn't out o' bed yit, but he said he'd wait. I got him shet outside but I can't fool him no mo'. What'll I do now?”

“Well, what do you think he wants then?” Harry burst out impatiently.

“Well,” said Todd—“ef I was to tell ye God's truf' I reckon he wants money. He says he's been to de big house—way out to de colonel's, and dey th'owed him out—and now he's gwinter sit down yere till somebody listens to him. It won't do to fool wid him, Marse Harry—I see dat de fus' time he come. He's a he-one—and he's got horns on him for sho'. What'll I do next?”

Both Harry and St. George roared.

“Why bring him in, of course—a ‘pusson’ with horns on him will be worth seeing.”

A shabby, wizened-faced man; bent-in-the-back, gimlet-eyed, wearing a musty brown coat, soiled black stock, unspeakable linen, and skin-tight trousers held to his rusty shoes by wide straps—showing not only the knuckles of his knees but the streaked thinness of his upper shanks—(Cruikshank could have drawn him to the life)—sidled into the room, mopping his head with a red cotton handkerchief which he took from his hat.

“My name is *Gadgem*, gentlemen—Mr. John *Gadgem of Gadgem & Combes*.

“I am looking for Mr. Harry Rutter, whom I am informed—I would not say *positively*—but I am *informed* is stopping with you, Mr. Temple. You forget me, Mr. Temple, but I do not forget you, sir. That little foreclosure matter of Bucks vs. Temple—you remember when——”

“Sit down,” said St. George curtly, laying down his knife and fork. “Todd, hand Mr. Gadgem a chair.”

The gimlet-eyed man—and it was very active—waved his hand deprecatingly.

“No, I don't think that is necessary I can stand. I *prefer* to stand. I am accustomed to stand—I have been standing outside this gentleman's father's door now, off and on for some weeks, and——”

“Will you tell me what you want?” interrupted Harry, curtly. References to Moorlands invariably roused his ire.

"I am coming to that, sir, slowly, but surely. Now that I have found somebody that will listen to me—that is, if you are Mr. Harry Rutter—" The deferential air with which he said this was admirable.

"Oh, yes—I'm the man," answered Harry in a resigned voice.

"Yes, sir—so I supposed. And now I look at you, sir," here the gimlet was in full play—"I would make an affidavit to that effect before any notary." He began loosening his coat with his skinny fingers, fumbling in his inside pocket, thrusting deep his hand, as if searching for an elusive insect in the vicinity of his arm-pit, his talk continuing: "Yes, sir, before any notary, you are so *exactly* like your father. Not that I've seen your father, sir, *very many times*"—the elusive had evidently escaped for his hand went deeper. "I've only seen him once—*once*—and it was enough. It was not a pleasant visit, sir—in fact, it was a most *unpleasant* visit. I came very near having cause for action—for assault, really. A very polite colored man was all that prevented it, and— Ah—here it is!" He had the minute pest now. "Permit me to separate the list from the exhibits."

At this Gadgem's hand, clutching a bundle of papers, came out with a jerk—so much of a jerk that St. George who was about to end the comedy by ordering the man from the room, stopped short in his protest, his curiosity getting the better of him to know what the fellow had found.

"There, sir." Here he drew a long slip from the package, held it between his thumb and forefinger, and was about to continue, when St. George burst out with:

"See here, Gadgem—if you have any business with Mr. Rutter you will please state it at once. We have hardly finished breakfast."

"I beg, sir, that you will not lose your temper. It is *unbusinesslike* to lose one's temper. Gadgem & Combes, sir, never lose their temper. They are men of peace, sir—always men of peace. Mr. Combes sometimes resorts to extreme measures, but *never* Mr. Gadgem. I am Mr. Gadgem, sir," and he tapped his soiled shirt front with his soiled fingernail. "Peace is my watchword, that is why this matter has been placed in my hands. Permit me, sir, to ask you to cast your eye over this."

Harry, who was getting interested, scanned the long slip and handed it to St. George, who studied it carefully.

"You will note, I beg of you, sir, the first item." There was a tone of triumph now in Gadgem's voice. "One saddle horse sixteen hands high, bought of Hampson & Co. on the"—then he craned his neck so as to see the list over Harry's shoulder—"yes—on the second of last September. Rather overdue, is it not, sir, if I may be permitted to remark?" This came with a lift of the eyebrows, as if Harry's oversight had been too naughty for words.

"But what the devil have I got to do with this?" The boy was thoroughly angry now. The lift of Gadgem's eyebrows did it.

"You rode the horse, sir." This came with a certain air of "Oh! I have you now."

"Yes, and he broke his leg and had to be shot," burst out Harry in a tone that showed how worthless had been the bargain.

"Exactly, sir. So your father told me, sir. You don't remember having paid Mr. Hampson for him before he broke his leg, do you, sir?" He had him pinned fast now—all he had to do was to watch his victim's struggles.

"Me? No, of course not!" Harry exploded.

"Exactly so, sir—so your father told me. *Forcibly*, sir—and as if he was quite sure of it."

Again he looked over Harry's shoulder, following the list with his skinny finger. At the same time he lowered his voice—became even humble. "Ah, there it is—the English racing saddle and the pair of blankets, and the—might I ask you, sir, whether you have among your papers, any receipt for—?"

"But I don't pay these bills—I never pay any bills." Harry's tone had now reached a higher pitch.

"Exactly so, sir—just what your father said, sir, and with such vehemence that I moved toward the door." Out went the finger again, but the insinuating voice kept up. "And then the five hundred dollars from Mr. Slater—you see, sir, we had all these accounts placed in our hands with the expectation that your father would liquidate at one fell swoop—these were Mr. Combes's very words, sir: '*One fell swoop*.'" This came with an inward rake of his hand,

his fingers grasping an imaginary sickle, Harry's accumulated debts being so many weeds in his way.

"And didn't he? He always has," demanded the culprit.

"Exactly so, sir—exactly what your father said."

"Exactly what?"

"That he had heretofore always paid them."

"Well, then, take them to him!" roared Harry, breaking loose again. "I haven't got anything to do with them, and won't."

"Your father's *precise* words, sir," purred Gadgem. "And by the time he had uttered them, sir, I was out of the room. It was here, sir, that the very polite colored man, Alec by name, so I am informed, and of whom I made mention a few moments ago, became of invaluable assistance—of very *great* assistance, sir."

"You mean to tell me that you have seen my father—handed him these bills, and that he has refused to pay them?" Harry roared on.

"I *do*, sir." Gadgem had straightened his withered body now and was boring into Harry's eyes with all his might.

"Will you tell me just what he said?" The boy was still roaring, but the indignant tone was missing.

"He said—you will not be offended, sir—you mean, of course, sir, that you would like me to state exactly what your father said, proceeding as if I was under oath." It is indescribable how soft and mellifluous his voice had now become.

Harry nodded.

"He said, sir, that he'd be *damned* if he'd pay another cent for a hot-headed fool who had disgraced his family. He said, sir, that you were of *age*—and were of age when you contracted these bills. He said, sir, that he had already sent you these accounts two days after he had ordered you from his house. And *finally*, sir—I say, *finally*, sir, because it appeared to me at the time to be conclusive, he said, sir—that he would set the dogs on me if I ever crossed his lot again. *Hence*, sir, my appearing three times at your door yesterday. *Hence*, sir, my breaking in upon you at this unseemly hour in the morning. I am particular myself, sir, about having my morning meal disturbed; cold coffee is never agreeable, gentlemen—but in this

case you must admit that my intrusion is pardonable."

The boy understood now.

"Come to think of it I have a bundle of papers upstairs tied with a red string which came with my boxes from Moorlands. I threw them in the drawer without opening them." This last remark was addressed to St. George who had listened at first with a broad smile on his face, which had deepened to one of intense seriousness, as the interview continued, and which had now changed to one of ill-concealed rage.

"Mr. Gadgem," gritted St. George between his teeth—he had risen from the table during the colloquy and was standing with his back to the mantel, the blood up to the roots of his hair.

"Yes, sir."

"Lay the packages of bills with the memoranda on my desk and I will look them over during the day."

"But Mr. Temple," and his lip curled contemptuously—he had had hundreds of men play that same trick on him:

"Not another word, Mr. Gadgem. I said I—would—look—them—over—during—the—day. You've had some dealings with me and know exactly what kind of a man I am. When I want you I will send for you. If I don't send for you, come here to-morrow morning and Mr. Rutter will give you his answer. Todd—show Mr. Gadgem out."

"But, Mr. Temple—you forget that my duty is to—"

"I forget nothing. Todd, show Mr. Gadgem out."

With the closing of the door behind the agent, St. George turned to Harry. His eyes were snapping and his big frame was tense with anger. This phase of the affair had not occurred to him—nothing in which money formed an important part ever did occur to him.

"A cowardly piece of business, Harry, and on a par with everything he has done since you left his house. Talbot must be crazy to act as he does. He can't break you down in any other way, so he insults you before his friends and now throws these in your face"—and he pointed to the package of bills where Gadgem had laid it—"a most extraordinary proceeding. Please hand me

that list. Thank you. . . . Now this third item . . . this five hundred dollars—did you get that money?”

“Yes—and another hundred the next day, which isn’t down,” rejoined the young man running his eye over the list.

“Borrowed it?”

“Yes, of course—for Gilbert. He got into a card scrape at the tavern and I helped him out. I told my father all about it and he said I had done just right; that I must always help a friend out in a case like that, and that he’d pay it. All he objected to was my borrowing it of a tradesman instead of my coming to him.” It was an age of borrowing and a bootmaker was often better than a banker.

“Well—but why didn’t you go to him?” He wanted to get at all the facts.

“There wasn’t time. Gilbert had to have the money in an hour, and it was the only place where I could get it.”

“Of course there wasn’t time—never is when the stakes are running like that.” St. George folded up the memorandum. He knew something of Talbot’s iron will, but he never supposed that he would lose his sense of what was right and wrong in exercising it. Again he opened the list—rather hurriedly this time, as if some new phase had struck him—studied it for a moment, and then asked with an increased interest in his tones:

“Did Gilbert give you back the money you loaned him?”

“Yes—certainly; about a month afterward.” Here, at least was an asset.

St. George’s face lighted up: “And what did you do with it?”

“Took it to my father and he told me to use it; that he would settle with Mr. Slater when he paid his account;—when, too, he would thank him for helping me out.”

“And when he didn’t pay it back, these buzzards learned you had quit your father’s house, they employed Gadgem to pick your bones.”

“Yes—it seems so, but Uncle George, it’s due them!” exclaimed Harry—“they ought to have their money. I would never have taken a dollar—or bought a thing if I had not supposed my father would pay for them.” There was no question as to the boy’s sense of justice—every intonation showed it.

“Of course it’s due—due by you, too—not your father; that’s the worst of it. And if he refuses to assume it—and he has—it is still to be paid—every cent of it. The question is how the devil is it to be done—and done quickly. I can’t have you pointed out as a spendthrift and a dodger. No, this has got to be settled at once.”

He threw himself into a chair, his mind absorbed in the effort to find some way out of the difficulty. The state of his own bank account precluded all relief in that direction. To borrow a dollar from his bank on any note of hand he could offer was out of the question, the money stringency having become still more acute. Yet help must be had, and at once. Again he unfolded the slip and ran his eyes over the items, his mind in deep thought, then he added in an anxious tone:

“Are you aware, Harry, that this list amounts to several thousand dollars?”

“Yes—I saw it did. I had no idea it was so much. I never thought anything about it, in fact. My father always paid—paid for anything I wanted.” Neither did the young fellow ever concern himself about the supply of water in the old well at Moorlands. His experience had been altogether with the bucket and the gourd: all he had had to do was to dip in.

“And have you any money left, Harry?” Again St. George ruminated. It had been many years since he had been so disturbed about any matter involving money.

“Not much. What I have is in my drawer upstairs.”

“Then I’ll lend you the money.” This came with a certain spontaneity—quite as if he had said to a companion who had lost his umbrella—“Take mine!”

“But have you got it, Uncle George?” asked Harry in an anxious tone.

“No—not that I know of,” he replied simply, but with no weakening of his determination to see the boy through, no matter at what cost.

“Well—then—how will you lend it?” laughed Harry. Money crises had not formed part of his troubles.

“Egad, my boy, I don’t know!—but somehow.”

He rang the bell and Todd put in his head. “Go around outside, Todd—see if young Mr. Pawson is in his office below, present my compliments and say that it will

give me great pleasure to call upon him regarding a matter of business."

"Yes, sah——"

"—And, Todd—say also that if agreeable to him, I will be there in ten minutes."

Punctually at ten o'clock on the following morning the shrivelled body and anxious face of the agent was ushered by Todd into St. George's presence, Dandy sniffing at his knees, convinced that he was a suspicious person. The hour had been fixed by Temple in case he was not sent for earlier, and as no messenger had so far reached him the bill collector was greatly in doubt as to the nature of his reception. He had the same hat in his hand and the same handkerchief—a weekly, or probably a monthly comfort—its dingy red color defrauding the laundry.

"I have waited, sir," Gadgem began in an unctuous tone, his eyes on the dog who had now regained his place on the hearth rug—"waited impatiently, relying upon the word and honor of——"

"There—that will do, Gadgem," laughed St. George good-naturedly. Somehow he seemed more than usually happy this morning—bubbling over, indeed, ever since Todd had brought him a message from the young lawyer in the basement but half an hour before. "Keep that sort of talk for those who like it, Mr. Gadgem:—No, Todd, you needn't bring Mr. Gadgem a chair for he won't be here long enough to enjoy it. Now listen," and he took the memorandum from his pocket. "These bills are correct. Mr. Rutter has had the money and the goods. Take this list which I have signed to my attorney in the office underneath and be prepared to give a receipt in full for each account at twelve o'clock to-morrow. I have arranged to have them paid in full. Good-morning."

Gadgem stared. He did not believe a word about finding the money downstairs. He was accustomed to being put off that way and had already formulated his next tactical move. In fact he was about to name it with some positiveness, recounting the sort of papers which would follow and the celerity of their serving, when he suddenly became aware that St. George's eye was fixed upon him and instantly stopped breathing.

"I said good-morning, Mr. Gadgem,"

repeated St. George sententially. There was no mistaking his meaning.

"I heard you, sir," hesitated the collector—"I heard you *distinctly*, but in cases of this kind there is——"

St. George swung back the door and stood waiting. No man living or dead had ever doubted the word of St. George Wilmot Temple, not even by a tone of the voice, and Gadgem's was certainly suggestive of a well-defined and most offensive doubt. Todd moved up closer; Dandy rose to his feet, thinking he might be of use. The little man looked from one to the other. He might add an action for assault and battery to the claim, but that would delay its collection.

"Then at twelve o'clock, to-morrow, Mr. Temple," he purred blandly.

"At twelve o'clock!" repeated St. George coldly, wondering which end of the intruder he would grapple when he threw him through the front door and down the front steps.

"I will be here on the stroke of the clock, sir—on the stroke," and Gadgem slunk out.

For some minutes St. George continued to walk up and down the room, stooping once in a while to caress the setter; dry-washing his hands; tapping his well-cut waistcoat with his shapely fingers, his thumbs in the arm-holes, halting now and then to stretch himself to the full height of his body. He had outwitted the colonel—taught him a lesson—let him see that he was not the only "hound in the pack," and, best of all, he had saved the boy from annoyance and possibly from disgrace.

St. George was still striding up and down the room, when Harry, who had overslept himself, as usual, came down to breakfast. Had some friend of his found a gold mine in the back yard—or better still, had Todd just discovered a forgotten row of old "Brahmin Madeira" in some dark corner of his cellar—Temple could not have been more buoyant.

"Glad you didn't get up any earlier, you good-for-nothing sleepy-head!" he cried in welcoming, joyous tones. "You have just missed that ill-smelling buzzard."

"What buzzard?" asked Harry, glancing over the letters on the mantel in the forlorn hope of finding one from Kate.

"Why, Gadgem—and that is the last you will ever see of him."

"Why?—has father paid him?" he asked in a listless way, patting Dandy's head thrust affectionately into his hand—his mind still on Kate. Now that Willits was with her, as every one said—she would never write him again. He was a fool to expect it he thought, and he sighed heavily.

"Of course he hasn't paid him—but I have. That is, a friend of mine has—or will."

"You have!" cried Harry with a start. He was interested now—not for himself, but for St. George—no penny of his uncle's money should ever go to pay his debts. "Where did the money come from?"

"Never you mind where the money came from. You found it for Gilbert—did he ask you where you got it? Why should you ask me?"

"Well, I won't; but you are mighty good to me, Uncle George, and I am very grateful to you." The relief was not overwhelming, for the burden of the debt had not been heavy. It was only the sting of his father's refusal that had hurt. He had

always believed that the financial tangle would be straightened out somehow.

"No!—damn it!—you are not grateful. You shan't be grateful!" cried St. George with a boyish laugh, seating himself that he might fill his pipe the better from a saucer of tobacco on the table. "If you were grateful it would spoil it all. What you can do, however, is to thank your lucky stars that that greasy red pocket handkerchief will never be aired in your presence again. And there's another thing you can be thankful for now that you are in a thankful mood, and that is that Mr. Poe will be at Guy's to-morrow, and wants to see me." He had finished filling the bowl, and had struck a match.

The boy's eyes danced. Gadgem, his father, his debts, everything—was forgotten.

"Oh, I'm so glad! How do you know?"

"Here's a letter from him." (Puff-puff.)

"And can I see him?"

"Of course you can see him! We will have him to dinner, my boy! Here comes Todd with your coffee. Take my seat so I can talk to you while I smoke."

(To be continued.)

INSPIRATION

By John Kendrick Bangs

WHEN Phyllis lets me gaze into her eyes,
It fills my soul with ever fresh surprise
To note a figure small deep-set in each,
As though a thousand leagues beyond my reach,
No larger than the tiniest woodland elf—
Each one the perfect portrait of myself.

The perfect portrait? Nay! I would 'twere so
Rejoicing in that soft and heavenly glow
That hedges them about! What utter bliss
To live, and be, in such a home as this,
And looking out from it each day to see
The world as Phyllis thinks the world to be!

Ah well—let it be mine to choose my way,
Year after year, through every passing day,
So well, in truth, that as this world appears
To her, unsullied, void of evil fears,
So may it be as far as in me lies
To keep it as it seems to Phyllis' eyes.

FANCHOT

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK



YOU will remember—if you have sat in the stalls of the old French Opera House on Bourbon Street, to hear “Le Jongleur de Notre Dame”—you will remember Fanchot.

Fanchot was Le Jongleur. I do not say he sang it. Mary Garden did that. Fanchot *was* the creature—body and blood and motley. A shrinking, undersized boy, meagrely fleshed; an eager body inside the juggler’s gauds; great, gentle, sad, gray eyes; and a mouth, pitifully young, forever twitching between pain and laughter—that was Le Jongleur. Incidentally, that was Fanchot.

When they took him from his balls and tricks to put a monk’s robe on him, it tied a knot about your heart—he was so much a boy, so young, so eager, so full of quaint bravado, and passionate desire to please—but when in the last act he came before the altar, casting that robe aside, the knot broke, and your heart swelled to bursting. If you were human, and had not the temper of cold steel, you put a hand to your eyes, unashamed.

For Fanchot, in motley, singing his songs, dancing his dances, and juggling his bright swift balls before the Blessed Mother—the only offering he knew how to make her—was something not easily to be laughed aside. Like a gallant toy soldier come to life, he strutted up and down, his little drum throbbed beneath his fingers, and his bells jingled. Above him, the high altar glowed, with lights like jewels. When he looked up to the pictured face of Mary, his feet faltered, and his voice broke; but then he soon went on again, more eagerly than ever, leaping and whirling like mad in the earnest of his dance. Had not Boniface told him that the best one could do made always an acceptable offering in Her sight? And, this was his best—his highest reach—his Art. So when he fell panting upon the altar-steps, exhausted near to death, and the white hand of the Virgin was stretched

out above him in benediction—you credited the miracle. More, you saw your own accustomed prayers for what they were, sick, sorry things in the light of that boy’s white faith.

That, as I have said, was Le Jongleur who was Fanchot. But Fanchot was not always Le Jongleur, else this story need not be written. There is not much material in mere goodness for the stories that people will read.

Fanchot in his ordinary self, was somewhat otherwise. His name, given him by certain doting parents and godparents in baptism, was Camille Jean Marie, which goes far to explain why he sang in a lyric tenor and wore neckties of delicate gray. When he was not rehearsing, nor performing, nor riding about in taxicabs—a recreation which he adored—he lived at the Hotel de Paris, which, every one knows, is just across the street from the French Opera House, and shelters in its capacious gray bosom most of the latter’s song-birds.

Fanchot had a room there and, in addition, when he chose to be at home for them, three plentiful meals a day. On the whole, he found it an easy and a pleasant life. Of an evening, he sat cosily ensconced behind the little table nearest the window—which was nearest the door—and sipped his sour, red wine, and gulped his *café noir*, and rolled and lit his subsequent cigarettes, with no interruption other than the genial nod of Charprent, the big basso, who ate across the room with his wife; or the shrill, comradely greeting of Handel, the *première danseuse*; or the languishing glances of Bergère, the fat soprano, who hugged a little white dog with one hand, and manipulated a fork with the other.

Fanchot sat quite alone, yet was not lonely, till there came upon the scene, the little Martier!

Martier, to admit the grievous truth, was an interloper. Poor, pretty Guyol, the original *chanteuse légère* of the troupe, had quarrelled with the manager, and departed in haste, thereby forfeiting a month’s sal-



"You have perhaps an eye of glass?" she inquired pleasantly one evening at dinner.—Page 238.

ary; whereupon Martier, coming, as Fanchot justly considered, from Heaven-knows-where, in answer to imploring managerial telegrams, took her place. Further, there being no other seat for the new-comer, she was put tête-à-tête with Fanchot at the little table. Further yet, she was so pretty as to be proud, and so petted as to be spoiled—a dark, scornful little creature, rose-cheeked, with eyes like the evening star's reflection in twin pools. Furthest of all, upon the first evening, Fanchot had spoken quite kindly, meaning to put her at her ease, and the hussy had flouted him. Somewhat after this fashion:

"You have sung elsewhere?" inquired Fanchot with an air—indulgent as an old gentleman in spats.

"That runs without speaking," she returned coolly, "else what should I be doing here?"

"But your so charming youth," he persisted still kindly. Just at the first, she pleased his artistic eye.

Martier bit her lower lip to stifle a yawn.

"The bread, if you please."

Fanchot presented it.

"You cannot have had much experience."

"Not too much," she retorted pertly, "but enough."

"You would sing Musette, one supposes—a very delightful Musette."

Now it is not Musette who has the important role in "*Bohème*." The little *chanteuse* flung Fanchot a disdainful look.

"Mimi," she corrected laconically.

"Ah?" said Fanchot, still quite innocent of any desire to offend, "one would not have supposed it. Nedda?"

She merely nodded.

"Michaela?"

An affirmative motion of the eyebrows.

"Juliette?"

Another nod.

At that, he smiled, with pleasure—the boyish, deprecating smile of *Le Jongleur*.

"I also sing Romeo. It is of my best."

She looked him over accurately.

"One would not have supposed it. We have no sugar at this place?"

Fanchot signalled the disinterested waiter. Having a friendly heart, Fanchot endeavored still to condescend.

"You will not find us difficult—we little ones of the Opera."

"What does it matter?" inquired the insolent Martier, and rose from the table, having finished her meal. She left Fanchot staring.

There you have in its beginning a very pretty feud, for Martier continued to sit at Fanchot's table, and soon his spirit rose against her continued flagellation. It was not a great spirit, if you like, having its finest expression in juggling balls before an altar; but clean it was—as spirits go—and childishly sweet. It could be childishly vicious, too, when some one prodded it, as Martier chose to do invariably. It was as if she had conceived a feline dislike for him, unsheathed her claws whenever he approached, and defied him to smooth her fur. Soon there was open war between them, to the good-natured amusement of the rest of the troupe.

"She is a cat, that little Martier," said Fanchot gloomily to Charpent one day.

"Yes, but I had rather have her scratch than purr," was the basso's deep-voiced condolence. "It is so hard to be rid of them—when they purr."

Fanchot shrugged. He was fresh from an encounter, and his wounds yet smarted.

One deep wound which Martier had inflicted, and continued to rub with salt, concerned acutely the personal comeliness of the little tenor.

Fanchot had a cast in one eye—a very slight cast—scarcely to be noticed, and surely not to be remarked upon. Martier observed it, however, and all was grist that came to her wicked mill.

"You have perhaps an eye of glass?" she inquired pleasantly one evening at dinner, when the feud had been more than usually intense.

Fanchot indignantly denied it.

"But why should you care? It is a very good eye—the difference is slight. I should scarcely have known!"

"It is my own eye," he assured her, in a white heat of rage.

"But yes," she murmured soothingly, "it becomes your own, since it is paid for. A perfect match. I assure you, I should

never have known, except for a little, little crookedness—like a cast."

"It is a cast," said Fanchot between his teeth, "in *my* eye."

"One understands," she agreed indulgently, "in *your* eye—not in the one of glass. No matter!"

Thereafter she lost no occasion of tormenting him. Fanchot was impotent, till an unexpected, but quite perceptible flattening of Mimi's notes, one night, gave him his opportunity. Next day at luncheon, he rose to the occasion.

"How you must have been mortified!" he consoled her, "last night—to flat so dreadfully!"

"I?" cried Martier, "to flat!"

Her brown eyes flamed fury. The blood swept up into her cheeks.

"The papers speak of it—you have not seen?" he suggested mildly. "No matter! Let us talk of something more pleasant——"

Martier was out of the room, and halfway up the stairs in quest of a morning paper, before the last word left his lips.

"*Touché!*" chuckled Fanchot to himself. But he pushed his plate aside, and ate no more lunch that day.

For Le Jongleur who was Fanchot, and Fanchot who was Le Jongleur, had come to love the one who flayed him. Slowly, but with the sureness of a sunrise, it had come to him that his taunts were so many weak defences, so many feeble barricades against an encroaching tide. While he answered sneer with sneer, his eyes were hungry upon the curl that touched her cheek. While he parried and thrust in the vindictive fence she forced upon him, he would have given his soul to put his lips to her hand; and while he laughed lightest at the flattening of her notes, mentally he was down in the dust at her feet, praying that for her own sake, she might not do it again.

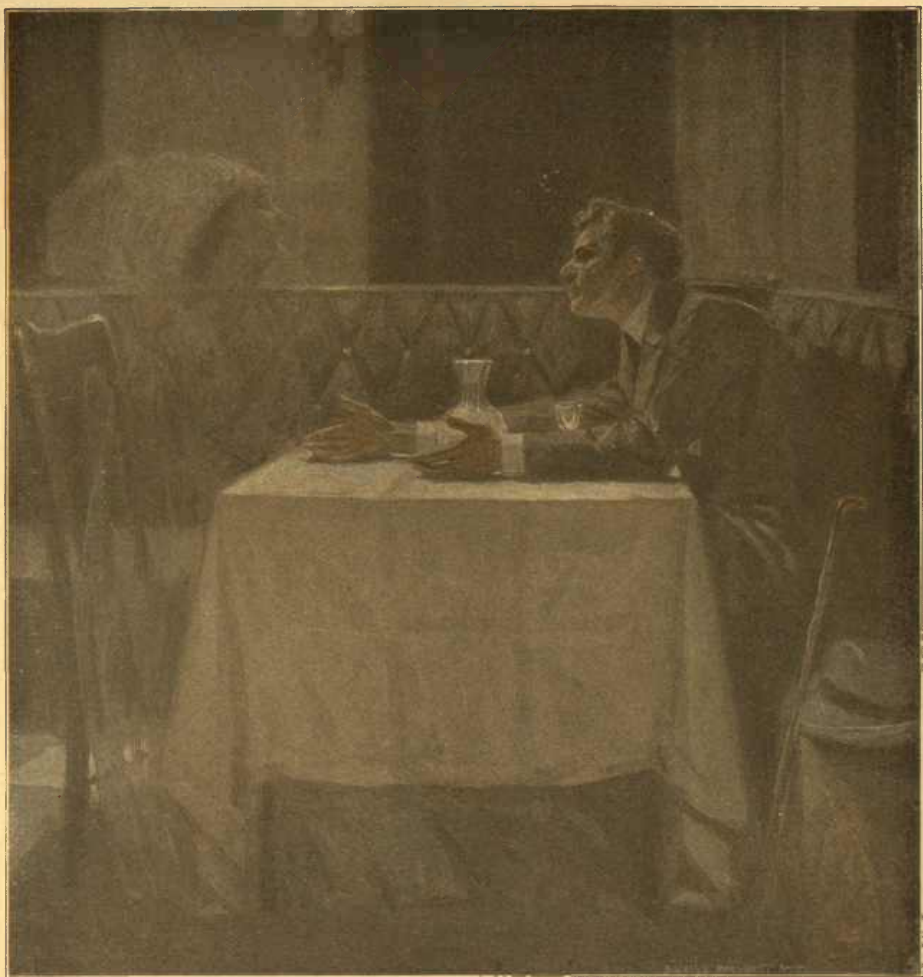
Nothing of this came home to Martier, though beside herself there was no soul in the troupe who did not know the truth, or who failed, with true temperamental wit, to make a jest of it.

The season marched, as seasons do, and one after another, subscription nights were added to the past. By some quaint chance, the fickle public chose to be pleased with Fanchot and Martier in "*Pagliacci*"—so "*Pagliacci*" was sung, an incredible number of times, with Martier, an impish, en-



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

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ting Nedda, and Fanchot, a poignantly impassioned Canio. Something more than the sad clown's fury burned in Fanchot's gray eyes on such nights. A fire of longing touched him, and a flame of wild regret. In "Romeo et Juliette" he was the wistfullest lover those walls had seen—as Juliette was the shyest maid—what Fanchot lacked in impressiveness of stature, he atoned for in earnest—but it was hard for any man to love poetically to the undercurrent accompaniment that Martier played him.

When, for example, she leaned from the balcony into his yearning arms, he having gallantly ascended the rope-ladder, and pledged him her tender heart—between the

outbursts of their duet, she tortured him in a delicate whisper.

"Do not put your face so near—I cannot sing——"

"Oh la! la!—if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

"If only you do not flat!" hissed Fanchot, before vowing, in exquisite limpid harmonies, that yonder moon might prove his constancy.

By reason of the merciless exigencies of Gounod's music, Juliette was thereupon faint with happiness, but in a murmur following sweetly, so that her red lips barely moved, she wielded the lash once more.

"I do not care that you should hold me so close——"

And Romeo, swearing his soul to her service, muttered in the first free second, with dry lips——

"I have no wish——"

Wherein he lied, shamefully—from the depths of a fiery furnace, as it were.

But Martier did not laugh. Being Juliette, she flung instead both white arms about his neck, and uttered a trill of ecstatic emotion—only as her dark hair swept his cheek where the blood leaped up to welcome it, she cooed softly, with a refinement of derision, with an absolute quintessence of unkindliness:

"That sees itself."

In spite of all which, "Romeo et Juliette" was one of Fanchot's few remaining joys in life. At least it brought him to where he would be, and not all the little Martier's unspeakable cruelties could rob him of a consequent choking happiness that endured to the fall of the curtain.

Fanchot was not a Cave-Man, as one sees that delightful tradition. It occurred to him not once in the course of a tumultuous season that no woman is won by humility, and that a trifle of brute force will move mountains. It may be he had never heard of a Cave-Man, or, having heard, it may be that he shuddered at the heresy. In any case, where rudeness and determination might have been wisdom most effective, he preferred to rely upon caustic epigrams, which broke beneath his weight—added to their own.

So things grew no better between the little tenor and the *chanteuse légère*—if anything, they altered for the worse. Day after day, the two broke bread together at the little table, and scorned each other furiously above the salt. The audiences that filled the Opera House from parquet to gallery that winter, never knew that each red-rose moment of "Pagliacci" was a delicious agony to Fanchot who sang it. They applauded—those big stupid audiences—and in the boxes, the *débutantes*, all white and pink like wind-flowers, murmured, rustling among themselves:

"Isn't he sweet?—Fanchot! Those eyes, my dear! No less than burning!—and eyelashes long as your arm."

Poor Fanchot! Martier had not observed those eyelashes, or she would doubtless have

asked, with a delicate sniff, if perhaps he braided them before retiring at night.

It was well into January when the first slackening of work appeared, and with it the first easier days for the singers. Mardi Gras came early, with a rout of balls preceeding it, and the Opera House was, by right of tradition, converted on such occasion into a ball-room. Not more than two nights out of a week, therefore, were Bergère and Charpent and Martier and the rest of them in demand. They took advantage joyfully of their increasing idleness. Charpent and his wife made long excursions into the country, returning foot-sore and jubilant. Bergère and her little white dog underwent a rest-cure with a masseuse in attendance. Flippant, slender Handel haunted the shops in an orgy of chiffons. Fanchot, daily, took solemn, aimless rides in buzzing taxicabs. And Martier—Martier went away, as often as chance permitted, to a certain charming plantation-house, in one of the Parishes, where the hostess, herself a poet in a small and delicate way, delighted to play at bohemia, and worship genius in its hours of ease.

She was a witch, that small Martier. Upon each fresh return, when Fanchot, hoping against hope, greeted her tentatively, she trod upon his wound. You may imagine her little French heels, dappled with blood, tapping blithely, nonetheless, upon their way.

"Ah!" she would cry, unfolding her napkin daintily, "you? How this place is dull—eh? Are you looking at *me*? I cannot always tell—because of the eye. Is it not quaint?"

And Fanchot would smile wryly—his hope once more flung back upon itself.

"To-night," he would remind her, "there is Juliette. I trust she will not flat one little note. I have an ear so delicate!"

But it grew tiresome, that game!

Then at the end of a certain week, the last in January, Martier, who had gone as usual to the plantation, failed to return one morning; and evening papers, hawked about the street by careless boys, printed her name in little black letters, midway of a pitiful little list. There had been a wreck—a spreading rail—and four lives lost. That was not, in itself, so strange a thing. We must have wrecks, we who travel fast. But when the wreck is at our door——

Charprent, the paper crackling in the hold of his great fist, came first to the Hotel de Paris with the news. To his wife who met him on the stairs with some inconsequent pleasantry about his lateness, he said five words, his kind, square-jawed face paling dreadfully, his voice a husk.

"The little Martier," he told it thus, "is dead."

"Ninette!" shrieked madame, clutching the railing.

In a moment she essayed to laugh, timorously.

"Macaque! You jest."

"Read," said Charprent, and held the paper up before her eyes, whereupon madame went presently, and with no warning beyond one strangled gulp, into a clamor of hysterics. She had been fond of the wilful girl.

"That is well enough," muttered Charprent, "we must all grieve—we others—but who is to tell Fanchot?"

Not Bergère—who, when she heard of the tragedy, clutched her little white dog up to her cheek, and wept loudly. She had been jealous of Martier, but one cannot be jealous of the dead. Her tears were real.

Handel cried out between her sobs that she would not dare, she could not bear to hurt a fly.

The rest were no less stubborn—like frightened children.

"Then I, myself—" sighed Charprent.

A gloom settled down upon the Hotel de Paris, like a clinging black pall. The women gathered in Bergère's room weeping, and remembering little sunny episodes of the dead girl's life. The men clogged the hallways, smoking solemnly. Into this atmosphere of darkness and dolor, came Fanchot, and closed the door behind him.

At first they thought, Charprent and one other who went gravely to meet him, that he did not know. He wore a gray suit, with a red flower in his button-hole, and his soft gray hat was pushed quite rakishly upon the back of his head. Then they saw his face, and Charprent, not knowing why he did so, took the paper from Fanchot's hand.

"Am I late for dinner?" asked Fanchot, and that was all. The soul of the man, like a naked thing seeking cover, caught up the first flimsy commonplace it could find to shelter its agony.

"No," said big Charprent, clumsily tender, "you are not late, my boy."

And the third man added eagerly, he too clutching the ordinary, for comfort:

"There is perhaps an hour yet."

"That is good," said Fanchot, but when they looked to see him go up the stairs, carrying his grief like a burden, he crossed the threshold of the dining-room, walked straight to the little table by the window, placed his hat upon the floor, sat down, rested his elbows upon the cloth, and stared at the empty chair—the chair of little Martier—which stood there facing him. All of this he did like a man in a dream, not deliberately, but with an unseeing sureness. The forks beside her plate were awry, and he set them straight. Then he sat once more quiet, looking across the table, his hands clasped loosely before him, his shoulders drooping.

He was like that, while Charprent stood and watched him. When Charprent went away, he did not move; and he was like that, yet later, a live man stiffening to stone, while the Hotel de Paris ate its sorrowful dinner around him, muffling the noises of fork on platter, that grief might go undisturbed. The waiter brought him one course after another, and took each away untouched.

Charprent, stopping on the way out, his big face distorted with feeling, laid a hand on the nearest gray shoulder.

"My boy," he suggested huskily, "if you could perhaps eat——"

"Eh?" Fanchot did not look up, he merely moved his head. "Another time."

"The good God knows we can only wait," the older man continued.

"I am waiting," said Fanchot.

And there was no answer to that, Charprent could see for himself.

So, softly, and with a beautiful understanding that seemed not to be aware of Fanchot's presence, the company slipped out, the waiters cleared the tables deftly, and the dining-room was again deserted. Through the semi-gloom, the white cloths, and the dim goblets, the plated forks, and the tall carafes showed eerily. An air of weariness hovered about the place, an air of crowded yesterdays and juggernaut to-morrows.

Fanchot, in his corner, sat very still, and outside, at intervals, the cars roared by like

rushing winds. When it was nine o'clock, and still the little tenor had not moved, a waiter came quietly to Charprent, an air of sympathetic apology upon his weazened face. He was an old man, and in his time had slept with sorrow.

"One would not disturb him," he said, "but it is the rule of the house. After nine hours, no light burns in the dining-room—and he sits there still."

"Put out your light," the basso told him. "Have no concern. I shall be here."

The waiter hung back a moment, wistfully.

"If one might remark it—she was a child of the sunshine, that little one."

"It is true," said Charprent simply, "but the good God knows."

The waiter went back to the dining-room, walking softly, and turned out the single gas-jet that had been burning upon the chandelier. It left the place in a musty shadow. Only the bloom of an arc-light across the street sifted through the closed windows, and thinned the blackness.

"If there is anything monsieur wishes," offered the waiter, hesitating before the little table in the corner.

"Eh?" said Fanchot, answering as if from a great distance, but quietly. He added, after a moment, seeming to remember, "There is nothing."

When the waiter had gone, time passed unremarked. Noises in the street grew less. There had been no performance intended for the opera that night, and the hotel went early to bed. The sound of the infrequent cars came like a gash across the stillness. One might have heard the wires singing. And the darkness was without comfort.

It was perhaps a little past the third hour after midnight, when Fanchot moved in his chair. He stretched both hands softly across the table, turned them palm upward, as a man who begs, and whispered a name. In that long, silent room, its echo did not cross the threshold.

"Well-Beloved!" he said, and again, shaken with longing, "my Well-Beloved!"

A little mouse came out of its hole, and gnawed raspingly beside the fireplace—no sound but that.

"Juliette!" said Fanchot, very stilly; one might have thought, to hear him, he held his breath between the words—they do,

who listen for an answer. "My Well-Beloved!—Dear God!—My Well-Beloved!"

A little wind came up, and fretted at the windows.

A sob caught suddenly in Fanchot's throat.

"But I have waited!" he said, desperately low, and his hands clenched in upon themselves, nail into palm, rigid with agony. "Dear God!—my Well-Beloved!"

Before his eyes, dark with pain, and strained with the hopeless hope of re-visioning, a shadow fell and wavered. It grew, misting faintly into form beside that empty chair. Against the darkness, it was as a film; against the close air, as a perfume; against the silence as a heart-beat.

Fanchot sat wrung and tortured. He scarcely breathed. His eyes burned into the dark.

Then, while the little mouse rasped at the wall, and the little wind fretted at the windows, there came two other eyes that answered—wide, mocking eyes above a red mouth, tilting at the corners. From the chair that had been empty across the table, smiled the little Martier, and Fanchot sensed a voice.

"Oh la! la!" it murmured, "if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

"My Well-Beloved," said Fanchot in his heart. His lips moved but slightly, yet he said it again and again.

"One would not have supposed that you sang Romeo," the wide eyes swept him with a delicate disdain, the red mouth curled into a smile.

Fanchot's face paled till, even in that darkness, it showed a blur of light. A breathless ecstasy trembled in his voice. He spoke so low you might not have heard him, though you stood at his elbow.

"Romeo?" he said it after her, lingeringly. "Romeo was a poor fellow—he could only die when Juliette was gone. I have called you back, my Well-Beloved—I have called you back!"

"Do you so far flatter yourself?" She mocked him.

"There are you," he pleaded, "and here am I! Has it been one hour or twelve I have sat here? I cannot tell. I have taken my heart in my hands and wrung it dry. I only know I called you—and you have come."

"To see"—her chin lifted prettily—"to see poor Romeo pray."

Fanchot's dry lips twitched.

"I love you," he said, "I love you!—beyond all hope—beyond all peace. For every jest you flung at me I love you more—for every sneer—for every taunt. I have not forgotten that first night—I have not forgotten any night. I shall never forget."

She nodded her head, an ethereal mirth narrowing the beautiful eyes.

"That sees itself," she murmured.

"There is no music in heaven," he told her, in broken passionate whispers, "like the notes you have flatted. If I have laughed at them, the good God knows I lied."

"Doubtless," she nodded sweetly, "doubtless you lied."

"My Well-Beloved!" breathed Fanchot hoarsely, "my little, little love!"

A silence came between them. Across the table, his eyes devoured the shadowy curve of her cheek. The room sank away from his consciousness. It may be that his hand trembled, for suddenly a spoon clinked beneath it and at that a great shudder took him, from head to heel. He shivered pitifully, like a man with the ague, setting his teeth that they might make no sound.

In the street outside, a cart went by, clattering horribly, and after a little, another. The air was chill with dawn. At the win-

dows, the dark grew slowly pallid. Vague shapes revealed themselves about the room.

There was a careful step upon the stair, and Charprent stood in the doorway. In the twilight, he looked haggard and large and old. His shirt was open at the throat, and his eyes were heavy with sleep. Cautiously, he crossed the room, and laid his kindly hand on Fanchot's shoulder.

"It is not long," he muttered, "before the house awakes—and one would be alone with his grief. All night, is it not? I have watched. It may be that you would sleep now, my friend."

"She was *there*," said Fanchot, and pointed across the table.

"But yes," said the older man soothingly. "Now, let us go, before the servants come. It has been of a length—this night!"

Fanchot's tired mouth twitched, his shoulders heaved with a long, shuddering breath.

"See, now!" coaxed Charprent, "shall we go?"

They went up the stairs together, Fanchot stumbling a little, like a man who has drunk too deep.

"The good God knows," sighed Charprent, when they had reached the little tenor's room; "it all makes Art—love, life, and death."

But Fanchot, who was Le Jongleur, had no answer. He lay, face down, across the bed, and wept.

CHALLENGE

By Kenton Foster Murray

THIS little child, so white, so calm,
Decked for her grave,
Encountered death without a qualm.
Are you as brave?

So small, and armed with naught beside
Her mother's kiss,
Alone she stepped, unterrified,
Into the abyss.

"Ah," you explain, "she did not know—
This babe of four—
Just what it signifies to go."
Do you know more?

GERMAN RAILWAY POLICY

By Elmer Roberts



THE non-German trading upon a frontier of the world has the uneasy sense that in competing with the German he is opposing not an individual but a nation. The American in the Levant, South Africa, or the Far East may be supported by a corporation powerful at home, with wide-spread alliances, yet he becomes dimly aware that while he after all only represents an individual company, somehow behind his German competitor is the German nation in a real and co-operating sense. It is the interaction of government and business, the conscious adjustment by directing mind of one part of national endeavor with another, that makes possible much of the narrative of trade conquest told quarterly in the thin brochures of the Imperial Statistical Office. Tasks of statesmanship in German ministries, next to those of administration, concentrate on contributions to the national trade policy. The Prussian Ministry of Education has reduced the unskilled within twenty years from about one-third of the industrial army to one-tenth by directing boys toward learning trades and by providing specific instruction. The protection and extension of trade spheres has become the vital principle of foreign policy. Questions of prestige and delight in playing the game for its own sake have become secondary. Diplomatic controversies of this century, those settled and those pending, in Turkey, China, Morocco, Persia, relate to trade opportunities. The friendly attitudes of the Imperial and Prussian governments toward syndicates and other trade combinations rest upon trade considerations. The convincing argument for the navy is security for the sixteen billions of marks planted fruitfully abroad. An inquiry into each of these divisions of trade policy would be instructive, especially those concerning friendship with the syndicates, the measures taken to have boys and girls grow up into skilled instead of raw workers, and the benefits that science has given to technique. But in examining the German system with a purpose to under-

stand how it comes about that foreign trade, taking good years with bad, has advanced \$113,000,000 each twelve months since 1897, the Imperial government's use of the private and state-owned railway has been to me the most amazing and full of meaning.

While the Imperial government is not itself a large railroad-owner, it has unified the policies and the charges upon the state and privately owned lines of the empire so that so far as the shipper perceives he is dealing with one transportation system whether the point of origin is on a line owned by one of the thirteen private companies or by Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Württemberg, Saxony, or by the empire in Alsace-Lorraine. The control of the rates is centralized under the Bundesrat, the Senate as it were, consisting of members appointed by the governments of the twenty-five individual monarchies and republics of the empire. The Bundesrat from time to time calls a "general conference" for regulating railway rates. The railways have voting powers in the conference according to mileage as follows: up to 50 kilometres (31 miles) one vote; above 50 and up to 150 kilometres (93.2 miles) two votes; from 150 kilometres to 300 (186.4) three votes; beyond 300 and up to 500 kilometres (310.7 miles) four votes, and for each additional 200 kilometres (124.3 miles) one vote more. Business for the general conference is prepared by a Permanent Rate Commission with representatives from fourteen railway boards. A subdivision of membership called the Trader's Committee is made up of five representatives of agriculture elected by the combined agricultural chambers of the empire, five representing the manufacturing interests and five the distributing commercial interests. The two latter classes are elected by the chambers of commerce of the country acting together. These fifteen and a member appointed by the Bavarian government recommend to the Permanent Commission authoritatively, especially in adjusting rates equitably among zones of traffic into which the empire is apportioned so that a shipper in one part of the country shall not be at a disadvantage in internal trade through his geographical location.

The railway direction is informed upon local conditions through District Advisory Boards. Members of the boards are elected or appointed in various ways, according to which state or private road is concerned. The principle of choice is that the District Board shall be representative of the agriculture, the forestry, the manufactures, the mines, and the trade of the division. Prussia, which dominates the Imperial railway plexus, draws district advisers through election for three-year terms by chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, agricultural provincial unions, and other bodies designated by the minister of public works. The shipper dissatisfied with a rate starts his complaint with the local board. He may of course appeal from the judgment of the board.

The Bundesrat in railway matters acts under general instructions agreed upon by the federated governments as follows:

1. The advancement of the internal industrial and agricultural production by cheapening the cost of raw materials or equipment for production.

2. To facilitate the export of German products.

3. To support the trade of German commercial centres.

4. To favor German railway lines against competing foreign waterways and railways.

The central government began its supervision of railway rates, whether state-owned or private, under clauses in the Imperial constitution of 1871. Article 4 places the railways "subject to surveillance of the empire and to imperial legislation," while Article 8 creates the permanent committee of the Federal Council and Article 42 provides "that in the interests of general commerce the Federal governments undertake to administer the German railways as a uniform system." Article

45 gives the empire control over rates and requires that uniform charges shall be introduced as soon as possible, agriculture and industry to have special privileges. In the development of the German railway system the clause of the constitution respecting special privileges has been utilized to fix exceptional rates, based on political and national considerations, upon more than half of all the freight carried. The Railway Board has established twenty-seven classes of exceptional tariffs for internal trade and thirty-one classes of exceptional rates for seaport traffic. When the Railway Board was created by the Imperial Parliament in 1873 there were ninety railway administrations in Germany, with 1,357 different rate-tables. This was in the days when the railways of Germany were largely in private company control. Bismarck, speaking April 26, 1876, on a different phase of the subject, said: "Nowadays we see that railway administrations, without benefit to the railways and the shareholders, and as it were as a kind of sport, wage with each other wars which cost much money, and which are wars of power more than anything else, without financial competition."

The exceptional tariffs for goods going abroad are designed on the general principle of giving as low a proportionate rate to parcels as is given to carload lots destined for internal use. The wholesale glass-dealer in Berlin shipping to Hamburg must pay at the rate of ten marks a metric hundredweight on shipments of glassware in less than carload lots. If, however, his shipment of less than a carload is for export, he pays only three marks a metric hundredweight. The subjoined are some of the rates on goods for export contrasted with internal rates, in ten-ton lots per metric ton (2,204.6 pounds):

SHIPPING-POINTS	MILES	GOODS	EXPORT RATE	NORMAL RATE
Cologne to Hamburg	267	Copper wares	\$3.14	\$6.38
" " "	"	Lead in blocks	3.17	4.86
" " "	"	Cotton goods	3.64	6.38
" " "	"	Machinery and machine parts .	2.53	4.86
" " "	"	Iron plates and locomotives .	1.33	3.83
Frankfort to "	330.6	Machinery and iron wares .	3.07	6.00
" " Bremen	285.2	" " " "	2.69	5.21
" " Lübeck	385	" " " "	1.67	4.71
Nürnberg " Hamburg	394.6	Thuringian wares, toys . . .	5.83	9.33

Exceptional rates, such as those in the foregoing table, are constructed upon three principles: That the goods are intended for export and must, therefore, be carried at a lower rate than goods for internal use; that the rate to such a port as Lübeck, whose steamship lines, running to certain limited territories, ought to have a preferential rate over the great ports of Hamburg and Bremen; and, finally, that the rates on particular lines of goods are adapted to conditions abroad that influence the export trade. For example, in bad trade years the rates are lowered far below the usual exceptional rate. Sometimes the exceptional rate is cut a third, or even a half; and this is also done on internal shipments when extraordinary conditions prevail, such as a failure of the hay crop.

The national railway supervision also makes exceptional tariffs on shipments from other countries passing through Germany, as for instance on the grain traffic from Russia to oversea countries. A special grain rate is made from Hungary to England by way of Hamburg in order to draw freight to Hamburg in competition with Belgian, Dutch, French, and Adriatic ports. These rates on goods of foreign origin are often made regardless of distance, and are designed to secure the traffic for German railways and steamship lines. The fundamental idea is the use of transportation facilities as a basis for national industrial and commercial advantage. The Imperial railway direction also grants extensive rebates to the large shippers. Thus, when coal is shipped it may have several exceptional rates, depending upon the amount shipped. The shipper pays at the time of shipment the ordinary exceptional rate, and at the end of the year a rebate is paid him, according to whether the total of his shipments for the previous year falls into one or another of the special exceptional rates granted to the great shippers.

The railway management grants individual exceptional rates. For instance, a man of enterprise in a village, having found that the sand near by is adapted to the making of a certain kind of glass, decides to start a factory, provided he can have the combining chemicals and coal brought to him at a price low enough to make his idea a profitable one. He applies first to the chamber of commerce within whose jurisdiction his

locality is. It is the duty of the chamber of commerce, which in Germany is a semi-official body with a compulsory contributing membership, to investigate the value of the idea technically. Should the project appear commercially sound, the governing body of the chamber will support an application for an individual rate on the materials required. A fresh examination is made by the railway authorities, and, if the conclusions of the chamber of commerce are verified, the extraordinary rate is granted.

Sixty-four per cent of all the freight carried on German railways is now taken under exceptional rates. The privileged traffic has increased from 45.6 per cent in 1895 to 64.3 per cent in 1909.

The national railway supervision has prepared tariff rate-books for combined rail and sea routes arranged so simply that even the layman can understand them. A merchant at Burgas, Smyrna, or Galatz in the Levant asks of an American maker in Grand Rapids and of a German manufacturer in Coburg a price on one hundred refrigerators, inclusive of freight and all other charges, delivered at his port. The Grand Rapids firm, if it has never before shipped to Smyrna, Burgas, or Galatz, must make wide inquiries taking much time and trouble before being able to determine approximately what the transportation, terminal and forwarding charges by rail and steamer will be, for he will probably not be able to learn exactly what the charges of forwarding will be. After delays that may prevent his getting the order, he is obliged to name a price that will cover the possible difference between the compilation of freights and forwarding charges and what they may actually be upon foreign shipping lines. The Coburg manufacturer, by referring to the Levant rate-book under Coburg, sees that refrigerators are listed in the eleventh classification, and that the rate, including land and water, is at the rate of marks 6.74 per 100 kilos for shipments under 5,000 kilos, marks 6.59 if beyond 5,000 kilos, and marks 6.42 if amounting to more than 10,000 kilos.

The railway administration undertakes also to be responsible, in connection with steamship companies, for the delivery of the shipment, so that the shipper, when he has paid the freight charges, need give himself no further concern. The railway

management obtains for him a bill of lading when the goods are placed aboard a steamer at Hamburg or Bremen, upon which the shipper may obtain his money at a bank, or, if he prefers, may forward the bill to the consignee. The essential facts in the transaction are that the shipper has worked out for him in advance the exact cost of transportation and delivery, and that he is able to have the government look after the delivery of the goods with no further bother to himself than if he were mailing a letter with the proper postage prepaid. Thus export is enormously facilitated, especially for small concerns.

Such rate-books as that described for the Levant have been worked out by the railway supervision for the whole world, although they are not published for distribution except for the Levant and South Africa. It appears to be considered more judicious from the stand-point of the exporter not to publish rates for every part of the world for general distribution. The exporter can learn the rate to any port or railway station outside of Germany by inquiring at his local railway station. Such inquiries regarding American cities reveal, I am told, that rates are made from interior points in Germany to cities west of the Mississippi River lower than the rates on the same goods from the Atlantic seaboard to the same cities west of the Mississippi.

It has seemed to me possible that railways in the United States might co-operate under national supervision as effectively as the German railways, although conditions in the United States are extremely different from those in Germany, in that 91 per cent of the mileage in Germany is owned by the German states and only 9 per cent by private companies. Private companies are dependencies of the state-owned railways, because the state may take over the private lines whenever it may wish to do so, at a fair valuation based upon the dividends of the previous ten years. In case a road has not been in operation as long as ten years, the dividends for three years may be taken as the basis of valuation. The Imperial constitution establishes national supervision under the clauses that have been mentioned. Yet, under the recent legislation of Congress a more definite correlation of the railway interests of the United States has been begun than the Interstate

Commerce Commission was able previously to undertake.

The private lines in Germany have been treated liberally enough to allow them to declare dividends that have been steadily increasing with the development of the country. The dividends of thirteen of the more important private lines run from 6 to 9 per cent. For instance, the private "Lübeck-Büchener and Lübeck-Hamburger Railway," with a capital of 25,000,000 marks and bonds for 19,650,000 marks, has paid during the last three years 8 per cent, the highest dividends paid since the opening of the line in 1852. The dividends began at 2 per cent and, with slight fluctuations, have risen during fifty-eight years to the present 8 per cent. The prosperity began in the early seventies, when the dividend rose to 5½ per cent, and it has never fallen below that figure since. The Lübeck-Büchener and Lübeck-Hamburger Railway is not selected from the thirteen for its prosperity, but is taken as a representative company. The Prussian state railways, which dominate the German system, pay 8 per cent on an actual cash investment of 9,000,000,000 marks. The railways are carried on the books of the Prussian government at about 18,000,000,000 marks, since 4 per cent is regarded as a reasonable dividend basis. The German experience, therefore, has been that both the state and the privately owned railways make an excellent return on the capital invested. The returns have been large, notwithstanding the use—one might say the manipulation—of the railways to meet the exigencies of the export trade, the competition of foreign railways and ports, and the peculiarities of local internal conditions.

German railways, state and privately owned yet under national supervision, give discriminating rates, grant rebates, treat localities and individuals exceptionally, charge all the traffic will bear under one set of conditions and extraordinarily low rates for other circumstances, employing all the devices condemned and passionately opposed in America, and exercise all the powers of absolute monopoly. There is, however, this basic difference: that while in America these devices are suggested, even necessitated, by the war of interests or the wills and judgments of individual mana-

gers, they are applied in Germany according to principles of equity which take into account industry, trade, and agriculture as a national whole, granting exceptions, taking one sort of traffic as privileged, another as normal, upon calculations wide enough to include the interests of the whole people. So far as perceived, shippers, whether falling into one category or another, feel no sense of unfair treatment. They know that the system is intended to be just and nationally effective, that whatever rate is made is a result of reasoning together by those who made it and those who use it, and that the rate can be changed provided inequity can be shown or that a lower rate would be of advantage to the national organism. There are no secret rates.

Notwithstanding the immense differences between American and German railroads in ownership and in variety of conditions, it

may be that partly by legislation and partly by the co-operation of some of the powerful railroad managers in the United States a close national control might be developed from the foundations already laid. Political considerations and the permanent well-being of the wealth massed in railways might co-operate in building a system of control subordinating railways, to their ultimate advantage as dividend-payers, to industrial, commercial, and farming interests as an entirety. The railway captains would lose something of the joyousness of free-lance independence, but they would be more solidly effective as corps commanders in a co-ordinated army. They might also draw larger allotments of revenue for their shareholders as a result of saving the waste of working alone and by concentrating attention upon service to economic unity rather than to economic war.

THE SINGING DAY

By Marguerite Merington

O Day—

A frolic wind brought blossoms down,
Mocked earth's slow waking from her wintry sleep,
And with a secret all too fine to keep
Went lilting, trolling, through the sylvan town.

O Day—

Love sang a pæan; life a crown
Of rhythmic glory wove. Noon's golden steep
Noon's sun climbed, hymning ever, while the deep
Symphonic pealed my singing day's renown.
And somewhere hence in a still hour that brings
The final peace, as breast-athwart they lay
My hands, if then I smile, all earthly things
Opposed, endured, conquered, and put away,
'Twill be for that my heart-of-life on wings
Still hears the music of my singing day!

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A NEIGHBOR had a birthday recently, and came over to tell me that he was seventy. He was unabashedly blue. "Why, just think of it," he said, "I am seventy years old!" He went around telling everybody. He talked about his mother and his lost wife, and his last will and testament, and the trouble he had had in this world. Thinking that a bit of antitoxin might mitigate, if not quell, his conviction that he had been selected as a special mark for the flings of outrageous fortune, I took up his dreary tone:

"Fifteen hundred million people in the world," I sighed, "and every one of us all having birthdays—every year, too. And every adult of us retrospecting. Every one of us having had the measles or the mumps on one side, and most of us making our wills, and all of us bound to die." He kicked along a pebble

as we walked the garden path, then chuckled, and rising to the occasion, paraphrased Aldrich to the effect

that though it was unpleasant to be seventy, it would doubtless be unpleasant not to be, once started.

The *précieuse* would have it thought that she was made of finer clay than her fellows, that she had no common earth about her; and her ilk still exist; but humanity is fast "evening up"; kings and statesmen are, in breeding and education, much like their subjects. Bishop Creighton "really felt quite casual" during an interview with the czar; people of little towns serve their course dinners and use plumbing quite as modern as that of their kindred in the city. Overtaken by a fierce storm I found refuge in an ordinary-looking farm-house, where, in a single room, I noticed a Remington type-writer, a Steinway piano, and a desk telephone; and the sons of the family proved trite autoists, hackneyed in all the mysteries of sparkers and mufflers. The Paris gown, within a fortnight of passing the custom house, is copied in a thousand ready-made dresses, and sold at the Hub and the Fair. We may rightly boast that to-day is the day of the common man, and that most of the work of the world is done by the average man and woman; while representative Lords as well as Commons quote Keats's im-

mortal doctrine, that one should do only those things which all may do.

Lincoln said that God must love the common people, because he made so many of them. If because of our very number we fail to get solo parts, we can still keep on with the hallelujah chorus, as far as possible without discord. We remember the old Greek who broke one of the strings of his admirable lyre. Instead of replacing it with ordinary catgut, he had the vanity to put in a silver cord, after which the lyre was always out of tune.

I am not filing a brief for the coarser string, the lower level, yesterday's ideal, the petty commonplace which talked down Don Quixote and made him acknowledge his madness and call his noble life a failure; but a protest against the growing hostility to ordinary life; the tendency to discard the great commonplaces which govern our days; the frenetic search for examples of luxury or of consecration in far-off centuries and amid conditions of life widely different from our own; and our blindness in ignoring the sacramental spirituality of the matter-of-fact.

It is the real, every-day, commonplace human life that most of us live, and the more carefully we study it, the more narrowly we watch it, the more worthy it appears of our regard, and the more competent to fill the unresting demand of our common souls.

WITH our accumulating experience life no longer presents itself to us as divided into well-defined unities, but as jogging along haphazard, making a friend here, an enemy there, forgetting them, finding opportunities neither deserved nor expected, and seeing nothing come of the most promising events. It is the Old Wives' Tale to the last degree. It was my lot for a good many years to write two editorials a week for a popular journal, and I remember my early search for unhackneyed themes and illustrations. It took me long to realize that the merest incidentals, the every-day incidents and the most common thoughts, the commonplace principles and commonplace maxims of contemporary life were the subjects

which when treated with any spirit brought me eager responses. When I began to say boldly what everybody had said before, my readers "had always thought so" and applauded, seeing me plunged in the truth. There were plenty of distinguished pathfinders along this road, the observations of even Bacon, Montaigne, and Sir Thomas Browne having been "barrelled up from the vast commonplaces of mankind"; but I had learned the principle for my insignificant self, discovered the idea by the effort of my own initiative and formulated in some slightly different way the trivial and prosaic apprehensions of the people all about me. And this is, I fancy, the crux of the whole matter. Nobody ever said so many good things about the haphazard and the commonplace as Horace, and nobody ever retained so well as he the affection of mankind. Chesterton makes delectable commentary when he tells us to "lend me your thoughts but keep your eyes on them or you may not know them again." Wyclif did just that, with the suggested result, when he turned the Bible into English for the common folk to read, "letting down God's thoughts into the speech of every day"; while in a sister field Millet, a realist full of ideals, drew deep from life's commonest things, conveyed the abiding loveliness of all that is humble, and astonished us with the splendors of the ordinary.

I am inclined to believe that the chief occupation of middle life and the happiness of age is thus to recognize, interpret, and glorify life's great commonplaces.

Him I call happiest, Parmeno,
Who having seen this common show,
The common sun, the clouds, the sea,
The stars and fire not painfully,
Goes quickly back from whence he came.
For you would see them still the same
If you abode for two or three
Short years, or for a century;
But grander sights you would not see.

So wrote Menander. Two thousand years later Jefferson recorded his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures, and all the common relations of daily life; and Franklin wrote it down that a man's happiness is less the result of great gifts of fortune which come rarely than the thousand little joys of every day. Every-day feelings which decide the color of our lives; family ties, friends, books, flowers, food, "our little sister, water"; the wind on the hills; health, work, shelter, sleep; the open road, rain in summer, fire in winter; dawn, songs, the starry sky, love in youth and

memory in old age:—are not these vast commonplaces the very gist of life? Flaubert's creed was that the world is commonplace only when one regards it in a commonplace way; that the smallest object contains something unexpected. "Sit down and look at the fire in your grate," he advised Maupassant, "until it no longer resembles any fire in particular: that is the way to acquire originality." In comparison with such conscious, attentive observation of the raw, untransmuted commonplace, most of us resemble the philosophers of Laputa who were attended by bladder carriers to rap them over the head when it was necessary for them to notice their environment.

Finding the whole country-side about my home abloom with crimson rambler roses and every doorstep flanked by three or five Japanese barberries, a certain irritation seized me at the senseless monotony. Yet a month earlier the lilacs in every yard seemed none too frequent, and never commonplace. Did they to our grandparents? Is it with things as it is often with friendship: a sudden and violent liking, a period of disillusion and irritation and partial avoidance; and then that warm, deep, lasting friendship which can never more change? Habits and surroundings buried right down in our blood are what we crave. Horace Walpole suspected that even bread was once considered a new-fangled vagary by those who had seen their fathers live very comfortably on acorns. Dr. Hanna Thomson asks us to conjecture a race of Martians to whom sleep is unknown. Suppose one of them fell off in our commonplace fashion. A person who could go out of existence and then return as though nothing had happened would be as uncanny as Lazarus to his witnesses. Professor Nipher toys with a like theme: "What would the cave dweller have thought when a man makes marks on paper, images of which are formed on retinas of post clerks, by which their muscles are moved, the letter delivered to the particular person the sender had in mind, to whom the ink marks show the mind of the writer. He makes some computation and a house is bought." Amazing phenomena! yet to us too familiar for a comment.

When Mr. Brookfield was a school inspector in England he promulgated the idea that the working-man who received some knowledge of common things in early days was better equipped to face the world than one who had a smattering of uncommon subjects. It created a sensation, as did the recent snip of the Gordian knot compounded of upright and vertical pen-

manship. "Write however you please," said the superintendent of the Chicago schools, "so you do it with speed and the result is legible." This incorporation of common sense into the grade schools is further shown in the modern tendency to teach children to spell the common words rather than the hard ones. "Mosquito" and "lettuce" and "separate" are far more important for the pack of a boy's knowledge than "phthisis" or "retinospore." To be learned in commonplaces is no mean education, and the value of every-day tools is emphasized by Sill's broken sword, discarded by the common soldier, but which caught up by the officer led to victory.

Not to perpetuate the commonplace, but to interpret and glorify it is, I repeat, the main occupation of middle life and the happiness of age. Jesus had passed his first youth when he began fashioning every least parable upon the familiar—stones, water, salt, candles, pennies, the mere list is formidable in number. Burne-Jones, with the divine gift of distilling novelty from the ordinary, made a picture of the guardian angel for his daughter, "where Heaven begins six inches over the top of the head": a girl walks hand in hand with an angel who leans from the sky to reach her without doing any violence to reason. I knew a school-teacher who would take the flattest sentence in old McGuffey's reader and, setting to work with every word, would tell how it grew and came to mean this or that, and "we would leap oceans and visit the marshes of Babylon and the hills of Caucasus and the wilds of Tartary and the constellations and abysses of space." Most of us know some person who can make even the first words of a conversation interesting, be it only about the rain or the fine weather. Another making an appointment for a committee meeting writes you a note which you cherish forever; a third has a way of giving you a trinket which puts it into the list of keepsakes; and another, pointing to a lichen on a damp wall, makes you see how Leonardo found inspiration for definite figures in amorphous shapes. It was a great moment in my life as girl house-keeper when I realized that the fancy sauces of the cook-book were only plain white or brown sauce treated with different condiments and ingredients; and later when it was borne home to me that a fairly thrilling life might be had by simply enriching the every-day moments of existence; by seizing meaneast utilities as occasions to embellish; by idealizing like Eugenie Grandet situations into which the commonplace en-

ters greatly; by incandescing the obvious. This last I conned from our most strenuous citizen: "Let Roosevelt deliver a volley on the rule of three and the world sits on the edge of its chair, breathes deeply and bursts into thunders of applause."

Every writer knows that his most workable thoughts come not while he is saving a child from a runaway horse or climbing mountain peaks, but while engaged in the common task, the trivial round; while the hands perform some almost automatic action, or one lies in midnight darkness with all activities shut away. It is a trite remark, trite unfortunately because it happens to be important, that deep thought is only prolonged thought, for which the every-day occupations of our common lot serve as the homely, essential soil in which to bury our tiny seed. Nor can we keep quite sane without verbal communication. I lately discovered, to my horror, that in a large mixed gathering, or even with clerks in a store, I was far less elastic in conversation, far less keen in repartee, far less quick to catch the ball and toss it back than were many persons unread, untravelled, who had nevertheless lived in an expressive environment. We whose fate it is to spend many hours alone must fight the growth of exuberant individualism, refuse to sequester ourselves, and act on the principle that nothing so contributes to maintain our common sense as living in the universal way with the corporate life about us.

IT appears that Romance is finally dead. Of course we have heard this for several centuries, but former rumors of its death were grossly exaggerated, and the real demise has only just taken place. I heard all about it from the mother of grown daughters. The young people of to-day are without sentiment; they dance together in exactly the same spirit in which they walk, swim, and play tennis together; they never want to be alone; they go about in gangs; no one sends any one flowers; the sacred hour of afternoon tea is spent playing auction-bridge; in short, the face of nature is changed; young men are no longer ardent and ingenuous, nor girls mysterious and elusive.

Well, I was sorry to hear it. Romance contributed a good deal to youth, in my day; and I thought it a pity that these young six-foot gods and goddesses whom I see about, should grow up in ignorance. Nor must you suppose that I

The Death of
Romance

was so simple as to forget that I had heard the same cry from my own mother, and my grandmother, too, I dare say (only both my grandmothers were dead, poor ladies, before I was born); but in those days the lament had struck me as comic; whereas now something within me says it is worth investigation—which may be age, and may be clarity of vision.

And so I investigated; and was surprised to learn at the very outset that the critical faculty is not limited to forty-five. We of the older generation do not give complete satisfaction. The young Hebe in riding-clothes who is my friend's eldest daughter, exclaimed: "Poor dears, isn't it pathetic how they have nothing to say to each other!" And she was speaking of her parents, who had always seemed to me the most enviable of couples. "They haven't a taste in common, and that must be a bore." And she went on to outline how golf, tennis, or even croquet might have united their leisure.

In a word, she and her mother both felt a certain affectionate regret that the other was missing something of a woman's natural inheritance. I remembered that to get the full irradiation from a prism one must not only have the sunshine, but the angle—and the angle changes.

A few days later I landed on an island. The sea was calm enough for a canoe, the sun low, the woods dense and cool. I moved slowly, and presently heard near me a sound that was not quite the chirping of a bird; and looking over a bush, I saw—that romance was not dead after all. I thought that if I should tell Hebe's mother she would be glad to know the great spirit still moved in the land, even at the expense of a kiss in the woods. But I did not tell her, for she is a mother first, and a theorist afterward. I did not tell her even when that night, sitting next to her at dinner, I heard her complain again that: "young people no longer cared to be alone together."

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

NATURE VS. ART

THOUGH there may be exceptions, cases where fine results have come into the work of men and women when the instinct or longing was to be at something else, they are but the proofs of the rule that conviction is at the root of successful effort. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, even the financier, must have his call and be assured of it, in order to address his innermost and finest faculties to the work in hand; and human advancement, civilization itself, waits upon such effort. To know one's self, one's fitness, is the hardest of all secrets to guess. If only we could be sure, could have the certainty that all our effort was to go into the right channel, how few mistakes there would be, how much excellent work, and how few wasted days!

To concentrate and classify under such a law, if law it could be, what a relief from the misery of life's failures! This pulpit would be emptied, that stage with all its gilded show and painted puppets would be vacant, the depressing exhibits of pictures would become treasure-places of art. And it is in art that this selection or fitness of calling is hardest to

advise about or to adjust, and hardest to be patient with, because work here has an objective result, a permanent, material thing to menace us at all times. It matters little that the would-be musician offends the ear. The sound passes and we may forget. Painting obtrudes itself, and no purging fires may sweep with selective blaze, ridding us of the bad, and leaving us to rejoice in the true.

How much of such a condition is due to the presence in the profession of men who are not of the calling, or of misdirected methods in the development of their talents, it is most difficult to say and a matter of interest to find out, for tendencies and conditions have as much to do with the art of painting as have the painters—perhaps more—because painters are most sensitive to environment.

The condition of our art here in America is confused and vague for the most part, with very little to say, if, being honest with ourselves, we will admit it; and in some quarters the criticism is harsher when it declares that we have no art at all. This opinion may be put aside as of no importance—valueless—but the iterated statement of many of our own

people, indeed of our valued painters, that we are lost in commercialism, is profoundly worth consideration, and should be met, not so much in argument, as that it should be disproved in the character of the work.

If we have little to say, and there seems to be unity of opinion that there is justice in such a statement, what is the cause? or is there a cause? To answer this question, to make any statement that would seem to be an effort at final adjustment, would be almost an impertinence, since there are troubles enough, and no one thing may be entirely right.

In my own view, the over-worship of the model is, and has been, at the very centre of whatever inadequacy exists. Not solely the model as we understand the figure, posing for the painter, but the model in all those senses where the painter must, in his limitations, reproduce only the thing that is before his eyes. If reproduction of surface fact be the ultimate of the painter's mission, then is he of all men most petty and miserable—and one may venture further and say, with fairly good hope of proving the statement, that the greatest works of art have not rested on any such foundation. That we have not yet become masters, freed from the trammels of the schoolmen, but are still pupils—not students—(we must never cease to be that) who follow persistently those methods which are the only ones possible to schools, this is my meaning, though I speak in general terms. Is it not this very thing that forces itself upon us in nearly all our portraiture? And yet it is in portrait-painting that one pre-supposes the model. Are we not forever oppressed with the sense of the model-stand?—the sitter suffering in the throes of the daily sitting, the consciousness of "wink your eyes as often as you like," of the modern photographer?—the conviction that the painter has arranged things just so in the studio, background, lighting, and all accessories? Or, do we get the consciousness of personality, the profound interest of individuality both of sitter and painter—that the one is with us for a moment, is allowing us for a space to see into the inner secrets of self, and that the painter has received these impressions and passed them on to us reverently, and with those principles of selection which are quite apart from the cataloguing of planes or verities of outline, which principles can be applied and understood only by calm and continued contemplation quite away from the presence of objective reality? It would seem that some-

thing like this has been the practice of the great portrait-painters, and not the present-day pernicious habit of standing a man up and painting the life out of him, by painting surfaces onto him.

Is it not in this very quality that the work of Mr. John Sargent falls short of that of Velasquez? Virile and direct as it is, of an ability that is little short of miraculous, and in much of it the keen insight into character which proves the born portrait-painter, we are, none the less, forever contemplating the enormous skill of the brush, the veracity of planes, the certainty of form as expressed in a touch, and many other things which proclaim a most trained and able craft. We are also quite sure that the painter found every touch, every plane or line, on the sitter before him, that he busied himself with the registration of each one of them, and so successfully has he accomplished it that the observer, whether artist or layman, may trace the boundaries of each until he becomes lost in wonderment at such skill rather than in the beauty, or unity of the whole, which, it is trite to say, is an essential in a work of art. (May not Mr. Sargent be seeking relief from this perpetual registration of people's eyes, noses, and the rest of it, in his abandonment of portrait-painting, in order that he may more truly express himself?) In Velasquez no such interposition of skill disturbs us. It is all there, but so hidden, so modulated, so suavely are the planes merged, that we have no immediate inclination for their consideration, and none at all unless we be painters seeking to learn the methods of the masters. The craft has been so employed that we have the personality, character, the presence—whatever it may be called—and this is art, is portrait-painting supreme and unqualified.

The point here is, was this secured in the presence of the model or without it? Assuredly, in both ways. The portrait of Pope Innocent Tenth, in the Doria Gallery at Rome, one of the perfect masterpieces left us by the great Spaniard, is based on a study, a study that is well known and evidently was made directly from the sitter—sharp, incisive, exact, with line and plane superbly stated—now examine the Doria picture, how splendidly all is preserved and yet hidden; the grim, impressive personality is the one wonderful effect. It would be an impudent man indeed who could enter this presence, in that little room, hat on head and unimpressed. This is art achieved in moments of contemplation, with time to

co-ordinate and merge and weld and select until there is but a single forceful effect—personality.

I am very far from saying here that painters should work without models. No one is more insistent upon their constant employment, but the results so obtained are for the portfolio, the painter's table—they are tools, implements, helps in the later development which is finally to be his picture, and this last, after its long thoughtful moulding, is the only thing which should appear as an expression of his art.

While I instance Mr. Sargent's art, and for its declamatory qualities have the highest opinion, recognizing that it is the result of such experience as few men have had, there are many others near us who, avowing themselves followers of Velasquez, with but little evidence of training, and none at all of reticence, proclaim the advent of a new school. Into a few doubtful strokes of paint we are to read infinities. Failing to do this, the matter is shouted at us. For certain of these young men we may feel concerned lest they misdirect their talents until it is too late; for others—small potatoes have many eyes!

Nor in any word here is there a plea for subject pictures, nor for a revival of old methods, nor for a renaissance of the old masters. They can take care of themselves. We have matter enough to make masters of the new.

We know too well what the subject picture, as such, has done for the art of France, of England, of Germany. Mr. George Moore has very truthfully said, "It is like the potato blight, or phyloxera"; and again, in speaking of the subject picture, "Literature had wound round every branch of painting until painting seemed to disappear in the parasite like an oak under a cloud of ivy." He did not choose, apparently, to examine into the cause of its presence. Had he done so, I do not doubt he might have found, at least a contributing, if not the real cause in the methods of the schools. That pupils in the antique and life classes should busy themselves with the effort to draw is not for an instant to be questioned—daily, hourly, this should be striven for, since we all agree that drawing is at the core of all nobility in art; but drawing alone is not enough—certainly not the drawing of schools, for in both these classes the pupil should be content literally to reproduce the thing before him, no vague or fanciful interpretations should distract the attention from the main issue—the training of

hand and eye and their mutual obligation to work together. And in the still-life classes, the business of learning the pigment, the resources of the palette, the value of brush-handling, questions of surface, of texture, of air, of plane, and a thousand other questions of fact, should hold the attention. But the great class of the art school should be the Composition Class, and if we are to escape the "blight" of literalness, of reportorial copy, of the arranged, literary subject picture with all its barrenness of art, we must teach self-expression—the power of selection, of arrangement, of taste (what a master of taste was Whistler!), and of all those sensitive matters of light and atmosphere, and of values. All the information gained in antique, life, and still-life classes should be brought to bear in the composition, for there only is a pupil made aware of how little he knows. And I am minded to say that the whole world of painters should be a great composition class. Thus a man might learn to compose, to select, to omit; might learn restraint, reserve, repose, rhythm—and to find all this he must have time to search his own soul. All these things in the presence of models of whatever sort are quite impossible to keep well in mind, and all are most essential in a work of art. The question of painting also appears. Quality, that most subtle and desirable thing in painting, is scarcely to be achieved when the objective reality, so dominant, so forceful, and so ugly (for beauty lies deeper than the surface), is obtruding itself.

The oft-repeated phrase, "Paint from nature," is a good one if properly understood: Paint from—in the sense of away—not by her, lest she has her way with you and not you with her. My meaning is made clear by quoting from one of our very distinguished artists—"What we want is less nature and more art."

To study nature at all times is the only hope of him who would be a painter of worth. These studies if done with paint and brush, or pencil, are, as I have said, for the painter's portfolio—that studio storehouse of information. The picture, the work of art, comes from the co-ordination of knowledge, the passing of all the study through the alembic of our own gifts, and its expression then, and then only, simply—even reverently. I cannot find myself interested in what any man sees with his eyes alone, my own are equally good as machines, provided time and the oculist have been kind; it is what he sees with his gifts, with

his understanding, with his knowledge, what he interprets that interests me, and lifts the artist above the ordinary observer. I fully understand what Mr. Inness meant when he said to a painter who declared he had seen a thing in such and such a way—"The eyes are a pair of liars." Doubtless, and very frequent ones! To see well, with fine, discriminating taste, is a power more to be desired by the painter than great riches, and comes only with prudent, constant study, and intensest feeling. Once had, all things become beautiful, for we see beneath the fact to that thing Mr. Maurice Hewlett has called "the soul of a fact."

"I want a picture of the sea or the mountains seen in a better, finer way than I can see it myself," said a great surgeon to me one day. The criticism is as clean and incisive as his own knife.

It is the besetting need of a something to copy which sends men drifting about the world seeking the thing to paint; they travel hither and yon and bring to us sketches (pictures, they say!) done on the spot of things they saw but yesterday, and knew not at all. Strangers they came and strangers they go, for of the Infinite Presence which dwells everywhere they perceive nothing. Their burden and their gift to us can be but little more than the reporter's sheaf of leaves. In contrast to this may we not consider the work of many of our great landscape-painters?—Inness seems to have left treasure behind him of what he knew and felt of the fields and trees of Jersey. Nowhere is his art dependent upon the superficial aspect of a place. He said of it, "I paint by principles of my own," and, "I see my compositions in my own soul." To one who asked him where he got the study of a certain wonderful sunset which showed the sun setting beyond the far reaches of a river, he said, "Oh, I saw the sun at the end of my lane in Montclair, that was river enough for me!"

And of Wyant? Can we not understand in

the beautiful works he has left us his supreme love of the hills and valleys of the Adirondacks? And are they not all impressions, emotions, the results of long and loving knowledge? That wonderful, frosty moonlight, which, in its beauty, is almost enough for any one life to have created, is it not the summing up of all the moonlights he had known?

And of Winslow Homer? Are not his great marines great because he knows in his deepest being the rock-bound coast of Maine, and the eternal strife of waters, and paints for us those impressions which have filled life for him? The list might be lengthened until it would come near to including all the names which have made landscape art what it is, and I think there will not be found one canvas making a lasting impress, having a real effect, that was done "on the spot," or which could be called a "study from nature."

Surrounded on every side with beautiful material for artistic interpretation, with a landscape opulent, tender, rugged, and vast, under such skies as nowhere else float over the homes of men; in our cities, surging with force that is titanic, streets, wharves, markets alive with emotion; with a woodland peopled anew by Pan and the nymphs (I see no reason for disbelief!); the minds of men fatigued in the hourly struggle for wealth and its keeping, seeking relief from the prosaic, ready to be led into the rich paths of romance, what is it we lack? What then but the interpreter? the man who will find beneath or within it all the spirit of life? The morgue, the gutter, and the slum are not significant of a people who are at once, clean, wholesome, and optimistic. These three words may well be a text for us. That we may think cleanly, paint wholesomely, with an optimism born of faith in a people who are the engrafted strength of many; and for a creed, that principle which is the first and last letter of Art—the Principle of Beauty.

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

POE REPEATED THE LORD'S PRAYER TO THE END.

—"Kennedy Square," page 346

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NO. 3

THE WEST IN THE EAST FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

RELIGION AND CASTE IN INDIA

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY MAJOR EDWARD MOLYNEUX



IN writing a chapter on religion and caste in India as I have seen it, I wish to begin by proclaiming how superficial this sketch must be, and how well I know what I do not know of a subject to which many volumes have been devoted by students of many years' residence in India, and for a full analysis and history of which many volumes are still needed.

I am proposing merely to furnish enough material to put the situation before my countrymen and to show how ludicrous is the ideal of self-government, as we understand it, for a people so unhomogeneous, and how calamitous will be the result of going too fast in granting legislative privileges.

First of all caste is a question of birth, and there is no entry except by birth. A worker in a coal-mine may become a part owner thereof, and his daughter marry a peer, and his grandson become a peer in England. I can personally introduce the reader to dozens of still uneducated clerks, stenographers, mill-hands, newsboys, and their wives, widows, sisters, and daughters, whose millions seat them at the dinner tables of the Brahman class in America. But no millions will enable the low-caste Hindu to marry into a Brahman family, or even to touch the hand, or throw his shadow on the food, of a Brahman in India.

If a man is excommunicated by his caste fellows in India, no one of the caste will eat with him, accept water from his hands, or marry him. His own wife will not touch him or speak with him. He is dead to his family. The barber even will not shave him, or cut his hair, or his toe-nails.

There is no legislation, no police work, no trial in the courts, no adjustment of land revenue or land tenure, no meeting of municipal or district councils, no appointment to office small or great, no handling of any community in time of plague or famine, no hygienic precautions or sanitary arrangements, into which does not enter this question of caste to complicate, to make difficult, and perhaps to foil, the most reasonable and necessary work of the administrator. A Brahman clerk has been known to distribute legal documents by throwing them down at the end of the village street in which live his low-caste brethren. Letter-carriers have been known to refuse to enter the houses of, or to permit themselves to come into personal contact with, those of a lower status than themselves.

If one could picture to oneself social snobbery lifted into a fanatical religious faith, it would be a pale description of the iron subdivisions of caste in India, but even then simple, as compared with the meticulous intricacies of this social pall. There is no patriotism, and can be none, in a country thus divided against itself, and di-

vided against itself not only geographically but socially.

As I watch for hours at a time the worshippers at the Ghats, on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, I only find myself more puzzled. It is more than complicated, it is cloudy confusion, wherein one loses the support even of one's ordinary mental and physical working powers.

Benares has been the capital of the Hindu religion for more years than any historian has counted. Buddha, who was born about 557 and who died about 478 B. C., began his public teaching in the deer-forest near what was even then the great city of Benares. For nearly two thousand five hundred years, of which we have some knowledge, and for how many years more no man knows, the Hindus have bathed and prayed here on the banks of the Ganges. Buddhism and Islamism have been absorbed or swept aside.

It must be said of Buddhism, however, that it has left one indelible mark all over India, China, and the East, and that is the teaching of gentleness and kindness to one another and to animals. Buddha taught that life is but a prolonged endeavor to escape from suffering, and that, therefore, to cause others to suffer is the unforgivable sin. By meditation a man is to lose the sense of the painfulness of life, and to earn some mitigation from the cycle through which he must pass before reaching Nirvana, where all re-birth ends at last, and one loses consciousness forever. This creed is pure agnosticism, holding that a man's own acts alone make up the tale of his faith.

Agnosticism everywhere throws a man back upon himself, and everywhere and always produces one of two results. It makes men, as in India and China, pessimists—hopeless, helpless, and without ambitions for either their souls or their bodies; or it makes men colossal egoists who worship themselves. Nothing can be more portentous of evil to the race than our agnostic democracies of the West, which are putting man on a pedestal, and waving the incense of eight hours' work, old-age pensions, no conscription, a vote for each adult, state support, and so on, before him.

It was a moving spectacle, for example, to all students of the ethnic religions when Mr. Keir Hardie, as the exponent of Western agnosticism, or man as his own god,

came out to India to preach this doctrine to the Buddhist-impregnated Indians, steeped in pessimism. They immediately dubbed him the "King of the Coolies" and could not wrench their imaginations to see how a man of no caste could be worth imitating or following. The first flash of a picture that will some day be a terrible conflict between the Yellow and the White was revealed when the man who cared everything for man met the men who care nothing for man, and neither understood the other in the least.

Buddhism has done for the East what rationalism has done for the West; it makes men doubt the existence, even deny the existence, of any power higher than themselves, but with the abysmal difference that it prostrates man in the East while it puts him on a dangerous pinnacle in the West. Man with nothing higher than himself to obey, to fear, to love, or to placate, becomes morally and mentally disorderly. The same is true of the state, which brings itself to the condition where the voting man is paramount, and to be feared, obeyed, and placated. With no higher ideal than that, a state disintegrates, drifts into bureaucracy, then into pensionism, finally into the bread-and-circus stage, and then disappears. Such a failure was Athens, such a failure is before our eyes in modern France, France the land of pose and phrase, egotism and scepticism. Even the ethical code of agnosticism fades and dies, lacking a higher sanction to command obedience.

Buddha little thought that his teaching of the valuelessness of life would result in the callous cruelty of the Indian and the Chinese. Rousseau, if he thought about it at all, could hardly have dreamed that his scheme of a return to the simple and the natural life, with every man equal, would make of France a shambles, and produce a philosophy of life which, while attempting to gain the whole world for each individual, not only loses its soul, but loses the whole world, for every body of individuals which attempts it. The time is still æons off when each man may be his own master. It is a pitiable failure in the East. It will prove a colossal failure in the West.

Curiously enough, it was King Asoka, nicknamed "The Furious" in his youth, who, in 260 B. C., became the great apostle and missionary of Buddhism. The lives

he had taken, the suffering he had caused, in the days of his autocratic sway, led him to find comfort and repentance in a creed which abhorred the taking of life. It was through his influence, and the influence of his saffron-robed priests, of whom he is said to have supported forty thousand at his own expense, that Buddhism grew from a mere sect of enthusiasts into the creed of a third of the human race, and spread through Asia and parts of Africa and Europe. The Brahmanism of Benares is partly the result of this wave of Buddhism. It is a gentle, mannerly, soft-spoken crowd, absorbed in forgetting that it lives. This carelessness of life, on the other hand, breaks out in monstrous slaughter and sickening brutalities, as in the Mutiny, when it loses control of itself. The Mutiny was a picture of pessimism let loose; the French Revolution was a picture of how rationalism establishes the rights of man, or in the happy phrase of that most skilful and most brilliant modern political diagnostician, Lord Rosebery, "the fierce equality of France."

Benares at the present time, so far as buildings are concerned, is of the most modern. The idol-breaking Muhammadans left nothing after their conquering of the city except a spiteful mosque, built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on one of the sacred sites, which still rears its towers above all the other buildings on the river bank; and there are few buildings of a later date than the middle of the eighteenth century. But

the Ganges has never been conquered, nor turned aside, nor has the Hindu faith.

They are here by the thousands this morning, washing themselves, washing their clothes, sitting wrapt in contemplation, some of them, only their lips moving. Old

and young, men and women, all bathing, and in curiously decent fashion. Their arrangement of clothing must be peculiar, for they dress, and undress, and bathe, and somehow each one so manages his or her clothing that there is not a hint of indecency or even of immodesty. You are rowed along within a few feet of the bank of the river where these thousands are bathing, drying themselves, dressing and undressing, and nothing could be more sedately proper. You see the Brahman rubbing his sacred triple thread round and round his shoulder and body, others scrubbing their mouths violently

with their fingers, others washing their clothes, babies being dipped by father or mother, and soundly rubbed afterward, youths more particular, using combs, and higher up on the bank the barbers are busy, shaving and cutting hair, while the customer sits cross-legged, holding a mirror.

Even my travelled Brahman friend, who told me that he was what we would call a Unitarian, wore, and showed me, his sacred thread. The Rajput father binds round the arm of his son a string made of a sacred grass which is to ward off evil spirits. No doubt the sacred cord of the twice-born castes of India originated in a similar be-



From a photograph by J. Cowell, Simla.

His Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur.
The Prince of highest caste in the Hindu world.

lief. The cord is made in various ways. "Among the Madras Brahmans, who are most careful in such matters, it is of fine country-grown cotton, not foreign, and spun by hand. Three very fine threads are twisted by a Brahman into a single cord sixteen feet long. He then squats on the ground, winds it thrice around his knees, and fastens the ends in a special knot known as that of Brahma." In the north, the four fingers of the hand are closed, and a thread is wound back and forth over them ninety-six times. This thread forms one strand of the cord, and three of them make it complete. During worship of the gods it remains over the left shoulder; when the wearer is unclean, or when he performs the rites for the dead, he shifts it to the right shoulder.

The thread is put on a boy between his eighth and twelfth year, when he is supposed to assume the religious obligations and the authority and duty of a Brahman. When the thread is first put on the boy he makes pretence of leaving the house to become an ascetic, but he is, of course, persuaded to return and live as a layman.

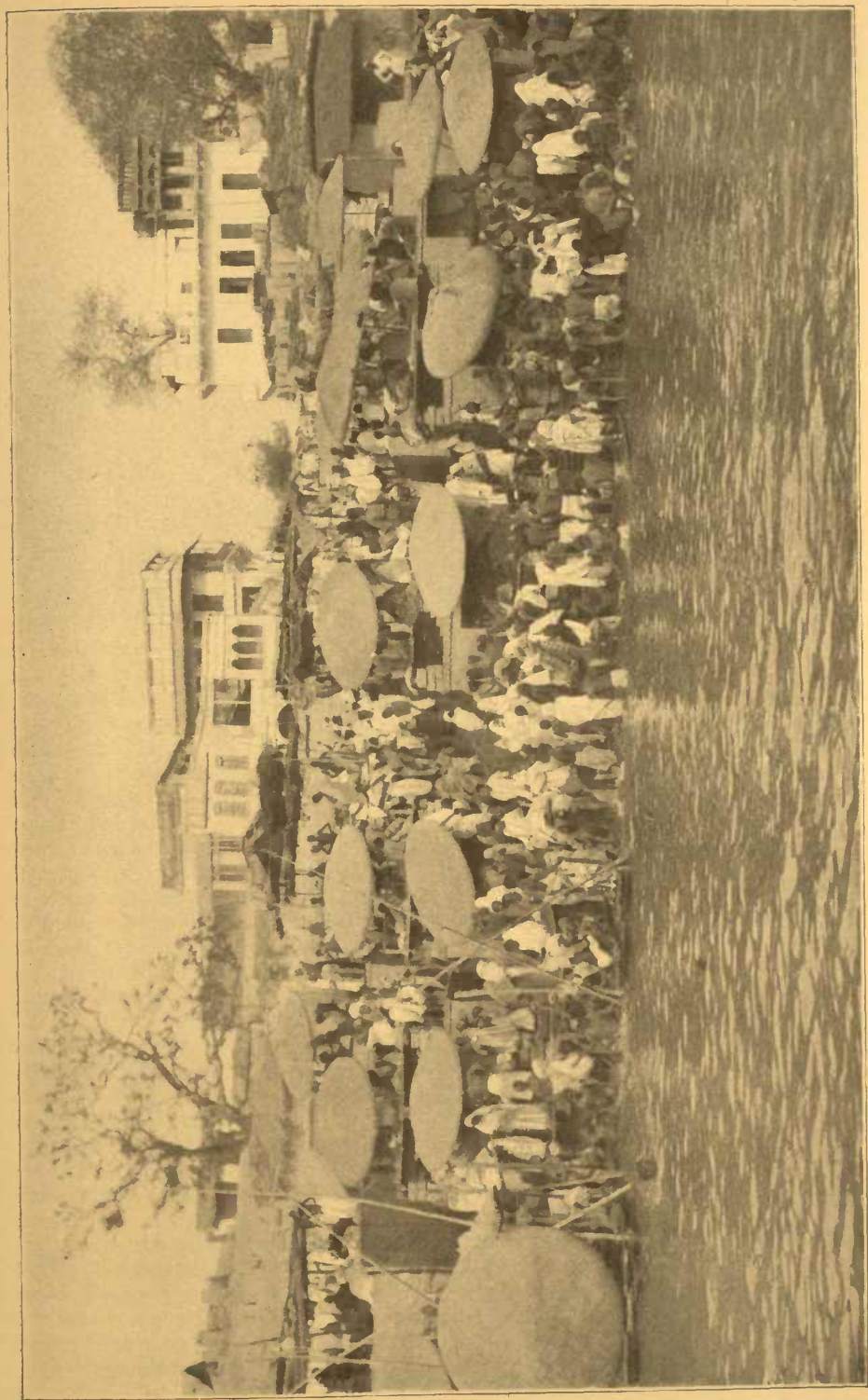
It seemed to me strange that there was no swimming. In any Western crowd there would have been scores of boys and men diving, swimming, playing games in the water; but there is no sign of any desire for exercise or play here. Rubbing themselves, thrashing their clothes on the flat rocks, moving their lips and hands in prayer, but no other exercise.

They are a sitting, riding race, not a walking or running one. Their posture is as peculiar to them as their color. It is always the same, wherever you see them, whether it be the prince in his palace, these people praying by the river bank, the passengers waiting for the train at the railway stations, or sitting on the seats in the train, your bearer waiting outside your door, or the cab-driver on his box in the great cities. The hinges in their knees must be different from ours. They squat down with their knee-caps under their chins, and that part of their persons which the French describe as *où le dos change de nom* close up against their heels. I was told at Udaipur that His Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur, has no chairs in his private apartments, but always sits cross-legged on the floor, whether to eat, or read, or rest. When you

return to your cab you will find the driver almost invariably perched up on the seat with his legs under him. Thousands of years of chairlessness have made this the most comfortable posture for them. I suppose in a country of three hundred millions of people there is only room for them to sit on the ground, and, at any rate, among these people there is no money to provide any piece of furniture which is, at one and the same time, so convenient to carry, and so cheaply upholstered, as that part of the person, *où le dos change de nom*!

Benares is evidently a cosmopolitan place; you notice the difference in the people as you drive or walk through the streets. They are less shy, the women do not cover their faces so carefully, they are more accustomed to strangers, and well they may be, since it is estimated that there are a million pilgrims here every year, who come to bathe, to pray, and to take the long, dusty walk, or pilgrimage, of some forty-five miles, around the sacred precincts of the city. Into the sacred waters of the Ganges, too, every Hindu wishes his ashes thrown. At one of the Ghats on the bank I saw bodies burning, and others lying waiting to be burned.

Both here and at Bombay I have been present at these burnings. The bodies are brought in on a frail litter. A pile of logs is built up, held in place by four iron stanchions. The body with the head uncovered is placed on the logs, more logs are piled on top, the litter is broken up and added to the small fagots underneath, and the fire is lighted. There are various ceremonies connected with the rite. The body is carried several times around the pile before being placed upon it. The nearest relative walks around the pile with a jar of water, letting it drip down as he goes, till of a sudden he dashes the jar to the ground, breaking it to pieces. A symbol of all life, everywhere. At a certain moment, too, the skull is fractured by the nearest relative, to allow the easy escape of the spirit to another world. Where the deceased is rich, the fire is made of costly and sweet-smelling wood, sandal-wood and the like, and the ceremonies are more elaborate and more prolonged. No doubt it is the ideal way to dispose of a dead body, but when I have seen it done here it seemed to me a callous and a careless rite.



Here on the banks of this river are thousands, bathing, washing their clothes, and drinking. . . . — Page 264.

It is true, if one have faith death should not be a cause of mourning, but parting from those one adores is a poignant sorrow, even if there is to be another meeting here on earth. So far as I have studied the faces of mourners here, I could see nothing. In these matters they are either behind or very far in advance of us. No doubt Mrs. Annie Besant, who has her Hindu college here at Benares, would maintain the latter. But I have noticed all over India the absolute indifference of the natives themselves to the pain, and deformities, and maladies that are displayed as an excuse for alms. It is not the stoicism of our Western Indians, who thought it dishonorable to show fear, or to shrink from pain, but an imbedded indifference, a numbness to this particular influence. We, on the contrary, dislike the sight of these things,

and turn from them, and pity is forced from us, but all such spectacles seem to pass absolutely unnoticed by the Oriental. And what horrible deformities are exhibited! One might think them invented and carved, so hideously grotesque are they sometimes.

It is a wonder there are not more. A wonder, too, that there is not more plague, more cholera, more disease of every kind. Here on the banks of this river are thousands, bathing, washing their clothes, and drinking, all within a few yards of one another. One man drinks the dregs from another man's body, another the scourgings from another's clothes, and women and children the same. It is not strange that India is the paradise of contagion.

I have heard it maintained that the Ganges, which is the most bathed-in river in the world, is different from other rivers, in that the water itself has certain antiseptic qualities, and that microbes do not flourish

in it as in other waters. If one rows up and down the river front, or walks through the narrow streets leading to the river, the stench and mud and crowds make it appear a very incubator of microbes.

I stood for a long time within a small court, in the middle of which was a much-frequented temple. Cows stood about in their own filth, men, women, and children crowded in, went to the shrine where they bowed and prayed, and were given something by the attendant, or priest, which

they popped into their mouths. Some came away with garlands, but all of them evidently impervious to the smells and the mud. It was warm outside, but in this particular temple the smell of hot humanity, and hot cow, was sickening.

Nor Mecca, nor Jerusalem has known such hordes of worshippers, so



Low-caste servants.—The untouchables.

many thousands of years of continuous pilgrimage. No matter what his caste, no matter what his occupation, no matter how black his heart or red his hands, the Hindu who dies within a radius of fifty miles of Benares is spared all future torment, so it is said.

In the theory of the transmigration of souls, or metempsychosis, the Hindu believes that there are some millions of species of animals that he may be obliged to pass through, one after another, before he arrives at the house of his god, if he does not pay due attention to the duties and formalities of his religion. This saving of one's own soul becomes a very important business under these circumstances. The hell of the most enthusiastic revivalist is a very lukewarm affair when compared with this interminable vista of animal impersonations which confronts the pious Hindu.

The upper classes and intelligent Hindus have become Theists, but the mass of the



A street beggar.

Hindu world are crass Polytheists, who worship not only endless named gods, but sticks, and stones, and trees, and mounds of earth of their own choosing and making. On one occasion I asked a lower-caste Hindu, who had been very attentive in his service, if I was not taking too much of his time. I had noticed that his forehead was not marked, a sign that he had not bathed and prayed as his ritual requires. "Oh," he replied, "I have my own private god in my compound!" On the other hand, an educated and travelled Hindu, of whom I saw a good deal, told me that he was what we would call a "Unitarian!" Another Brahman, of the mystical type, is said to have remarked quite casually: "I have never seen Christ myself, but I have a friend who often sees him, and he tells my friend that he finds many of his followers very trying people."

I remember that I took a course of study in the Ethnic Religions when at the University, but of these mystic refinements on the one hand, and these crudities on the other, I knew nothing till I was face to face with them here. One is rather shocked at the abysmal gulf between the book and the fact, between the theory and the prac-

tice, when one is brought into close contact with the latter in India. As I stand beside the reeking cow, ankle-deep in filth, in the temple of this dark, crowded court in Benares, and see the earnestness of the worshippers, I am impressed by the fact that all I know, or may have known, or shall know, are of little use in interpreting this situation which is here and now, and which has been for thousands of years.

All religions really, whether of Buddha, Brahma, Muhammad, or Christ, maintain that life is to die. The Buddhist and the Brahman and the Muhammadan stick to the original text, to the primitive message. We Westerners have twisted the Christianity of Christ into a code and a creed suited to our climate, our environment, our temperament, and our ambitions, and we maintain that life is to live. But no philosophy and no religion which has its roots in the East can be fairly interpreted as giving such a message. We have interpreted isolated texts to please our love of life, but the founder of Christianity was an Oriental, with the same profound conviction that "my Father's many mansions" are preferable to hut or palace here, which characterizes the creeds of the Buddhist, the Brahman, and the Muhammadan. The

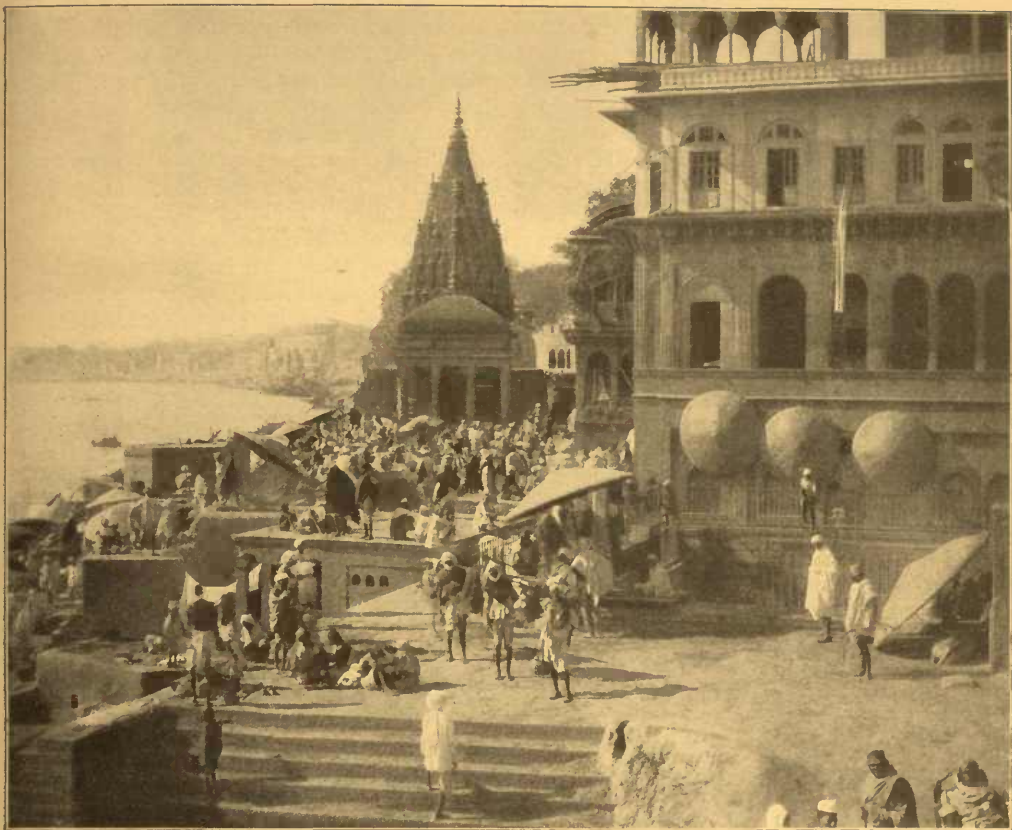


A spiteful mosque, built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on one of the sacred sites . . . still rears its towers.—Page 261.

Buddhist is a Buddhist, the Brahman is a Brahman, the Muhammadan is a Muhammadan but we Westerners are not Christians. We merely wear an ethical cloak, made of a patchwork of sayings, which we have wrenched from their context, to enable us to do our work in the world with freedom of movement. Were we to wrap ourselves in the genuine robes of Christianity we should be as hampered, and as helpless, as are the thorough-going disciples of Buddha, Brahma, or Muhammad.

Hinduism is not only a religious bond, but it is also a sort of social league governing all the relations of life. As a social league it rests upon caste, that immovable barrier against reform or progress; as a religious bond, it rests upon a union of the Aryan and the Buddhistic faith. Hinduism recognized the so-called twice-born, or Aryan castes, viz., the Brahmans or priests, the Kshattriyas or warriors, the Vaisyas or

agriculturalists, and the Sudras or serfs. But this is a mere guide-book classification. If you investigate the make-up of an Indian village you may find herdsmen, fishermen, weavers, artisans, barbers, coolies, some Muhammadans, some Brahmans, traders, money-lenders, and here and there Mahrattas, and a few other immigrants. But even these divisions do not begin to complete the list, for there are still subdivisions of these. Even the Brahmans have ten distinct classes or nations, and these again are divided into some two thousand tribes. In Bombay alone, where there are more than a million Brahmans, there are some two hundred groups of them, none of which intermarries with another. In Madras there are six groups each speaking a different tongue, and no member of one group will marry or eat with the member of another; while each of these groups, again, has rules regarding the persons within its



From a copyrighted photograph by Johnston & Hoffmann, India.

The bathing Ghats, Benares.

own circle, with whom its members may marry or eat cooked food.

The Brahmins of the south of India claim to be of higher rank than the Brahmins of the north, holding that the Brahminism of the north has been defiled by one conqueror after another, while they of the south have remained more or less untouched by foreign influences. Unlike the northern Brahmin, there is no lower caste from whom the southern Brahmin will take water.

In this matter of religion, as in political and social matters, the women of India are bigotedly conservative, and insistent upon maintaining all the traditional observances. The most outspoken and the fiercest rebels against the English power whom I met in India were women. The two I remember best were, one the wife of a prominent Maharaja, and the other the sister of a distinguished Muhammadan. They were ready to take

any measures to rid India of British rule. So, too, the Kshatriyas, or Rajputs, are divided into some six hundred tribes in different parts of India. The authorities say that it is impossible to number all the castes in India. They number thousands at least.

When it is remembered that the members of these different castes cannot intermarry, cannot eat together, and that as a rule no Hindu of good caste may eat food prepared by a man of inferior caste, and that much the same rule obtains in regard to the drinking of water, one begins to understand, dimly, the difficulties inherent in any dealings with these people, whether for hygienic, social, or military purposes. Verily, their ways are not as our ways. Even at the railway stations in some parts of India you see notices posted: "Water for Hindus." "Water for Muhammadans."

Just, as one example, imagine the difficulty of helpfulness to one another when

the neglected and the help-needing person may be one whom to touch, or to come in contact with in any way, is a social and religious degradation, imperilling not only one's social position, but one's salvation. The enlightened ruler of Baroda, His Highness, the Gaekwar, calls these people the "Untouchables," a very happy description of them, and he estimates their numbers at six million, or a fifth of the population. He, a Hindu of the Maratha branch himself, says: "The system which divides us into innumerable castes, claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman, is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men equal by nature into divisions high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. The eternal struggle between caste and caste for social superiority has become a source of constant ill-feeling in these days. The human desire to help the members of one's caste also leads to nepotism, heart-burnings, and consequent mutual distrust."

The polluting power of a cat, as an example of the intricacies of this subject of caste, is small, of a dog greater, but nothing equals the pollution of a Pariah. Man, in this connection, is degraded below the beasts. Such people are denied the advantages of social sympathy and industrial aid. They are denied all influence for good, arising out of free intercourse with their neighbors. The full and free use of hospitals, of public inns, public conveyances, wells, and even temples, is withheld from them. They are even refused the opportunities of earning a living. Menial service even is denied them, as they cannot touch the food or enter the houses of the higher castes.

My friend, the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, is possibly the most outspoken prince in India, so I quote another saying of his, that my readers may know something of his political and social views: "I can quite understand the difficulty involved in giving up one's inherited ideals of thought and custom, especially in conservative India. If the Indian people wish to progress, and to make the most of their national influence, they must consciously give up these old false ideals and open their eyes to the light of progress, in which not one class, or many classes, but all shall share. Men are

asking for a constitution, by which they may limit the powers of princes and governments; they neglect to limit the tyrannical and despotic sway of religion, which is crushing the life out of our people by driving out of them all sense of personal pride, all individuality and ambition. There is no room in the world of to-day for such priests as are little gods with an exaggerated idea of their own importance, insisting upon their infallibility, content with ignorance, contemptuous of knowledge, Priests of this kind are a drag on the wheels of progress. Instead of ministering to the people they are their bad angels."

Sir Harry Johnston, who at least cannot be accused of not knowing India, writes: "The one hundred and sixty-two million Hindu men and women and children follow for the most part wholly unreasonable forms of religion, quite incompatible with modern ideas of physical development, social progress, sanitation, avoidance of cruelty, and unrestricted intercourse with one's fellow-men." To this he adds: "If all forms of the Hindu religion—Brahmanism—could be submitted to an impartial world-congress of non-Hindus, the members of which were selected from all parts of non-Hindu Asia, from America, Europe, and Africa, the Hindu religion would be universally condemned as a mixture of nightmare nonsense and time-wasting rubbish, fulfilling no useful end whatever, only adding to the general burden borne by humanity in its struggle for existence. And, of course, so long as two hundred million Indians remain attached to these preposterous faiths, with their absurd and useless ceremonials, and food taboos, so long—if for that reason alone—will the British be justified in ruling the Indian Empire with some degree of absolutism."

In this connection, one should remember that of the fifty-five million adult male Muhammadans, about seventy-five per cent can read and write in Hindustani, and some ten per cent are acquainted with English; while of the one hundred and sixty-two million Hindus only twenty per cent of the adult males can read and write in the vernacular, and only three per cent are acquainted with English.

It is somewhat disconcerting to an observer and student of Indian affairs, therefore, to find that it is from the Hindu



Pinnacles of the golden temple.—Page 264.

element and from the Brahman caste that the murderers, bomb-throwers, seditious editors of the vernacular press, and the men who shoot down the English officials on platforms and in theatres are drawn. It can only mean that the great Brahman caste, which for centuries have been the social and political leaders of these timid and ignorant masses, are jealous of the English authority. Instead of aiding in all efforts to improve the sanitation, in all efforts to protect the peasant from the money-lender, in all schemes for irrigation and education, the Brahman is the leader of the reactionist party. He prefers, apparently, that the mass of the people should remain ignorant, debased, diseased, and helpless, as his position is magnified by just the width of the social chasm between himself and them. He both hates the English and despises his

own people. He and his people have been the victims of the Turk, the Tartar, the Mongol, who, times without number, have swept through the Afghan passes, and robbed, slaughtered, and deflowered, but he has always heretofore reappeared as the religious, social, and political lord of these poor people. He would rather have chaos again than to see his acknowledged superiority slip away from him, through the uplifting of the masses—slow though the process be—by the English rulers. There are numbers of sympathizers with the so-called Indian patriots in America, who contribute to their funds and to their excitement. They should realize that it is the Brahman agitator they are backing, and they should take some pains to assure themselves that they are not putting their money on the wrong horse. It is well enough to sympa-

thize with—I will go farther and say—and to help any body of men suffering from the tyranny of injustice and brutality, whether at home or abroad. Though we have such down-trodden people here at home needing our attention, it is perhaps excusable in certain temperaments to prefer the excitement of participation in revolutions abroad, where at any rate our own skins may remain whole, whatever happens. But this attempt of the Brahman agitators to oust the British, or at all events to gain more offices, more authority, and more power for themselves is an effort to replace British control by the rule of the Brahman which represents the most tyrannical, the most un-American, and the most revolting social, religious, and political autocracy the world has ever seen. How any American, whatever his ideals or his sympathies, can lend his influence in support of a movement to increase the power of the Brahman caste in India, politically or otherwise, can only be explained on two grounds: he is either maliciously mischievous, or he is ignorant. If one were to search the world

to find ideals utterly unlike, and destructive of American ideals of government, of religious liberty, and of social freedom, he could find them nowhere better than in Brahmanism.

He has never been a fighting-man; he has fattened upon superstition, and consequently has, and does encourage it to the utmost, and holds, consequently, the strange position in India of being a seditionist as against the English and a reactionary as against his own people. There is a harsher word than I care to use for this type of citizen, but whatever he may be, he is distinctly a stumbling-block in the present situation. Men who ask for larger representation in the government, knowing full well that they alone are sufficiently educated to profit by it, and who are inciting the weak-minded to assassinate, and the ignorant to balk, the alien reformers, are difficult to deal with, especially when one hears on every side from disinterested natives that they tremble at the idea of their future magistrates, having as much concern with their caste elevation as with the in-



The burning Ghats. . . . Into the sacred waters of the Ganges every Hindu wishes his ashes thrown.—Page 262.



An Ascetic, who claims not to have spoken for 23 years.

crease of their salary, and who say: "It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose flesh creeps on their bones when they hear of a war." I quote from a Rajput noble of Oudh.

We have only to picture to ourselves the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, and the railway employees, the shop-keepers, the clerks, the barbers, the butchers, the money-lenders, and the lowest class of laborers, say in Utica, N. Y., divided into sects and subjects, not permitted to intermarry, to eat together, or to touch food cooked one for the other, to get an idea of the helpless chaos so far as any effective work or progress as a community are concerned. And this is by no means an exaggerated picture of thousands of communities all over India. On the contrary, it is but a very rough sketch of communities far more meticulously subdivided and far more intricately disassociated.

This system of caste, which, by the way, is the great stumbling-block in the way of native reformers, whether revolutionary or otherwise, is not limited to social and religious matters, but permeates even the industries of the people, since each caste is also, in a way, a sort of trade-guild. It makes laws and rules for the different

trades, and even goes so far as to promote and support strikes.

This is but a passing and superficial statement of a most intricate, and to the Western mind most incomprehensible, social and religious condition. I mention it not as an indication of erudition, nor as an attempt to explain, or to make clear, what years of study and experience would hardly compass, but to give an example of one of the most difficult problems facing the English administrators of this huge continent.

It is easy to see that the visible ruler is soon, and surely, held responsible for everything that goes wrong. The English government has introduced authority which insists upon standing absolutely aloof—as it must—from all interference in religious matters. But here, as we have seen, the religious life begins with the brushing of the teeth in the morning, and thoroughly permeates the hourly life of the people, their eating, drinking, marrying, and dying. There are new and strange desires, there are distress and discontent among the peasants, there is a rearrangement of classes, there is the ignoring of caste, as in the railway trains, where all must of necessity be treated alike.

Fancy the New York Central Railway attempting to cater to the prejudices of Catholics and Unitarians, vegetarians and

Christian Scientists, New York hoodlums and Brahmans from Boston, and when I say that such a problem is comparatively easy as compared to this problem of caste in India, I tell even less than the bare truth. The government is, of course, blamed for this by the ignorant. The sages and teachers of the Hindus have been preaching for centuries asceticism as an escape from the distresses and wearisome problems of life. Now comes a spirit of progress, rejoicing in and lauding material possessions, comfort, and the prolongation of life. Life is to be a struggle to overcome the impediments, whether physical or climatic, to an agreeable existence even in India. Men are pushed forward to live, and to live as comfortably as possible, who heretofore have been taught that the heights of human perfection are reached only by those who live most simply, who ignore most completely the material side of life, and who quit most speedily this tenement for another. The Brahman looked forward to absorption in Brahma, the Buddhist to Nirvana or absolute loss of consciousness, so far as the material world is concerned.

There was a thick-headed citizen of Marseilles who was known to have little enthusiasm for the church, but who was none the less a frequent attendant at mass. When asked why he attended mass he replied: "Oh, j'attends que ça soit fini!" There are millions in India who have that hopeless, helpless air. Their whole physical and mental attitude seems to say: "Oh, nous attendons que ça soit fini!" Into this state of mind, into this situation, the Englishman introduces the wedge of Western civilization. Railways, telegraph wires, canals, hospitals, dispensaries, police, justice without bribery, and the cheery Englishman himself, playing, shooting, making himself comfortable, doing his duty, and hoping and believing in, not only to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow. "You need not die if you don't want to!" this civilization says to three hundred million people who have seen little in life but to die; who look upon disease and disaster, famine and plague, as visitations of God; who—some of them—have held it blasphemy to try to cure a small-pox patient, because it must be a very powerful god who could produce such an awful disease. England comes

blantly ignoring these gods, smilingly sure that life is worth living, and ready to spend an immense amount of energy in giving life, what every Englishman all over the world believes to be the only proper setting for such a jewel—comfort! England comes offering prizes to those who win material prosperity, and these people have not merely been taught, but have had it ground into them for centuries, that material possessions are merely the hampering baggage of spirits, which should be always on the alert to escape to another place.

India, for all these centuries, has had no standards but those of birth, blood, caste, and the personal power of conquest. Poverty was no disgrace; on the contrary, the religious beggar, the Brahman, the Buddhist priest, however poor, was a person of dignity, looked up to, and revered, because he had stripped himself of every form of wealth. Now India is being inoculated with the economic lymph of the West. They see men treated with respect, and placed in dignified positions, partly at least because they are rich. It is hard, for an American particularly, to understand what a tremendous change this marks for India. What a man accumulates and holds counts. This is new to India. This situation adds measurably to the existing discontent of an ever-increasing number, who measuring themselves by this entirely new standard find inequalities they equally dislike, and do not understand.

They are beginning to wonder if one may not at the same time be holy and rich. It is easier to be poor and good than to be rich and vulgar—they see evidences of this, but many, none the less, are being influenced to prefer the latter.

Their own miseries were not enough. They have now this new source of discontent, the poison of the West; the standard of money! The social and even political tyranny of the irresponsible rich is yet to be their portion, and their potion, and it will prove more unpalatable to them than any that has yet been forced upon them. They must go through all this, and then, alas! learn all over again that comfort is not prosperity, that luxury, is not culture, and that a mind besmeared with odds and ends of learning is not education. Even England and America are only just beginning to see this.



Drawn by Major Edward Molyneux.

The banks of the Ganges at Benares.

So far as the masses of India are concerned, they still preserve and adhere to their centuries-old polytheism, they worship innumerable gods; the class slightly above them still worship the gods of the Hindu Pantheon as manifestations of divinity which is everywhere—in short, they are Pantheists; while the students, and teachers, and intellectuals of the higher castes are weaving and unravelling the fine theological threads, which were doing duty for the scholars' exercises of the fourth century and the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. Mr. K. G. Gupta, writing of orthodox Hinduism, says: "It is mainly and substantially idolatrous; and image-worship, in which anthropomorphism plays an important part, is its principal feature. It has many cults, many sects, each having its special gods and goddesses, but all combine to venerate the entire Hindu pantheon. The worship of a certain deity representing the active female principle of the universe is never complete without the shedding of blood, and she has even to plead guilty to a hankering for human sacrifice." There is more than one example, even of late years, where this goddess has been offered human sacrifices by her ignorant worshippers.

If there were no problems of taxation, of hygiene and sanitation, of education, of administration, of safeguarding the country within, and from without, against sedition and attack, this disease of the religious and social skin, within which these people move and have their prejudices, were surely a task of momentous difficulty in and of itself. Fortunately for the problem, and probably for themselves, this hard-playing, unanalyzing, governing race of Englishmen, with unbounded confidence in themselves, take all these matters so lightly, ignore them so placidly, discuss them so flippantly, that for them they cease to exist. They come and stare at Benares like children at a pantomime, then return to deal justly and patiently with their three hundred million wards, as though the whole spiritual and intellectual life of thousands of years and millions of subjects did not exist.

This ignorance and confidence explain their success, but these ignored problems are none the less the fundamental cause of most of their anxieties. These people are so split up into factions, racial, religious, social, and political, that they cannot com-

bine to free themselves from their governors. Herein lies the safety of the English. But 1857, the year of the Mutiny, showed that if once the religious prejudices could be touched, then the fire will light and burn. Once the Muhammadans were persuaded that the abhorred pig, and the Hindus that the sacred cow, were used to make the grease for their cartridges, and that the Russians were beating their supposedly unbeatable conquerors in the Crimea, they threw off all allegiance, they forsook friends, they killed companions and broke the bonds of years, to an extent that their own officers, who had lived in the closest intercourse with them, could not believe possible.

The seditionist of to-day knows full well the strings to pull to produce another uprising. Not many months ago it was going the rounds that the bone-dust of animals was to be mixed with the sugar, and the Japanese success over white opponents has been used to the full to enflame their war-like ambitions. It is only some such attack upon their religious and racial sensibilities and prejudices that can pervade the mass of the people, and the Indian anarchist knows it and is nowadays again on the lookout for some such materials to start the blaze.

It is to be remembered, too, as an important factor in any discussion of caste, that peace has been maintained in the past, in these thousands of communities all over India, because the assembly, such as it is, has been influenced by the men entitled to influence it. When caste is destroyed into whose hands will this governing power in all these small communities fall? The English thus far have left, to a large extent, these smaller offices in the hands of those who have always asserted their right to them by reason of their blood or caste standing, a right, be it said, universally and contentedly recognized. There is no new influence, no new arrangement to supplant this old system, and the old system of caste is being, even though very slowly, corroded and eaten away by the civilization of the West. When it disappears the governors of India will have another difficult problem to face. They will have reached the summit of one mountain of reform only to see another peak beyond. Caste may interfere with progress, but it undoubtedly helps

mightily to preserve the peace. Caste is a better policeman even than the Englishman. Once this system, which has for thousands of years and still does permeate all classes in India, is weakened, or ridiculed out of existence, all sorts of other superstitions will follow to create trouble.

There were actual riots in the streets of the capital of Korea, some years ago, due to a wide-spread report that the American missionaries were boiling Korean babies to manufacture chemicals for photographic processes. This was, indeed, a tribute to Yankee ingenuity, but it is also an illustration of what preposterous methods may be used successfully to breed trouble among masses of ignorant people.

It is an interesting commentary upon the impartial attitude of the English, that while they pay and protect missionaries in India and elsewhere, they are at the same time large manufacturers and shippers of idols to these same countries.

The ordained missionaries in India number something over a thousand, with about the same number of native pastors. They have made practically no impression upon India, and the best of them, both European and native, admit as much themselves. The converts are almost entirely from the lowest class of natives, and from the Eurasians, *i. e.*, those of mixed European and Indian parentage—a class, by the way, for whom one has much sympathy, as they are equally despised and rejected by the English and the Indians. "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (always excepting the Roman Catholic Christians of the West Coast) to be a Christian is to have been a pariah" writes Stanley Rice, a recognized authority on the subject. Medical assistance, teaching, and so on by the missionaries are valuable, but I doubt whether either the civilian or the soldier would not willingly see the whole band of missionaries sent home. Their interest in the native sometimes gets to the point of mawkishness, leading the native to overestimate his own importance, and weakening his respect for authority. Upon the better-class Indian mind, the necessary assumption of omniscience which must underlie all foreign missionary effort, particularly when many of the missionaries are distinctly of the social and intellectual mediocrity, produces an invulnerable dislike. To them the theological crazy-quilt,

offered them as a coverlet for their salvation, a patchwork of Anglican, Presbyterian, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and Universalist, must lack dignity, subtlety, and beauty of outline.

The Sanskrit word for caste is color. A philologist might argue that this matter of caste probably dated from the time when the swarms of white Aryans came to India, and wished to cut themselves off and to keep themselves apart from the darker races they found there. The missionary finds himself balked in his endeavors by his own logic. If the incarnation is true, then no race which is Christian can remain ostracized from and by other Christian races. The European Christians in India are a caste by themselves. They will not hear of much social intercourse, or of intermarriage. Indian Christians are even barred from the Transvaal by their brother Christians there. White Christians refuse to meet African Christians even at the sacrament; much more strongly do they persist in ostracizing them socially.

Whatever the Indian may be physically and morally, he is admittedly subtle mentally. To preach brotherly love at the table of the holy communion, and to be ready to slay the man who should propose social intercourse, or marriage, with your sisters or daughters, is a difficult dilemma, a hornless dilemma, in fact, for the missionary. For the convert, belief in the incarnation is indispensable, but for the white converter to carry out the plain prescriptions of the incarnation is a crime against his race. It is safe to say that there will be no great missionary progress among the colored races until this problem is solved. It is not surprising that the rooted beliefs of the East are sometimes puzzled into ferocity. And, alas! I am bound to admit, as an outsider, that I am not sure that one does not see Buddha, Confucius, or Muhammad in the streets of Rangoon, Peking, and Peshawar, quite as often as one sees Jesus of Nazareth in the streets of London, Paris, or New York.

A dozen unmarried women, singing and beating tambourines, accompanied and led by one man, must necessarily daunt the credulity of the Muhammadan or the Chinese Buddhist. The only effective missionaries I have ever met, either at home or abroad, are those few people, men and

women, who never preach, never pray in public, and never by any chance argue, but who make us humble and ashamed by being better than we are. They convert us by their unvoiced consistency of conduct. They are unsalaried, unconscious, but none the less the saviors of the world. There are, and always have been, a few lay Englishmen of that stamp in India, and I have seen some of their converts, and they are the only converted ones in all India for whose faith or courage I would give a fig, when put to the test of the shadow of the cross, or the edge of a sword.

Praying to a congregation, or to any audience, any prayer, indeed, except it be inaudible and in the closet, would seem to be a most dangerous and daring form of spiritual exercise—a sickening form of idolatry when it is the mere stringing together of beatific phrases, and when it is a frenzied tearing off of the spiritual garments, an awful exposure, more curious than helpful. All this phase of the matter is even more apparent to the Oriental than to us, and to them is more disconcerting. The number and the class of the Christian converts in India shows this. They are practically all of the lowest class, for whom the bait of food, in time of famine, and protection have been the main temptations to conversion.

But besides the Hindus, and the Christians, and some one hundred thousand Parsis in India, there are the Jains, a sect which exaggerates some of the Buddhist doctrines, as, for example, the extreme concern for animal life, bodily penance as a necessity of salvation, and so on. These people maintain hospitals for useless animals who would otherwise be killed. I have seen two of these compounds, crowded with camels, bullocks, cows, water buffaloes, dogs, cats, chickens, pigeons, and so on, all kept alive by this fanatical charity which holds it wrong to kill a fly, or vermin, even when on the person.

There are the Sikhs, a sect of Hindus who recognize no distinctions of caste, worship the Granth, or holy book, have their own teachers or gurus, and who were at one time, and even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a formidable military power.

There are the Marathas, who grew from a military organization of local Hindu tribes

in southern India, into the most formidable military and political power in India at the time of the break-up of the Mughal empire, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

There are the Muhammadans (they, again, divided into two sects of Shiah and Sunnis), who began their invasions of India about 1000 A. D., and who now number sixty-two millions, or about one-fifth of the total population. There are, besides these, numerous tribes, some of them almost extinct, who are practically savage relics of the aborigines and their Animistic worship.

The differences between these various sects and tribes and religions before the British came, were not merely the epicene pulpit quarrels, such as mark our Western theological polemics, matters that do not interfere with inter-dining and dancing, but matters of life and death. Montesquieu writes: "*Après tout, c'est mettre ses conjectures à bien haut prix, qu'en faire cuire un homme tout vif.*" But these people did not hesitate to clothe their beliefs with full sanction to use both fire and sword. So far as one can see, the vitality of these main beliefs is unimpaired, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, to Rangoon, and to Benares show no lessening of numbers nor of enthusiasm.

If one is to see anything in Benares except a diversely colored peripatetic laundry on an enormous scale, one must have some such thread of knowledge upon which to string one's impressions. How can there be any such thing as national or patriotic feeling in India as a whole! The people of Bombay, of Bengal, of Peshawar, of Madras, of the Punjab can only slowly grow to feel that they belong to one great Indian nation. Their speech even is so different that the man in Madras can no more understand the man from the Punjab than the Spaniard can understand the Russian.

Not only the differences are great, as between a low-class Hindu propitiating demons and worshipping trees, plants, stones, rivers, water-tanks, cows, crocodiles, peacocks—all held to be sacred in certain parts of India—and the high-class members of the two reformed bodies, the Arya Somaj and the Brahma Somaj, who reject all idol-worship, and have refined the Hindu religious philosophy to the point of radical Unitarianism; but the numbers are enor-

mous. There are over 200,000,000 Hindus, more than 60,000,000 Muhammadans, more than 9,000,000 Buddhists, nearly 9,000,000 Animists, besides Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, and a sprinkling of Jews and Christians.

It is estimated that there are 1,544,510,000 people in the world. Of these, 175,290,000 are Muhammadans, 300,000,000 are Confucians, 214,000,000 are Brahmans, 121,000,000 Buddhists, 534,940,000 are Christians, 10,860,000 are Jews, and other bodies of lesser numbers.

More than half the people in the world live in India and China, and these figures give one some notion of the colossal loaf of paganism that it is the ambition of the missionary to leaven. These figures, too, tell the tale of the bathing, praying thousands on the banks of the river Ganges at Benares, but they give the reader, also, I hope, some idea of the terrifying proportions of the problem of the British ruler in India.

He is not only dealing in India with these unknown, and almost incomprehensible, diversities of creed, and custom, and ancient precedent, but also with the problem common to all of us everywhere, of the political status of the individual, of his rights, and of the quality and quantity of his participation in legislation.

No Oriental nation will hear that women have been given a vote, and thereby a voice in how they shall be governed, without a vocal and physical protest such as no mutiny even can parallel.

Great Britain is being assaulted just now by women demanding the suffrage. What will happen among Hindus and Muhammadans, with their notions of the position of women, should women be given the vote, is rather beyond ordinary imaginative powers. Orientals are all born and bred aristocrats. It is the Indians who visit England, and who discover how un-Brahman are many of their rulers there, who return to spread the seeds of discontent even now. The Oriental, of all others, knows the folly of the rights of man.

Rousseau begins his *Contrat Social*: "L'homme né libre, est partout dans les fers." The profound error here, but one that has unduly excited the world, is that man is not born free, he is, on the contrary, born in chains. He begins life in chains, chains of parentage, of inheritance, of environment, of capability, of disposi-

tion, of looks, of strength, physical and moral. All discussions of liberty are founded upon this gross error. Some men achieve a certain liberty, but they are all, always, everywhere, born to slavery! No political philosopher of the West knows as well as does the Oriental that it is the weak who are always screaming for liberty, while the strong are forever asking for more strength and courage to bear the responsibilities that liberty has put upon them, not the least of which is the protection of the weak, by assuming the right to rule. In these days, indeed, it is very much to be doubted whether the weak are more burdened by the chains of subordination than are the strong by the chains of responsibility.

It is an enlightening commentary upon the difficulties to be met in the evolution of the freedom of the individual to read the report of the Society of Comparative Legislation upon the legislation of the empire. For the ten years ending in 1907 twenty-five thousand new laws were made by men for the restriction of their own liberties in the British Empire! First, men strike off the chains of church, of feudalism, of autocracy which bind them, and then with a new system, with self-government, in a new era, they are finding that the new liberties must have new masters.

The variety of problems and peoples in the British Empire is shown by the variety of subjects dealt with by these laws. There are laws punishing witchcraft and widow-burning; there are laws about animals, and even about inanimate objects—as in Athens, where if a tree fell on a man and killed him the tree was solemnly tried and outlawed.

This glut of law-making is by no means confined to the British Empire. We in America have many and ludicrous examples of it. The horse breaks his harness and is free—free to cut himself to pieces running through the crowded streets. The lion breaks out of his cage and cowers in a corner, bewildered by his freedom. Men break away from one tyranny, only to harness themselves in a mesh of knots and buckles more hampering than before.

The intelligence, the experience, and the wisdom of the world have no wish to enslave, or to hamper individual liberty. Certainly we Americans have no such ambi-

tion, nor have the British, but just to take the harness off the horse does not solve the problem. Germany and Japan are ominous examples of how happy is the horse, and how well he goes when harnessed, handled, and housed by one coachman in supreme control.

We cannot be sure that we are not cutting away at individual initiative, at independence, at personal prowess and courage, by this weaving a web of laws around the individual, even though they be supposedly for his protection and well-being. It may be that he is better off, after all, with a master, rather than with all as masters. This much, at least, must be said for those who hesitate, and counsel delay rather than haste, when dealing with In-

dia, and Egypt, and the Philippines. Democracy's cocksureness may land us all scrambling at the feet of a dictator. Liberty is a far more complicated problem to deal with than tyranny, and few there are who recognize it. Those who read these scanty sketches of the history, and the domestic, religious, and social problems of India, will, I hope, share with me the feeling that a nation with such a gigantic problem to solve should be judged and criticised with extreme care, and always with a leaning toward leniency, and that we Americans, with our increasing responsibilities, both at home and abroad, in the governing of the colored races, should be the last to criticise ignorantly, or to counsel others to walk, or to walk ourselves, unwarily.

SUMMER AFTERNOON

(BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX)

By Edith Wharton

NOT all the wasteful beauty of the year
 Heaped in the scale of one consummate hour
 Shall this outweigh: the curve of quiet air
 That held, as in the green sun-fluted light
 Of sea-caves quivering in a tidal lull,
 Those trancèd towers and long unruined walls,
 Moat-girdled from the world's dissolving touch,
 The rook-flights lessening over evening woods,
 And, down the unfrequented grassy slopes,
 The shadows of old oaks contemplative
 Reaching behind them like the thoughts of age.

High overhead hung the long Sussex ridge,
 Sun-cinctured, as a beaker's rim of gold
 Curves round its green concavity; and slow
 Across the upper pastures of the sky
 The clouds moved white before the herding airs
 That in the hollow, by the moated walls,
 Stirred not one sleeping lily from its sleep.

Deeper the hush fell; more remote the earth
 Fled onward with the flight of cloud and sun,
 And cities strung upon the flashing reel
 Of nights and days. We knew no more of these

Than the grey towers redoubling in the moat
The image of a bygone strength transformed
To beauty's endless uses; and like them
We felt the touch of that renewing power
That turns the landmarks of man's ruined toil
To high star-haunted reservoirs of peace.
And with that sense there came the deeper sense
Of moments that, between the beats of time,
May thus insphere in some transcendent air
The plenitude of being.
Far currents feed them, from those slopes of soul
That know the rise and set of other stars
White-roaring downward through remote defiles
Dim-forested with unexplored thought;
Yet tawny from the flow of lower streams
That drink the blood of battle, sweat of earth,
And the broached vats of cities revelling.
All these the moments hold; yet these resolved
To such clear wine of beauty as shall flush
The blood to richer living. . . . Thus we mused,
And musing thus we felt the magic touch,
And such a moment held us. As, at times,
Through the long windings of each other's eyes
We have reached some secret hallowed silent place
That a god visits at the turn of night—
In such a solitude the moment held us.
And one were thought and sense in that profound
Submersion of all being deep below
The vexèd waves of action. Clear we saw,
Through the clear nether stillness of the place,
The gliding images of words and looks
Swept from us down the gusty tides of time,
And here unfolding to completer life;
And like dull pebbles from a sunless shore
Plunged into crystal waters, suddenly
We took the hues of beauty, and became,
Each to the other, all that each had sought.

Thus did we feel the moment and the place
One in the heart of beauty; while far off
The rooks' last cry died on the fading air,
And the first star stood white upon the hill.

ON THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY



A SERIES OF PAINTINGS
by
WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER



The HARBINGER

*An ocean liner held
up by fog at the entrance of
the harbor. An aeroplane
comes out to meet it with
mail and newspapers from
the port.*





CATCHING *the* "LIMITED"

*Rushing the "week-end"
to the train even though it
has gone by the home station.*

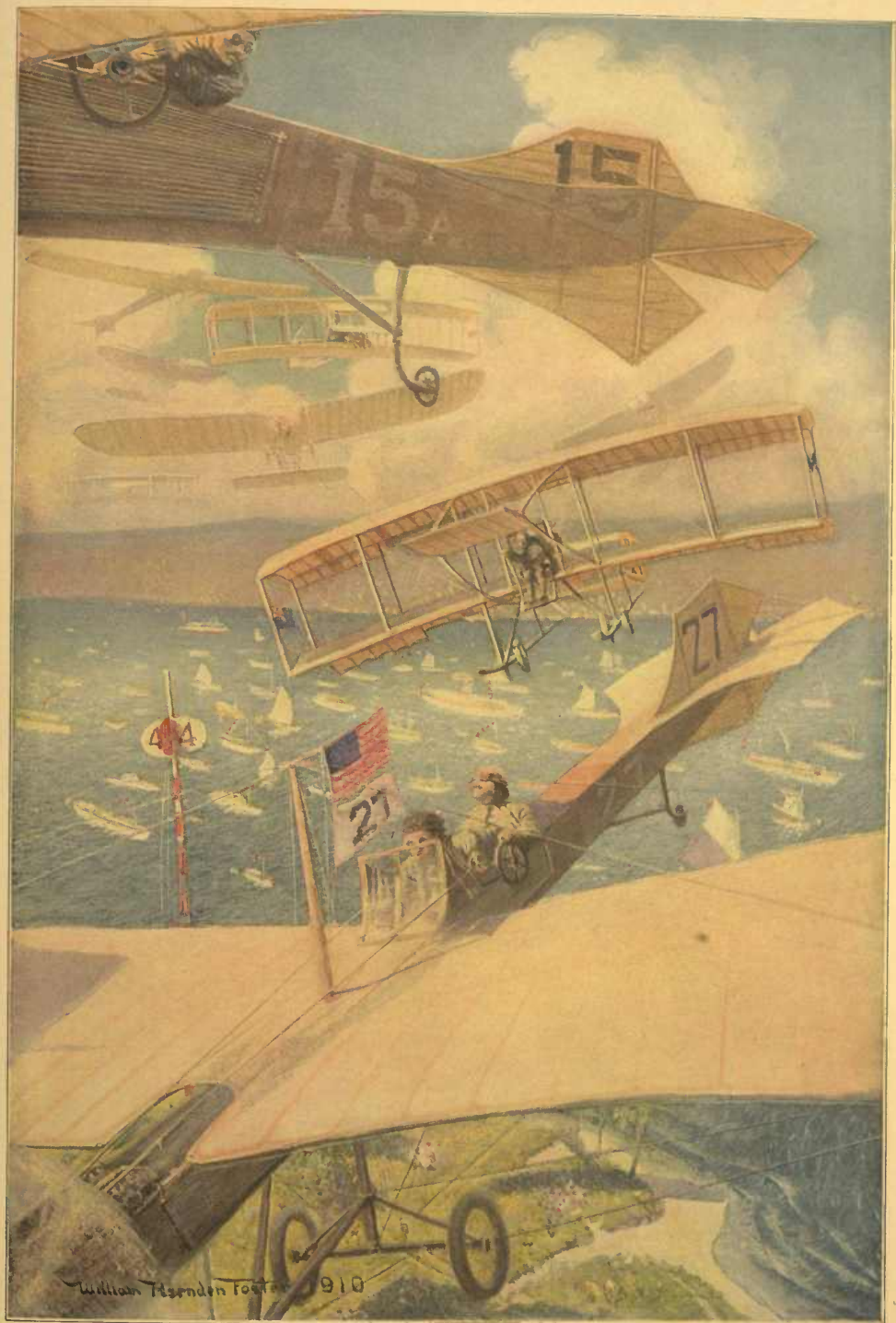


Julian Hornum Foster 1910



ROUNDING *the* WINDWARD MARK

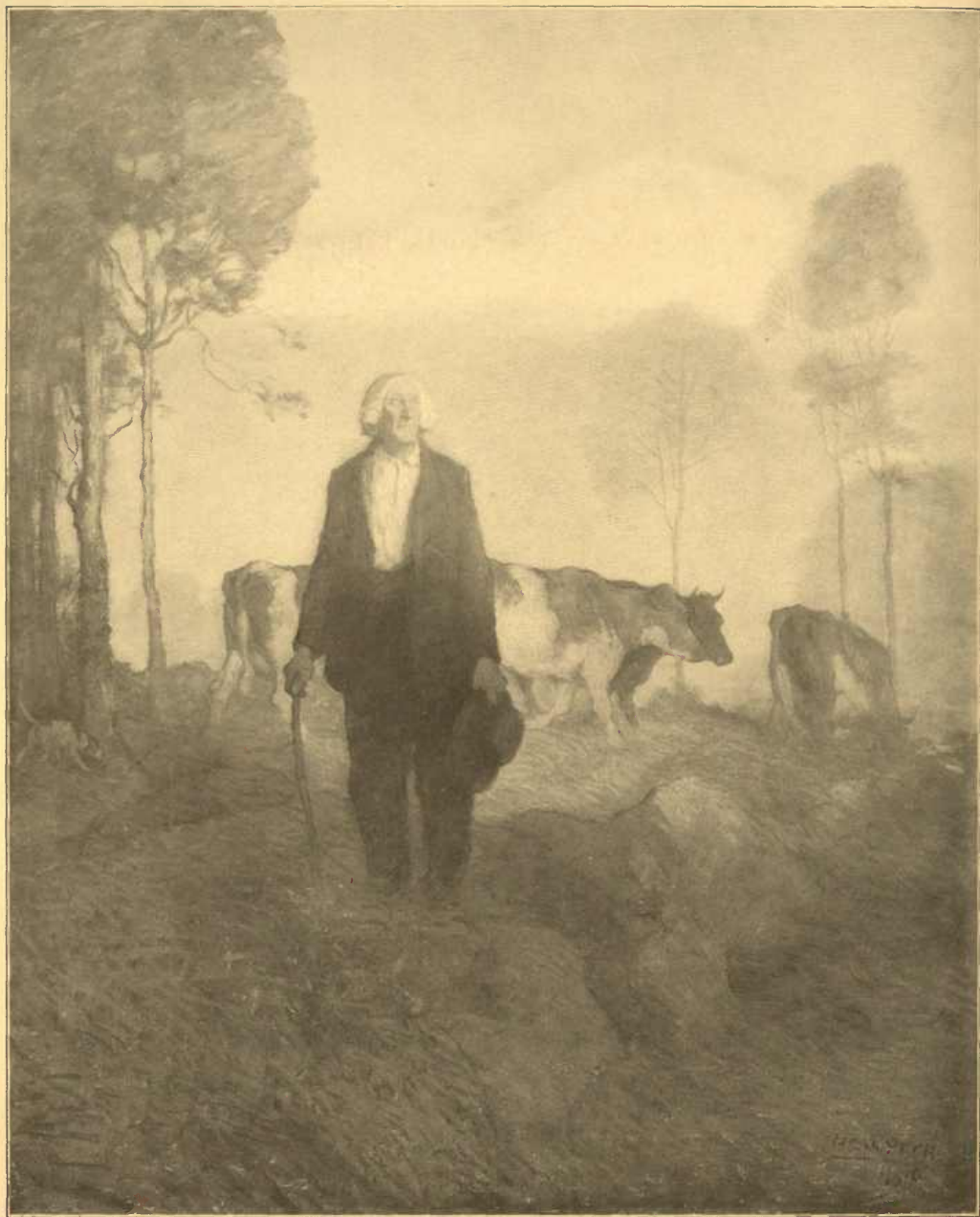
*When the aeroplane race has sup-
planted the yacht race as a sport.*





The SCOUT CRUISER
An officer of the U. S. Aviation Corps watching the battle and reporting to the staff.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"He turned and faced the rising sun, the light full on his face."—Page 292.

THE ARTIST

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH



AFTER the sickening stench of personality in theatrical life," the great Madame Orloff told the doctor with her usual free-handed use of language, "it is like breathing a thin, pure air to be here again with our dear inhuman old Vieyra. He hypnotizes me into his own belief that nothing matters—not broken hearts, nor death, nor success, nor first love, nor old age—nothing but the chiaroscuro of his latest acquisition."

The picture-dealer looked at her in silence, bringing the point of his white beard up to his chin with a meditative fist. The big surgeon gazed about him with appreciative eyes, touched his mustache to his gold-lined coffee-cup, and sighed contentedly. "You're not the only one, my dear Olga," he said, "who finds Vieyra's hard heart a blessing. When I am here in his magnificent old den, listening to one of his frank accounts of his own artistic acumen and rejoicing in his beautiful possessions, why the rest of the world—real humanity—seems in retrospect like one great hospital full of shrieking incurables."

"Oh, humanity—!" The actress thrust it away with one of her startling, vivid gestures.

"You think it very clever, my distinguished friends, to discuss me before my face," commented the old picture-dealer indifferently. He fingered the bright-colored decorations on his breast, looking down at them with absent eyes. After a moment he added, "and to show your in-ti-mate knowledge of my character."

Only its careful correctness betrayed the foreignness of his speech.

"Oh, character—!" Madame Orloff repudiated the conception in a vague murmur.

There was a pause in which the three gazed idly at the fire's reflection in the brass of the superb old andirons. Then, "Haven't you something new to show us?"

asked the woman. "Some genuine Massaccio, picked up in a hill-town monastery—a real Ribera?"

The small old Jew drew a long breath. "Yes, I have something new." He hesitated, opened his lips, closed them again and, looking at the fire, "Oh yes, very new indeed—new to me."

"Is it here?" The great surgeon looked about the picture-covered walls.

"No; I have it in—you know, what you call the inner sanctuary—the light here is not good enough."

The actress stood up, her glittering dress flashing a thousand eyes at the fire. "Let me see it," she commanded. "I would like to see something new to you."

"You shall amuse yourself by identifying the artist without my aid," said old Vieyra.

He opened a door, held back a portière, let his guests pass through into a darkened room, turned on a softly brilliant light, and: "Whom do you make the artist?" he said. He did not look at the picture. He looked at the faces of his guests, and after a long silent pause, he smiled faintly into his beard. "Let us go back to the fire," he said, and clicked them into darkness again.

"And what do you say?" he asked as they sat down.

"By Jove!" cried the doctor. "By Jove!"

Madame Orloff turned on the collector the sombre glow of her deep-set eyes. "I have dreamed it," she said.

"It is real," said Vieyra. "You are the first to see it. I wished to observe how——"

"It's an unknown Vermeer!" The doctor brought his big white hand down loudly on this discovery. "Nobody but Vermeer could have done the plaster wall in the sunlight. And the girl's strange gray head-dress must be seventeenth-century Dutch of some province I don't——"

"I am a rich man, for a picture-dealer," said Vieyra, "but only national governments can afford to buy Vermeers nowadays."

"But you picked it up from some corner, some attic, some stable——"

"Yes, I picked it up from a stable," said the collector.

The actress laid her slender, burning fingers on his cool old hand. "Tell us—tell us," she urged. "There is something different here."

"Yes, there is something different," he stirred in his chair and thrust out his lips. "So different that I don't know if you——"

"Try me! try me!" she assured him ardently. "You have educated me well to your standards all these years."

At this he looked at her, startled, frowning, attentive, and ended by shaking off her hand. "No, I will not tell you."

"You shall——" her eyes commanded, adjured him. There was a silence. "I will understand," she said under her breath.

"You will not understand," he said in the same tone; but aloud he began: "I heard of it first from an American picture-dealer over here scraping up a mock-Barbizon collection for a new millionaire. He wanted to get my judgment, he said, on a canvas that had been brought in to him by a cousin of his children's governess. I was to be sure to see it when I went to New York—you knew, did you not, that I had been called to New York to testify in the prosecution of Paullsen for selling a signed copy?"

"Did you really go?" asked the doctor. "I thought you swore that nothing could take you to America."

"I went," said the old man grimly. "Paullsen did me a bad turn once, thirty years ago. And while I was there I went to see the unknown canvas. The dealer half apologized for taking my time—said he did not as a rule pay any attention to freak things brought in from country holes by amateurs, but—I remember his wording—this thing, some ways he looked at it, didn't seem bad somehow."

The collector paused, passed his tongue over his lips, and said briefly: "Then he showed it to me. It was the young girl and kitten in there."

"By Jove!" cried the doctor.

"You have too exciting a profession, my good old dear," said the actress. "Some day you will die of a heart failure."

"Not after living through that!"

"What did you tell him?"

"I asked for the address of the cousin of his children's governess. When I had it I bought a ticket to the place, and when I reached there I found myself at the end of all things—an abomination of desolation. Do you know America, either of you?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I have toured there three times," said the actress.

"Did you ever hear of a place called Pennsylvania?"

Madame Orloff smiled. "It is as large as five Englands."

"It is inhabited by an insufferable sect of fanatics called Quakers, who live in preposterously ugly little wooden houses of the most naked cleanliness, who will not swear, who have no priests and no doctrine, apparently, but the blasphemous one that color, sacred, holy color is an evil thing, and that gray is the only virtue——"

The actress laughed. "There are other people in Pennsylvania," she protested.

Vieyra ignored her. "In a wretched huddle of little houses they call a village I found the cousin, a seller of letter-paper and cheap chromos, who knew nothing of the picture except that it was brought to him to sell by the countryman who sold him butter. I found the address of the butter-maker, and drove endless miles over execrable roads to his house, and encountered his mother, a stolid, middle-aged woman, who looked at me out of the most uncanny quiet eyes—all the fanatics there have the extraordinary eyes—from under a strange, gray head-dress, and asked: 'Is it about the picture? For you don't want to let on to anybody but me. Nobody but the family knows he paints 'em!'"

At this the doctor burst out: "Gracious powers! You don't mean he is a living man!"

"Let him alone!" The actress turned with a lithe petulance on the big Briton.

"And there I had it all," the narrator went on; "the old woman could tell me what I wished to know, she said. He was her uncle, the only brother of her mother, and he had brought up her and her brothers and sisters. She knew—oh, she knew with good reason, all of his life. All, that is, but the beginning. She had heard from older Quakers that he had been wild in his youth (he had always been, she told me gravely,

queer) and she knew that he had travelled far in his young days, very, very far.

"To New York?" I ventured.

"Oh no, beyond that. Across the water."

"To Paris?"

"That she didn't know. It was a foreign country at least, and he had stayed there two, three years, until he was called back by her father's death—his brother-in-law's—to take care of his mother, and his sister and the children. Here her mind went back to my question, and she said she had something perhaps I could tell from, where he had been. She kept it in her Bible. He had given it to her when she was a child as a reward the day she had kept her little brother from falling in the fire. She brought it out. It was a sketch, hasty, vigorous, suggestive, haunting as the original itself, of the Leonardo da Vinci *Ste. Anne*.

"Yes, I told her, now I knew where he had been. And they had called him back from there—*here?*"

"When my father died," she repeated, "my uncle was all my grandmother and my mother had. We were five little children, and the oldest not seven, and we were all very poor."

"How old was your uncle then?" I asked.

"A young man—he was younger than my mother. Perhaps he was twenty-five."

"I looked at the sketch in my hand. Twenty-five, and called back from Paris—*here!*"

"When did he go back?"

"Oh, he never went back." She told me this quite placidly, as she said everything else. "He never went back at all."

"He had stayed there the rest of his life, and worked the little farm that was all his sister had, and made a living for them—not large, the farm being poor and he not a first-class farmer, but still enough. He had always been kind to them—if he was quite queer and absent. She had heard her grandmother say that at first, the first ten years, perhaps, he had had strange, gloomy, savage fits, like a person possessed that you read of in the Bible; but she herself could never remember him as anything but quiet and smiling. He had a very queer smile, unlike any one else, as I would notice for myself when I went to see him about the

picture. You could tell him by that, and by his being very lame.

"That brought me back with a start. I rushed at her with questions. 'How about the picture? Were there others? Were there many? Had he always painted? Had he never shown them to any one? Was he painting now?"

"She could not tell me much. It had been a detail of their common life she had but absently remarked, as though she had lived with a man who collected snail-shells, or studied the post-marks on letters. She had never noticed—that was the answer to most of my questions. No, she did not think there were very many now, though he must have painted 'most a million. He was always at it, every minute he could spare from farming. But they had been so poor he had not felt he could afford many canvases. The paints cost a good deal too. So he painted them over and over, first one thing and then another, as he happened to fancy. He painted in the horse-barn. 'Had a place rigged up,' in her phrase, in one corner of the room where the hay was stored, and had cut a big window in the roof that was apt to let in water on the hay if the rain came from the east.

"What did he paint?" "Oh, anything. He was queer about that. He'd paint *anything!* He did one picture of nothing but the corner of the barn-yard, with a big white sow and some little pigs in the straw, early in the morning, when the dew was on everything. He had thought quite a lot of that, but he had had to paint over it to make the picture of her little sister with the yellow kittie—the one she'd sent down to the village to try to sell, the one——"

"Yes, yes," I told her, "the one I saw. But did he never try to sell any himself? Did he never even show them to any one?"

"She hesitated, tried to remember, and said that once when they were very poor, and there was a big doctor's bill to pay, he *had* sent a picture down to New York. But it was sent back. They had made a good deal of fun of it, the people down there, because it wasn't finished off enough. She thought her uncle's feelings had been hurt by their letter. The express down and back had cost a good deal too, and the only frame he had got broken. Altogether, she guessed that discouraged him. Anyhow, he'd never tried again. He seemed to get

so after a while that he didn't care whether anybody liked them or even saw them or not—he just painted them to amuse himself, she guessed. He seemed to get a good deal of comfort out of it. It made his face very still and smiling to paint. Nobody around there so much as knew he did it, the farm was so far from neighbors.

"'Twas a real lonely place, she told me, and she had been glad to marry and come down in the valley to live closer to folks. Her uncle had given her her wedding outfit. He had done real well by them all, and they were grateful; and now he was getting feeble and had trouble with his heart, they wanted to do something for him. They had thought, perhaps, they could sell some of his pictures for enough to hire a man to help him with the farm work. She had heard that pictures were coming into fashion more than they had been, and she had borrowed that one of her little sister and the kittie, and without her uncle's knowing anything about it, had sent it off. She was about discouraged waiting for somebody down in the city to make up his mind whether he'd buy it or not.

"I asked her a thousand other questions but she could answer none of them. The only detail I could get from her being an account of her uncle's habit of 'staring' for sometimes a half an hour at something, without once looking away. She'd seen him stop that way, when he'd be husking corn maybe, and stare at a place where a sunbeam came in on a pile of corn. It put him back quite considerable in his work, that habit, but they had nothing to complain of. He'd done well by them, when you considered they weren't his own children.

"'Hadh't he ever tried to break away?' I asked her, amazed. 'To leave them? To go back?'

"She told me: 'Oh, no, he was the only support his mother and his sister had, and there were all the little children. He *had* to stay.'"

The actress broke in fiercely: "Oh, stop! stop! it makes me sick to hear about. I could boil them in oil, that family! Quick! You saw him? You brought him away? You——"

"I saw him," said Vieyra, "yes, I saw him."

Madame Orloff leaned toward him, her eyebrows a line of painful attention.

"I drove that afternoon up to a still tinier village in the mountains near where he lived, and there I slept that night—or, at least, I lay in a bed."

"Of course, you could not sleep," broke in the listening woman; "I shall not to-night."

"When dawn came I dressed and went out to wander until people should be awake. I walked far, through fields, and then through a wood as red as red-gold—like nothing I ever saw. It was in October, and the sun was late to rise. When I came out on an uplying heath, the mists were just beginning to roll away from the valley below. As I stood there, leaning against a tree in the edge of the wood, some cows came by, little, pinched, lean cows, and a young dog bounding along, and then, after them, slowly, an old man in gray—very lame."

The actress closed her eyes.

"He did not see me. He whistled to the dog and stroked his head, and then as the cows went through a gate, he turned and faced the rising sun, the light full on his face. He looked at the valley coming into sight through the mists. He was so close to me I could have tossed a stone to him—I shall never know how long he stood there—how long I had that face before me."

The narrator was silent. Madame Orloff opened her eyes and looked at him piercingly.

"I cannot tell you—I cannot!" he answered her. "Who can tell of life and death and a new birth? It was as though I were thinking with my fingernails, or the hair of my head—a part of me I had never before dreamed had feeling. My eyes were dazzled. I could have bowed myself to the earth like Moses before the burning bush. How can I tell you?—How can I tell you?"

"He was—?" breathed the woman.

"Hubert van Eyck might have painted God the Father with those eyes—that mouth—that face of patient power—of selfless, still beatitude.—Once the dog, nestling by his side, whimpered and licked his hand. He looked down, he turned his eyes away from his vision, and looked down at the animal and smiled. Jehovah! What a smile. It seemed to me then that if God loves humanity, he can have no kinder smile for us. And then he looked back

across the valley—at the sky, at the mountains, at the smoke rising from the houses below us—he looked at the world—at some vision, some knowledge—what he saw—what he saw—!

"I did not know when he went. I was alone in that crimson wood.

"I went back to the village. I went back to the city. I would not speak to him till I had some honor worthy to offer him. I tried to think what would mean most to him. I remembered the drawing of the Ste. Anne. I remembered his years in Paris, and I knew what would seem most honor to him. I cabled Drouot of the Luxembourg Gallery. I waited in New York till he came. I showed him the picture. I told him the story. He was on fire!

"We were to go back to the mountains together, to tell him that his picture would hang in the Luxembourg, and then in the Louvre—that in all probability he would be decorated by the French government, that other pictures of his would live for all time in Paris, in London, in Brussels—a letter came from the woman, his niece. He was dead."

The actress fell back in her chair, her hands over her face.

The surgeon stirred wrathfully. "Heavens and earth, Vieyra, what a beastly, ghastly, brutally tragic horror are you telling us, anyhow!"

The old Jew moistened his lips and was silent. After a moment he said: "I should not have told you. I knew you could not understand."

Madame Orloff looked up sharply. "Do you mean—is it possible that *you* mean that if we had seen him—had seen that look—we would—that he had had all that an artist——"

The picture-dealer addressed himself to her, turning his back on the doctor. "I went back to the funeral, to the mountains. The niece told me that before he died he smiled suddenly on them all and said: 'I have had a happy life.' I had taken a palm to lay on his coffin, and after I had looked long at his dead face, I put aside the palm. I felt that if he had lived I could never have spoken to him—could never have told him."

The old Jew looked down at the decorations on his breast, and around at the picture-covered walls. He made a sweeping gesture.

"What had I to offer him?" he said.

GERMAN GOOD-WILL TOWARD TRUSTS

By Elmer Roberts

BARON VON RHEINBACH, lately Prussian minister of finance, announcing to parliament the reorganization of the coal syndicate, said: "To my great delight,

I am able to tell you, for the tranquillizing of our whole industry, that the coal syndicate has been renewed." The Right, the Centre and the Left applauded, the Socialists forming the extreme left were passive. That episode has in it much of the political quality of the present position of co-operative capital in Germany, the good-will of the government, the approval or indifference of the parties. The calm of the German working under an intense centralization of financial power appears strange to the American

acquainted with the agitations and fervors of politics at home. An outline of the economic unification of Germany and the course of political thinking that sees therein few dangers to the imperial commonwealth may have for us a peculiar interest.

The Austro-Hungarian Consulate-General in Berlin reporting to the Foreign Office in January, 1907, on the industrial situation in Germany at the close of the preceding year, affirmed that "economic Germany is under the absolute rule of half a hundred men." The report develops this observation, and avers that this group decides the amount of production, the prices within the country, prices abroad, the terms of credit, the rates of interest, wages and the stipulations upon which capital is ad-

vanced for extensions of enterprise and the founding of new companies. These are strong assertions, but I believe that most persons doing business in Germany or with Germans are convinced that the conclusions of the Austrian Consulate-General are broadly correct. The weight of high finance in industrial combinations, and the pressure of these combinations upon the distributing agencies are recognized by every interest. Non-conformity is exceptional and rarely profitable.

Seven Berlin banks form the core of the system. They have shares usually amounting to a paramount interest in about forty of the large provincial banks, and these in turn are part owners in the smaller institutions of their provinces, so that agreements among the large banks in Berlin have the effect of decrees upon the twigs, as it were, of the financial tree, and upon the detached undergrowth. The Deutsche Bank, the most influential of the Berlin group, has a capital, a surplus and deposits amounting to *M.* 800,000,000, which, with the resources of its provincial tributaries and those banks organized for the Asiatic, African and Latin American trade rises to about *M.* 1,750,000,000. The resources of the Berlin group and their dependencies exceed *M.* 8,000,000,000, or about \$2,000,000,000. These details appear necessary to an understanding of the economic unification of Germany, for it is through the fibres of the banking net-work that centralization is accomplished.

German, unlike American, banks have direct participation in industrial enterprise. The bank that gives extensive credit to a manufacturing company has shares in the company and a representative on the board. Thus the bank has a relation to production that simplifies the organization of syndicates and maintains them, because the banks are able to act with solidarity upon and with the promoters of industry. Writers and public men in Germany like to repeat that "trusts" do not exist in their country. Certain enormous businesses, such as the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft or the Krupp gun and armor works, in their monopolistic character, are quietly disregarded. Production and distribution, however, are controlled by syndicates so organized that the policy of the participating business is made over to the executive of

the syndicate, thus having an essential characteristic of trusts. The percentage of production is allotted by the directing committee, the selling is done by the syndicate alone, and the syndicate board is, in most syndicates, supplied by each member in advance with signed checks to be filled in with penalties for non-observance of the contract obligations. The syndicate, organized as an independent company with which the members make contracts, may be compared to the American holding company, and in this form it has a status before the law and a long record of legal existence dating back to the middle of the last century. The means for binding members indissolubly to the central organization have been perfected to a degree unknown in the United States or in England. The breakdown of the old pooling system in the United States was chiefly due to the laxness of the contracts, and their constant violation by less scrupulous members. The trust in America replaced the pool. In Germany any disregard of the syndicate contract is almost certain to be discovered and penalized. The continued disregard of syndicate contract obligations would probably bring about the financial ruin of the delinquent.

The experience of coal proprietors has been an enduring argument of syndicate makers. The average wholesale price of bituminous coal in 1893, when the Rhenish-Westphalian coal syndicate was formed, was \$1.68 (seven marks) a ton on the Essen exchange. The following year the price was raised twelve cents, and it remained at \$1.80 for two years. In 1896 the average was \$1.99; in 1897, \$2.06½; in 1899, \$2.18½; in 1900-1902, \$2.42½. The price was then lowered on account of the industrial crisis in Germany, and coal sold at \$2.16 and \$2.23 during four years. In 1906 the average selling price of the syndicate was advanced to \$2.40; in 1907, to \$2.64, in 1909 to \$2.76. The shares of important coal companies that are members of the syndicate have risen since 1903 from 90 to 1000 per cent. Gelsenkirchen, for instance, has risen from 127 to 218, Consolidation from 140 to 422, Nordstern from 40 to 400, at which price it was taken over by the Phoenix in 1897. The shares (Cuxen) of the Graf Bismarck mine have increased from 12,000 marks in 1893 to 78,000 marks each,

Ewald from 7,000 to 54,000, König Ludwig from 3,200 to 32,000.

The imperial ministry of the interior classifies the following industries as controlled by syndicates: coal, iron, other metal industries beside iron, chemicals, textiles, leather, and rubber wares, timber, paper, glass, tiles, bricks, pottery, foods and drinks and electric appliances. Not all the works in a single line belong necessarily to a single national syndicate. Often there are territorial syndicates which have agreements among themselves. The whole number of syndicates, as recorded by the ministry of the interior, is 385.

This economic unification founded upon syndicates and alliances among the banking powers is not a completed structure, change and growth have been continuous in the direction of co-ordination, coercive only by the logic of dividends. As will presently be indicated, the imperial government has now taken an extraordinary step in the direction of compelling private companies to form a syndicate. The imperial government had occasion eight years ago, after a discussion in the federal council, to make a public declaration of neutrality toward combinations restraining competition. Count von Posadowsky-Wehner, imperial vice-chancellor and minister of the interior, said in the Reichstag on November 14, 1902:

"The syndicate question has for a long time had such an important place in the economic life that the imperial administration has considered it a duty to observe the movement carefully. For the present, the imperial government takes a position neither for nor against syndicates."

Count Posadowsky, speaking on the same subject in parliament a few days later, said:

"Complaints about syndicates have become audible since the high tide of our production has been reached. On one hand it is affirmed that prices within the country are too high to enable home industries to compete with foreign industry in the world's markets, and on the other side that the syndicates often export at too low prices raw materials and half-finished goods, to the disadvantage of fully manufactured goods. The government has nothing to say at this time upon these complaints. The impression is that the syndicates have been often

deceived in their judgment of the market situation, because they are not in close enough touch with their customers. The fact is that the effects of the syndicates extend far beyond the direct buyers from syndicates to the extreme borders of our economic life."

Public opinion in 1902 and 1903 was more concerned over the powerful development of industrial combinations than now, and the influence of the agitation in America was felt in Germany. Parliament requested the government to inquire into the question. Count Posadowsky, as minister of the interior, directed the inquiry and laid the results before parliament in four volumes, which report fully and simply an immense number of facts about the syndicates, their organization, the movement of prices, their relation to their members, and their activities in the foreign market. The spirit throughout the report is one of detachment. The government acts as though it were a disinterested agent.

Herr Moeller, Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian legislature while the government inquiry was in progress: "The problems connected with syndicates are difficult to solve, but to overthrow syndicates would destroy the ability of our country to compete abroad."

The state and the imperial governments, through owning immense producing properties, have become members of syndicates, or work with them. The freight rates made by the associated state and private railway companies of Germany, under the supervision of the imperial federal council, make a distinction between the small and the large shipper, thus favoring the syndicate holding companies. The Prussian administration of mines, while not a member of the coal syndicate, has a common policy, although it is not friendly to the syndicate in some ways. The Prussian state digs 25 per cent of the Upper Silesian coal output, and more than one-half of that from the Saarbruecken fields, but in the centre of the coal-mining industry, Westphalia, Prussia has no independent ownership. Herr Delbrueck, now imperial minister of the interior, then Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian legislature, November 26, 1907:

"I am asked whether we can prevent the coal syndicate from fixing prices arbitrarily.

I pass over the question as to how far the syndicate has gone beyond reasonable limits in fixing coal prices. The test as to whether prices have been fixed according to economically right principles will be applied in the event of a further decline in industry. We are not in a position now to exert influence on the syndicate's prices, and such influence would only be possible under general syndicate legislation, regarding which the necessary investigations have not yet been completed."

Herr Moeller, who preceded Herr Delbrueck as Prussian minister of commerce, said in the Prussian house of lords in June, 1905, in advocating a measure to ameliorate the conditions of labor in the mines:

"The reform is a consequence of the concentration of capital in the mining industry. I have often admitted the necessity of such concentration, and opposed anti-syndicate laws, but the government must show the syndicates that they cannot, in the public interest, go beyond certain limits; and such a transgression by the coal syndicate has occurred. The syndicate has taken a too masterful position toward the justifiable demands of the working people." The bill was adopted.

Professor Gustav Schmoller, one of the foremost orthodox political economists, would give the state the authority to appoint one-fourth of the directors of the larger syndicates in the public interest. He has also suggested that one-half the profits beyond a certain amount, for instance, 10 per cent, should go to the state.

The imperial government has compelled potash mine-owners to avoid merciless competition among themselves by forming a syndicate. The governments of Anhalt, Prussia, and the imperial province of Alsace-Lorraine had for many years been members of the potash syndicate. It was formed in 1879 under the lead of the Prussian government, with the government's two mines and two private concerns. With the opening of fresh mines and the increased market for the product the syndicate was from time to time enlarged. The Prussian fiscus, the board having control of the state properties, was always active in the formation of the syndicate, and a Prussian official was chairman. The syndicate agreements expired June 30, 1909, and could not be renewed because one powerful

member believed that more money could be made by running his mines to their fullest capacity, extending them and underselling the syndicate in the American market, the largest buyer. Long-term contracts were made by the insurgent within a few hours after midnight, June 30. When it became evident that agreement was impossible, the Prussian cabinet recommended to the imperial government a measure establishing a compulsory syndicate. The bill was accepted by the federal council, and submitted to parliament, but was withdrawn because of a protest by the American government on the ground that American contracts were unjustly affected. The bill was changed in terms, but not in effect, and adopted by parliament. The act, running for twenty years, allots to each of sixty-five mines the percentage it may mine, prices are subject to the federal council, should wages be reduced the mine's percentage of output is correspondingly reduced, and minute regulations protect the workman in hours of health and extra compensation. The statute is so drawn that mine proprietors, for their own convenience in complying with the requirements of the law, have been obliged to reconstitute the syndicate.

The acceptance by parliament of the principle that the state has the right of compulsory regulation of private production may have a profound effect upon the future in Germany. In the potash production it has enabled the government to exercise the vital powers that it would have over properties owned by the government without buying them. Parliament would almost certainly have refused to grant the 200,000,000 marks, or more, which would have been required to buy the mines. The mine-owners, owing to the dissolution of their syndicate and the impossibility of agreeing among themselves, for the most part welcomed interposition by the government. Speakers pointed out that if the government could erect a state monopoly in potash while the properties affected remained in private ownership, the same thing could be done in coal or iron or any other product. The only limitations would be those of expediency. This assertion the government did not dispute. Ministers stood frankly upon the position that the monopoly designed was in the interest of

the nation, that it would conserve a national treasure, that it would enable German agriculture to obtain fertilizers at a moderate price, and that it would enable the producers to make a large profit out of the foreign buyers. The government did not controvert, indeed it accepted the idea that other natural products might also be controlled by statutory syndicates.

The creation of government syndicates is a middle course between private combinations of capital and government ownership. The government, it is reasoned, will be able to have all the advantages of state ownership without investment, and without taking the management of individual properties out of the experienced hands of their owners. Should the potash syndicate work according to the expectations of its contrivers, Germany will probably have a succession of such state monopolies. An immense perspective of change is opened.

Although ministers have not at all times said the same thing regarding the centralization of industrial capital, the attitude of the government of the empire and those of the states has been friendly. The indications are rather toward the government-made syndicate than toward legislative checks on the syndicates as now existing. The considerations underlying this position toward these combinations appear to be:

First, the prevailing official or orthodox political economy, such as Wagner and Schmoller teach, that production on a great scale must inevitably replace individual company production just as factory production took the place of cottage industry. Therefore the most efficient and economical unit of production in an industry is likely, in some form, to be coterminous with the nation.

Second, the syndicate, after supplying the internal market, is able, with a relatively small additional cost, to turn out a surplus for the foreign market. The conviction is strong in Germany that the syndicates have been important, sometimes deciding, factors in the export trade.

Third, the syndicates have given life to smaller enterprises that might otherwise have been extinguished by competition without quarter or compromise. The syndicates have systematized and steadied production and distribution, so that alongside the syndicate works grew the independent

works until strong enough to be worthy of attention; when they were, they were taken into the circle. The potash syndicate grew from the four mines existing in 1879 to the sixty-five forming the present statutory syndicate. The law provides for the admission of seven other mines that were being opened at the time the act was passed.

Fourth, no strong party seeks to restrain the power and growth of syndicates. The imperial and state governments have been mentioned as apart from political parties, because the ministers of these governments are responsible, under the German system, to the crown alone, and not to parliaments or diets. In theory, and also largely in practice, the imperial and Prussian governments are above and independent of parties, yet sensitive to public and party opinion.

One would suppose that the Social Democratic party, with 3,500,000 votes in the country, would be resolutely and implacably opposed to the principle of trust organization. Quite otherwise! The Socialist position toward "trusts, syndicates and rings" is defined in a resolution adopted at the national convention of the party for 1904 in Frankfort, in which it is affirmed that these combinations in all civilized countries, and especially in Germany, are the natural result of capitalistic production, and that they "hasten with increasing rapidity to their culmination." The purpose of associations of producers is declared to be the regulation of production and the fixing of prices so that the profits may be the highest attainable. "The competing middle and small producers are quickly eliminated as a necessary consequence of these capitalistic organizations," says the resolution. "The working classes have no occasion to disturb the revolutionary process of the syndicate system through reactionary legislative attempts, because every progressive step in the centralization of capital whereby the interests of the masses are separated from the interests of property teaches impressively and visibly the irresistible superiority of nationality, and internationally organized and centrally directed production over the scattered production of free competition. This development, is, therefore, a step toward the realization of socialism."

The resolution avers, however, that the syndicate is a scourge that the capitalists use upon the workmen to depress wages,

great difficulty, as I have been assured by many of the artists. What that difficulty was at once vividly and humorously pointed out by the late Lord Leighton. When he offered to do a panel for Sir Lawrence, the latter sent him the dimensions of the space selected for him to fill. The next evening they met at dinner at a friend's house and were placed immediately opposite each other. Naturally, the subject of the impending picture came up. Lord Leighton took up a dessert knife and holding it up, said to Sir Lawrence, "My dear Tadema, what kind of a subject do you expect me to paint on this?" Sir Lawrence laughingly replied that Lord Leighton would have to find out for himself. It was not long before he did find out. Later on, he painted the figure which is undoubtedly one of the best-known of all his canvases, under the title of "The Bath of Psyche." It must not, however, be supposed that Sir Lawrence's picture is really "The Bath of Psyche." This he painted later with the permission of Sir Lawrence, and while modelling the figure he removed the reflection in the water and added the columns which are not in the panel.

After Lord Leighton's lamented death, he was succeeded in the presidency of the Royal Academy by Sir Edward Poynter, whose panel is one of the latest additions to the number. This subject, as will be seen, represents the terrace of a palace overlooking the harbor of some beautiful Italian city, washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It is night time and the whole scene is suffused with moonlight, against which the flame of the torch in the foreground and the beacon in the lighthouse on the pier at the entrance to the harbor strike a contrasting note, and give the opportunity for introducing an effect in the color-scheme which is peculiarly alluring to certain artists. The stillness of the night is suggested by a fact which the casual onlooker might, at first sight, be disposed to regard as a defect, that the open sea is as smooth as the harbor. This stillness is further emphasized by the steady flame of the beacon and the smoke rising straight up from it. Note with what skill the marble mosaic pavement and the shadow of the tree on it are painted.

Only four of the panels have on them anything in the way of an inscription other

than the artist's name or his initials. They are those of Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.; the late Mr. Stacy-Marks, R.A., the humorist in chief among the artists of his generation; Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., who is universally regarded as the greatest painter of flowers in England, an opinion which Sir Lawrence cordially endorses; and one of Mr. Van Haanen's, which is mentioned later.

Mr. Sargent's picture has on it the words, "To my friend Alma-Tadema." It represents a Japanese dancer, one of a troupe which created a considerable sensation at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The girls used to paint their faces and those portions of their bodies which the artist has represented bare, of a bright yellow color. This Mr. Sargent has reproduced exactly and the effect is at once striking and bizarre, although mere black and white can give but a poor idea of the effect of a picture impregnated with the qualities which have given the artist so exalted a position among the painters of his generation.

Mr. Alfred Parsons's panels differ in one respect from the rest, for one of them, that of the wild roses growing by the side of a river bank, was painted specially for Lady Alma-Tadema and bears the inscription in the left-hand corner, "To my friend Mrs. Alma-Tadema," while the other with apple blossoms is inscribed toward the right-hand bottom corner, "To my friend Alma-Tadema." They were painted rather more than twenty years ago when Mr. Parsons was at Stratford-on-Avon, so that Lady Alma-Tadema's picture is no doubt a bit of the landscape past which the river flows near Shakespeare's town. At that time, as the inscription on Lady Alma-Tadema's panel denotes, Sir Lawrence had not been knighted, for he did not receive that honor until 1899. It is amusing to recall the fact that shortly after Queen Victoria had conferred this honor on him, a lady, congratulating him, said with charming naïveté, "I suppose, Sir Lawrence, now that you have been made a knight you will leave off painting and live like a gentleman?" Her supposition proved incorrect, so far as Sir Lawrence's leaving off painting goes, for he paints as industriously as ever he did "in spite of Anno Domini," for, although he was seventy-five in January last, his hand has lost no jot of its exquisite



The Hall of Panels.

skill and his eye is as keen to seize on a subtle cadence of light—if the phrase may be allowed—and to reproduce it as it was in the days when the tale of years reversed the present figures.

Mr. Stacy-Marks's pictures are two in one—"At the Anchor Inn"—for each is a complement of the other. Each is distinguished by the humor which was so characteristic of the painter. At the bottom step of the inn is the inscription, "L. A. T. from his friend H. S. M.," with the date 1887 underneath. The sailor who has just taken his pipe out of his mouth is supposed to be saying "Good morning" to the maid of the Anchor Inn, and it was Mr. Marks's idea that he should always be taken as conveying his own morning greeting to Sir Lawrence when the latter glanced at the canvas as he passed on his way through the hall.

The only other really humorous panel is—like the preceding—the work of hands which will nevermore know the touch of brush or mahlstick, "A Bit of Old Hampstead," by the late Charles Green, R.I. The picture represents a barber standing at the door of his shop, at which is the old

barber's pole, while his wife is watering the flowers out of the window of the floor above. Mr. Green used to declare that he never passed that shop without seeing the barber at the door waiting for customers and the woman at the window watering the flowers. Perhaps the reason for the slackness of trade is to be found in the background of the picture, for it will be noticed that the artist has himself painted the hour, twelve minutes to twelve, when few people are at leisure to patronize the art the barber practises.

Before he went to his present house, Sir Lawrence lived for many years at Townsend House, Regent's Park, which was partly destroyed by the explosion of a gunpowder barge on the Regent's Canal on the 2d of October, 1874. This house was the scene of many artistic reunions and there are three interesting souvenirs of it among the panels—"The Drawing-Room" and "The Studio," by Mrs. R. Williams, and "The Panel-Room," by Miss Hipkins.

In the drawing-room, no one can help noticing the vivid contrast between the black boards of the floor and the white

lines between them. This effect owes its origin to the design of Sir Lawrence himself. He had the floors stained a deep black and the division between each of the boards was grooved out and filled with holly which is white. The

table seen to the right of the easel is the tray for his paints, and on it is generally an ash-tray, for he smokes a good deal. The books, however, which are seen in the background—most of them being valuable volumes relating to archæology



Flags

By Miss A. Alma-Tadema.



Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the Hall of Panels.

effect was very striking and it started a vogue which was widely copied at the time, although it has now gone out of fashion.

The picture of the studio shows the typical work-room of Sir Lawrence. So far as the easel and the wicker work-seat go, they

—no longer have a space in the studio proper, but are housed in an annex in an adjoining apartment. Naturally, every one will be curious to know what is the picture which is shown on the easel. It is called "An Old Story" and is painted in water-colors.

It was bought by Messrs. Agnew, but I have been unable to trace its present owner.



A Landscape.

By Mrs. R. Williams.

might be those he still uses, for he generally sits at his work, while on the little



Flowers.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.



Italian Landscape.

By M. R. Corbett, R.A.



A Landscape.

By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.



Apple Blossoms.

By Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.

Mrs. Williams's third panel represents a landscape in Switzerland.

"The Panel-Room" by Miss Hipkins is interesting for the reason that it shows the sixteenth-century Antwerp window which is a part of the room in that style that now forms the annex to what was Lady Alma-Tadema's studio. The china ornaments seen at the top of the picture are fine specimens of blue and white and also take part in that room's present decoration, but much of it was destroyed in the explosion to which reference has been made.

In appropriate connection with the house in which they live comes the consideration of the panel painted by Miss Alma-Tadema as a birthday present to her father. It is, as has been said, the narrowest of all, and its subject is a reminiscence of the late Queen Victoria's first jubilee in 1887. It is called "Flags" and represents the ex-

terior of a building from the windows of which are hung the flags of various nations which float in the breeze. It irresistibly recalls Robert Browning's famous line, "The church-spires flamed, such flags they had." In order to give the picture that intimate touch which transforms it from an artistic design, pure and simple, to one having a close personal identity with the recipient, Miss Alma-Tadema made the lowest flag that of Holland, in which country, no one will need reminding, Sir Lawrence was born, while emblazoned on it is a laurel wreath encircling the initials L. A. T.

In opposition to Miss Alma-Tadema's as the smallest, that of Mr. Marcus Stone is the largest in the collection. Although far removed from being a really large picture, it nevertheless took Mr. Stone longer to paint than any other canvas of that size to which he has ever put his hand. The suggestion



A Christian Martyr.

By Herbert Schmalz.



At the Anchor Inn.

By H. Stacy-Marks, R.A.



A Fight Between Two Centaurs.

By J. Archer, R.S.A.



The Sleepwalker.

By G. Pope.



that he should paint it is also regarded by Mr. Stone as one of the greatest compliments of his life, and for this reason he made it represent as much of himself as he could. As he once said to me, speaking of

this picture, "The things I like most are a fine day, a lovely garden, good company, and a cat." All these are readily to be seen in the picture which has often been described as "a Marcus Stone at his best."



Befano Fuoci.

By H. O. Olivier.



A Landscape.

By David Murray, R.A.



Valley of Sweet Waters.

By Sir Alfred East, A.R.A.,
P.R.A.



A Scene in Drenthe.

By Mme. Mesdag van
Houten.



Lions.

By Briton Rivière, R.A.

Among the landscapes pure and simple it will be noticed that some of the greatest modern masters of that form of art have contributed characteristic pictures, for they include the names of Mr. John McWhirter,

R.A., Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. David Murray, R.A., Sir E. Waterlow, R.A., Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. M. R. Corbett, R.A., in addition to Mr. H. A. Olivier and Madame Mesdag van Houten,

while among the seascapes are contributions by Mr. H. Moore, A.R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

So great was the furore created by Mr. McWhirter with his picture of three silver birches which is called "The Three Graces," that in spite of the many fine canvases he has painted, his name is probably identified in the public mind with these trees to which he has given much the same intimate study as a man bestows on the face of a woman he loves. For Sir Lawrence, therefore, he painted silver birches in his best and most characteristic fashion. Knowing as I do of the conditions under which the "Three Graces" were painted, I may here hazard a guess that the specimens in the panel are "portraits" of real trees, using the term in exactly the same manner as a portrait-painter would apply it to his sitter.

Mr. Davis's landscape, representing sheep grazing in a field, was painted in the grounds of the house in which he was living at the time in France, but its execution developed no incident. Lacking also in incident of a literary character are the landscapes of Mr. David Murray, R.A., and Sir E. Waterlow, R.A. The former represents a bit of countryside under a mellow evening light, while the latter is a scene in Ireland. Sir Alfred East's love of Japanese art, coupled with the fact that he has spent a good deal of time in that country and has painted

many of its scenes, is, in part, responsible for his selection of a Japanese subject in his "Valley of Sweet Waters" and his determination was finally brought about by the consideration that Sir Lawrence

himself takes a great interest in Japanese art and is a member of the Japanese Society. It will be noticed that the picture introduces a feature which is rarely absent from any native Japanese landscape, the snow-capped truncated cone of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. Sir Alfred's picture is made additionally interesting by the reason that it was painted on the same spot as that on which Hokusai, the chief of the realistic school of Japanese artists, painted one of the thirty-six views he did of the famous mountain.

Looking toward the mountain, Sir Alfred saw the exquisite "Valley of Sweet Waters," as the natives call the village of Suzukawa, built on the edge of the lake in which Fujiyama's everlasting snows are reflected. While engaged in making his sketch one of those earthquakes, for which Japan is celebrated, occurred. As Sir Alfred described it to

me, the earth seemed as if it were moving in undulating folds and the artist raised his eyes from his work to watch the phenomenon, for it was his first experience of a Japanese earthquake. As the earthquake passed, the servant who was attending Sir Alfred said to him, "Honored sir,



Joan of Arc.
By Blake Wirgman.



A Japanese Girl.
By John S. Sargent, R.A.



An Indian Girl.
By the late Val Prinsep, R.A.



A Seascape.
By H. Moore, A.R.A.



The Bathers.
By J. R. Weguelin.



A Seascape.
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.



Ready for a Ride.
By the late G. H. Boughton, R.A.

it will be fine to-morrow, for whenever there is an earthquake in the morning, the next day is always fine."

From Japan we journey to Italy where the late Mr. M. R. Corbett painted his landscape. The mountain in the background is part of the Carrara range celebrated for its white marble, the painting of which has

always been so great a delight to Sir Lawrence. The general tone of the picture is golden and the blue kingfisher which can be seen to the right-hand side and rather below the middle of the design stands out like a beautiful turquoise set in it.

Italian, too, is Mr. Herbert A. Olivier's picture to which he fixed the name "Be-

fano Fuoci." It recalls an old Italian custom, of lighting fires on the eve of the Epiphany. According to one belief this is to remind people of the star in the east which was the traveller's joy, while others aver that the fires are simply to frighten away evil spirits. Mr. Olivier was induced to choose this subject for a double reason—not only that it was beautiful in itself, but because he saw in it the allegory that the mind of the artist gathers all the light it can obtain from everything about him. The scene of the landscape was on the hills of Asolo, the little town of which Robert Browning was so fond. All along the road, up the hill, the tendrils of the plants are bright with the wild clematis also called "traveller's joy," the seeds of which always seem to gather into themselves all the "light of heaven that they can."

Entirely different in character is "A Scene in Drenthe," by Madame Mesdag van Houten. It is in one of the northern provinces in Holland, where the artist spent some time painting from nature. This panel has the distinction of being one of the first ever given to Sir Lawrence, for it was painted for Townsend House, where it was hung with the pictures of Mr. John O'Connor, the first of Mr. Van Haanen's contributions, and Mr. Pope's canvas.

Mr. O'Connor's picture is "A View in Vicenza," northern Italy, and is interesting

from the fact that he was at one time a scene-painter, a form of art with which Sir Lawrence is himself in great sympathy. Proof of this was furnished when the scene-

painters of London formed themselves into a society and he took the chair at their first dinner.

Mr. Van Haanen's first picture is a view from the window of his studio in Venice representing the Rio Terra Ognisanti, and must have a peculiar interest for Sir Lawrence, for it was made in the way in which he once recommended the sea-painter H. W. Mesdag, a pupil of his, to work. After studying with Sir Lawrence for some time, Mesdag said to him that he wished to devote himself to landscapes. "Very well," said Sir Lawrence, "begin by painting the street as you see it from your window in fine weather, in dull weather, in wet weather and in snow, when it has been snowing, and when the snow has turned into slush." Mesdag took the advice. In his billiard-room Sir Lawrence has hung one of these pictures—the dull-weather one—and it is amazing how fine an effect is obtained

by the faithful reproducing of what would seem so unlikely a subject.

The second of Mr. Van Haanen's contributions represents two typical Venetian girls, as opposed to the made-up Italian flower-girl type. When the picture is in its place, so life-like is the composition that it gives the spectator the curious impression



A View in Vicenza.
By John O'Connor.



View in Venice.
By C. Van Haanen.



A Bit of Old Hampstead.

By Charles Green, R.I.

A Scene in Ireland.

By Sir E. Waterlow, R.A.

The Bath of Psyche.

By Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

Silver Birches.

By John McWhirter, R.A.

Temple at Philæ.

By Hon. John Collier.

that, instead of looking at a work of art in a frame, he is really looking through a window and seeing the two girls pass by.

Mr. Van Haanen's third panel belongs to those with an inscription, for on it are the words "Anch' io son pittore," which are attributed to Correggio. It represents a house-painter in Venice exercising his vocation. Suspended above the canal, in which there is a pole to which gondolas can make fast, he is painting the walls of the building a bright red by means of a brush attached to a long stick. It will be noticed how, by introducing the window above and the water below, the artist has suggested the height at which the man is working.

A former pupil of Sir Lawrence's whose work is represented among the panels, is the Hon. John Collier, an artist of considerable executive skill who has committed that greatest of all sins in the eyes of a certain number of his confrères of painting pictures that always stimulate the curiosity and excite the interest of even the ordinary individual who may know nothing about art, as the artist understands the term, but is deeply interested in the problem of the picture, or the story it tells. While Mr. Collier now invariably paints portraits on the one hand and subject-pictures of modern life on the other, he has often gone backward through the centuries and

painted mediæval and romantic subjects. His "Temple at Philæ," which represents his contribution to the Hall of Panels, is an eminently characteristic piece of work and subtly conveys an idea of the size and massiveness of the great temple in spite of the small space to which his panel is restricted.

When Mr. Collier determined to go in for an artistic career his father, the first Lord Monkswell, got Sir Lawrence to agree to take him as a pupil. It was in order to instruct Mr. Collier in the painting of flesh that Sir Lawrence painted his life-size nude figure, "The Sculptor's Model." Mr. Collier, who was present from the time the picture was begun until it was finished, was introduced into the canvas, for Sir Lawrence painted his portrait as the sculptor.

The two seascapes are very fine examples. That of Mr. Moore represents a moonlight effect, while that of Mr. Colin Hunter is a twilight one. Both are done with that mastery of execution for which the artists are renowned.

Although not a seascape, Mr. Charles Wyllie's "Cherry Garden Stairs" may not inaptly follow, for it is a river scene and represents a reach of the Thames near Rotherhithe. The building on the right-hand side of the picture is a public-house, which contains the captain's room described by the

late Sir Walter Besant in his novel of that name. The stairs by it, leading from the river to the land, are "Cherry Garden Stairs," but the cherry gardens have, it need hardly be said, long ago vanished from the scene, though the life depicted, the boys bathing in the water, may be wit-

nessed any Saturday afternoon in the summer. Unlike most of the other pictures, this is very full of detail and will repay careful study with a magnifying glass.

Mr. Pope's picture is entitled "The Sleepwalker." The first fact which will strike the observer is that he has represented her not in a room, but outside, as if she were the heroine of the opera "La Sonnambula," while the second is that, unlike Shakespeare's method of representing *Lady Macbeth*, whose eyes are open, hers are closed.

No one, indeed, could by any possibility make the mistake of thinking that the artist had *Lady Macbeth* in his mind. If he did, the modern candlestick in the left hand of the figure would quickly contradict any such thought.

Just as Mr. McWhirter is famous as the painter of birch trees, so Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., is one of the greatest English painters of lions. In his case, as in that of Mr. McWhirter, the suggestion of specialism is equally ill founded, for, in the first



The Cruel Winter.
By E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S.



In The Garden.
By Marcus Stone, R.A.



Polar Bears.
By the late John M.
Swan, R.A.

The Studio.
By Mrs. R. Williams.

The Drawing-Room.
By Mrs. R. Williams.

The Panel Room.
By Miss Hipkins.

Andromeda.
By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

place, he has painted many other animals besides lions, and, in the second, he has often introduced the human figure into his pictures. In "Lions" it will be noticed he has adopted a difficult composition, for he represents the great beasts advancing toward the spectator, as they prowl through the desert at night, with the moonlight throwing their shadows before them.

No one could have any difficulty in recognizing the subject of the beautiful picture of Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., even if it were not known by its many reproductions. It is "Andromeda," and represents the maiden just after she had been chained to the rock to await the coming of the monster which was to devour her. In this panel, however, it will be seen that there is no suggestion of the terrible fate

she expected, or of her miraculous rescue from it by Perseus, a later embodiment of one of the legends of Apollo, as St. George was a still later variant of the same story.

Implied compliments to Sir Lawrence have, as has been seen, been the determining factor in the selection of certain subjects. This was the case, too, with regard to "A Fight Between Two Centaurs," by Mr. J. Archer, R.S.A., for he wished to associate his design with Sir Lawrence's great knowledge of archæology, of the past and his skill in reproducing it. The fact which decided him to select centaurs for the purpose was that he had, some time before, painted a picture in which centaurs appeared, and Sir Lawrence had expressed a great admiration for it. A glance will reveal the waterfall in front of which the two



An Italian Night.
By Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.



Venetian Girls.
By C. Van Haanen.



A House Painter at Work.
By C. Van Haanen.



Cherry Garden Stairs.
By Charles Wyllie.

centaurs are fighting on a ledge of rock. Mr. Archer's reason for introducing this, instead of mere rocks, was that in the course of his reading he came upon an allusion to them as the sons of Zeus and Nephele (the cloud) as the symbols of the torrent which, in its everlasting course, hurls onward great stones and branches of trees the weapons the centaurs used in their combats.

Another classical picture is "A Christian Martyr," by Mr. Herbert Schmalz, which every one who has seen the artist's famous "Christiani ad Leones," or "The Martyrs," will recognize as one of the chief figures in that composition. It was, indeed, Sir Lawrence's own idea that this figure should form the subject of the panel, conveying as it does so much of the spirit of the large

picture which has been exhibited in most of the countries of the world with the greatest success. The picture was a veritable inspiration. Mr. Schmalz had no intention of painting it, or anything like it, when, one day, a young girl of fifteen who was sitting to him was resting after a pose. When she was about to resume her original position she took up an attitude which greatly impressed the artist. "Hold that position," he said, and as she stood he took up a canvas and made a rapid sketch of her. From that simple sketch grew the idea of the "Martyrs."

Classical too, in spirit, though entirely modern in reality, is "The Bathers," about which Mr. J. R. Weguelin once said to me, "It may represent an incident occurring in

any serene and lonely spot where the sea is blue and smooth, say the Greek islands, in an age when manners were simple." How far "is" transcends "may be" is illustrated by the fact that the picture was painted in the little village of Winchelsea in Sussex, where Miss Ellen Terry had a country house for many years. In that quaint old town Mr. Weguelin had his studio; and a fault in its construction caused the sun to penetrate into it, and so gave him an opportunity of painting the figures in actual sunlight with the happy result which can be judged from the reproduction.

In the romantic genre, is Mr. Wirgman's "Joan of Arc," in full armor, with the white banner powdered with fleurs-de-lys in one mailed hand, while in the other is the cross-hilted sword. In the background an angel carries, in its uplifted hands, the circlet of immortality with which to crown the maid, who is realistically represented by the artist as a typical French peasant, though he has preserved the rapt look of the mystic in her eyes.

Bridging the past with the present, a symbol of the everlasting East where custom never changes, is the "Indian Girl," by the late Mr. Val Prinsep. It shows her going down the sacred steps to the Ganges in order to fill with water the two pitchers she carries in her hands. Mr. Prinsep made his study for this figure on the spot at the time when he went to India to paint the great picture of the "Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India," in the year 1877.

Quite modern is "The Cruel Winter," by Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S. It is made additionally interesting by the fact that a water-color drawing of this subject was exhibited by him at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors and caused his election as a full member. The subject is not entirely imaginary, for it was suggested to him one very severe winter when a larger number of birds than usual was killed by the cold.

In "Peace," Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A., represents a Royalist gentleman whose son is sitting on the horse in front of him, while the animal quietly drinks from the stream under a bridge over the side of which a boy leans to talk to the gentleman. The scene naturally suggests the termination of the war between King Charles the First and the soldiers of the Commonwealth.

It was only a short time before his unfortunate death that the late John M. Swan, R.A., sent his contribution to Sir Lawrence, who holds the memory of his friend in affection as deep as is his admiration for the art of the dead painter. It is the last contribution, so far, to the Hall of Panels. Polar bears were favorite subjects for the display of Mr. Swan's consummate art, and in this panel he is at his best. In this instance, unfortunately, the beautiful coloring does not lend itself to reproduction by the camera, and the three bears which come looming out of the distance in the original and seem to grow in intensity of outline as the eye gets accustomed to the color scheme appear only as shadowy figures in the photograph. Even though so much is lost, there is still something of the same sensation of visual growth if one looks intently at the illustration, which also conveys, in a subtle manner, the suggestion of the cold of the frozen north, which chills the sense as one studies the original. In spite of the comparatively small size of the panel—it is not more than six inches wide—there is a remarkable suggestion of bigness in the work—an impression of vast sweeps of frozen landscape stretching as far as the eye can see.

Although not strictly belonging to the panels, there are certain artistic objects connected with the hall in which they are exhibited to which a reference must be made since they give completeness to the whole scheme.

The first of these is the decorative design which runs round the room above the panels. It is composed of various flowers, an eminently appropriate selection, for Sir Lawrence himself is, as a man, exceedingly fond of flowers of all sorts, while, as an artist, every one knows the important decorative part they play in his pictures. These flowers were painted by Mrs. R. Williams, who has done her work with exquisite feeling, though unfortunately it is not possible for it to be appreciated in the reproduction in the same way as it is possible to appreciate the beauty of the panels.

The second of these objects is formed by the tiles of which the floor is composed. They were designed by Mr. George Henschel, the famous musician, and represent the letters L. A. T., which form the monogram of the members of Sir Lawrence's family. Obviously, they are the initials of

"should she live, I anticipate for her some of her grandmother's talent for writing, particularly as I have great confidence in phrenology." This I insert more as a contribution to the annals of the science of bumps, than with confidence in its interest to the public.

The Carys of my father's line had been scholars, leaders, and land-owners in the Virginian Colony since 1640, and before that were well known in south-western Britain.

My father was at the time of his death just entering upon his fortieth year (a period traditionally dreaded by Cary men as likely to cut short their mortal span), living in the beautiful mountain town of Cumberland, in Maryland, where he was editor of its leading newspaper, *The Cumberland Civilian*. Bred in the practice of literary study, well equipped in history, a classic by descent from men educated at English universities and owners of the best libraries in the State, he was also an ardent Whig politician and has left printed pamphlets, speeches, and editorials without number, breathing the fiery spirit of his creed. One of my earliest recollections was being taken to a hotel in Cumberland to visit his idol, Henry Clay, then an aged man, who lifted me in his arms and kissed me, to my secret discomfiture as I thought him dreadfully old and ugly. A gentleman present remarked: "Little girl, you must never forget that you started in life with a kiss and a blessing from the immortal Henry Clay."

Of that interview I ought to have retained a silver pencil-case, which I promptly lost.

My father, when a young lawyer of three-and-twenty, had married his distant cousin, Monimia, youngest daughter of Thomas, ninth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the Scottish peerage, who residing quietly on his estates in Virginia, had never assumed his title except when going once to England to claim an inheritance.

My grandparents sometimes took a house in Washington for the season, and there my mother, making her debut at seventeen, had been admired and belauded in the society of the capital. Chapman, the artist, commissioned to paint "The Baptism of Pocahontas" for the rotunda of the Capitol, asked leave to introduce her into his picture as one of the two Englishwomen, their heads wrapped in scarfs, who stand directly

behind the kneeling Pocahontas, which was done. My mother, at this time, made friends with Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis, he greatly extolling her beauty and inviting her to accompany them to various festivities. She remembered going to see them one day in their sitting-room at a hotel, and finding the lion still at his breakfast in a gorgeous dressing-gown and smoking-cap, like Thackeray's Clarence Bulbul; with a page-boy kneeling before the fire at his feet, toasting each mouthful of bread as demanded by his fastidious master, Willis declaring "it was the only way to make toast tolerable," to the amusement of the little Virginia girl bred in simplicity by her austere sire.

My father, very indulgent to his only girl, used to delight me with endless stories. Particularly did I relish those of the French-Indian campaign in that very neighborhood and of young Colonel Washington's return from the disastrous venture, to Mount Vernon where our mother's grandfather, Col. William Fairfax of Belvoir, his son, George the Tory (Washington's old comrade in surveying), and George's fascinating wife, Sally, our father's great-aunt, had hastened to console the young Achilles sulking in his tent, by kind notes and visits.

I loved all the gossip about the Mount Vernon and Belvoir families, and felt as if they still lived in my day. Then there were Indian massacres of the most exciting sort, the scenes of occurrence in the mountain fastnesses around us; and often was I bid to travel over sea and hear about the motherland and the people we sprang from there. But, affectionate to England, my father believed with all his heart in the ideal of our own republic and its institutions. He used to describe how its borders would go on broadening till it compassed the whole mighty continent; and once pointed out to me suddenly, in the red glow of sunset, the splendid cleft in the Alleghanies through which a river and a railway ran, westward of the town. "That, my daughter, is the gateway for the future greatness of our land," he said, so impressively that I looked to see some actual titanic form with trailing garments sweep outward through the gorge.

My education was carried on, at day-school, in the polite establishment for young ladies of a Miss Jane Kenah, where I must

have done something, however inadequate, to win from her the copy of "The Lady of the Lake" in faded red and gold, which still haunts my book-shelves, "presented to Constance Cary, as a reward for scholarship, by her loving teacher." I honestly do not now believe I deserve it in the least, for I did not enjoy that school, nor yet the lessons in Latin imposed upon me by my father, at the hands of the amiable and learned Rev. Hillhouse Buel, in his study at the rectory. I must have made them a misery to my instructor! And as to mathematics in general, I have always considered them an invention of the Evil One!

The rule of our house was firm if loving. There was no weak yielding by either parent to our whims. Our pleasures were of a simple sort, long walks on the hills, flower-picking, skating in winter, and sledging over "jumps" on the steep snow-clad heights above our home; excursions to Flintstone, Frostburg, and the Mines, tea-parties with our little friends, and, at rare intervals, a show at some town-hall, into which we walked proudly with free tickets as children of the editor. I think we heard Mme. Anna Bishop sing. My brother's sled bore her name in crimson letters.

A vivid memory of my father is of an occasion when, my busy mother going off for one of her rare holiday jaunts to Berkeley Springs, and leaving her children and their nurse in his care, I awoke in the night crying for her and would not be consoled. No one heard me, no one answered, and I sprang out of bed and ran barefooted down the stairs. There, in the little study where he was accustomed to sit half the night (in an arm-chair I still possess) and make clippings from exchange journals for *The Civilian*, I beheld the editor buried in reading, snowed in with newspapers. At my timid note of alarm, he looked up, frowned a little, then smiled tenderly, and bounding up the steps, caught me in his arms, pressed me to his breast, carried me down to his den, and after a brief delicious time of cossetting and soothing, carried me back to bed, and stayed by me, tender as any mother, till I slept.

With his death, our Cumberland home was broken up forever. My mother, with her three young children, was reclaimed by her own mother, who took the long journey from Alexandria to Cumberland to fetch us.

It did not seem a hardship to go to live with dear Grandmamma Fairfax—sweetest and gentlest of mortals.

Grandmamma was now a widow—the cold, stately old patriarch with silver locks and eyes of steely blue, whom I dimly recalled in earliest infancy, having gone to sleep with his grandfathers on the slope of a Virginian hillside.

Vaucluse, the place in Fairfax County, near the Theological Seminary of Virginia, had been left to the widow during her lifetime, to her son Reginald after her. And at Vaucluse our composite family lived until it was destroyed by the war between the States. When the dear chatelaine breathed her last there, our sailor uncle declared that everything must be kept as it was, to be a happy port for him at the end of his voyages. I was very much overawed by the continual remembrance of my dead grandpapa when first we reached Vaucluse. I did not dare tell any one how I was possessed by my chief image of him when I was three years old (seen through an accidentally opened door, lying in bed in the Long Room in the wing, whether ill or merely asleep I have no idea), but the picture of that stern ivory profile against the pillow, and the long locks like spun glass beside it, haunted me for years with shuddering. There was a flight of stairs leading past his door to my mother's room, up which I used to fly with fast-beating heart after nightfall. Also, I dreaded a long clock-case standing at the foot, which I associated with a story in a chap-book, told me by my nurse, about a corpse set on end in one of them.

II

OUR establishment at Vaucluse now consisted of the dear and beneficent lady, its head, and her two widowed daughters with their children (six of the latter, off and on), together with an endless procession, coming and going, of aunts and cousins who stayed as long as they found it convenient and agreeable. Now, the "connection," as it was called, embraced a surprising number of people with the same blood in their veins, and habit had made it law that any one included in this brotherhood should be sacrosanct and free of all the house could offer as entailed upon hospitality. So the old

white stucco dwelling, with its wings to right and left under the great oak trees of its lawns, went on stretching to receive guests, the stable took in their horses, the servants' building a little way from the pantry wing received their attendants, and nobody ventured to think anybody was ever inconvenienced!

The two daughters of the house, my mother and my aunt, Mrs. Hyde, took care between them of the housekeeping. Our servants were hired black people, good and faithful souls, but thank heaven, not slaves of ours. My grandfather Fairfax had been the first gentleman in Virginia to manumit his slaves, had each of them taught a trade, and the efficient ones sent to Liberia at his expense. The latter part of his humanitarian scheme was, needless to say, no success, most of them writing imploring letters to "old Marse" to take them back again.

There was no farm attached to the place, only gardens, a chicken-yard, orchard, and dairy, from which the table was supplied with country dainties. In the rooms were assembled the flotsam of family furnishings, accumulated from other homes in England and Virginia—Towlston, Belvoir, and Ashgrove. We had on the walls a few interesting old Fairfax portraits, a "Percy, Earl of Northumberland," a "Parliamentary General," ladies with busks carrying long feathers in their hands, Roundheads and Cavaliers; and in the secretary, many old parchments, and a pedigree illuminated in Elizabethan days, with a land transfer of the date of Richard Cœur de Lion. The drawing-room was large and bright, with many windows, all furnished and curtained in crimson damask. A wide open grate held in winter a fire of logs and lumps of coal making a royal blaze; upon the mantel were girandoles and ostrich eggs, with some Dresden cups and saucers beautifully painted with wreaths of blossoms. In an alcove to one side, were shelves of books, mostly old English volumes, saffron-hued and musty, that when opened were apt to send little queer bloodless insects scuttling out of them. There I sat (oftenest upon my foot) poring over the world of joy I got from this fragment of a library. When not thus employed, I was out of doors, scouring the woods, climbing trees, riding horses to water, wading streams, and picking wild flowers. Except for my cous-

in, Meta Hyde, younger than I, a big-eyed quaint creature whom her brothers teased and petted alternately, I was the only girl at Vacluse. Of the young men and boy cousins, passing in and out of the house, Vacluse sent fourteen or fifteen to the war. They always seemed to me to illustrate what Colonel Lambert told Harry Warrington about the Persians: "They can ride and speak the truth." The wonder is I was not spoiled utterly by their setting me on a pinnacle and doing all I asked, big or little, in or out of season.

It was then decided by my mother that I should no longer roam and ride, or go shooting with the boys; so, after a long foreign correspondence, a French governess, Mademoiselle Adami, appeared upon the scene and was instructed to keep with me always in my walks abroad. Poor lady! It must be owned that she had her hands full, that I writhed under her mincing conventionalities of social doctrine; and that the boys played many a welcome trick on her, including the offering of persimmons from a tree in the pasture upon which frost had not yet laid its redeeming spell. But she knew how to teach, and in school hours I was interested, and learned to like reading in French, which I have kept up unremittingly all my life since.

Washington, our chief shopping-place, eight miles distant, was usually attained from Vacluse in the family coach drawn by two highly groomed chestnuts with long frizzled tails, in which we jogged over the Long Bridge to have our daguerreotypes taken at Whitehurst's, to order bonnets of Miss Wilson, and to eat ices at Gautier's. To keep us children quiet on the drive, so that the elders could talk coherently, it was grandmamma's practice to smuggle into the carriage Scotch cakes, Everton toffee, and rosy apples. While we nibbled and munched (especially if the draw on the bridge were off and some slow-sailing Potomac craft were pursuing its dignified course down the tawny stream) they chatted, and oh! of what interesting things! Of the doings at Queen Victoria's court, which these British-lined ladies dearly loved to discuss, of Washington social affairs and notabilities, of the dear bishop our neighbor, and matters of the church in Virginia, of books read, and of events, ancient and modern, in families who somehow or other

seemed always to be of kin to ours! As the war came on, the talk grew more solemn. They none of them wanted secession, and were waiting to see what Col. Robert Lee would do. Sometimes, mademoiselle was told off to conduct us upon improving visits to the dentist and various government buildings, especially the Patent Office, while my mother and aunt made calls upon old friends. Sometimes we children, too, were taken to call upon long-suffering acquaintances. At the corner of I Street and Sixteenth, stood a brick house overgrown with ivy, around which was a pleasant old garden. Here lived a kinswoman, Mrs. Richard Cutts, and in residence with her was her mother Mrs. Hackley, sister of my grandmother Cary. My obeisance accomplished to Aunt Hackley, I generally made all speed to the garden, in company with our little Cutts cousins, Gertrude (now Mrs. Moorefield Storey, of Boston) and her sister Lucia. My first glimpse of the radiant Adelaide Cutts, afterward Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, was in this garden, and the vision smote my heart-strings with delight. And, strange to say, in part of the same enclosure was afterward built the house where I have now pitched my tent, "a day's march nearer home."

My grandmother Fairfax had a daughter, Mrs. Irwin, living in Washington with her husband and two children; so that we had always a *piéd à terre* for visits and stops over to see special sights. To this kind aunt, I owed many happinesses as I grew older, and from her house, years after, I went to my first ball in Washington at the house of my present next-door neighbor—still living in the same spacious mansion with its wide garden shadowed on my side by a noble maple, in which, in early spring, come to perch numberless migrating birds, including the cardinal grosbeak, who taps at my window-pane and flits through the branches, revealing his scarlet majesty, before the leaves are out.

Time glided by peacefully in our sweet old home, broken only by the necessary severing of links in the chain of life that, by heaven's mercy, close again to give us courage to go on. The early death of my brother Falkland was followed in a few years by that of my gentle grandmother. We had few excitements; occasionally we went to the Springs, to make visits at Charlottesville, Baltimore, or Washington, and

to the country-houses of friends. I had one journey only to the North, to visit the home of my aunt and uncle, the Gouverneur Morris of Morrisania. Not only did it seem wonderful to be penetrating to such a far-away region as New York, but I had heard such interesting stories about Morrisania. How it was built upon the site of his earlier home by Gouverneur Morris, member of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, senator, and minister to France during the Reign of Terror—who had known familiarly all the great actors of that awful drama, and the grandes of other countries. How he had come back to live at Morrisania, bringing a ship-load of relics from old palaces in France, mirrors, tapestries, gilded chairs and couches, books, a rare dessert service of old Sèvres, with forks and spoons of solid gold—and had put all these inside the oak-panelled walls of his home on the Harlem Kills, where they still remained. How he had entertained Talleyrand, the Jerome Bonapartes, Tom Moore, and all the visiting celebrities as well as statesmen of his day. How his romantic marriage at sixty with Miss Anne Randolph, of Virginia, had occurred there, his wife having a year later given him his only son, the present master of the house. How the second Gouverneur had in his turn married a Virginian lady, a first cousin. How when Grandmamma Cary went to see her nephew at Morrisania, in the early days after her sister's death, they would drive and drive, and be always, like the Marquis of Carabas, upon his own land! Now the estate had come down to forty acres surrounding the delightful, mellow old house. Piece by piece, my uncle had sold it for stations on the Hartford and New Haven railway, or else the great encroaching monster of New York had swallowed it by bits.

Naturally, I was eager to visit there, and it was a time of unalloyed pleasure with my uncle and aunt and their family of boys and girls near my own age.

But nothing whispered to me that one day, after a terrible war that should destroy my own home, I should be married from Morrisania. And yet this was to be.

I am making no attempt to record chronologically the events of my modest experience in childhood. I am simply writing down as they drift to me out of the mists of memory, things about the people most fa-

miliar to me, thinking it may interest readers as a page torn from old-time chronicles of American social life before the war. The two or three years after the reign of my French governess came to an end, were spent by me in Richmond at the boarding-school of M. Hubert Pierre Lefebvre. As a rule, narratives of boarding-school life are more interesting to the teller than to hearers, and I will only say that the experience broadened my horizon in introducing to me types of girls from the higher classes of society all over the South, and convincing me that the surrounding of slave service was inspiring neither to the energy of body nor independence of ideas I had been taught to consider indispensable. Many of these pretty languid creatures from the far Southern States had never put on a shoe or stocking for themselves; and their point of view about owning and chastising fellow-beings who might chance to offend them, was abhorrent to me.

For in some mysterious way, I had drunk in with my mother's milk—who inherited it from her stern Swedenborgian father—a detestation of the curse of slavery upon our beautiful Southern land. Then, of course, omnivorous reader that I was, I had early found and devoured "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "that mischievous incendiary book," as some of our friends called it. When the thunderbolt of John Brown's raid broke over Virginia, I was inwardly terrified, because I thought it was God's vengeance for the torture of such as Uncle Tom.

I was on a visit to my aunt, Mrs. Irwin, in Washington, following Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, while yet arose spirited discussion in many households concerning the outcome of national events. We young people had not waked up to a full understanding of the issues involved, nor had become the fierce partisans of after days. When, therefore, my aunt's husband (who remained a supporter of the Union during the war) insisted that as an epoch in life, I should be taken to see the new President, I went with him to one of the levees at the White House. A terrible crush of people, it seemed to me, of all sorts and conditions, foreign ministers preceding backwoodsmen in flannel shirts and Sunday coats, *grandes dames* of the administration in line with struggling women and children hardly dressed or kempt for festal occasion. That was the reception where the curtains

had pieces cut out of them for souvenirs by the backwoodsmen who, it was said, swarmed to Washington in the wake of the "man of the people." Budding secessionist although I was, I can distinctly remember that the power of Abraham Lincoln's then personality impressed itself upon me for a lifetime. Everything faded out of sight beside the apparition of the new President, towering at the entrance of the Blue Room. He held back the crowd a minute, while my hand had a curious feeling of being engulfed in his enormous palm, clad in an ill-fitting white kid glove. He said something kind to his youthful visitor, and over his rugged face played a summer-lightning smile. We passed on, and I saw him no more till he drove past our house in captured Richmond, in an ambulance, with his little son upon his knee.

III

AND NOW the war-clarion blew, the clans were all alert, and every male creature belonging to us was straining for the fray. As Vaucuse lay in the track of probably advancing armies, my mother and aunt decided promptly to send their younger children out of harm's way. Accordingly, to my unmitigated despair, I was packed off with my brother Clarence, and my little cousin Meta Hyde, to stop with a relation at Millwood, in Clarke County, Virginia. Consolation, in the shape of lovely surroundings, bountiful hospitality, visits to such places as Saratoga, Carter Hall, The Moorings, Annfield, etc., made the May days dance along, until we were suddenly confronted with the news that Vaucuse had been forsaken by my mother and aunt, who had driven away by night in their own carriage, their destination the immediate neighborhood of Manassas Junction where the Southern troops were massing.

One of the letters from my mother of this date told how at the last moment before leaving Vaucuse, having no way of despatching the silver to a safety vault in Washington or Alexandria, she had undertaken to bury it in the cellar of the house. Aided by a young nephew who was to go on the morrow to volunteer at Manassas and a faithful old negro gardener, who died soon afterward (she holding a lantern), they worked half the night till pits were made large enough to contain two large travelling

trunks into which the silver had been hastily packed. The pits filled in and rubbish strewn over them, my mother got into the carriage before daybreak and drove away to the Confederate lines.

Four years later, the house having been destroyed by incendiaries, all the splendid old trees on the place cut down for breast-works, and the site used for a United States camp during many months, she came back to her home, accompanied by men with spades and picks. Save for slight depressions in the grass, there was no token of where the house had stood, and many bewildered moments were spent in searching for it. Some hours followed while the men toiled, and my mother sat on the ground and looked on, amid gathering tears. Any idle soldier prodding the ground might have struck the boxes, she argued, and there was little hope. Just as she was about giving the order to stop work, one of the men cried out, holding up a tea-spoon black as jet! Soon, the earth was covered with dark objects from around which the boxes had rotted. Candelabra, urn, tea-sets, tankards, bowls, dishes, and the complete service of small silver were recovered, not a salt-spoon missing! Sent to Galt's in Washington for treatment, they were soon restored to pristine brilliancy.

If we were to join them at all, wrote my mother from Bristoe Station, it must be now, as who knew when the military lines might shut us out? She warned me in eloquent phrase, that our sylvan paradise at Millwood must be exchanged for a poor little roadside tavern on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, treeless, shabby, crowded to excess with officers' families, under burning sun all day, no ice for rather muddy water, no fruit, the plainest of fare, and nowhere to walk but up and down the railway track. *Per contra*, the camp containing our boys was but five miles away, we would get all the army news direct; and day after day saw trains thundering by, full of eager soldiers thrilling and shouting with joy that they were so near the goal! When the battle came we should be nearest it, to do our best for them. If our troops were to be driven back—why then, we would “take our chance”!

We went. By lumbering stage-coach down the peaceful Shenandoah valley clad in the radiance of summer foliage; by way-

train here and there, passing “the Junction,” the centre of all hope and thought, the cradle of the future Army of Northern Virginia—arriving safely and gladly at Bristoe to “take our chance” with the others.

The month that elapsed before the first battle of the war, on July 18, 1861, was one in which I woke up to the strongest feeling of my young life. My mother saw her only remaining son, aged fifteen, looking several years younger, go into service as a marker in an Alexandria regiment. She sewed for him, with the neatest of stitches, little white gaiters, and a “havelock” for his cap—these afterward abandoned by authority as too shining marks for riflemen—tears dropping now and then upon her handiwork, but never a thought of telling him he should not go. All about me, were women ready to give their all. I realized that love of country can mean more than love of self.

In the family carriage, sold later, as a superfluity of luxury, to refugees and hospital nurses, we drove to several impromptu entertainments at Camp Pickens, during the month of waiting the enemy's advance. What young girl's heart would not beat quicker in response to such experience? There were dinners cooked and served to us by our soldier-lads, spread upon rough boards, eaten out of tin plates and cups amid such a storm of rollicking gayety and high hope that war seemed a merry pastime. In the infancy of war, the Louisiana chieftain, Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, of ancient creole family, was distinctly looked upon as the future leader of the Confederacy. His name was upon all lips, his praise on every breeze that blew. Some early war rhymester wrote verses of which the refrain was:

“Beau canon, Beauregard! Beau soldat,
Beauregard!
Beau sabreur! Beau frappeur! Beauregard,
Beauregard!”

Needless to say that to be received with visitors' honors at his head-quarters, was a source of undying pride. We met or saw on those occasions the lamented Brigadier-General Bartow, killed at the first battle of Manassas, General Longstreet (who in those days before he lost several children at once by scarlet fever, was rollicking and jolly always), looking as his aid, Moxley Sorrel, afterward said of him, “like a rock of steadiness when sometimes in battle the

world seemed flying to pieces"; and many another destined to high fame. There were drills, dress parades, and reviews, viewed from the head-quarters tents of great generals. In all our dreams sounded the blare of trumpets, the roll of drums. And so till the morning of July 17th, when word came that our troops were moving forward.

Now knew we the rude reality! Those women and girls and children left at Bristoe who, on the 18th, spent all day on the railway tracks straining eyes and ears in the direction of the belt of woodland above which arose columns of dun smoke, hearing the first guns of the war as distinctly as one hears a fog-horn on an Atlantic liner, had mostly all they loved best in the fight. It seemed eternal, that sullen roar of artillery, that crackle of fire-arms. And who should say how it was coming out? We could not rest, we could not speak or eat. Toward afternoon, appeared, limping down a long red-clay road, a single smoke-stained, fiery-faced, bandaged soldier. With one accord the women fell upon him like a swarm of bees, questioned, fed, soothed, exalted him. He was rather a dreadful-looking person, we had to own, and his manner unpleasant to say the least. His wound, on examination, proved a mere scratch on the middle finger, but he rose to the occasion as a hero, and answered our fevered, eager queries with statements that took our breath away.

"The Seventeenth Virginia?" he responded to our especial inquiry. "Why, they fought like tigers and was cut all to pieces. Hardly an officer was left."

A beaming smile and a strong whiff of whiskey accompanying this revelation, we took heart to doubt. But none the less, that first wounded soldier from Bull Run had had a monopoly of patriotic sympathy never again to be surpassed.

A little later, we heard of Confederate victory and that our boys were safe. It nerved us for the evening's work. After dark, a train came thundering into our station, stopping to ask food and drink for the wounded. By lantern light, we passed through the cars, carrying and distributing all there was to give.

Over and again we were to do this service during the four years to come. Never, perhaps, with such keen emotion.

The day before, a closely veiled, shabbily dressed little woman, her luggage a

small archaic hair trunk inscribed with an undistinguished name, had been put off a train from Richmond upon the platform before our poor overpacked hostelry. In vain did Lipscomb, our distracted host, assure her there wasn't a room or a bed left for any one—nothing save a servant's pallet on the floor of a hot garret. Also, he stated, looking her over doubtfully, all the occupants of this hotel were members of officers' families well known to General Beauregard. She kept her ground manfully, explained that she had been ill of typhoid, had come all the way from New Orleans to be near her brother at the front, and had no strength to turn back; so he gave her the garret, where a negro girl carried her food and drink; and we lookers-on thought no more of her in the greater excitement of the battle.

In the evening, my mother having gone on to Culpeper Court House to volunteer as a nurse in the new military hospital, my aunt, who was busy elsewhere, suggested that I go up to see what had become of the odd little woman in the garret. When I tapped at the door, it was no uneducated voice that bade me enter, but one sweet and refined, coming from a girl huddled on a chair near the window, who sprang up to meet me with a cry of joy.

"News? News from the front?" That was all she wanted, not supper or anything. The servant-girl had told her the troops were moving. It was a mercy to speak to any one; she had cried all day, and now thought she would go mad.

Little by little it came out that she was the petted daughter of a wealthy creole family, engaged to a lieutenant of artillery with whom she had quarrelled and broken, just as he went off to Virginia with the battalion in which her brother also was an officer. Repenting, she tried to wire him her regrets, and finally on the impulse of a moment had left the plantation where her family were, went in to her mother's town house, possessed herself of the housekeeper's trunk and garments, and set off for Virginia. Her intention, only to see him and then go back again, spite of her dread of the brother's wrath should he find out her escape, was now frustrated by the movement to the front.

Taken thus into confidence by a rare romance of which the heroine seemed to my fervid imagination one of the most fascinating little creatures ever seen—charmed by

her good looks, her dainty lingerie with fine embroidery and lace, the rich toilet articles strewn about, and the gold-edged writing-case from which she took her lover's portrait to show it to me—I readily promised secrecy and, if possible, help. She cheered up at this, and to my surprise ended by kissing me, then promised to eat her neglected supper and try to sleep.

During the battle, next day, she passed quite out of my mind, and when, at dusk, a shabby little veiled figure stole up upon the platform and begged me to go with her for an instant to her room, I acquiesced. When there, she burst into a storm of tears and sobs. The day had nearly killed her, she had spoken to nobody, her heart was breaking with anxiety. She had heard there was a list of wounded in the grocery store, would I mind seeing whether *his* name or her brother's was upon it?

And then she told the names which I was to come to know well and respect as they deserved, in after days.

I coaxed her downstairs again, and while all the rest of us squeezed into the little country store where behind the counter, by the light of a tallow candle, a man was spelling out a newly arrived register of the casualties of the day, she stood outside in the darkness, afraid to show herself. Begging for a glance at the paper, I ran my eye hastily over it, and the third or fourth name was that of her lover, "badly wounded." And—strange happening of my first war love-story—just after I had induced her to go back to her room with her misery, the first train of wounded men from Manassas slowed up at Bristoe, and while every woman and girl in the hotel except herself went through it carrying milk, water, brandy, and bread, to my lot it fell to minister to a young Louisiana artilleryman lying upon a cot in a freight car, suffering greatly, but with perfect fortitude; while she who had been his affianced was at ten steps from him wearing her heart out in longing for him, yet knowing nothing of his vicinity.

The sequel of this episode was, alas! not cheerful. They met again in Richmond, whither he was taken and she followed, but the breach between them widened instead of drawing together, and then two lives went apart.

On Saturday evening, July 20, a messenger was sent by General Beauregard to the

ladies and children at Bristoe, saying that an engine and car would be placed at their disposal immediately; with urgent advice for them to leave for a point of greater safety, since a battle was impending upon whose issue it was impossible to count. The women, sewing flannel shirts and making bandages fast as hands could fly, looked at each other and sent thanks to the general, with the answer that they preferred to stay.

That Sunday of the "first Manassas" was a repetition on a larger scale of our experience of the 18th. Some women sewed awhile, then ran bareheaded, desperate, out in the burning sun to look, to listen, to pray, to yearn. With every fresh roar of cannon, came the piercing javelin of thought: "Was mine taken then?" "Was mine?"

By mid-day we heard of victory and the rout of the Federal forces. By evening we had individual returns. Again, those most near to us were preserved in safety.

My brother, the marker, although twice ordered by his sympathetic superiors to the rear to guard hospital stores, had managed to get his full share of the excitement. The story told by his captain of seeing the tired little fellow, during an interval in the fight, asleep under a tree, near which a shell had burst without warning or awakening him, went into the newspapers with sundry other more sensational accounts of his prowess, since disavowed. He told us later, of wading Bull Run quite up to his knees, in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, and of the long tramp to Fairfax Court House and back; the greatest hardship to our troops being that they were obliged to pass by forsaken tents with delicious soup boiling itself away upon the fires, and abundant food everywhere—together with a sutler's wagon broken open, its tempting contents scattered on the ground—when all they could lay hold of as first spoils of war was a jar of sticks of candy, greatly enjoyed in the ranks as far as it would go.

My brother was that same evening ordered by General Longstreet, who picked him up upon the field, to his head-quarters as "courier." His duties of message-carrying to the various head-quarters through the camps were made lighter by the necessity of exercising the fine horses of a late staff officer, Colonel Fisher, killed in the action of the 21st; and his leisure time more

assigned to us by Major A. D. Banks, to whom the Committee gave the pleasing task. I only remember that our faithful friend, Congressman Boyce, was of their number.

When finished, we were at liberty each to present one to any general of our selection as head-quarters flag. Miss Hetty Cary, having first choice, sent her's to her personal friend, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the favored son of Maryland. Miss Jennie Cary's went to General Beauregard, serving, later, to drape the coffins of Beauregard and Jefferson Davis; and mine to Gen. Earl van Dorn, a dashing cavalry leader whom I had never seen, for whom we predicted great fame and success. One of his aides, Capt. Durant da Ponté, of New Orleans, grandson of Lorenzo da Ponté, the librettist of "Don Giovanni," and him-

(To be continued.)

self a charming writer of verse, conveyed my flag to the general, together with a sincere but rather high-flown note of presentation. (We still modelled our correspondence in these parts after that of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, sometimes dropping to a touch of Cherubina de Willoughby!)

My flag went with Van Dorn through much brilliant service to the Confederacy in Virginia, in the Trans-Mississippi, and in the States of Tennessee and Mississippi. Torn with bullets and stained with the battle-smoke of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Iuka, and Holly Springs, it ultimately came back to me at the hands of Capt. Clement Sullivan, Gen. Van Dorn's nephew and aide-de-camp, in accordance with instructions found in the dead leader's papers, and is now in my home in Washington.

THE POET OF JUMPING SANDHILLS

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES



OLIVE was not to know it from the outward character of her reception, which maintained the best traditions of bush hospitality, but there had been a fairly strong prejudice against her on the station. It was no fault of hers, but a vicarious reproach which a very little knowledge of the girl herself sufficed to remove. Yet the inauspicious fact remained that her brother had been there before her, not as a guest, but in a somewhat responsible position in which he had failed to give signal satisfaction. It was many years ago, in Olive's childhood, but Philip Armitage had been writing bush stories ever since, with that station and its mighty paddocks for the unmistakable background of the often impudent picture. In the silly Old Country he was said to be taken quite seriously as a representative Australian writer. If so, as Mr. Pochin averred, "it was about time those colonies paddled their own canoe"; but he and his at any rate knew the fellow for what he had been as a beardless

boy in their midst. It was like his nerve to write and tell them when his young sister was going out for her health, which he described as having broken down after the strain of working for her B. A. degree. Ladies with B. A. degrees, with or without brothers who put people into books, were not wanted on Meringul Station, N. S. W. But after such a letter some little attention was the geographical necessity of an irksome situation. And so it came that Olive Armitage penetrated to the Riverina, in response to a justifiably indefinite invitation, and in happy ignorance of the literary and scholastic shadow that she cast before her.

Indeed, she had never felt prouder of her brother than on the journey, to her a triumphal progress through scenes that seemed almost as much his handiwork as that of "nature learning how to write." All through Victoria there were his forests of "weird" gum-trees, amply justifying their inseparable epithet, and in the Murray region the train put up a perfect cloud of sulphur-crested cockatoos. These were not Philip's favorite scenes or properties,

but he had written about them more than once. It was when she reached the coaching stage, from Denliquin to Hay and from Hay to Jumping Sandhills, that Miss Armitage felt like one of her brother's heroines. To be sure, no dandy bushranger stuck up the coach; but that "vermilion vehicle" duly "panted" on its leather springs, as described by Philip with somewhat cynical iteration. And the road-side shanties were all that he had painted them; the Jumping Sandhills did shimmer and change places, like living things, on the brazen and blue horizon; and there at last was one of Philip's own dilapidated horsemen, a figure of tantalizing interest, because there also was a tiresomely smart young man, come to meet her in an equally smart buggy, and introducing himself unconstrainedly as Godfrey Pochin.

"I remember your brother perfectly," said the young man, smiling at the long tails of the pair he drove. "I was one of his pupils. He taught us Latin grammar and sentences, and a lot of extraordinary rhymes about Latin genders. I remember some of them still, but I can't say they come in extra handy in the back-blocks."

Olive laughed quite heartily.

"Poor old boy, he had only just escaped from school himself," she urged in Philip's defence; "he was obliged to teach you something he knew!"

But she was greatly tickled, and Godfrey Pochin as pleasantly surprised as he had been by her merry interesting face and sparkling eyes. She was dark, too, and he had an idea that all the girls from Home were pink and yellow; the only difference between this one and a bush brunette was that Olive had not been sunburnt from the cradle, but had turned the very color of her own name without losing her sweet English purity of skin. Neither was she quite blinded by the reflected lustre of her brother's notoriety. She could see the humor of some of Godfrey's reminiscences, the new point of view of Philip's stories. The point of view was not obtruded, so her loyal reserves were not called out in defence of the stories, nor her lips sealed on the subject of their local color.

"It's all exactly as I pictured it," she declared at the station itself: "this red-brick veranda, these white posts, those other little buildings—the wire fences and the crows—the corrugated roofs—there! That's the

very noise he says they make in the heat! There's only one thing he seems to me wrong about, but he should really be forgiven much for that—because I haven't met a single one of his characters!"

This was when they were all at tea. There was a slightly chilling pause.

"I don't think you'll meet them here," said Mr. Pochin, gazing into his cup. He was himself the fair-bearded and blue-eyed squatter of half the tales, but Olive did not see it till she had spoken, because the beard had grown gray and was close-cropped. But now she realized that Philip had never done justice to her courteous and attentive host.

"That wasn't what I meant," the girl colored up as she explained. "I was thinking of the picturesque people in red shirts and spurs, not of what he's pleased to call the parlor folk."

"That's good!" said Godfrey, encouraging her tentative smile with a broad grin. "That's one of the sayings that evidently sank into Mr. Armitage."

"I was thinking," insisted Olive, "of his little army of lost angels in the shape of gentlemanly whim-drivers, boundary-riders, and bushrangers."

"My whim-drivers and boundary-riders don't answer to that description," replied the squatter, laughing. "And as for bushrangers, Miss Armitage, the Kellys were the last authentic gang, and that was some years before your brother was out here."

"But surely you have the stockman and the tramp who have seen better days?"

"I've no doubt we have, but they don't always give it away for our benefit."

And the blue eyes twinkled merrily with the hit, at which Godfrey and Olive laughed outright.

"What about old Stafford?" asked Fred, an elder son of fewer words; and Mrs. Pochin and the girls, who began to wish they had been with Godfrey to meet the coach, remarked that they had just been thinking of old Stafford.

"To be sure!" cried Mr. Pochin. "He's the nearest thing of the kind we've got to show. I was forgetting Stafford. He's a poet."

"A poet?" queried Olive, politely sceptical. It was a word of which she thought she knew the value, and she could not help looking amused.

"When he isn't riding my boundaries or minding my sheep," said Mr. Pochin,

chuckling consumedly. "Quite a character, Stafford; you must see him for yourself, and tell us what your brother would have made of him."

"We did see him, at the sandhills," Godfrey informed Miss Armitage and the company—"waiting for his *Bulletin* as usual."

He had no need to remind their visitor of the dilapidated horseman who had met the coach on his own account. Her single glimpse of him had appealed to Olive more than she cared to say in such civilized company, yet now her interest would have been greater if she had not seen him. That a poet! They all laughed at the serio-comic face that she made at the thought; for of course she was right, and those of them who had seen any of the lucubrations encouraged her dismay, while the laconic Fred found words to denounce the best of them as a barefaced imitation of Harvey Devlin. Poor Devlin, most mercurial of bush ballad-mongers, but a true singer in his own compass, still enjoyed a posthumous popularity in the bush itself, if not such universal fame as his indigenous admirers imagined; but it so happened that Olive Armitage, who thought she knew something about it, was a recent convert to their creed. She had bought the little selection of the real thing in Melbourne, and she wished to hear no more about the false. But here Godfrey had a word to say, and it was strangely in favor of the plagiarist and an early visit to his hut; in fact it so happened that Godfrey himself would have to be going out there next day, with some things the old man had been asking for that afternoon, and he seemed quite anxious to take Olive with him.

"You'll really rather like the old chap, Miss Armitage," said Godfrey. "He's a bit mad, but perfectly harmless, and I believe myself that he's only just missed being a genius. You should see all the extraordinary mad mottoes and things he's got plastered about the place!"

Olive saw them. They were stuck all over a hut otherwise as familiar to her as though she had been brought up in such another. She looked at once for the wide log chimney, with the white ash of ages on the hearth, the billy-can in the ashes, the slush-lamp on the Robinson Crusoe table, the ration-bags dependent from the beams; and for none of these things did she look in vain. The only feature not on Philip's list was the pencil jottings tacked like texts to

the unbarked timbers, in place of the fly-blown oddments from illustrated papers which had invariably garnished that author's pet interior. The hut-keeper being out about his business, Olive lost no time in inspecting the scraps of dirty paper, to see what subjects the poor man was mad on; and Godfrey looked over her shoulder with a running chuckle.

"Poetry, of course!" said Godfrey.

And Olive read out below her breath:

"'Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; then why
Should life all labor be?'"

"Poor fellow!" was her only comment, with a side glance into the outer radiance.

"That isn't Stafford's!" exclaimed Godfrey, emphatically.

"No, indeed, it isn't; and only one word wrong!"

Olive was looking about for books.

"I believe it's a bit your brother once gave us for dictation. I seem to remember that about the sky."

"Then he wasn't here in vain," said Olive, with a look of pleasure. It was a transitory look; the writing on the wall engrossed and troubled her. It was all of the same sort, remembered fragments of great verse, immortal images rescued practically intact from the ruins of ancient reading. The extracts ranged from a single line, as "In Tempe or the dales of Arcady," or "One day when all days are one day to me," to most of the second chorus in "Atalanta" and the opening couplets of "Locksley Hall." Olive read them all, only muttering an occasional line aloud, and Godfrey danced attendance with his eyes seldom off her dark crisp hair and clear sun-burnt skin. She was so absorbed that he could look his fill at her for the first time. She knew how to dress, he noted; her white linen frock was crisp like her hair, as though hot from the iron; and yet he had never seen anybody look so cool and trim in the heat, or striking picture more tellingly composed than that of Olive in the languorous gloom of the bushman's hut, with a vertical sun still striking through stray holes in the roof, and breaking its lances on her snowy shoulders.

Godfrey was all the more disappointed and aggrieved when she turned to him in the end with glistening eyes.



He had no need to remind their visitor of the dilapidated horseman who had met the coach on his own account.—Page 328.

"I must see something he's written himself," she whispered. "I can't think it can be as bad as you all say. And I don't believe in a man who remembers only the very best being such a slavish imitator of—Harvey Devlin!"

Godfrey rooted in a corner pink with copies of the *Sydney Bulletin*. In a few moments he unearthed a battered Shakespeare (who was not represented on the walls) and a quarto scribbling-book in de-based American cloth.

"He keeps good company, you observe," said Godfrey, turning over the blue-lined leaves without compunction. "No, he won't mind, Miss Armitage. He's often shown me them himself."

"But that's not quite the same thing as your showing them to me," suggested Olive, whose eyebrows had already signified her qualms; but the protest went for nothing with the confident young man.

"Here's a new one, by Jove!" cried he. "I say, this is rather good; he must have written this when he knocked down his last check, at the New Year."

And there was no stopping him from reading every word of it aloud, with a marginal supply of his own remarks:

"There's a hut in Riverina where a solitary hand
May weaken on himself and all that's his;
There's a pub in Riverina where they keep a
smashing brand
Of every sort o' liquor short o' fizz.

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And I've been and blued another fifty-pounder
at the pub—

You're very sorry for me, I'll be bound!
But when a man is fit up free with hut an' horse
an' grub,

What the blazes does he want with fifty pound?
Why the dickens should he hoard his fifty
quid?

Who would be a bit the better if he did?
Though they slithered in a week
When I couldn't see or speak,
Do you think I'm here to squeak?
Lord forbid!"

So the thing began; but Godfrey had stopped to explain that this was obviously the hut, and Stafford himself the "solitary hand." Olive seemed sorry to hear it; and quite contrary to expectation it was the reader who waxed enthusiastic as he proceeded, and the listener who grew lukewarm. In the next stanza it appeared that the reveller had been duly warned against the "pub in Riverina," which Godfrey offered to show Miss Armitage any day she liked:

"The boss was in the homestead. When he
give me good advice
I took my oath, but took his check as well.
And to me the moonlit shanty looked a pocket
Paradise,
Though the boss had just been calling it a
Hell."

"You'll see which you think it," said Godfrey, "and what you make of the publican and sinner who runs the sink! He's hit him off to the life. Listen!" And he

gabbled on to the titbit, only to give it with the greater unction:

"But the shanty-keeper smoked behind the bar.
Oh, his words were grave and few,
And he never looked at you,
And he just uncorked a new
Gallon jar."

"I can see him doing it!" cried Godfrey.
"But I must say I'd no idea old Stafford could do anything as good as this—if it's his own."

Olive found herself keenly hoping it was not, and thinking of the snatches of Keats and Tennyson on the walls. So she was fortunate enough to miss a little of what followed:

"We fed, and then we started in the bar at nine o'clock;
At twelve we made a move into the cool;
The shanty-keeper *he* was just as steady as a rock,
And me as paralytic as a fool.
I remember the veranda like a sinking vessel's deck,
And a brace of moons suspended in the sky—
And nothing more till waking and inquiring for my check——"

"Mr. Pochin!" interrupted Olive at this ultimate point.

"Well? What's wrong?"

"The whole thing. It's terrible!"

"It's jolly clever, if you ask me. I only want to know who really wrote it."

"I didn't mean that—not the verses as verses—but the complacent degradation of the thing itself!"

"I'm afraid that's just where it's so true to life," he answered, tuning his tone to hers. "I wish it wasn't, but it's only too true of nearly all our hands."

Olive took her eyes from the scraps of pencilled paper. He resented their drowned sparkle.

"True of this one?" she asked.

"Old Stafford? Rather! He's like all the rest; he'll slave for months and months, and then knock down a check for all his earnings at the nearest bar."

"Then I don't want to hear any more."

And she took herself to the open door, where she could turn her back without discourtesy, as though in sudden admiration of the yellow shimmering salt-bush plains, with their blobs of gray-green fodder and their smudges of bottle-green scrub. The long streak of desolate sandhills was picked out by telegraph posts running right and left

into infinity, like an endless row of pins, against the loud blue sky so harped upon by her brother; and at her feet lay the shadow of the hut, sharp and dark as his standing simile of a sheet of new brown paper.

But at her elbow Godfrey was saying that she must just hear the end, and forcing her to realize the unmerited consolations of the debauchee's return to the very threshold on which she stood.

"Yet the gates have not come open that I shut,
I have seen no fences broken, and I've found no
weak sheep bogged,
And my little cat is purring in the hut!
There's tea, too, for the billy-can, there's water in
the tanks,
The ration bags hang heavy all around,
And my good old bunk and blanket beat the bare
veranda planks
Of the shanty where I blued my fifty pound!
Here I stick until I'm worth fifty more,
When I'll take another check from the store;
And with Riverina men
All the betting is that then—
I shall knock it down again
As before."

Olive was still standing in the doorway when a gaunt brown man rode up on his very counterpart in horse-flesh, and she could look upon yesterday's tatterdemalion in the light of the verse he wrote and the poems he loved.

No; he was not the fine gentleman buried in the bush; it was hardly from social heights that he had fallen, of that she was quite certain, and knew not whether to be glad or sorry. But a starved lover of literature he was; the life-long passion beamed in his tanned and furrowed face, turning its oaken hue to a rich mahogany when Godfrey told him that Miss Armistage admired his taste. Olive filled out the statement with enthusiastic detail, and in a minute he and she were capping each other's quotations while Godfrey remained mumchance on mere earth. Nor did all this sadden the battered creature, as it might have done if ever in the past he had been familiar with such as Olive; his joy in the moment was like a child's; but he had a wild eye, with a tragic twinkle in it, that kept the author of his own lines ever before the girl.

Godfrey soon had enough of it. He must push on to the sandhills with the outgoing mail-bag; but he had to push on

alone. Olive preferred to wait in the cool shelter of the hut. And there in another half-hour he found her somewhat hurriedly receiving a few sheets of MS., obviously torn from the old scribbling-book in the

him have his chuckle in advance at the fun they would all have over the manuscript in her possession; then she informed him, cavalierly as she knew even at the time, that they were none of them to see a single line.



Nor did all this sadden the battered creature; his joy in the moment was like a child's.—Page 330.

bushman's hands, and giving in receipt some verbal undertaking that Godfrey failed to catch.

"Old Stafford and you seemed as thick as thieves," said the young man, cutting his horses smartly on the way home. "Was that another poem of his that he was giving you?"

"Yes."

"One of his own writing, for a change?"

"He wrote them all, Mr. Pochin."

"So he's cracking—as they once used to say about here, and still do in your brother's books!"

"I don't see why you should disbelieve it," said Olive, warmly. "At any rate there's no question about the verses I've borrowed."

"Then we shall have a treat!"

Olive felt seriously aggrieved. All that was great in her had been touched and fired by the wild old fellow and his almost wonderful work; but she was not great enough to resist snubbing Godfrey as he deserved, even though she thought him a very nice young man, and had made a friend of him so far to the comparative exclusion of all the other members of his family. She let

"Was that what he was getting you to promise him?" demanded Godfrey in his point-blank fashion.

"Yes—it was."

"Well, of all the cheek!"

"On my part?"

"You know I mean on his. As if it were a pearl of price, and we the swine!"

"That's not a very pretty way of putting it," retorted Olive. "But it *is* a little gem, in my opinion, though I don't suppose you would see its beauty even if you could!"

That was obviously the last word, but Olive was not proud of it for a single instant. She felt hot and sore, and soon not least so with herself, for her own rudeness; but that only angered her the more with Godfrey, who had brought it on himself. It was too much that she should come out there to be told what was and what was not a genuine poem. That was not exactly what had happened, but her pride of intellect was wounded; it was a vulnerable point. Olive was the last person in the world to exploit her learning or to give herself conscious airs of scholarly superiority; but she considered her opinion entitled to some respect on matters of which she might be accounted a

reasonably qualified judge. She did not realize that she had a rather decided opinion on most mundane matters, and often a tart way of expressing it under opposition. An expert on some subjects, she was inclined to extend her own province unduly, and to meet rather more than half-way the slightest attack upon her intellectual frontiers. But in this case her heart was involved as well, since into it she had taken the outcast poet and all his works. And matters were not mended by the only other remark that Godfrey ever volunteered on the subject.

"I'm sorry we got to logger-heads about poor old Stafford," said the frank young man, as they exchanged good-nights on the veranda. "I've no doubt the poem you liked is all you think it. I'm no judge of that; but I know the man better than you possibly can. If it's as good as all that, you bet he's bagged the whole thing from Harvey Devlin or some other old poet!"

And this time Olive did succeed in curbing a natural pugnacity to which she had given only too much rein before; but her silence was more chilling than any words, and henceforward there was a studied coolness between two young people who had been drawn together, almost at sight, by a strong mutual attraction. Its very strength made their mutual resentment all the stronger in its turn. In her ignorance of the world, Olive had not expected to meet a young man of Godfrey's parts at its uttermost ends. He was quick-witted, capable, full of character as herself; her inferior in book-learning, but by no means in general knowledge or intelligence. Through him she gained some insight into the modern live Australian, clear thinker and plain speaker on social and industrial questions, sapper and miner in the world's advance, as opposed to the hardy upstart with a nasal twang who seemed to have made such an impression on Philip in his early wanderings. Philip, she began to fear, had not been a very great character as a young man from the old country; but Godfrey Pochin, still so young, had every strong quality except breadth and charity of view.

In much the same fashion Godfrey revised his opinion of young Englishwomen in general, and of young women with degrees before all others; but it was at a distance that the pair came to appreciate each other to such a nicety. Their intimacy was

a matter of the first twenty-four hours only. They were alike in nothing more than in their pride. They had come to blows about a matter of no importance to either of them, and each was too proud to refer to it again.

Not that it was so unimportant to Olive as she pretended on occasions when Stafford and his hobby became a table topic, and she would fight his battles with a forced levity, while Godfrey sat ostentatiously aloof from the discussion. Stafford himself she saw more than once, but never again alone in his hut. It was remarked in her presence that he had beaten all his records in the length of time which had elapsed since he last knocked down a check. That was as yet her only reward for the little she had done for him, and the much, the very much, she hoped to do.

Late summer cooled into an autumn in name only, and a winter unworthy even of that, despite a fire at nights and coats on horseback, and all the wraps that one could find for a long drive across the plains. Olive thought it the loveliest weather she had ever known; it was the safest subject that she still had in common with Godfrey, and they discussed it daily with animated courtesy. Olive was to stay till after shearing, if her people at home could spare her so long; it would only mean a six months' visit then, her kind friends said. She was more than willing to stay; it was a glorious rest and change, and the girl was happy enough, and the cause of happiness to all save one. But after about three months she grew suddenly restless; the incoming mail excited her strangely; she was absurdly disappointed when there was nothing for her. And then one day her delight knew no bounds, and it was a little awkward, because Godfrey had been the one to empty out the mail-bag, and they happened to have the homestead to themselves. Olive had backed out of a ride for no other purpose than to see if her letter had not come at last; and it actually had.

"Godfrey!" she cried, as he was retreating into the store with the business correspondence. She had never addressed him so familiarly before, and did not know that she had done it now.

It brought him to her in a stride.

"Not bad news, I hope?"

"No, no, the very best! I don't know how to tell you; it seems like raking up dis-

agreeables, and I know I was very rude. But I was right, right, right all the time!"

"Right?" he repeated. "Right about what?"

"That poor man Stafford, of course."

"Oh! I saw him this afternoon, when I got the mail," remarked Godfrey, with forced inconsequence.

"I'm thinking of three months ago. I never told you what I did at the time. You were so dreadfully unsympathetic, but I know you won't be now! I sent the poem he lent me home to Phil!"

"Well?"

"You said it couldn't be original!"

"I only said what I thought on general grounds. You wouldn't give me a chance of judging for myself."

"Well, if it wasn't original, they would hardly put it in the *Scrutator*, would they?"

"Not if they knew it."

"They'd know it all right!" the girl assured him, with radiant confidence. "Yet they did put it in, word for word as I wrote it out, and the very week after Philip submitted it!"

Godfrey found it good to look upon her triumph, even at his own expense. Never had he seen so keen a brain flashing through such sparkling eyes, or such a great heart flooding with its warmth a face so sweet and fine. But there was something fine about Godfrey, too; he was not the one to truckle in his discomfiture.

"Is that what Mr. Armitage says?" he inquired.

"I haven't read what he says; but here's the poem itself from the *Scrutator*!"

He read it while she read her letter. It was rough, but noble; even Godfrey could see the nobility; and there was nothing in the thought that might not have come to a

rugged solitary over his hut fire, and found its way out in just such words. A broken cry from the wilderness, it had won a ready hearing on the other side of the earth, and now it had travelled all the way out again to wake an echo in the heart of Godfrey. And he looked back, and saw himself in the wrong.

But just as he was as near abasement as was possible to his nature, a real cry broke from Olive. And the change in her was past belief; she stood before him abashed, humiliated, demoralized by her letter.

"You were right—I was wrong—after all!" She spoke in jerks of pas-

sionate indignation. "The whole thing was a fraud! You always said so; you were absolutely right. You said it was probably taken from Harvey Devlin, and so it was, almost word for word! No sooner did it appear than some one wrote to say so—and—and there's a fearful row about it!"

She could not help smiling guiltily at what she had done. It had its humorous side, and to her credit Olive was the first to see it. She pictured poor Philip, sometimes a little self-important, always ready to do the striking thing and to boast of having



The gaunt, uncouth figure of the pseudo-poet swaying in the doorway.—Page 334.

done it—pictured him in person at the *Scrutator* office—taking the greatest and kindest trouble, but also some little credit for her find. And then all the vials of editorial wrath on his devoted head, as his were poured on hers, and hers on the original culprit out at Jumping Sandhills!

"I'm glad there's something original about him," said Godfrey, grimly, when she used the phrase among harder sayings. And Olive laughed until she cried, which, however, was next moment, and quite bitterly. But Godfrey had not even smiled.

And then and there came the climax, with the uneven trailing of long spurs through the veranda, and the gaunt, uncouth figure of the pseudo-poet swaying in the doorway. His eyes were wilder than ever, but they steadied themselves in a long gaze upon the guilty girl, and his voice did not disgrace him when he spoke.

"Was it you, Miss Armitage, who sent my verses to a London paper?"

His speech was low and yet distinct; it afforded no excuse for immediate interference on Godfrey's part. But Godfrey was not given a chance.

"They weren't yours!" cried Olive, passionately.

"They were!" he thundered back. Godfrey sprang forward; the man stopped him with the masterful wave of his lean brown hand. "They were my property," he resumed with his former self-control. "This young lady had no right to send them to any paper. I only lent them to her. It was a wrong thing to do."

"What about foisting what you never wrote on a lady who showed you kindness, and swearing it was all your own?"

Godfrey was very severe, but he had not yet adopted the bullying tone into which the best masters fall under sufficient provocation.

"That may be worse," returned Stafford, still slowly; "I don't say it isn't. But two wrongs never made a right, Mr. Godfrey, and it's no wrong of mine that's put all this fat in the fire."

"Then you admit that the thing was lifted bodily out of Harvey Devlin?"

"Out of a suppressed edition of his poems," supplemented Olive, quickly consulting her letter—"with hardly a single alteration!"

"Oh, all right! I'll admit it if it makes you happy. Is that it in your hand, sir?"

And the man was actually holding out his own.

"What the devil do you want with it?" Godfrey so far forgot himself in his lady's presence.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, it's only fair that a man should see what's brought against him. I've only seen what the *Bulletin's* got to say about it, so far. They've got their laugh o' the old country again; but it's not my fault, not altogether. Thanky, much obliged!"

His words now telescoped in a manner worthy of his gait. He had certainly been drinking, and had abandoned a fine effort to conceal the fact. No sober impostor would have carried himself so jauntily in the hour of exposure, or gloated with maudlin humor over so futile and impudent a fraud; but the last proof of poor Stafford's condition was afforded by a sudden revulsion from fatuous fun to furious earnest.

"And you put my name to it!" he shouted, crumpling the cutting in his fist. "I'd forgotten that!"

"I didn't do it," said Olive, with unthinking penitence. "I never meant it to be done. I had to give his name," she explained to Godfrey, "but it must have been the editor in London who put it to the poem."

"Then damn the editor in London!" cried Stafford, and flung himself from the room with Godfrey at his heels.

It was his last appearance at the home station; within a very few minutes Godfrey had made out the man's account, and sent him about his business with a check for the uttermost farthing standing to his credit in the station books.

Olive, flown in more tears from the scene, did not know this at the time; when she found out it incensed her afresh against the poor young man. Had he really no sense of justice? Could he not see that this preposterous reprisal made it all the worse for her, since the whole thing was her fault in the beginning? She could not even swear that Stafford had actually said the poem was his; the fact did not affect his grievance against her; and now, so far from undoing an atom of the harm she had done, she had got him discharged into the bargain! Godfrey was bidden to repair his share of the damage without delay; and apart from all other considerations whatso-



Drawn by Howard Giles.

ever, he had the fairness of mind to recognize that of the girl's demand.

But unfortunately a very serious delay had taken place before this scene between the two young people; and Stafford had spent a long night on frosty ground, heavily asleep in nothing more than his moleskins and his Crimean shirt. Olive had a note from Godfrey to say that the man had been reinstated in his hut; but Godfrey himself did not return, and old Mr. Pochin looked worried but said nothing.

And then next night Olive was awakened by a queer noise on the blind of her open window, and there was Godfrey just below, flogging it like a trout-stream with his buggy whip.

"It's poor old Stafford," he whispered. "He's pretty bad and wants to see you. If you'd care to bring one of the girls——"

His sentence had to wait unfinished while she dressed.

"It's only you he wants to see," he went on under the stars; "but if you'd like one of the others——"

"I'd like to start this minute," said Olive, decidedly. "How long will it take us to drive?"

It took them the best part of the hour before dawn, and the smoke from the horses' backs was a visible pillar of cloud when they pulled up.

A tongue of orange light played in and out of the open door, and on and off the faded purple blanket spread like a canopy over four low uprights driven into the naked earth; but under the blanket ran the ridge of a great gaunt frame, and from one end a pair of cavernous eyes burnt like beacons as they entered. Olive stooped over the pinched and shrunken face, and could feel its heat as though it were a fire.

"It's kind of you to come," he whispered—but his eyes rolled uneasily. "And you've really come alone? That's right, that's right! I've something to tell you both, but no one else. You promise? Not another soul?"

They promised, and Godfrey gave him new life from a replenished flask. In another instant they were trying to talk the sick man down; for he had begun at once about those unlucky lines of Harvey Devlin's. He had another confession to make. That was quite enough for them. Olive especially begged him to say no more. But

he would go on; and they must hear the truth; for that was why he had got them there together, but no third person must ever know.

"Harvey Devlin! What a poet to steal from!"

There was the gallant twinkle in his fevered eyes; they seemed to have caught the scraps of paper on the walls.

"But he was a worse man," he muttered. "You know the life he led, and how he was supposed to have finished himself in the bush? It wasn't quite true, though very nearly. He was sick of life; dead sick of writing all he wrote, and yet being what he was! He hid his head in the bush, and was very near what he thought of doing, when he came across a man who'd done it weeks before. That was the man they found and buried as Harvey Devlin. I took good care they should!"

"You?" they cried.

"And I've lived to be accused of stealing from myself!"

A sovereign effort had given him a clear run of intelligible speech, and now it was as though his voice fell dead at the post. But the tragic eyes were still twinkling as they closed in the sudden sleep of sheer prostration. The two watchers exchanged long looks, but not a word, and presently one went and stood in the doorway as she had done that afternoon three months before.

The dawn was coming up in a coppery glow, straight ahead over the sandhills, and the stars going out like street lamps at the proper time. In a minute the copper turned to paler bronze, and the bronze to dead pink gold, with a last star blazing just above. The contour of the hills stood out, studded with telegraph posts that dwindled into nothing north and south. And the new day woke with a sigh that blew a puff of sand into the hut, and fluttered the captive scrap of paper nearest the door.

Olive peered at it between firelight and daylight, and for once even she could find no flaw in the quotation:

"The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Godfrey came very quietly and took her hand. One look told her why; for a magic casement had opened in the hut, and the young man and woman were there alone.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

XII



ALTHOUGH St. George dispensed his hospitality without form or pretence, never referring to his functions except in a casual way, the news of so unusual a dinner to so notorious a man, could not long be kept quiet.

While a few habitués occupying the arm-chairs on the sidewalk were chagrined at not being invited, although they knew that ten guests had always been St. George's limit, others expressed their disapproval of the entire performance with more than a shrug of the shoulders. Captain Warfield was most outspoken: "Temple," he said, "like his father, is a law unto himself, and always entertains the queerest kind of people; and if he wants to do honor to a man of that stamp why that, of course, is his business, not mine." At which old Tom Purviance had blurted out—"And a shiftless vagabond too, Warfield, if what I hear is true. Fine subject for St. George to waste his Madeira on!" Purviance had never read a dozen lines of anybody's poetry in his life, and looked upon all literary men as no better than play actors.

It was then that Richard Horn, his big deep-set eyes flashing, had retorted:

"If I did not know how kind-hearted you were, Purviance, and how thoughtless you can sometimes be in your criticisms, I might ask you to apologize to both Mr. Poe and myself. Would it surprise you to know that there is no more truth in what you say than there is in the reports of that gentleman's habitual drunkenness? It was but a year ago that I met him at his cousin's house and I shall never forget him. Would it also surprise you to learn that he has the appearance of a man of very great distinction?—that he was faultlessly attired in a full suit of black and had the finest pair of eyes in his head I have ever

looked into? Mr. Poe is not of your world, or of mine—he is above it. There is too much of this sort of judgment abroad in the land. No—my dear Purviance—I don't want to be rude and I am sure you will not think I am personal. I am only trying to be just to one of the master spirits of our time so that I won't be humiliated when his real worth becomes a household word."

The women took a different view:

"I can't understand what Mr. Temple is thinking of"—said the wife of the arch-deacon to Mrs. Cheston. "This Mr. Poe is something dreadful—never sober, I hear. Mr. Temple is invariably polite to everybody, but when he goes out of his way to do honor to a man like this he only makes it harder for those of us who are trying to help our sons and brothers—" to which Mrs. Cheston had replied with a twinkle in her mouse eyes and a toss of her gray head:—"So was Byron, my dear woman—a very dreadful and most disreputable person, but I can't spare him from my library, nor should you."

None of these criticisms would have affected St. George had he heard them, and we may be sure no one dared tell him. He was too busy, in fact—and so was Harry, helping him for that matter—setting his house in order for the coming function.

That the table itself might be made the more worthy of the great man, orders were given that the big silver loving cup—the one presented to his father by no less a person than the Marquis de Castellux himself—should be brought out to be filled later on with Cloth of Gold roses so placed that their color and fragrance would reach the eyes as well as the nostrils of his guests, while the rest of the family silver, brightened to a mirror finish by Todd, was either sent down to Aunt Jemima to be ready for the special dishes for which the house was famous, or disposed on the sideboard and serving table for instant use when required.

Easy chairs were next brought from upstairs—tobacco and pipes, with wax candles, were arranged on teakwood trays, and an extra dozen or so of bubble-blown glasses banked on a convenient shelf. The banquet room too, for it was late summer, was kept as cool as the season permitted, the green shutters being closed, thus barring out the heat of early September—and the same precaution was taken in the dressing-room, which was to serve as a receptacle for hats and canes.

And Todd as usual was his able assistant. All the dandy's training came into play when his master was giving a dinner: what Madeira to decant, and what to leave in its jacket of dust, with its waistcoat of a label unlaundered for half a century; the temperature of the claret; the exact angle at which the Burgundy must be tilted and when it was to be opened—and how—especially the "how"—the disturbing of a single grain of sediment being a capital offence; the final brandies, particularly that old Peach Brandy hidden in Tom Coston's father's cellar during the war of 1812, and sent to that gentleman as an especial "mark of my appreciation to my dear friend and kinsman, St. George Wilmot Temple," etc., etc.—all this Todd knew to his finger ends.

For with St. George to dine meant something more than the mere satisfying of one's hunger. To dine meant to get your elbows next to your dearest friend—half a dozen or more of your dearest friends, if possible—to look into their eyes, hear them talk, regale them with the best your purse afforded, and last and best of all to open for them your rarest wines—wines bred in the open, amid tender, clustering leaves; wines mellowed by a thousand sunbeams; nurtured, cared for, and put tenderly to sleep, only to awake years thereafter to warm the hearts and cheer the souls of those who honored them with their respect and never degraded them with their debauchery.

As for the dishes themselves—here St. George with Jemima's help was past-master: dishes sizzling hot; dishes warm, and dishes stone cold. And their several arrivals and departures, accompanied by their several staffs: the soup as an advance guard—of gumbo or clams—or both if you choose; then a sheep's head caught off Cobb's Island the day before, just arrived by the day boat, with potatoes that would

melt in your mouth—in white uniforms these; then soft-shell crabs—big, crisp fellows, with fixed bayonets of legs, and orderlies of cucumber—the first served on a huge silver platter with the coat-of-arms of the Temples cut in the centre of the rim and the last on an old English cut glass dish. Then the woodcock and green peas—and green corn—their teeth in a broad grin; then an olio of pineapple, and a wonderful Cheshire cheese, just arrived in a late invoice—and marvellous crackers—and coffee—and fruit (cantaloupes and peaches that would make your mouth water), then nuts, and last a few crusts of dry bread! And here everything came to a halt and all the troops were sent back to the barracks—(Aunt Jemima will do for the barracks).

With this there was to follow a change of base—a most important change. Everything eatable and drinkable and all the glasses and dishes, were to be lifted from the table—one half at a time—the cloth rolled back and whisked away and the polished mahogany laid bare; the silver coasters posted in advantageous positions, and in was to rattle the light artillery:—Black Warrior of 1810—Port of 1815—a Royal Brown Sherry that nobody knew anything about, and had no desire to, so fragrant was it. Last of all the finger-bowls in which to cool the delicate, pipe-stem glasses; and then, and only then, did the real dinner begin.

All this Todd had done dozens of dozens of times before, and all this (with Malachi's assistance—Richard Horn consenting—for there was nothing too good for the great poet) would Todd do again on this eventful night.

As to the guests, this particular feast being given to the most distinguished literary genius the country had yet produced, those who were bidden were, of course, selected with more than usual care: Mr. John P. Kennedy, the distinguished author and statesman, and Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, equally noteworthy as counsellor, mathematician, and patron of the fine arts, both of whom had been Poe's friends for years, and who had first recognized his genius; Richard Horn, who never lost an opportunity to praise him, together with Judge Pancoast, Major Clayton, the richest aristocrat about Kennedy Square and

whose cellar was famous the country over—and last, the Honorable Prim. Not because old Seymour possessed any especial fitness one way or the other for a dinner of this kind, but because his presence would afford an underground communication by which Kate could learn how fine and splendid Harry was—(sly old diplomat St. George!)—and how well he had appeared at a table about which were seated the best Kennedy Square could produce.

"I'll put you right opposite Mr. Poe, Harry—so you can study him at your leisure," St. George had said when discussing the placing of the guests, "and be sure you look at his hands, they are just like a girl's, they are so soft and white. And his eyes—you will never forget them. And there is an air about him too—an air of—well, a sort of haughty distraction—something I can't quite explain—as if he had a contempt for small things—things that you and I, and your father and all of us about here, believe in. Blood or no blood, he's a gentleman, even if he does come of very plain people;—and they were players I hear. It seems natural, when you think it over, that Latrobe and Kennedy and Horn should be men of genius, because their blood entitles them to it, but how a man raised as Mr. Poe has been should—well—all I can say is that he upsets all our theories."

"But I think you are wrong, Uncle George, about his birth. I've been looking him up and his grandfather was a general in the Revolution."

"Well, I'm glad of it—and I hope he was a very good general, and very much of a gentleman—but there is no question of his descendant being a wonder. But that is neither here nor there—you'll be right opposite and can study him in your own way."

Mr. Kennedy arrived first. Although his family name is the same as that which dignifies the scene of these chronicles, none of his ancestors, so far as I know, were responsible for its title. Nor did his own domicile front on its confines. In fact, at this period of his varied and distinguished life, he was seldom seen in Kennedy Square, his duties at Washington occupying all his time, and it was by the merest chance that he could be present.

"Ah, St. George!" he exclaimed, as he handed his hat to Todd and grasped his host's hand. "So very good of you to let me come. How cool and delicious it is in here—and the superb roses— Ah yes!—the old Castellux cup. I remember it perfectly; your father once gave me a sip from its rim when I was a young fellow. And now tell me—how is our genius? What a master stroke is his last—the whole country is ringing with it. How did you get hold of him?"

"Very easily. He wrote me he was passing through on his way to Richmond, and you naturally popped into my head as the proper man to sit next him," replied St. George in his hearty manner.

"And you were on top of him, I suppose, before he got out of bed. Safer, sometimes," and he smiled significantly.

"Yes, found him at Guy's. Sit here, Kennedy, where the air is cooler."

"And quite himself?" continued the writer, settling himself in a chair that St. George had just drawn out for him.

"Perhaps a little thinner, and a little worn. It was only when I told him you were coming, that I got a smile out of him. He never forgets you and he never should."

Again Todd answered the knocker and Major Clayton and Richard Horn joined the group. The major, who was rather stout, apologized for his light seersucker coat, owing to the heat, although his other garments were above criticism. Richard, however, looked as if he had just stepped out of an old portrait in his dull blue coat and white silk scarf, St. George's eyes lighting up as he took in the combination—nothing pleased St. George so much as a well-dressed man, and Richard never disappointed him.

The Honorable Prim now stalked in and shook hands gravely and with great dignity, especially with Mr. Kennedy, whose career as a statesman he had always greatly admired. St. George always said, in speaking of this manner of the Scotchman's, that Prim's precise pomposity was entirely due to the fact that he had swallowed himself and couldn't digest the meal; that if he would once in a while let out a big, hearty laugh it might crack his skin wide enough for him to get a natural breath.

St. George kept his eyes on Harry when the boy stepped forward and shook Prim

by the hand, but he had no need for anxiety. The face of the young prince lighted up and his manner was as gracious as if nothing had ever occurred to mar the harmony between the Seymour clan and himself.

Everybody had seated themselves now—Malachi having passed around a course of palm-leaf fans—Clayton and Horn at one open window overlooking the tired trees—it was in the dog days—Seymour and the judge at the other, while St. George took a position so that he could catch the first glimpse of the famous poet as he crossed the Square—it was still light, the dinner hour having arrived and Todd already getting nervous.

Again the talk dwelt on the guest of honor—Mr. Kennedy, who, of all men of his time, could best appreciate Poe's genius, and who, with Mr. Latrobe, had kept it alive, telling for the hundredth time the old story of his first meeting with the poet, turning now and then to Latrobe for confirmation.

"Oh, some ten or more years ago, wasn't it, Latrobe? We happened to be on the committee for awarding a prize story, and Poe had sent in his 'Manuscript in a Bottle,' among others. It would have broken your hearts, gentlemen, to have seen him. His black coat was buttoned up close to his chin—seedy, badly worn—he himself shabby and down at the heels but erect and extremely courteous—a most pitiable object. My servant wasn't going to let him in at first, he looked so much the vagrant."

"And you know, of course, Kennedy, that he had no shirt on under that coat, don't you?" rejoined Latrobe, rising from his seat as he spoke and joining St. George at the window.

"Do you think so?" echoed Mr. Kennedy.

"I am sure of it. He came to see me next day and wanted me to let him know whether he had been successful. He said if the committee only knew how much the prize would mean to him they would stretch a point in his favor. I am quite sure I told you about it at the time, St. George," and he laid his hand on his host's shoulder.

"There was no need of stretching it, Latrobe," rejoined Richard Horn in his low incisive voice, his eyes on Kennedy's

face, although he was speaking to the counsellor. "You and Kennedy did the world a great service at the right moment. Many a man of brains—one with something new to say—has gone to the wall and left his fellow men that much poorer because no one helped him into the Pool of Healing at the right moment." (Dear Richard!—he was already beginning to understand something of this in his own experience.)

Todd's entrance interrupted the talk for a moment. His face was screwed up into knots, both eyes lost in the deepest crease. "Fo' Gawd, Marse George," he whispered in his master's ear—"dem woodcock'll be sp'iled if dat gemman don't come!"

St. George shook his head: "We will wait a few minutes more, Todd. Tell Aunt Jemima what I say."

Clayton, who despite the thinness of his seersucker coat, had kept his palm-leaf fan busy since he had taken his seat, and who had waited until his host's ear was again free, now broke in cheerily:

"I am not at all sure, St. George, of what this bee of literature can do to a man when it gets to buzzing. Kennedy is a lamentable example of what it has done to him. He started out as a soldier, dropped into law, and now is trying to break into Congress again—and all the time writes—writes—writes. It has spoiled everything he has tried to do in life—and it will spoil everything he touches from this on—and now comes along this man Poe, who——"

"—No, he doesn't come along," chimed in Pancoast, who so far had kept silence, his palm-leaf fan having done all the talking. "I wish he would."

"You are right, judge," chuckled Clayton, "and that is just my point. Here I say, comes along this man Poe and spoils my dinner. Something, I tell you, has got to be done or I shall collapse. By the way, Kennedy—didn't you send Poe a suit of clothes once in which to come to your house to dinner?"

The distinguished statesman, who had been smiling at the major's good-natured badinage, made no reply: that was a matter between the poet and himself.

"And didn't he keep everybody waiting?" persisted Clayton, "until your man found him and brought him back in your own outfit—only the shirt was four sizes too

big for his bean-pole of a body. Am I right?" he laughed.

"He has often dined with me, Clayton," replied Kennedy in his most courteous and kindly tone, ignoring the question as well as all allusion to his charity—"and never in all my experience have I ever met a more dazzling conversationalist. Start him on one of his weird tales and let him see that you are interested, and in sympathy with him, and you will never forget it. He gave us parts of an unfinished story one night at my house, so tremendous in its power that every one was frozen stiff in his seat."

Again Clayton cut in, this time to St. George. He was getting horribly hungry—as were the others. It was now twenty minutes past the dinner hour and there were still no signs of Poe, nor had any word come from him. "For mercy's sake, St. George, try the suit of clothes method—any suit of clothes—here—he can have mine! I'll be twice as comfortable without them."

"He couldn't get into them," returned St. George with a smile—"nor could he into mine, although he is half our weight; and as for our hats—they wouldn't get further down on his head than the top of his crown."

"But I insist on the experiment," bubbled the major good-naturedly. "Here we are, hungry as wolves and everything being burned up: Try the suit of clothes trick—Kennedy did it—and it won't take your Todd ten minutes to go to Guy's and bring him back inside of them."

"Those days are over for Poe," Kennedy remarked with a slight frown. The major's continued allusions to a brother writer's poverty, though pure badinage, had begun to jar on the author.

Again Todd's face was thrust in at the door. This time it looked like a martyr's being slowly roasted at the stake.

"Yes, Todd—serve dinner!" called St. George in a tone that showed how great was his disappointment. "We won't wait any longer, gentlemen. Geniuses must be allowed some leeway. Something has detained our guest."

"He's got an idea in his head and has stopped in somewhere to write it down," continued Clayton in his habitual good-natured tone: it was the overdone wood-

cock—he had heard Todd's warning—that still filled his mind.

"I could forgive him for that," exclaimed the judge—"some of his best work, I hear, has been done on the spur of the moment—and you should forgive him too, Clayton—unbeliever and iconoclast as you are—and you would forgive him if you knew as much about fresh poetry as you do about stale port."

Clayton's stout body shook with laughter: "My dear Pancoast," he cried, "you do not know what you are talking about. No man living or dead should be forgiven who keeps a woodcock on the spit five minutes over time. Forgive him! Why my dear sir, your poet ought to be drawn and quartered, and what is left of him boiled in oil. Where shall I sit, St. George?"

"Alongside of Latrobe. Kennedy, I shall put you next to Poe's vacant chair—he knows and loves you best. Seymour, will you and Richard take your places alongside of Pancoast, and Harry, will you please sit opposite Mr. Kennedy?"

And so the dinner began.

XIII

WHETHER it was St. George's cheery announcement: "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry, but we still have each other, and so we will remember our guest in our hearts even if we cannot have his charming person," or whether it was that the absence of Poe made little difference when a dinner with St. George was in question—certain it is that before many moments the delinquent poet was for the most part forgotten.

As the several dishes passed in review, Malachi in charge of the small arms—plates, knives and forks—and Todd following with the heavier guns—silver platters and the like—the talk branched out to more diversified topics: the new omnibuses which had been allowed to run in the town; the serious financial situation, few people having recovered from the effects of the last great panic; the expected reception to Mr. Polk; the new Historical Society, of which every one present was a member except St. George and Harry; the successful experiments which the New York painter, a Mr. Morse, was making in what he was pleased to call Magnetic Telegraphy, and the absurdity of his claim that his invention would

soon come into general use—every one commenting unfavorably except Richard Horn:—All these shuttlecocks were tossed into mid-air for each battledore to crack and all these, with infinite tact the better to hide his own and his companions' disappointment over the loss of his honored guest—did St. George keep on the move.

With the shifting of the cloth and the placing of the coasters—the nuts, crusts of bread, and finger-bowls being within easy reach—most of this desultory talk ceased. Something more delicate, more human, more captivating than sport, finance, or politics; more satisfying than all the poets who ever lived, filled everybody's mind. Certain Rip Van Winkles of bottles with tattered garments, dust-begrimed faces, and cobwebs in their hair, were lifted tenderly from the sideboard and awakened to consciousness; (some of them hadn't opened their mouths for twenty years, except to have them immediately stopped with a new cork), and placed in the expectant coasters, Todd handling each one with the reverence of a priest serving in a temple. Crusty, pot-bellied old fellows, who hadn't uttered a civil word to anybody since they had been shut up in their youth, now laughed themselves wide open. A squat, lean-necked, jolly little jug without legs—labelled in ink—"Crab-apple, 1807," spread himself over as much of the mahogany as he could cover, and admired his fat shape upside down in its polish. Diamond-cut decanters—regular swells these—with silver chains and medals on their chests—went swaggering round, boasting of their ancestors; saying "Your good health" every time any one invited them to have a drop—or lose one—while a modest little demijohn—or rather a semi-demi-little-john—all in his wicker-basket clothes, with a card sewed on his jacket—like a lost boy (Peggy Coston of Wesley did the sewing) bearing its name and address—"Old Peach, 1796, Wesley, Eastern Shore," was placed on St. George's right within reach of his hand. "It reminds me of the dear woman herself, gentlemen, in her homely outside and her warm, loving heart underneath, and I wouldn't change any part of it for the world."

"What Madeira is this, St. George?" It was the judge who was speaking—he had not yet raised the thin glass to his lips; the old wine taster was too absorbed in its

rich amber color and in the delicate aroma, which was now reaching his nostrils. Indeed a new—several new fragrances, were by this time permeating the room.

"It is the same, judge, that I always give you."

"Not your father's Black Warrior?"

"Yes, the 1810, don't you recognize it? Not corked, is it?"

"Corked, my dear man! It's a posy of roses. But I thought that was all gone."

"No, there are a few bottles still in my cellar—some—How many are there, Todd, of the Black Warrior?"

"Dat's de las' 'cept two, Marse George."

"Dying in a good cause, judge—I'll send them to you to-morrow."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, you spendthrift. Give them to Kennedy or Clayton."

"No, give them to nobody!" laughed Kennedy. "Keep them where they are and don't let anybody draw either cork until you invite me to dinner again."

"Only two bottles left," cried Latrobe in consternation! "Well, what the devil are we going to do when they are gone?—what's anybody going to do?" The "we" was the key to the situation. The good Madeira of Kennedy Square was for those who honored it, and in that sense—and that sense only—was common property.

"Don't be frightened, Latrobe," laughed St. George—"I've got a lot of the Blackburn Reserve of 1812 left. Todd, serve that last bottle I brought up this morning—I put it in that low decanter next to—Ah, Malachi—you are nearest. Pass that to Mr. Latrobe, Malachi—Yes—that's the one. Now tell me how you like it? It is a little pricked, I think, and may be slightly bruised in the handling. I spent half an hour picking out the cork this morning—but there is no question of its value."

"Yes," rejoined Latrobe moistening his lips with the topaz-colored liquid—"it is a little bruised. I wouldn't have served it—better lay it aside for a month or two in the decanter. Are all your corks down to that, St. George?"

"All the 1810 and '12—dry as powder some of them. I've got one over on the sideboard that I'm afraid to tackle"—here he turned to Clayton: "Major, you are the only man I know who can pick out a cork properly. Yes, Todd—the bottle at the end

next to that Burgundy—that's it. Try your hand on that, major."

The Honorable Prim bent closer. "What is it, St. George, some old Port?" he asked in a perfunctory way. Rare old wines never interested him. "They are an affectation," he used to say.

"No, Seymour—it's really a bottle of the Peter Remsen 1817 Madeira. Part of a lot which——"

"Well—but why don't *you* draw the cork, St. George?" interrupted the major from across the table, his eyes on Todd, who was searching for the rarity among the others flanking the sideboard.

"I dare not—that is, I'm afraid to try. You are the man for a cork like that—and Todd!—hand Major Clayton the corkscrew and one of those silver nut-picks."

The bottle was passed, every eye watching it with the greatest interest:

"No, never mind the corkscrew, Todd," remarked the major, examining the hazardous cork with the care of a watchmaker handling a broken-down chronometer. "You're right, St. George—it's too far gone—I'll pick it out. Don't watch me, Seymour, or I'll get nervous. You'll hoodoo it too—you Scotchmen are the devil when it comes to anything fit to drink," and he winked at Prim.

"How much is there left of it, St. George?" asked Latrobe, watching the major manipulate the nut-pick.

"Not a drop outside that bottle."

"Let us pray—for the cork," sighed Latrobe. "Easy—e-a-sy, major—think of your responsibility, man!"

It was out now, the major dusting the opening with one end of his napkin—his face wreathed in smiles when his nostrils caught the first whiff of its aroma.

"By Jove!—gentlemen!— When I'm being snuffed out I'll at least go like a gentleman if I have a drop of this on my lips. It's a bunch of roses—a veritable nosegay. Heavens!—what a bouquet! Some fresh glasses, Todd."

Malachi and Todd both stepped forward for the honor of serving it, but the major waved them aside, and rising to his feet began the round of the table, filling each slender pipe-stem glass to the brim.

Then the talk, that had long since drifted away from general topics, turned to the color and sparkle of some of the more fa-

mous wines absorbed these many years by their distinguished votaries. This was followed by the proper filtration and racking both of Ports and Madeiras, and whether milk or egg were best for the purpose—Kennedy recounting his experience of different vintages both here and abroad, the others joining in, and all with the same intense interest that a group of scientists or collectors would have evinced in discussing some new discovery in chemistry or physics, or the coming to light of some rare volume long since out of print—everybody, indeed, taking a hand in the discussion except Latrobe, whose mouth was occupied in the slow sipping of his favorite Madeira—tilting a few drops now and then on the end of his tongue, his eyes devoutly closed that he might the better relish its flavor and aroma.

It was all an object lesson to Harry, who had never been to a dinner of older men—not even at his father's—and though at first he smiled at what seemed to him a great fuss over nothing, he finally began to take a broader view. Wine, then, was like food or music, or poetry—or good-fellowship—something to be enjoyed in its place—and never out of it. For all that, he had allowed no drop of anything to fall into his own glass—a determination which Todd understood perfectly but which he as studiously chose to ignore—so as not to cause Marse Harry any embarrassment. Even the "1814" was turned down by the young man with a parrying gesture which caught the alert eyes of the major.

"You are right, my boy," the *bon vivant* said sententiously. "It is a wine for old men. But look after your stomach, you dog—or you may wake up some fine morning and not be able to know good Madeira from bad. You young bloods with your vile concoctions of toddies, punches, and other satanic brews, are fast going to the devil—your palates, I am speaking of. If you ever saw the inside of a distillery you would never drink another drop of whiskey—there's poison in every thimble-full; there's sunshine in this, sir;" and he held the glass to his eyes until the light of the candles flashed through it.

"But I've never seen the inside or outside of a distillery in my life," answered Harry with a laugh, a reply which did not in the least quench the major's enthusi-

asms, who went on dilating, wine-glass in hand, on the vulgarity of drinking standing up—the habitual custom of whiskey tipplers—in contrast with the refinement of sipping wines sitting down—one being a vice and the other a virtue.

Richard too, had been noticing Harry. He had overheard as the dinner progressed, a remark the boy had made to the guest next him, regarding the peculiar rhythm of Poe's verse—Harry repeating the closing lines of the poem with such keen appreciation of their meaning that Richard at once joined in the talk, commending him for his insight and discrimination. He had always supposed that Rutter's son, like all the younger bloods of his time, had abandoned his books when he left college and had affected horses and dogs instead. The discovery ended in his scrutinizing Harry's face the closer, reading between the lines—his father here, his mother there—until a quick knitting of the brows, and a flash from out the deep brown eyes, upset all his preconceived opinions: he had expected grit and courage in the boy—there couldn't help being that when one thought of his father—but where did the lad get his imagination? Richard wondered—that which millions could not purchase. "A most engaging young man in spite of his madcap life," he said to himself—"I don't wonder St. George loves him."

When the bell in the old church struck the hour of ten, Harry again turned to Richard and said with a sigh of disappointment:

"I'm afraid it's too late to expect him—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I fear so," rejoined Richard, who all through the dinner had never ceased to bend his ear to every sound, hoping for the rumble of wheels or the quick step of a man in the hall. "Something extraordinary must have happened to him or he may have been called suddenly to Richmond and taken the steamboat." Then leaning toward his host he called across the table. "Might I make a suggestion, St. George?"

St. George paused in his talk with Mr. Kennedy and Latrobe and raised his head: "Well, Richard?"

"I was just saying to young Harry here, that perhaps Mr. Poe has been called suddenly to Richmond and has sent you a note which has not reached you."

"Or he might be ill," suggested Harry in his anxiety to leave no loophole through which the poet could escape.

"Or, he might be ill," repeated Richard—"quite true. Now would you mind if I sent Malachi to Guy's to find out?"

"No, Richard—but I'll send Todd. We can get along, I expect, with Malachi until he gets back. Todd!"

"Yes, sah."

"You go to Guy's and ask Mr. Lampson if Mr. Poe is still in the hotel. If he is not there ask for any letter addressed to me and then come back. If he is in, go up to his room and present my compliments, and say we are waiting dinner for him."

Todd's face lengthened, but he missed no word of his master's instructions. Apart from these his mind was occupied with the number of minutes it would take him to run all the way to Guy's Hotel, mount the steps, deliver his message, and race back again. Malachi, who was nearly twice his age, and who had had twice his experience, might be all right until he reached that old Burgundy, but "dere warn't nobody could handle dem corks but himself; Malachi'd bust 'em sho' and spile em' fo' he could git back."

"'Spouse dere ain't no gemman and no letter, den what?" he asked as a last resort.

"Then come straight home."

"Yes, sah," and he backed regretfully from the room and closed the door behind him.

St. George turned to Horn again: "Very good idea, Richard—wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I should probably, had I not expected him every minute. And he was so glad to come. He told me he had never forgotten the dinner at Kennedy's some years ago, and when he heard you would be here as well, his whole face lighted up. I was too greatly struck with the improvement in his appearance, he seemed more a man of the world than when I first knew him—carried himself better and was more carefully dressed. This morning when I went in he——"

Todd, who had opened the door silently and crept in, laid his hand on his master's shoulder.

"Marse George, can I speak to you a minute?" he whispered. The boy looked as if he had seen a ghost.

"Speak to me! Why haven't you taken my message, Todd?"

"Yes, sah—dat is—can't ye step in de hall a minute, Marse George—now—right away?"

"The hall!—what for?—is there anything the matter?"

St. George rose to his feet and followed Todd from the room. Something, evidently had gone wrong—something demanding instant attention or Todd wouldn't be scared out of his wits. Those nearest him, who had overheard Todd's whispered words, halted in their talk in the hope of getting some clew to the situation; others, further away, kept on, unconscious that anything unusual had taken place.

Several minutes passed:

Again the door swung wide, and a man deathly pale, erect, faultlessly dressed in a full suit of black, the coat buttoned close to his chin, his cavernous eyes burning like coals of fire, entered on St. George's arm and advanced toward the group.

Every guest was on his feet in an instant:

"We have him at last!" cried St. George in his cheeriest voice. "A little late, but doubly welcome. Mr. Poe, gentlemen."

Kennedy was the first to extend his hand, Horn crowding close, the others waiting their turn.

Poe straightened his body, focussed his eyes on Kennedy, shook his extended hand gravely, but without the slightest sign of recognition, and repeated the same cold greeting to each guest in the room. He spoke no word—did not open his lips—only the mechanical movement of his outstretched hand—a movement so formal that it stifled all exclamations of praise on the part of the guests, or even of welcome. It was as if he had grasped the hands of strangers beside an open grave.

Then the cold, horrible truth flashed upon them:

Edgar Allan Poe was dead drunk!

The silence that followed was appalling—an expectant silence like that which precedes the explosion of a bomb. Kennedy, who had known him the longest and best, and who knew that if his mind could once be set working he would recover his tongue and wits, having seen him before in a similar crisis, stepped nearer and laid both hands on Poe's shoulders. Get Poe to

talking and he would be himself again; let him once be seated, and ten chances to one he would fall asleep at the table.

"No, don't sit down, Mr. Poe—not yet. Give us that great story of yours—the one you told at my house that night—we have never forgotten it. Gentlemen, all take your seats—I promise you one of the great treats of your lives."

Poe stood for an instant undecided, the light of the candles illuminating his black hair, pallid face, and haggard features; fixed his eyes on Todd and Malachi, as if trying to account for their presence, and stood wavering, his deep, restless eyes gleaming like slumbering coals flashing points of hot light.

Again Mr. Kennedy's voice rang out:

"Any one of your stories, Mr. Poe—we leave it to you."

Everybody was seated now with eyes fixed on the poet. Harry, overcome and still dazed, pressed close to Richard who, bending forward, had put his elbow on the table, his chin in his hand. Clayton wheeled up a big chair and placed it back some little distance, so that he could get a better view of the poet. Seymour, Latrobe, and the others, canted their seats to face the speaker squarely. All felt that Kennedy's tact had saved the situation and restored the equilibrium. It was the poet now who stood before them—the man of genius—the man whose name was known the country through. That he was drunk was only part of the performance. Booth had been drunk when he chased a super from the stage; Webster made his best speeches when he was half-seas-over—was making them at that very moment. It was so with many other men of genius the world over. If they could hear one of Poe's poems—or better still, one of his short stories, like "The Black Cat" or the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," it would be like hearing Emerson read one of his Essays, or Longfellow recite his "Hyperion." This in itself would atone for everything. Kennedy was right—it would be one of the treats of their lives.

Poe grasped with one hand the back of the chair reserved for him; stood swaying for an instant, passed the other hand nervously across his forehead, brushed back a stray lock that had fallen over his eyebrow, loosened the top button of his coat, reveal-

ing a fresh white scarf tied about his neck, closed his eyes, and in a voice deep, sonorous, choked with tears one moment, ringing clear the next—word by word—slowly—with infinite tenderness and infinite dignity and with the solemnity of a condemned man awaiting death—repeated the Lord's Prayer to the end.

Kennedy sat as if paralyzed. Richard Horn, who had lifted up his hands in horror as the opening sentence smote his ears, lowered his head upon his chest as he would in church. There was no blasphemy in this! It was the wail of a lost soul pleading for mercy!

Harry, cowering in his chair, gazed at Poe in amazement. Then a throb of such sympathy as he had never felt before shook him to his depths. Could that transfigured man praying there, the undried tears still on his lids, be the same who had entered on his uncle's arm but a few moments before?

Poe lifted his head, opened his eyes, walked in a tired, hopeless way, toward the mantel and sank into an easy chair. There he sat with bowed head, his face in his hands.

One by one the men rose to their feet and with a nod or silent pressure of St. George's hand, moved toward the door. When they spoke to each other it was in whispers; to Todd, who brought their hats and canes; to Harry whom, unconsciously, they substituted for host; shaking his hand, muttering some word of sympathy for St. George: No—they would find their way, better not disturb his uncle, etc. They would see him in the morning, etc., and thus the group passed out in a body and left the house.

Temple himself was profoundly moved. The utter helplessness of the man; his abject and complete surrender to the demon which possessed him—all this appalled him. He had seen many drunken men in his time—roisterers and brawlers, most of them—but never one like Poe. The poet seemed to have lost his identity—nothing of the man of the world was left—in speech, thought, or movement.

When Harry re-entered, his uncle was sitting beside the poet, who had not yet addressed him a word; nor had he again raised his head. Every now and then the sound of

an indrawn breath would escape Poe, as if hot tears were choking him.

St. George waved his hand meaningly.

"Tell Todd I'll ring for him when I want him, Harry," he whispered, "and now do you go to sleep." Then, pointing to the crouching man, "He must stay in my bed here to-night, I won't leave him. What a pity! O God! what a pity! Poor fellow—how sorry I am for him!"

Harry was even more affected. Terrified and awestruck, he mounted the stairs to his room, locked his chamber door, and threw himself on his bed, his mother's and Kate's pleadings sounding in his ears, his mind filled with the picture of the poet standing erect with closed eyes, the prayer his mother had taught him falling from his lips. This, then, was what his mother and Kate meant—this—the greatest of all calamities—the overthrow of a *man*.

For the hundredth time he turned his wandering search-light into his own heart. The salient features of his own short career passed in review: the fluttering of the torn card as it fell to the floor; the sharp crack of Willits's pistol; the cold, harsh tones of his father's voice when he ordered him from the house; Kate's dear eyes streaming with tears and her uplifted hands—their repellent palms turned toward him as she sobbed—"Go away—my heart is broken!" And then the refrain of the poem which of late had haunted him night and day:

"Disaster following fast and following faster,
Till his song one burden bore,"

and then the full, rich tones of Poe's voice pleading with his Maker:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Yes:—Disaster had followed fast and faster. But why had it followed him? What had he done to bring all this misery upon himself? How could he have acted differently? Wherein had he broken any law he had been taught to uphold, and if he had broken it why should he not be forgiven? Why, too, had Kate turned away from him? He had promised her never to drink again; he had kept that promise, and God helping him he would always keep it, as would any other man who had seen what he had just seen to-night. Perhaps he had trespassed in the duel, and yet he would fight Willits

again were the circumstances the same, and in this view Uncle George upheld him. But suppose he had trespassed—suppose he had committed a fault—as his father declared—why should not Kate forgive him? She had forgiven Willits, who was drunk, and yet she would not forgive him, who had not allowed a drop to pass his lips since he had given her his promise. How could she, who could do no wrong, expect to be forgiven herself when she not only shut the door in his face, but left him without a word or a line? How could his father ask forgiveness of his God when he would not forgive his son? Why were these two different from his mother and his Uncle George, and even old Alec—who had nothing but sympathy for him? Perhaps his education and training had been at fault. Perhaps, as Richard Horn had said, his standards of living were old-fashioned and quixotic.

Only when the gray dawn stole in through the small window of his room did the boy fall asleep.

XIV

NOR only Kennedy Square, but Moorlands, rang with accounts of the dinner and its consequences. Most of those who were present, and who witnessed the distressing spectacle had only words of sympathy for the unfortunate man—his reverent manner, his contrite tones, and abject humiliation disarming their criticism. They felt that some sudden breaking down of the barriers of his will, either physical or mental, had led to the catastrophe. Richard Horn voiced the sentiments of Poe's sympathizers when, in rehearsing the episode the next afternoon at the club, he had said:

"His pitiable condition, gentlemen, was not the result of debauchery. Poe neither spoke nor acted like a drunken man; he spoke and acted like a man whom a devil had overcome. It was pathetic, gentlemen, and it was heart-rending—really the most pitiful sight I ever remember witnessing. His anguish, his struggle, and his surrender I shall never forget; nor will his God—for the prayer came straight from his heart."

"I don't agree with you, Horn," interrupted Clayton. "Poe was plumb drunk! It was the infernal whiskey he drinks that puts the devil in him. It may be he can't get anything else, but it's a damnable concoction all the same. Kennedy has about

given him up—told me so yesterday, and when Kennedy gives a fellow up that's the last of him."

"Then I'm ashamed of Kennedy," retorted Horn. "Any man who can write as Poe does should be forgiven, no matter what he does—if he be honest. There's nothing so rare as genius in this world and even if his flame does burn from a vile-smelling wick it's a flame, remember!—and one that will yet light the ages. If I know anything of the literature of our time Poe will live when these rhymers like Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper whom everybody is talking about will be forgotten. He's possessed of a devil, I tell you, who gets the better of him once in a while—it did the night of St. George's dinner."

"Very charitable in you, Richard," exclaimed Pancoast, another dissenter—"and perhaps it will be just as well for his family, if he has any, to accept your view—but devil or no devil, you must confess, Horn, that it was pretty hard on St. George. If the man has any sense of refinement—and he must have from the way he writes—the best way out of it is for him to own up like a man and say that Guy's barkeeper filled him too full of raw whiskey, and that he didn't come to until it was too late—that he was very sorry, and wouldn't do it again. That's what I would have done, and that's what you, Richard, or any other gentleman, would have done."

Others, who got their information second hand, followed the example of St. George's guests censuring or excusing the poet in accordance with their previous likes or dislikes. The "what-did-I-tell-you"—Bowdoin among them—and there were several—broke into roars of laughter when they learned what had happened in the Temple Mansion. So did those who had not been invited, and who still felt some resentment at St. George's oversight.

Another group—and these were also to be found at the club—thought only of St. George, Murdoch voicing their views when he said: "Temple laid himself out, so I hear, on that dinner, and some of us know what that means. And a dinner like that, remember, counts with St. George. In the future it will be just as well to draw the line at poets as well as actors."

The Lord of Moorlands had no patience with any of their views. Whether Poe was

a drunkard, or not, did not concern him in the least. What did trouble him was the fact that St. George's cursed independence had made him so far forget himself and his own birth and breeding, as to place a chair at his table for a man in every way beneath him. Hospitality of that kind was understandable in men like Kennedy and Latrobe—one the leading literary light of his State, whose civic duties brought him in contact with all classes—the other a distinguished man of letters as well as being a poet, artist, and engineer, who naturally touched the sides of many personalities. So too, might Richard Horn be excused for stretching the point—he being a scientist whose duty it was to welcome to his home many kinds of people—this man Morse among them, with his farcical telegraph, and who was courteous enough therefore not to draw the line at this Mr. Poe—a man in the public eye who seemed to be more or less talked about in the public press; but of whom he himself knew nothing. But why St. George Temple, who in all probability had never read a line of Poe's, or anybody else's poetry in his life—should give this man a dinner—and why such sane gentlemen as Seymour, Clayton, and Pancoast should consider it an honor to touch elbows with him, was as unaccountable as it was incredible.

Furthermore, and this is what rankled deepest in his heart—St. George was subjecting his only son, Harry, to corrupting influences, and at a time, too, when the boy needed the uplifting examples of all that was highest in men and manners.

"And you tell me, Alec"—he blazed out on hearing the details, "that the fellow never appeared until the dinner was all over and then came in roaring drunk?"

"Well, sah, I ain't yered nothin' 'bout de roarin', but he suttinly was 'how-come-yeso'—fer dey couldn't git 'im upstairs 'less dey toted him on dere backs. Marse George Temple gin him his own baid an' sot up mos' ob de night, an' dar he stayed fo' fo' days till he come to. Dat's what Todd done tol' me, an' I reckon Todd knows."

The colonel was in his den when this conversation took place. He was generally to be found there since the duel, his wife, or Alec, or some of his neighbors surprising him buried in his easy chair, an unopened

book in his hand, his eyes staring straight ahead as if trying to solve some problem which constantly eluded his grasp. After the episode at the club he became more absorbed than ever. It was that episode, indeed, which had vexed him most. Not that St. George's tongue-lashing worried him—nor did Harry's blank look of amazement linger in his thoughts. St. George, he had to confess to himself as he battled with the questions, was the soul of honor and had not meant to insult him. His love for Harry had incited the quixotic onslaught, for St. George dearly loved the boy, and this in itself wiped all resentment from the autocrat's heart. As to Harry's attitude toward himself, this he continued to reason was only a question of time. That young upstart had not learned his lesson yet—a harsh lesson, it was true, and one not understood by the world at large—but then the world was not responsible for his son's bringing up. When the boy had learned it, and was willing to acknowledge the error of his ways, then, perhaps, he might kill the fatted calf—that is, of course, if the prodigal should return on all fours and with no stilted and untenable ideas about his rights, etc., etc.—ideas that St. George, of course, was instilling into him every chance he got, etc., etc.

So far, however, he had had to admit to himself that while he had kept steady watch of the line of hills skirting his mental horizon, up to the present moment no young gentleman in a dilapidated suit of clothes, inverted waist measure, and lean legs had shown himself above the sky line. On the contrary, if all reports were true—and Alec omitted no opportunity to keep him advised of Marse Harry's every movement—the young Lord of Moorlands was having the time of his life, even if his sweet-heart had renounced him and his father forced him into exile. Not only had he found a home and many comforts at Temple's—being treated as an honored guest alongside of such men as Kennedy and Latrobe, Pancoast and the others, but now that St. George had publicly declared him to be his heir, these distinctive marks of his approbation were likely to continue. Nor could he interfere, even if he wished to—which, of course, he did not, and never could so long as he lived. "Damn him!" etc., etc. And with this the book would

drop from his lap and he begin pacing the floor, his eyes on the carpet, his broad shoulders bent in his anxiety to solve the problem which haunted him night and day—how to get Harry back under his roof and not yield a jot or tittle of his pride or will—or to be more explicit, now that the mountain would not come to Mahomet, how could Mahomet get over to the mountain?

His friend and nearest neighbor, John Gorsuch, who was also his man of business, opened the way. The financier's servant had brought him a letter, just in by the afternoon coach, and with a glance at its contents the shrewd old fellow had at once ordered his horse and set out for Moorlands, some two miles distant. Nor did he draw rein or break gallop until he threw the lines to a servant beside the lower step of the colonel's porch.

"It's the Patapsco again! It will close its doors before the week is out!" he cried, striding into the library where the colonel, who had just come in from inspecting a distant field on his estate, sat dusting his riding boots with his handkerchief.

"Going to stop payment! Failed! What the devil do you mean, John?"

"I mean just what I say! Everything has gone to bally-hack in the city. Here's a letter I have just received from Harding—he's on the inside, and knows. He thinks there's some crooked business about it; they have been loaning money on all sorts of brickbats, he says, and the end has come, or will to-morrow. He wanted to post me in time."

The colonel tossed his handkerchief on his writing table: "Who will be hurt?" he asked hurriedly, ignoring the reference to the dishonesty of the directors.

"Oh!—a lot of people. Temple, I know, keeps his account there. He was short of cash a little while ago, for young Pawson, who has his law office in the basement of his house, offered me a mortgage on his Kennedy Square property, but I hadn't the money at the time and didn't take it. If he got it at last—and he paid heavily for it if he did—the way things have been going—and if he put that money in the Patapsco, it will be a bad blow to him. Harry, I hear, is with him—so I thought you ought to know."

Rutter had given a slight start at the mention of St. George's name among the crip-

pled, and a strange glitter still lingered in his eyes.

"Then I presume my son is dependent on a beggar," he exclaimed, rising from his seat, stripping off his brown velvet riding jacket and hanging it in a closet behind his chair.

"Yes, it looks that way."

Gorsuch was watching the colonel closely. He had another purpose in making his breakneck ride. He didn't have a dollar in the Patapsco, and he knew the colonel had not; he, like himself, was too shrewd a man to be bitten twice by the same dog, but he had a large interest in Harry and would leave no stone unturned to bring father and son together.

The colonel again threw himself into his chair, stretched out his slender, well-turned legs, crooked one of his russet leather riding boots to be sure the spurs were still in place, and said slowly—rather absently as if the subject did not greatly interest him:

"Patapsco failed and St. George a beggar, eh?—Too bad!—too bad!" Then some disturbing suspicions must have entered his head, for he roused himself, looked at Gorsuch keenly, and asked in a searching tone: "And you came over full tilt, John, to tell me this?"

"I thought you might help. St. George needs all the friends he's got if this is true—and it looks to me as if it was," answered Gorsuch in a positive tone.

Rutter relaxed his gaze and resumed his position. Had his suspicions been correct that Gorsuch's interest in Harry was greater than his interest in the bank's failure, he would have resented it even from John Gorsuch.

His suspicions disarmed by the cool, unflinching gaze of his man of business, his mind again took up in review all the incidents connected with St. George and his son, and what part each had played in them.

That Temple—good friend as he had always been—had thwarted him in every attempt to bring about a reconciliation between himself and Harry, had been apparent from the very beginning of the difficulty. Even the affair at the club showed it. This would have ended quite differently—and he had fully intended it should—had not St. George, with his cursed officiousness, interfered with his plans. For what he had

really proposed to himself to do, on that spring morning when he had rolled up to the club in his coach, was to mount the steps, ignore his son at first, if he should run up against him—(and he had selected the very hour when he hoped he would run up against him)—and then, when the boy broke down, as he surely must, to forgive him like a gentleman and a Rutter, and this too, before everybody. Seymour would see it—Kate would hear of it, and the honor of the Rutters remain unblemished. Moreover, this would silence once and for all those gabblers who had undertaken to criticise him for what they called his inhumanity in banishing his only son when he was only trying to bring up that child in the way he should go. The tide now seemed to be on the turn. The failure of the Patapsco might be his opportunity. St. George would be at his wits' end; Harry would be forced to choose between the sidewalk and Moorlands, and the old life would go on as before.

All these thoughts coursed through his mind as he leaned back in his chair, his lips tight set, the jaw firm and determined—only the lids quivering as he mastered the tears that crept to their edges. Now and then, in his mental absorption, he would absently cross his legs only to straighten them out again, his state of mind an open book to Gorsuch, who had followed the same line of reasoning and who had brought the news himself that he might the better watch its effect.

"I'm surprised that Temple should select the Patapsco. It has never got over its last smash of four years ago," Gorsuch at last remarked. He did not intend to let the topic drift away from Harry if he could help it.

"I am not surprised, John. St. George is the best fellow in the world, but he never lets anything work but his heart. When you get at the bottom of it you will find that he's backed up the bank because some poor devil of a teller or clerk, or maybe some director, is his friend. That's enough for St. George, and further than that he never goes. He's thrown away two fortunes now—his grandmother's, which was small, but sound—and his father's, which if he had attended to would have kept him comfortable all his life."

"You had some words at the club, I heard," interjected Gorsuch.

"No, he had some words, I had a julep," and the colonel smiled grimly.

"But you are still on good terms, are you not?"

"I am, but he isn't. But that is of no consequence. No man in his senses would ever get angry with St. George, no matter what he might say or do. He hasn't a friend in the world who could be so ill bred. And as to calling him out—you would as soon think of challenging your wife. St. George talks from his heart, never his head. I have loved him for thirty years and know exactly what I am talking about—and yet let me tell you, Gorsuch, with all his qualities—and he is the finest bred gentleman I know—he can come closer to being a natural born fool than any man of his years and position in Kennedy Square. This treatment of my son whom I am trying to bring up a gentleman—is one proof of it, and this putting all his eggs into one basket—and that a rotten basket—is another."

"Well, then—if that is your feeling about it, colonel, why not go and see him? As I have said, he needs all the friends he's got at a time like this." If he could bring the two men together the boy might come home. Not to be able to wave back to Harry as he dashed past on Spitfire, had been a privation which the whole settlement had felt. "That is, of course," he continued, "if St. George Temple would be willing to receive you. He would be—wouldn't he?"

"I don't know, John—and I don't care. If I should make up my mind to go—remember, I said 'IF'—I'd go whether he liked it or not."

He *had* made up his mind—had made it up at the precise moment the announcement of the bank's failure and St. George's probable ruin had dropped from Gorsuch's lips—but none of this must Gorsuch suspect. He would still be the doge and Virginus; he alone must be the judge of when and how and where he would show leniency. Generations of Rutters were behind him—this boy was in the direct line—connecting the past with the present—and on Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands, and on no other, rested the responsibility of keeping the glorious name unsmirched.

Todd, with one of the dogs at his heels, opened the door for him, smothering a "Gor-a-Mighty!—sumpin's up fo' sho!"

when his hand turned the knob. He had heard the clatter of two horses and their sudden pull-up outside, and looking out, had read the situation at a glance. Old Matthew was holding the reins of both mounts at the moment, for the colonel always rode in state. No tying to horse-blocks or tree-boxes, or picking up of a loose negro to watch his restless steed when he had a stable full of thoroughbreds and quarters packed with grooms.

"Yes, Marse Colonel—yes, sah—Marse George is inside—yes, sah—but Marse Harry's out." He had not asked for Harry, but Todd wanted him to get all the facts in case there was to be another such scene as black John described had taken place at the club on the occasion of the colonel's last visit to the Chesapeake.

"Then I'll go in unannounced, and you need not wait, Todd."

St. George was in his arm-chair by the mantel looking over one of his heavy ducking guns when the Lord of Moorlands entered. He was the last man in the world he expected to see, but he did not lose his self-control or show in any way his surprise. He was host, and Rutter was his guest; nothing else counted now.

St. George rose to his feet, laid the gun carefully on the table, and with a smile on his face—one of extreme courtesy, advanced to greet him.

"Ah, Talbot—it has been some time since I had this pleasure. Let me draw up a chair for you—I'll ring for Todd and——"

"No, St. George. I prefer to talk to you alone."

"Todd is never an interruption."

"He may be to-day. I have something to say to you—and I don't want either to be interrupted or misunderstood. You and I have known each other too many years to keep up this quarrel; I am getting rather sick of it myself."

St. George shrugged his shoulders, nodded to Todd who left the room followed by Floe, and maintained an attentive attitude. He would either fight or make peace, but he must first learn the conditions. In the meantime he would hold his peace.

Rutter strode past him to the fireplace, opened his riding jacket, laid his whip on the mantel, and with his hands deep in his breeches pockets faced the room and his

host, who had again taken his place by the table.

"The fact is, St. George, I have been greatly disturbed of late by reports which have reached me about my son. He is with you, I presume."

St. George nodded.

Rutter waited for a verbal reply, and receiving none, went on: "Very greatly disturbed; so much so that I have made an especial trip from Moorlands to call upon you and ascertain their truth."

Again St. George nodded, the smile—one of extreme civility now, still on his face. Then he added, brushing some stray grains of tobacco from his sleeve with his fingers: "That was very good of you, Talbot—but go on—I'm listening."

The colonel's eyes flashed. Temple's perfect repose—something he had not expected—was beginning to get on his nerves. He cleared his throat impressively and continued, his voice rising in intensity.

"Instead of leading the life of a young man brought up as a gentleman, I hear he is consorting with the lowest class of people here in your house—people who——"

"—Are my guests," interrupted St. George calmly—loosening the buttons of his coat in search of his handkerchief, there being more tobacco on his clothes than he had supposed.

"Yes, you have hit it exactly—your guests—and that is another thing I have come to tell you, for neither I, nor your friends, can understand how a man of your breeding should want to surround himself with——"

"—Is it necessary that you should understand, Talbot?"—same low incisive but extremely civil voice, almost monotonous in its cadences. The cambric was in full play now.

"Of course it is necessary when it affects my own flesh and blood. You know as well as I do that this sot, Poe, is not a fit companion for a boy raised as my Harry has been—a man picked out of the gutter—his family a lot of play-actors—even worse, I hear. A fellow who staggers into your house dead drunk and doesn't sober up for a week! It's scandalous!"

Again St. George shrugged his shoulders, but one hand was clenched this time, the inside steel clamps in action, the handkerchief alone saving the nails from pressing into the palms.

"And is that what you came from Moorlands to tell me, Talbot?" remarked St. George casually, adjusting the lapels of his coat.

"Yes!" retorted Rutter—he was fast losing what was left of his self-control—"that and some other things! But we will attend to Harry first. You gave that boy shelter when——"

"Please state it correctly, Talbot. We can get on better if you stick to the facts." The words came slowly, but the enunciation was as perfect as if each word had been cut with a knife. "I didn't give him shelter—I gave him a home—one you denied him. But go on—I prefer to hear you out."

The colonel's eyes blazed. He had never seen St. George like this—it was Temple's hot outbursts that had made him so easy an adversary in their recent disputes.

"And you will please do the same, St. George," he demanded in his most lofty tone. "You know perfectly well I turned him out of Moorlands because he had disgraced his blood, and yet you—my life-long friend, have had the bad taste to interfere and drag him down still lower, so that now, instead of coming to his senses and asking my pardon, he parades himself at the club and at your dinners, putting on the airs of an injured man."

St. George drew himself up to his full height.

"Let us change the subject, Talbot, or we will both forget ourselves. If you have anything to say to me that will benefit Harry and settle the difficulty between him and you, I will meet you more than halfway, but I give you fair warning that the apology must come from you. You have—if you will permit me to say it, in my own house—behaved more like a brute than a father. I told you so the night you turned him out in the rain for me to take care of, and I told you so again at the club when you tried to make a laughing-stock of him before your friends—and now I tell you so once more! Come!—let us drop the subject—what may I offer you to drink?—you must be rather chilled with your ride in."

Rutter was about to flare out a denial when his better judgment got the best of him; some other tactics than the ones he had used must be brought into play. So far he had made but little headway against Temple's astounding coolness.

"And I am to understand then that you are going to keep him here?" he said, ignoring both his host's criticisms and his proffered hospitality.

"I certainly am," he was abreast of him now, his eyes boring into his—"just as long as he wishes to stay, which I hope will be all his life, or until you have learned to be decent to him. And by decency, I mean companionship, and love, and tenderness—three things which your damned, high-toned notions have always deprived him of!" His voice was still under control, although his meaning was unmistakable.

Rutter made a step forward, his eyes flashing, his teeth set:

"You have the impertinence, sir, to charge me with——"

"—Yes!—and it's true," the glance, steady as a rifle had not wavered, "and you know it's true! No, you needn't work yourself up into a passion—and as for your lordly dictatorial airs, I am past the age when they affect me—keep them for your servants. By God!—what a farce it all is! Let us talk of something else—I am tired of it!"

The words cut like a whip, but the Lord of Moorlands had come to get his son, not to fight St. George. Their sting, however, had completely changed his plans. Only the club which Gorsuch had put into his hands would count now.

"Yes—a damnable farce!" he thundered, "and one played by a man with beggary staring him straight in the face, and yet to hear you talk one would think you were a Cræsus! You mortgaged this house to get ready money, did you not?" He was not sure, but this was no time in which to split words.

St. George turned quickly: "Who told you that?"

"Is it true?"

"Yes! Do you suppose I would let Harry sneak around corners to avoid his creditors?"

The colonel gave a quick start, the blood mounting to the roots of his hair. Then he suddenly paled:

"You tell me that—you dared to—pay Harry's debts?" he stammered in amazement.

"Dared!" retorted St. George, lifting his chin contemptuously. "Really, Talbot, you amuse me. When you set that dirty

hound Gadgem on his trail, what did you expect me to do?—invite him to dinner?—or have him sleep in the house until I sold furniture enough to get rid of him?"

The colonel leaned back against the mantel as if for support. All the fight was out of him now; not only was the situation greatly complicated, but he himself was his host's debtor. Then the seriousness of the whole affair confronted him. For a brief instant he gazed at the floor, his eyes on the hearth-rug, then he asked: "Have you any money left, St. George?" His voice was subdued enough now. Had he been his solicitor he could not have been more concerned.

"Yes, a few thousand," returned St. George. He saw that some unexpected shot had hit the colonel, but he did not know he had fired it.

"Left over from the mortgage, I suppose?—less what you paid out for Harry?"

"Yes, left over from the mortgage, less what I paid Gadgem. If you have brought any more of Harry's bills hand them out," he bridled. "Why the devil you ask, Talbot, is beyond my ken, but I have no objection to your knowing."

Rutter waved his hand impatiently, with a deprecating gesture; such trifles were no longer important.

"You bank with the Patapsco, do you not?" he asked calmly. "Answer me, please, and don't think I'm trying to pry into your affairs. The matter is much more serious than you seem to think." The tone was so sympathetic that St. George looked closer into his antagonist's face, trying to read the cause.

"Always with the Patapsco. I have kept my account there for years," he rejoined simply. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because it has closed its doors—or will in a few hours. It is bankrupt!"

There was no malice in his tone, nor any note of triumph. That St. George had beggared himself to pay his son's debts had wiped that clear. He was simply announcing a fact that caused him the deepest concern.

St. George's face paled, and for a moment a peculiar choking movement started in his throat.

"Bankrupt!—the Patapsco! How do you know?" He had heard some ugly rumors at the club a few days before, but

had dismissed them as part of Harding's croakings.

"John Gorsuch received a letter last night from one of the directors; there is no doubt of its truth. I have suspected its condition for some time, so has Gorsuch. This brought me here. You see how impossible it is for my son to be any longer a burden on you."

St. George walked slowly across the room and drawing out a chair settled himself to collect his thoughts the better;—he had remained standing as the better way to terminate the interview should he be compelled to exercise that right. The two announcements had come like successive blows in the face. If the news of the bank's failure was true he was badly, if not hopelessly crippled—this, however, would wait, as nothing he might do could prevent the catastrophe. The other—Harry's being a burden to him, and Rutter using his misfortune as a lever to pry the boy loose from his care, must be met at once.

He looked up and caught the colonel's eye scrutinizing his face.

"As to Harry's being a burden," St. George said slowly, his lip curling slightly—"that is my affair. As to his remaining here, all I have to say is that if a boy is old enough to be compelled to pay his debts he is old enough to decide where he will live. You have yourself established that rule and it will be carried out to the letter."

Rutter's face hardened: "But you haven't got a dollar in the world to spare!"

"That may be, but it doesn't alter the situation; it rather strengthens it." He rose from his chair: "I think we are about through now, Talbot, and if you will excuse me I'll go down to the bank and see what is the matter. I will ring for Todd to bring your hat and coat." He did not intend to continue the talk. There had just been uncovered to him a side of Talbot Rutter's nature which had shocked him as much as had the threatened loss of his money. He had missed, it may be said, seeing another side—his sympathy for him in his misfortune. That unfortunately he did not see: fate often plays such tricks with us all.

The colonel stepped in front of him: his eyes had an ugly look in them—the note of sympathy was gone.

"One moment! How long you are going to keep up this fool game, St. George, I

don't know, but my son stays here on one condition, and one condition only, and you might as well understand it now. From this time on I pay his board. Do you for one instant suppose I am going to let you support him, and you a beggar?"

St. George made a lunge toward the speaker as if to strike him. Had Rutter fired point-blank at him he could not have been more astounded. For an instant he stood looking into his face, then

whirled suddenly and swung wide the door.

"May I ask you, Talbot, to leave the room, or shall I? You certainly cannot be in your senses to make me a proposition like that. This thing has got to come to an end, and *now!* I wish you good-morning."

The colonel lifted his hands in a deprecatory way.

"As you will, St. George," and without another word the baffled autocrat strode from the room.

(To be continued.)

THE HARBOR

By John Hall Wheelock

By gates of ocean and the seaward portal,
Fortress and headland, bastions of the world,
Gray walls and sea-sapped battlements and turrets,
The weary wings of twilight are unfurled.

Under the gaunt and the windy skies of morning,
Over the wide wastes and the fields of sea,
Storm-signals, capes and flashing promontories,
Sirens, and bell-buoys rocking restlessly,

Slips the first ray, like a sword unsheathed, of sunrise,
And all the terror of the dawn lies bare;
By channel and reef, by oozy bog and sand-bar
The seaward guns shine grim in the morning air.

Inland by desolate dock and lapping water
Sick scurf and scum rise lazily and fall
Along the wharves, indolent, sucked and drowsy
Looms rotting fender-post and crumbling wall.

But on the headland the sweet virgin city,
Mistress and guardian of the clamoring lands,
Looks seaward with glad eyes toward the nations,
Sleepless, a sword forever in her hands;

Holy and sacred. East and West salute her,
Clothed with the dawn and with the planets crowned,
Voices and gongs and horns beyond the morning,
Her myriad children on the wastes around.

THE MAKERS OF THE GRADE

By Thomas Francis Ramsay

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



STRUNG across Canada on the right-of-way of the National Transcontinental Railway there are some hundreds of construction camps where men of all nations live, remote from civilization, and toil mightily, that the grade may pass with ordered evenness through rock and hill and swamp. Pioneers who are opening up vast wildernesses for settlement, they scare from their path with axe and dynamite the wolf, the moose, and the stray Indian. To the city-dweller, their lives would seem full of strange incident and adventure; but to them accident and peril are part of the day's work. I have toiled among them with axe and spade for several months, and have found them intensely interesting folk. I would like to interest a large public in them, for they are inarticulate, unaccredited heroes, and the story of their long-drawn-out fight to carry "the steel" to the Pacific coast is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's "incredible, unsung epics."

Our camp is located in the heart of the dense forests to the north of Lake Nipigon, in Ontario, over a hundred miles distant from the village of Nipigon, on the Canadian Pacific line, the nearest civilized settlement, if you except some score of other camps along the eighty miles of right-of-way which the Nipigon Construction Company has the contract for grading. Merely to reach the scene of its work, this company had to establish a steamboat service along the Nipigon River, build a "dinky" railroad eighteen miles across a portage, construct two steamers to navigate the seventy-odd miles of the lake, and build five settlements to serve as depots for supplying the camps with stores and provisions. All this for only eighty miles of line. You may form some idea of the magnitude of the whole task of building the National Transcontinental.

Last October the hundred-mile journey took me a week. Snow-storms and heavy

gales kept the steamer two days and nights on the lake on a trip that usually occupies only a few hours. But it is during the long, bitter winter months, when the steamers are perforce laid up, that the conditions of travel are really hard. Post and "tote" sleighs are run across the frozen lake—the only trail—by teams of dogs or horses, and the length of the journey is problematical. Log huts have been built on some of the islands in the lake to serve as rest-houses, and there the traveller secures a few hours' immunity from the Arctic severity of the weather. Last winter a gang of men walked from their camp to Nipigon, around the shore of the lake. They wandered in the woods for over three weeks before they reached civilization. Several of them were frostbitten, and for the last five days they had no food at all. Another party of seven men essayed the same desperate enterprise, and were never seen again. Whether they perished of hunger and cold, or fell a prey to the timber wolves, none can tell. The silent, pitiless forest holds the secret of their fate.

A strangely grim story of this winter travel across the lake was told to me by a French-Canadian teamster. His chum died in camp, and the "walking boss" ordered him to take the body out on his "tote" sleigh, so that it might be sent home for burial. Superstitious, as most of his race, he protested against the task, but there was no one else available, and he had to go.

"By gar, I not do it once more for a t'ousand dollar!" he said. "I never feel de cold so bitter an' de lake so lonely. I get t'inking of Jean—how he talk, how he look, how he dress. Den I keep on t'inking I see him in de snow a little ways ahead of de sleigh—and all de time him in de box behin' me. I sing songs, jolly songs, like we sing down in Quebec when we drink de viski blanc; but dat not make me feel better, so I try to remember mass. Holy

Mackinaw! when I reach South Bay an' give up de box, I near to deat' with fright. I know dat bad luck follow me. Sure 'nough, next trip I get snow-blindness an' have to lie in camp t'ree week wid blankets roun' my bunk to keep out de light."

Last summer some Indians found a white man wandering in the forest, demented and weak from starvation. They carried him to the camp of a fire-ranger of the Ontario Government. When he recovered, several weeks later, he said he had left one of the construction camps and tried to find his way through the bush to the Central Pacific Railway main line. He soon became lost, and when his scanty store of food was eaten he subsisted on berries. He had no idea how long he had been wandering; it turned out to be seventeen days.

To a man who delights in the infinite variety of humankind, the dwellers in a construction camp afford a study of abounding interest. I am one of a "station gang" which has taken a contract from a subcontractor to dig a burrow-pit and grade a section of the line. In that gang there are four French-Canadians, four Russians, a Pole, a Swiss, a Hungarian, and an Englishman—myself. That is a fair sample of the mixture of nationalities in the camps. The Swiss worked as a valet in several London hotels until two years ago. You would hardly imagine that such training would qualify him to "make good" with the pick and shovel, but he is one of the best workers in the gang. "I like it better than my old job," he told me. "A man feels more like a man working out here in the woods than when he is waiting on gentlemen. Besides, most of the fellows who make money in hotel work do it by stealing, and that I could never do."

There are many Finlanders, Swedes, Russians, and Italians in the camps. Britishers and French-Canadians are numerous, and there is a sprinkling of a dozen other nationalities. When I started railroading I was rather prejudiced against "Dagoes" and other alien immigrants, believing that their invasion of Canada and the United States was a national peril to both countries. But living with them has changed that view. They are certainly not "the scum of Europe." If you think of it calmly for a moment, it will dawn upon you that men who have the enterprise to emi-

grate to a foreign country, and the resolution to save money for that purpose, are not likely to be the worst of their race. Nor are the most of them rough, ignorant peasants, as many ill-informed newspaper writers would have us suppose. On the contrary, the average of education, especially among the men of the northern European nations, is much higher than that of the native-born Canadian railroader, French or English. The Italians are an exception to this rule, but even among them I have known men qualified by training and natural gifts to fill responsible positions. One of them, whom we nicknamed "Caruso," had travelled widely in the chorus of an itinerant opera company. He used to make music to the trees and the chipmunks by day, as he toiled at clearing the right-of-way, and in our "shack" at night he entertained us with "Ah! ché la morte," and the toreador song from "Carmen." A very cultured Swede, who formerly kept a gambling-hell in Vancouver until he was run out of town by the police, studied civil engineering every evening through the medium of a correspondence school's course. A young Russian laborer in a camp I stayed at for a while used to spend his leisure reading a Russian translation of Professor Draper's "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science." I worked for some time with a gang of Finlanders. All of them were men of education and refinement, and one had been a professor of singing in a Finnish university. Like many of the Finns and Russians here, he was obliged to leave his country because of his association with revolutionary politics. At nights, in the sleeping-shack, he would lead his comrades in singing Finnish hymns and folk-songs. Their voices were full of sweetness and melody, but the competition of the "Merry Widow" waltz, ground out night after night on the accordion by a French-Canadian, rather spoiled the effect.

If William of Wykeham was right and "manners makyth man," then the palm must be conceded to these Finns and Russians. They are delightful folk to live with, for they are gifted, not only with a graceful outward courtesy, but with a most delicate and thoughtful consideration for others. The Russians especially are, as a rule, unselfish to the point of being unprac-



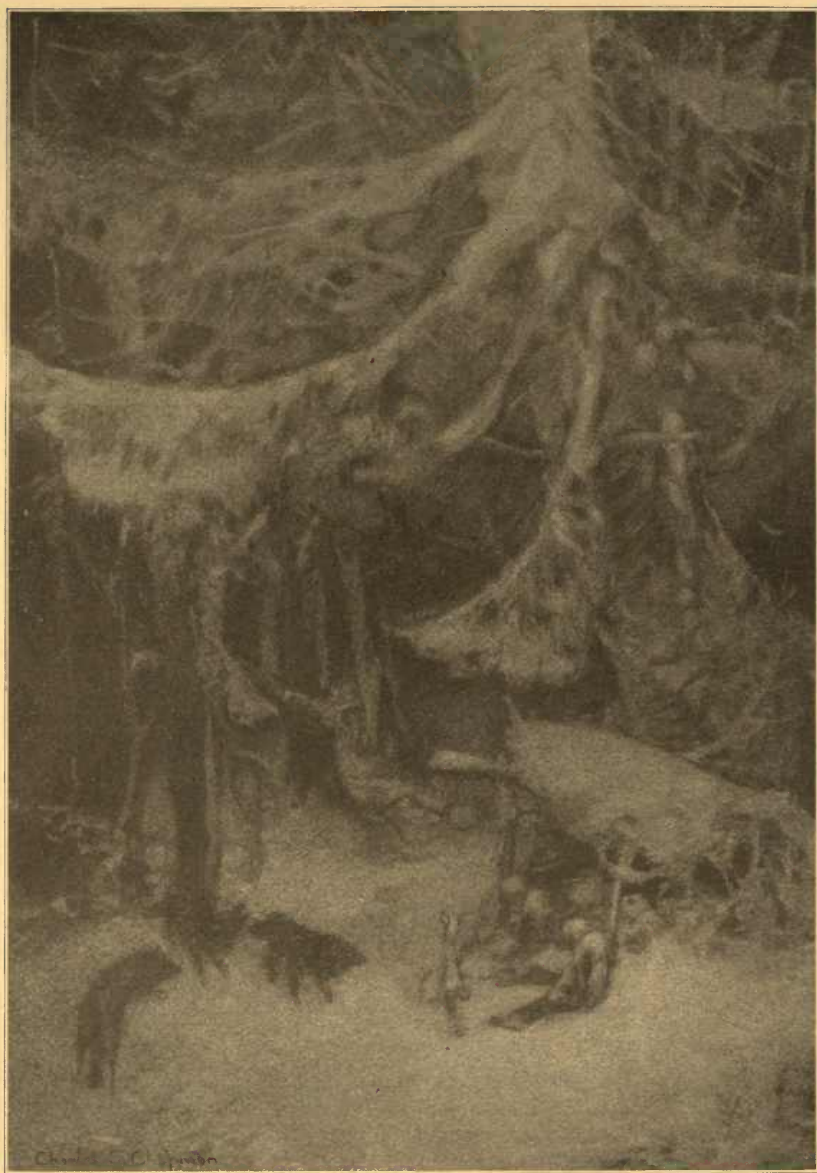
The dog team.

tical. Their property seems to them to be something to give away. I remember an Irishman coming to a camp with only the clothes he stood up in, and those ragged as Falstaff's regiment. Several Russians consulted together and gave him everything he needed—one, a pair of boots; another, overalls; a third, socks and underclothes, and so forth, until he was fully provided. And they picked out, not the worst, but the best articles they possessed. They knew the man could have got all he needed on credit at the camp store, but they did not want him to start working heavily handicapped by debt. It was not the gift of the clothes that impressed me, for railroaders of all nationalities are often generous in that matter to one another—it was the delicacy with which they were given, as if the benefactors were the beneficiaries.

The Swedes bear the name of being the best of the foreign railroaders, and they are certainly splendid workers. They seem to never tire, and they are fertile of ingenious devices for pushing the work along quickly. They usually work together in "station gangs," as do most of the other foreigners. The "station gang" is a curious institution, which most business men would consider to be opposed to all business principles. A sub-contractor under the construction company lets out a certain number of "stations" of his work (a "station" is a hundred yards) on a second sub-contract to a gang of workmen. They have no capital wherewith to undertake it, and are asked to furnish none. They may be as poor as Job after his calamities, but they can take a contract involving, perhaps, many thousands of dollars. The sub-contractor supplies them on credit

with all necessary stores, provisions, tools, and horses; and they build their own "shack" close to their work, unless it happens to be near enough to his camp to enable them to board there. The "station man" occupies a dignified and independent position in the world of labor that would seem idyllic to an English workingman. He is not merely a piece-worker. He has no "boss"; he is a contractor who can do his work how he likes and when he likes. It is all "up to him." If he works hard, has fairly good luck with weather and dynamite shots, and keeps his bill for stores down to a moderate figure, he may finish his contract with a "stake," three or four times as large as he could earn by day labor. On the other hand, he may end several months' work with practically nothing to draw. A gang of Galicians worked on a station job for over nine months and had only seven dollars apiece at the finish. An Englishman, working alone on a muskeg contract—muskeg is waterlogged moss and roots, which has to be dug up and graded—made over six hundred dollars in less than four months, after paying a heavy bill for clothing and stores.

Most of the foreigners are working with a serious purpose in view. They want to make a big "stake" and then settle down to a business or a farm, or perhaps start, in a small way, as railroad sub-contractors themselves. A considerable number have succeeded in this last ambition. Again excepting the Italians, there is a general intention to settle either in Canada or the United States: the expatriates of Europe have no desire to return. As for the Italians, their aims were tersely expressed by one of them who told me: "I maka six—

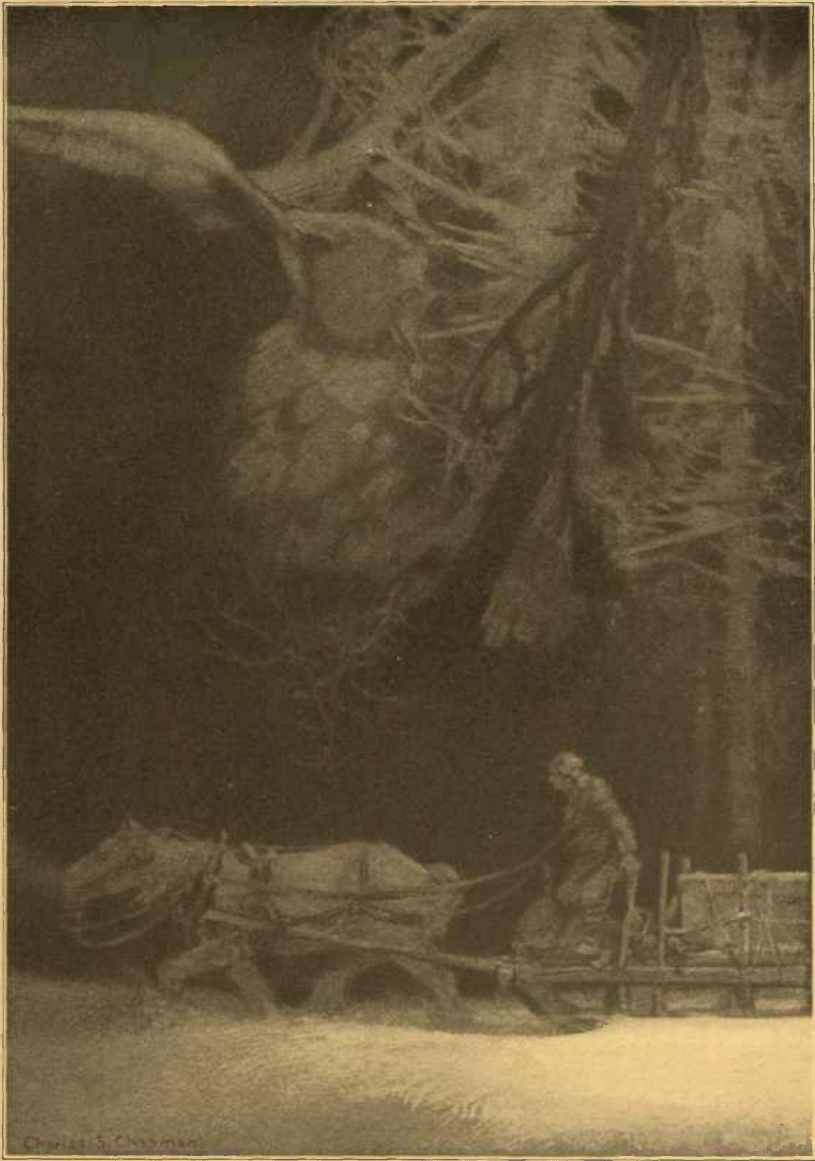


The silent, pitiless forest holds the secret of their fate.—Page 355.

seven hunderd dollar. Then I go back to Italy, be big man in my village. Taka wine-shop, buy a farm; all de peoples look up to me."

The Canadians, Britishers, and Americans, on the contrary, are generally reckless fellows who have knocked about the world a good deal, competent workmen who can make money all right, but cannot keep it

once they get within reach of the saloons in town. The commonest tale one hears in a camp is how "So-and-so got hoary-eyed drunk in Port Arthur, and they rolled him [*i. e.*, robbed him] for five hundred dollars." The Swedes are usually steady folk, but I worked last summer under a Swedish foreman who had a painful experience. We called him "Big Charlie," for he stood



"And all de time him in de box behin' me."—Page 355.

nearly seven feet high, and was the most powerful man I ever met. We went out together to Nipigon, and at the paymaster's office I saw that he had over seven hundred dollars, with his pay and his poker winnings, for he was an inveterate gambler, like most railroaders. Less than a week after we parted, I met him in Port Arthur, and he greeted me with:

"Say, boy, got the price of a drink?"

"What! Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Sure thing! I not got a dime."

"How's that? You had all kinds of money."

"Night 'fore last I guess they doped me an' went t'rough me for every last cent."

As he admitted himself, Big Charlie ought to have known better, for he was a po-

liceman in Chicago several years. If that does not teach a man to beware of the wiles of the wicked, what will?

I have read many stories in which railroaders are represented as being desperate and quarrelsome folk, but I have not found them so. The men of various nationalities live together in remarkable amity and good fellowship. Indeed, during nine months of railroading in seven camps, I have only witnessed one fight. That one is worth recording, because it illustrates our code of honor in settling disputes.

Two young fellows came into the camp one summer afternoon, suffering badly from the effects of a prolonged debauch. They had finished their last bottle of whiskey on the way, and were still half drunk and wholly ill-tempered. They tried to quarrel with everybody they met, but we are used to such cases, and only told them to soak their heads and lie down until they felt better. Instead of taking this good advice, they started fighting over the serious question, who drank the bigger part of that last bottle. One was slightly stabbed in the arm with a penknife. Howling like a maniac, he rushed into the cook-shack and snatched up the cook's cleaver. Murder might have been done, but the cook, armed with a broom, pelted after him, knocked him down, and recovered the dangerous weapon.

"Let 'em kill each other, if they like," he growled, "but it's damned cheek to take my cleaver."

The fight shifted to the back of the shack, where I happened to be splitting some cordwood. One of the combatants said, "Lend me your axe. I want to kill a man." When I refused he seized a shovel. I knocked him down with a billet of wood, and took it away from him. By this time a crowd had gathered, and the "walking boss" came up to see what was the matter.

"Let them fight it out," he said to Big Charlie, "but see there's no scragging or kicking. I won't mix up in the affair. If I do, I may have to fire them both before they've started work."

"You boys get into it wid your fists," the Swedish giant ordered. "De first dat kicks, I yoost give hell to him mineself."

They started, but they had no more idea of the "noble art" than a mule. They tried frantically to kick one another in the

stomach, and to throttle. With an oath Big Charlie grasped one in each mighty hand, lifted them clear of the ground, knocked their heads together, and flung them down. It was the most striking exhibition of physical strength I have witnessed.

Their own quarrel forgotten for the moment, they rushed at him. Laughing joyously, he met the first with a crashing uppercut on the point of the jaw and laid him senseless on the ground. In a moment the second was stretched beside him, weeping piteously with the pain of a broken nose.

"By de Youmping Mackinaw!" yelled Charlie, using his favorite expletive, "I do dis to any son-of-a-gun what don' fight fair. If dere's any dirty work in dis camp, yoost call me to take a hand."

We all endorsed Charlie's action. Fair, clean fighting, if fighting there must be, is the rule of every construction camp. But to what country do you suppose the two offenders belonged? Alas for our pride! they were not part of the alien invasion; they did not belong to "the criminal scum of Europe, ever ready to use the knife." They were Scotch-Canadians. And the despised "Dagoes" and "Squareheads" were shocked by their conduct.

In spite of our isolation, we railroaders are not entirely deprived of the means of grace. Now and again a parson wanders into the camp, holds a service, and takes up a collection. It is the unwritten rule among us that every man shall give not less than fifty cents. "You can't expect the man to come all this way and work for nothing"—that is the feeling. The same fair-mindedness constrains us to "give him a show" by attending the service in force, whatever may be the denomination he represents. I verily believe that even a Mormon or a Moslem would receive a respectful hearing and the usual offertory. A minister of the Swedish Lutheran Church visited a camp at which I was staying, and preached in Swedish. Of course, the Swedes were especially delighted, but we all went. Russians, Italians, Americans, French-Canadians, and all, we listened to a long-winded sermon in a foreign tongue, with faces as intelligent and appreciative as we could make them, and at the close cheerfully subscribed our dollars and half-dollars.



"For God's sake, don't be like them!"—Page 362.

I only knew one man who refused either to go to service or to pay up. A young Church-of-England parson had come to our camp and was to hold evensong in the cook-shack after supper.

"Are you going, Cockney?" I asked a young Londoner who held, with some others, a contract for grading several stations of muskeg.

"No bloomin' fear!" he replied. "'E won't get no 'arf-dollar out o' me. I 'ave to work 'ard for all I git. Let 'im go an' do the same."

"So he does," retorted an old "down-east Yankee." "D'ye think it's a soft contract for a man to come here and try to convert a lot of damned railroad stiff?"

"Well, if 'e wants the money so bad I'll give him a job diggin' muskeg at two-fifty a day," "Cockney" said. "That's all 'e can look fer from me."

Somebody told this to the clergyman after service, and he came along with us to the sleeping-shack and took "Cockney" at his word. "I'll earn your two and a half dollars for the Church," he said. "Cockney" tried to back out, but, of course, we would

not let him. It was too good a joke to lose. So, next day, the parson toiled and sweated for ten hours with shovel and wheelbarrow. In the evening "Cockney" and his partners offered him three dollars, saying he had fairly earned that sum.

"I'm holding another service this evening," he replied. "Come along, and put it in the plate."

Everybody went to that service, and the collection broke all records. The tale was told up and down the line of construction, and "the muskeg parson" was a popular hero at every camp he visited.

But by far the best missionary in my experience was a young Salvation Army lassie. Standing up, clear-eyed and fearless, among a crowd of strange men, she astonished them by some home truths.

"You earn your money here like men," she said, "and when you have made a stake you spend it like dogs in Fort William and Port Arthur, ruining your bodies and souls in vile dives like Paddy the Goat's and Blind-Eyed Mary's. We had a temperance rally in those two towns, and many of the old soaks swore off liquor. But the

saloonkeepers don't worry over that. They say they have four thousand men working for them on the right-of-way at Lake Nipigon and Superior Junction. Isn't that a fine thing for you to hear? When you take your time-check or the engineer's estimate

of the old soaks. For God's sake, don't be like them!"

Nobody took offence at this plain speaking—not even the steady men who saved their money and did not drink. All agreed that she had hit the nail pretty fairly on the head.

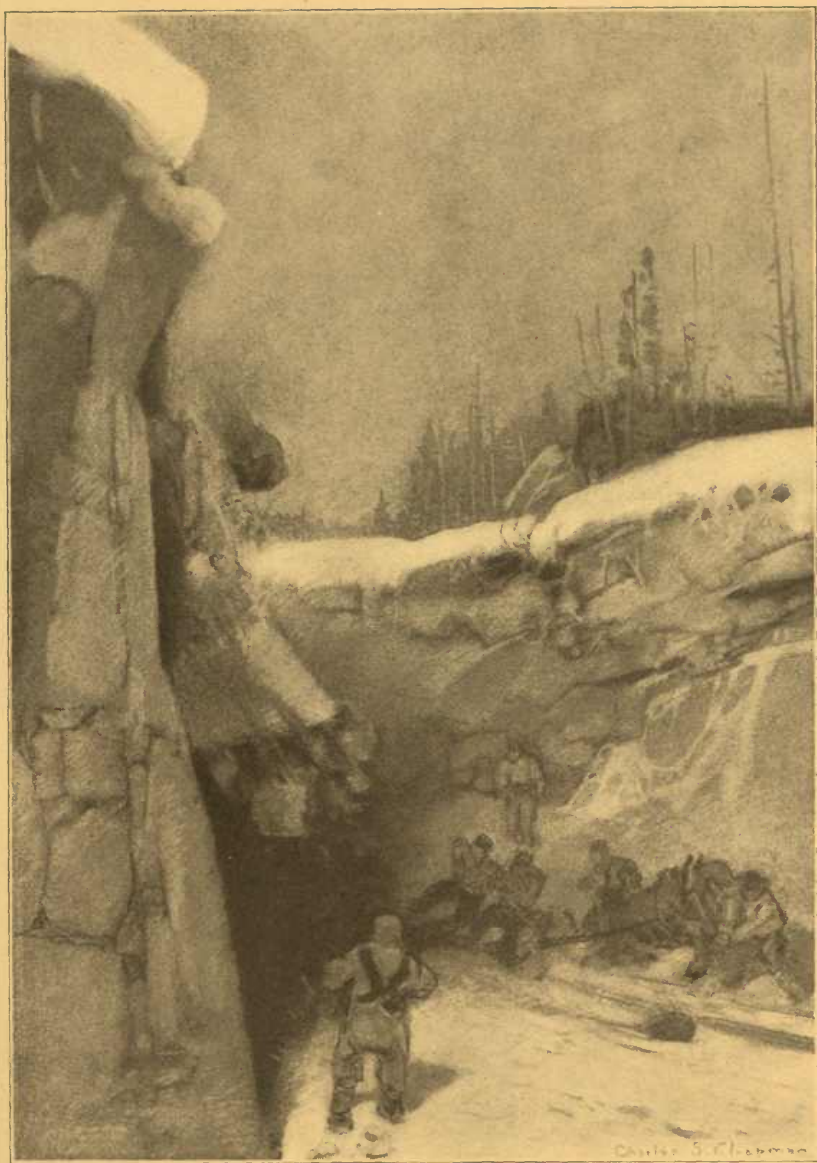


Going to work in a burrow-pit.—Page 364.

of your station-job, you think you have made a splendid stake—so many hundreds of dollars. But you don't need me to tell you how often, in a week or two, all that money is in the pockets of the whiskey-seller and his hangers-on, and you are walking the streets without the price of a meal or a bed, looking for an employment agent to ship you back to the camp.

"Some of you know the tragic story of the man who hanged himself not far from this spot last winter. He had made nearly a thousand dollars by a long spell of steady work on the right-of-way. He went out, meaning to go back to his home town, to his wife and family, and start a business. He never got farther than Nipigon. He didn't even go to Port Arthur to blow in his stake, as most of you do. He started drinking and gambling at the first saloon he struck, and kept it up for three weeks until all his money was gone. Then he went back to camp—to find a letter telling him that his wife was sick and in dire need of money. In his remorse and desperation he made bad worse by hanging himself with a strand of hay-wire. There's a lesson for some of you young men! You have the chance of your lives now. Use your money and your strength wisely. Don't let them point at you in town and say, 'There goes another drunken railroad stiff!' You know what everybody thinks

The work of railroad construction is full of danger in this desolate region, especially during the merciless winter. The weather is often arctic in its rigor. One morning last winter the thermometer recorded 72° below zero (Fahr.) and then the glass broke, so that we do not know how much colder it got. This winter promises to be equally severe. Early in November we were working in 30° below zero. Cases of frostbite are often dealt with in the construction hospital, established at one of the lake settlements. Save the teamsters, very few of the men wear heavy clothing; it is too hot when one is working hard. A woollen undershirt and a sweater, a pair of pants and thin overalls—that is the usual rig, even in zero weather. The main point is to protect the fingers, toes, and ears. Three or four pairs of socks, two pairs of mitts, and a woollen *parka* cap that draws down like a visor over the face, leaving only a small aperture for eyes and nose—with these one may defy the coldest weather, even though the rest of one's clothing is quite light. In a narrative of polar exploration which I read out in camp the thing that surprised us most was the extraordinarily heavy clothing it seemed necessary to wear. Yet the temperatures encountered, according to the statements, were not so low as men sometimes work in here.



Work in a rock-cut is always dangerous.— Page 364.

The railroader's greatest peril lies in the careless handling of dynamite. It is amazing how careless familiarity with that treacherous stuff makes many of the older hands. I have heard men say that they would rather work in a gang with a novice handling the cartridges, for at least he would have a healthy respect for them. In winter the dynamite freezes very quickly,

and has to be thawed before it can be used. This is a dangerous business, and afterward the cartridges are "tender" and much more liable to accidental explosion than in summer-time. Over fifty men were killed by dynamite along the right-of-way in 1908, and many others were injured. It is safe to say that for every man who suffered, a hundred had the narrowest of escapes. Fif-



"So I goes up to 'im an' yells 'Scat!'"—Page 365.

teen Italians were killed or injured in a single explosion in a rock-cut near Dryden, on the line between Winnipeg and Fort William.

When you are working in a rock-cut, it is a fairly common experience to see large pieces of granite hurtling through the air within a few feet of your head. That "a miss is as good as a mile" is orthodox rail-roader's philosophy. "If a rock don' hit you, don' holler," Big Charley once said to me. "If he do hit you—well, den you won't holler no more." I was chatting, one summer afternoon, with the cook in a tent-camp. Suddenly a big rock crashed through the canvas roof and smashed the table between us into splinters, spoiling a fine baking of bread that was resting upon it. The cook loudly bewailed the lost bread. He was too old a railroader to even comment upon his own narrow escape.

Work in a rock-cut is always dangerous. When you are shifting masses of rock weighing several hundredweight, it is easy to crush a foot or a hand—your own or somebody else's. In a cut in which I re-

cently finished work, there were six accidents of this kind in less than two months. Here, again, long usage engenders carelessness. I have often seen men stand nonchalantly under a tottering mass of stone, and jump clear at the last second as the stuff fell. I congratulated myself on having secured safer employment when I transferred from the rock-cut to a clay burrow-pit, where only spade and mattock had to be used. But on the very first day I went there I had the narrowest escape in my experience. We were shifting a heavy dump-car, and it tilted clean over, knocking me down. In falling I just managed to roll out of the way, escaping with a badly bruised arm. A foot nearer and I would have been under the car, crushed to death. Hardly a day passes by without somebody having a narrow escape of losing life or limb.

The danger from wild animals is not great, although the woods swarmed with them before the clearing of the right-of-way by axe and fire was commenced. The frequent use of dynamite has scared from our

neighborhood most of the creatures of the wild, but the squirrels and chipmunks remain to play havoc with our stores of food. One would not have to go far into the bush, however, to shoot a moose, or, in summertime, a bear. Now the latter are all hibernating in their holes. During last summer I worked in a district where the soil was all fine sand, so that it was not necessary to use any dynamite. Game was plentiful enough there, and more than once I saw a moose stalk majestically along the right-of-way, as if it belonged to him.

A gang of station-men who lived in a shack near this camp had a distressing experience with a bear. A teamster left a load of provisions outside their hut and, driving past the place where they were working, told them to send a man to carry the stuff inside. A little Londoner, nicknamed "Shorty," volunteered for the task. What followed had better be told in his own words.

"When I got round the bend o' the trail an' sees the shack, I near 'ad a fit. There was a bloomin' big black bear right in front o' the door, with 'is blessed nose shoved in a tub o' butter 'e 'ad knocked open. Blimey! but 'e looked a picture with the butter all over his mug. I tell you, 'e was fair playin' 'okey-pokey with our grub. Bacon, flour, prunes, pertaters, an' syrup—'e'd got 'em all mixed up together on the ground so 's you could 'ardly tell t'other from which. Fust of all, I was madder'n 'ell to see our stuff spoiled, so I goes up to 'im an' yells, 'Scat!' 'E looks up, inquiren' like, an' we eyes each other fer a minute. Then 'e sez, 'Gr-r-r-r!' quite nasty, an' walks my way."

"And what did you do then?"

"Wot 'ud you do?" with infinite scorn. "If you'd bin there, matey, you couldn't 'ave seen my 'eels fur dust, I ran that fast."

"What did your gang do when you got back and told them about it?"

"They 'ad forty-seven different ways o' killin' that bear, to 'ear 'em talk. One feller said murderin' bears was 'is 'obby, so we told 'im to tike an axe an' kill that one. 'E went along all right, but 'e soon come back, lookin' kind o' white an' all out o' breff with runnin'. 'E said 'e seen the bear, but it wasn't the kind o' bear 'e was in the 'abit o' killin'. So we waited till

'Is Nibs skiddooed back to the woods, an' it was precious little good our grub was to us arter 'e'd done with it."

Our life on the right-of-way is strenuous, but simple. In summer, fishing, canoeing, and swimming form agreeable diversions after the day's toil under a hot sun; in the winter there is little save work, eating, and sleeping. The nights are often strangely beautiful, with brilliant moonlight making the snow-covered ground scintillate as if it were encrusted with diamonds; or with the weird and gorgeous pyrotechny of the "Northern Lights," as the Canadians call the aurora borealis. But, except for an occasional trip to another camp, the men prefer to stay near the red-hot stove in the centre of the shack, rather than admire the beauties of the night. Talking "shop" is their chief diversion, but sometimes they swap yarns of strange adventures in many lands and seas. There is usually a poker game going on for plugs of tobacco, or a game of bridge for love. I introduced the latter into several camps, and it has become immensely popular. Curiously enough, the men do not regard it as a medium for gambling; I have never seen them play it for money. Any stray newspapers or magazines are eagerly devoured and passed from hand to hand until they fall in pieces. Most camps are lamentably short of reading matter. The only books in the shack in which I am now living are Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days," and "The Original Gypsy Fortune-Teller." The last is, by all odds, the most popular, especially with the French-Canadians.

Among the many civilized pleasures which must be foregone on the right-of-way, perhaps the greatest is women's society. You rarely see a woman in a camp. The contractors and engineers, who are in a position to bring their wives, do not care, as a rule, to expose them to the loneliness and rigor of the life. "I have not spoken to an educated lady for over three years," one of the engineers told me. The few women who are here are treated with the greatest deference by the men, especially the hospital nurses. A Belgian station-man created consternation by bringing his wife to his shack and letting her dig

muskeg, side by side with him, day after day. Everybody said it was not fit work for a woman, which was quite true. But the young Belgian girl only laughed, and retorted that she would rather work with her husband than wait weary months for him in town.

Talking of women, there was an Indian squaw who interested me deeply when I was in a camp on the White Sand River last summer. She would paddle down the river two or three times a week in a birch-bark canoe to our cook-shack, accompanied by her little daughter and a "husky" dog who looked three parts wolf. She washed aprons for the cook and his two "cookees," and was paid in food and tobacco. Her English seemed to be confined to the words "Goddam good!" which she said whenever anything was given to her. The little girl would not speak at all, but watched our every action with the furtive, apprehensive look of the wild creatures of the wood she knew so well. She used to wander onto the right-of-way and gaze with dark, fathomless eyes at the wheeled scrapers as they devoured hills of sand and made the grade. We often wanted to pet

her, for she was a little forest beauty of a delicacy and grace rare indeed among the Canadian Indians. But she would have none of our coaxing. We were alien—remote—plainly hostile to all her sentiments and dreams. I am sure she deemed us barbarians who were invading and despoiling her sylvan domain. What will she think when the trains are running, and farms and settlements spring up in the forest that is her world?

When I first started railroading I only meant to put in a few weeks at it for the sake of an experience; but the fascination of the life has held me to it month after month, and is still as powerful as ever. It is a splendidly healthy life. One eats enormously and sleeps better in a bunk filled with balsam boughs than in the "Royal Suite" at the St. Regis. It is true that a man used to "all that ever went with evening dress" may long now and then for the fleshpots of Egypt—for the lights of the "Great White Way," the society of club and ballroom—but the feeling soon passes. There is always the day's work to occupy brain and hand.

TO-DAY

By Alice Corey

VIOLET the waves, and white all homing
sails,
As past the bar they run:
I only know this twilight is the last
Before to-morrow's sun.

Misty the sea beyond our harbor's
line,
Slowly the night shuts in:
I only know that by to-morrow's light,
Voyagings begin.

The night wind hurries through the little
town,
Calling the ships to sea:
I only know it waits to fill the sails,
Those sails that wait for me.

Unknown the shores we seek, and, seek-
ing, find;
Unknown the resting-place:
I only know how lonely is that land
Where I find not your face.

Blow, sunrise wind, and fill the hoisting sails.
And, morning light, break clear:
For now no longer is to-morrow feared—
Because—to-day is here.

VAIN OBLATIONS

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould



AS I was with Saxe during the four most desperate weeks of his life, I think I may say that I knew him better than any one else. Those were also the four most articulate weeks, for they were a period of terrible inaction, spent on the decks of ocean steamships. Saxe was not much given to talking, but there was nothing else to do. No book that has ever been written could have held his attention for two minutes. I was with him, for that matter, off and on, until the end. What I have to tell I got partly from my own observation, partly from a good little woman at the Mission, partly from Saxe's letters, largely from his own lips, and partly from natives. But if I recorded it as it came, unassimilated, unchronologized—one fact often limping into camp six months after its own result—the story would be as unintelligible as the *quipus* of the Incas. It has taken me three years of steady staring to see the thing whole. I know more about it now—including Saxe—than Saxe ever knew. In point of fact, one of the most significant pieces of evidence did not come in until after his death. (I wish it clearly understood, by the way, that Saxe did not commit suicide.) But, more than that, I have been thinking for three years about Mary Bradford. I could tell you as much about what she suffered—the subtlety and the brutality of her ordeal—as if she were one of my own heroines. God forbid that I should ever think of Mary Bradford as “material”: that I should analyze her, or dramatize her, or look at her with the artist's squint. If I tell her story, it is because I think it right that we should know what things can be. For the most part, we keep to our own continents: the cruel nations are the insensitive nations, and the squeamish races are kind. But Mary Bradford was the finest flower of New England; ten home-keeping generations, only, lay between her and the Quest of 1620. It is chronic hyperæsthesia simply to be New

English; and the pure-bred New Englander had best stick to the euphemisms, the approximations, the reticences, of his own extraordinary villages. But Mary Bradford encountered all the physical realities of life in their crudest form, alone, in the obscene heart of Africa, with black faces thrust always between her and the sky. Some cynic may put in his belittling word to the effect that the New Englander has always counted physical suffering less than spiritual discomfort. The mental torture was not lacking in Mary Bradford's case. For over a year, the temptation to suicide must have been like a terrible thirst, death—any death—luring her like a rippling spring. I told Saxe one night in mid-Atlantic, to comfort him, that she would of course have killed herself if she saw no chance of escape.

Saxe laughed dryly. “That's the most damnable thing about it,” he said. “Mary would think it mortal sin to kill herself. She would stick on as long as God chose to keep the breath in her body.”

“Sin?” I queried rather stupidly.

“Yes, sin,” he answered. “You don't know anything about it: you were brought up in Europe.”

“But, Saxe,” I cried, “rather than—” I did not finish.

“You don't know anything about New England,” he said. “Damn your books! Missionaries face everything, and there's more than one kind of martyrdom. I hope she's dead. I rather think she is.”

His voice was uneven, but with a meaningless unevenness like a boy's that is changing. There was no emotion in it. A week more of monotonous ploughing of the waves would just have broken him, I think; but he pulled himself together when he touched the soil of Africa. Something in him went out to meet the curse that hung low over the land in the tropic afternoon; and encountering the Antagonist, his eyes grew sane again. But with sanity came the reticence of battle. All that I know of Saxe's and Mary Bradford's early lives,

I learned in these four weeks. I have made out some things about her, since then, that probably Saxe never knew. As I said, I have been thinking about Mary Bradford for three years, and it is no secret that to contemplate is, in the end, to know. The stigmata received by certain saints are, I take it, irrefutable proof of this. I do not pretend to carry upon me Mary Bradford's wounds: I do not even canonize her in my heart. But I seriously believe that she had, on the whole, the most bitter single experience ever undergone by woman; and much of the extraordinary horror of the adventure came from the very exquisiteness of the victim. I have often wondered if the Greek and Italian literatures that she knew so well offered her any mitigating memory of a woman more luckless than she. Except Jocasta, I positively cannot think of one; and Jocasta never lived. All of us have dreams of a market where we could sell our old lamps for new. How must not Mary Bradford have longed to change her humanities against mere foothold on the soil of America or Europe! But my preface is too long.

Now and then, there is a story where all things work together for evil to the people involved; and these stories have, even for their protagonists, a horrible fascination. The story of Saxe and Mary Bradford is of this nature: a case, as it were, of double chicane. Everything happened precisely wrong. Almost anything happening differently would have given them a chance. If Mary Bradford had been born in Virginia, if her eyes had been blue instead of brown, if Ngawa had come back three hours sooner—Maupassant would have told it all from that point of view. But I am not trying to make literature out of it: it is as history that this story is important to me. Saxe had been engaged to Mary Bradford since her last year in college. Her mother had died when Mary was born, and the Reverend James Bradford had sailed, after his wife's death, for this little West African Mission, leaving his child with a sister. Mary was brought up in America. When she was ten, her father came home for a year, and took her back with him; but at twelve, she was sent definitely home to be educated. James Bradford could not have conceived of depriving his child of Greek

and trigonometry, and from school Mary went to college. She never, at any time, had any inclination to enter upon missionary work, though her religious faith was never at any moment in the smallest degree shaken. From her thirteenth year, she had been an active and enthusiastic member of her father's denomination. She was a bit of a blue-stocking, and occasionally somewhat ironic in speech. When I asked Saxe "if she had *no* faults," these were all he could think of. When she became engaged to Saxe, she stipulated that she should spend two winters with her father before marrying. The separation had never really parted Mary and her father; they had never lost the habit of each other. You see those sympathies sometimes between father and daughter: inarticulate, usually, like the speech of rock to rock, but absolutely indestructible. There was no question—I wish to emphasize this—about her love for Saxe. I had, for a time, her letters. It was a *grande passion*—to use the unhallowed historic phrase; twenty love stories of old Louisiana could have been melted up into it. Saxe, of course, consented to her going. During the second spring, he was to go out, her father was to marry them at the Mission, and they were to return to America after a honeymoon in Italy. There is not one detail that does not, in the end, deepen the irony of it, if you look at it all long enough. Italy! All that romantic shimmer and tinkle against the savage fact that was. She went, and for six months seems to have busied herself happily enough with good little Mrs. Price at the Mission. She picked up a few dialects—she was always remarkably clever at languages. The Mission hangs above a tiny seaport—if you can call it a seaport, for there is a great reef a few miles out, and the infrequent steamships stop outside that and send passengers and letters in by boat. It is not one of the regular ports of call, and its chief significance lies in its position at the mouth of a large-ish river that winds inland for a few hundred miles, finishing no one knows exactly where. The natives for a hundred miles up-stream are fairly friendly, and come down sometimes in big boats to trade; beyond that, the country runs into jungle and forest, and grows nastier and nastier. No one knows precisely about that region, and it lies just outside every

one's sphere of influence; but there seems to be a network of unhealthy trails, a constant intertribal warfare, and an occasional raid by the precocious pupil of an Arab slave-trader. It is too far south for the big caravans, of course, but there is undoubtedly slave-stealing—though it is extremely difficult to learn anything definite about the country, as there are a dozen different tribes speaking entirely different languages, and each lying tortuously about all the rest. This is all that Saxe could tell me about that *hinterland* which he had never expected to be interested in.

In March, after Mary reached the Mission (she sailed in July, immediately after graduation), the chief of a small tribe some hundred miles up-stream, descended in pomp to barter ivory for such treasure as oozes from European ships. Having seldom condescended to trade, he was disappointed at receiving so little for his ivory—a scanty lot of female tusks—and sought distraction and consolation within ear-shot of the Mission piano. He took especially kindly to the Reverend James Bradford, gravely inspected the school, and issued an invitation for Mr. Bradford to come up-stream and Christianize his tribe. The Mission had worked up and down the coast, as it could, but had never worked inland—more rumors than boats came down the water-way, which was not really a high-road and certainly led to nothing good. They lacked money for such an enterprise, and workers; but being missionaries, never forgot that the river, and all who dwelt on its banks, belonged to God. It did not occur to James Bradford to refuse the call, which he took quite simply, as from brother to brother; it did not occur to Mary Bradford to let him go alone, or to her father to protest against her accompanying him. The patriarchal tinge is still perceptible in the New English conception of the family. Let me say, here, that there is no evidence that Ngawa himself ever broke faith with his white protégés. He was, like them, a victim of circumstances.

They were to go for six months. That would bring them to September. In September, three new workers were to come out to the Mission, and James Bradford hoped that two could then be permanently spared for the new Mission up-stream which he already foresaw and yearned

over. In September, he and Mary would return to the port; in late April Saxe was coming out to marry Mary. They departed under the escort of Ngawa himself. Mr. Price promised to get a boat up to them in May, or at least a runner with letters.

Such details of the final catastrophe as Saxe was acquainted with were brought to the Mission by a native boy in September, just before the boat was to start up-stream (taking Adams and Jenks, the new recruits) to bring the Bradfords down. All reports had hitherto been favorable, if not astonishingly so. Ngawa had listened, and his heart seemed to incline to Mr. Bradford's teachings. Mary had started a little school for the babies. But Ngawa had no intention of compelling his people to embrace Christianity: he simply courteously permitted it to exist in his dominion. As talk of war came on, he was preoccupied with the affairs of his thatched state. The populace—they seem to have been a gentle crowd enough—grew apathetic to their apostles, and deposited the commanded tribute somewhat listlessly before their huts. The medicine-men of course were hostile from the first, and as the war-drums beat in the forest and the men of the village gathered to sharpen their tufted spears, wild talk had undoubtedly not been wanting. The end had really been a bitter accident. Ngawa absented himself for three days to do some last exhorting and recruiting in his other villages. The attack that had not been expected for a week at least, was made a few hours before his return. It became a raid rather than a battle; the village resisted the siege only a short time, and the invaders did what they would, in the monstrous tropic dusk. Many of the native women were stabbed quickly; but the youngest ones, and Mary Bradford, were dragged off as captives. Mr. Bradford was killed in the beginning—not by the enemy, who were busy despatching Ngawa's subjects, but by Ngawa's chief medicine-man, who stole out of the shadows, slit his throat twice across, caught the blood in a cup, and then slid back into the darkness. The boy who brought them the story averred that he had seen it all, having been present, though somehow left out of the *mêlée*. The enemy, afraid of Ngawa's return, did not stop for the half-grown chil-

dren. The white girl tore away, the boy said, and started back to her father, but the warrior who held her hit her on the head, so that she dropped, and then carried her off. Oh yes, he had seen it all quite well: he had climbed into a tree. The huts were all burning, and it was lighter than day. Ngawa came back that night, and, later, they destroyed utterly the villages of the other tribe, but they got back no captives. These had been killed at once, probably, or sold. Ngawa had gone back to the medicine-men.

Ngawa's people must have been gentler than most of their color, for the boy answered all the questions of the stricken missionaries before he asked to hear the piano.

This was absolutely all that Saxe knew, when he stumbled into my rooms and asked me to go out to Africa with him. The first cablegrams had simply announced the massacre, and it was only on receipt of letters from the Prices that Saxe learned about Mary and her horrible shadowy chance of life. The Prices promised to cable any news, but it was unlikely that they would have any more. The boy who had brought them this story drifted down the coast, and for some months few boats came down the stream. Ngawa, they heard vaguely, had died, and his son reigned in his stead, a bitter disciple of unclean rites. Young Adams, in the pity of his heart, had gone the hundred miles to the village, but the people had evidently nothing to tell. The white priest was dead, and the white girl was gone. Their own captives were gone, too, and if they had been able to recover them would they not have done it? Undoubtedly, they were killed, but their enemies had been punished. No: they were faithful to their own gods. What had the white god done for his priest, or for Ngawa, who had listened—and died? Doubtless Adams would have been killed, if they had been defeated in the war, but he profited by the magnanimity of triumph. It was astonishing how little impression, except on Ngawa and one old medicine-man, James Bradford had made. Save that he had achieved martyrdom for himself, he might as well have stayed peacefully at the Mission. It is all, from first to last, a story of vain oblations. The people were inclined to forget that he had ever been

there, but they registered their opinion that his white brother had better go back at once. Saxe's face, as Adams gave him this last news, was tense. He gripped the hand of the one white man who had visited that bitter scene, as if he would never let it go.

If Saxe had been delayed in America, it was only in order to arrange his affairs so that he could stay away indefinitely. He intended to follow Mary Bradford down those dim and bloody trails until at least he should have seen some witness of her death. Saxe was not rich, and his arrangements took him a certain length of time. We sailed from New York in March, and caught the African liner at Plymouth.

I will not enter upon the details of Saxe's activity during the next months, nor of the results he gained. It was a case where governments were of no use: the jungle that had swallowed up Mary Bradford acknowledged no suzerain across the seas. Saxe visited Ngawa's village, of course—"I am steel-proof," he said, and I think he believed it. The story of those months is a senseless story of perishing lights and clews of twisted sand. We spent three months in rescuing the yellow widow of a Portuguese pearl-fisher, who had been captured by coast pirates and sold inland. When Saxe stood face to face with the "white woman" he had worked blindly to deliver, he reeled before her. "Tell him that I will marry him," said the woman with a noble gesture. She was forty, fat, and hideous. I mention the incident—which turned me quite sick, and in which, to this day, I can see nothing humorous—simply to show the maddening nature of our task. Even I had believed that this mysterious white woman was Mary Bradford. In that land of rumor and superstition and ignorance and cunning—above all, of savage indifference—anything might be true, and anything might be false. Three days after we had started off after the Portuguese hag, a real clue came in to the Mission. Our three months had been quite lost, for the Prices could get no word to us on our knight-errant task. Poor Saxe!

In September, Saxe, following this clew which seemed to bear some real relation to the events of the year before, travelled solemnly, accompanied by a few natives only, into the heart of that *hinterland* which

stood, to all the coast above and below the Mission, for treachery, mystery, and death. In October, he reached the village of the chief in question—a sun-smitten kraal, caught between high blue mountains and the nasty bit of jungle that separated them from one of the big water-ways of Africa. Politics are largely a matter of geography, and his position was one of enviable independence, though he was to the neighboring kings on the scale of Andorra to France and Spain. He was a greedy old man, and the sight of several pounds of beads made him very communicative. Half of his information was bound, by African code, to be false, and Saxe had no means of knowing which half; but he owned to having purchased, a few months before, from a wandering trader, a slave woman of white blood. She had come high, he affirmed, cocking his eye at Saxe. But she was not Saxe's slave—Saxe had put it in that way in order to be remotely intelligible to the savage mind. Oh, no! she was the daughter of a Mandingo woman and an Arab. The trader had told him that: he had known the mother. Oh no! it could not be Saxe's slave. However, he was willing, for a really good price, to consider selling her. Saxe refused to be discouraged. The clew had seemed to him trustworthy; and the story about the Mandingo woman might be pure invention—bravado, to raise the price.

He asked to see her. Oh, certainly: before purchasing he should see her. But meanwhile there was the official cheer to taste—*kava*, above all, inimitably mixed—and she should be fetched. Where was she? A young slave-girl suggested sardonically that she was probably at her toilet. Since she had heard of the white man's coming—Saxe had tactfully sent a runner ahead of him—she had been smearing herself meticulously with ochre and other precious pigments. This was said with a sidelong glance at the chief: obviously, he distributed those precious pigments only to his favorites. Saxe said that from that moment his heart misgave him. He had been somehow sure that this woman was Mary. Why his heart should have misgiven him, I do not know; or what devil of stupidity put it into his head that this was the trick of a half-breed slave to make herself irresistible to a white man. It sounded to him, he said, like the inspi-

ration that would naturally occur to the daughter of an Arab by a Mandingo woman. It has never sounded to me in the least like that. He said that he still believed it was Mary; but I fancy he believed it after the fashion of the doubter who shouts his creed a little louder. Of course there was something preposterous in the idea of Mary Bradford's making herself barbarically *chic* with ochre to greet the lover who might be coming to rescue her. But was not the whole thing preposterous to the point of incredibility? And Mary Bradford was not an ordinary woman—not the yellow widow of a Portuguese pearl-fisher. It has always seemed to me that poor Saxe ought to have realized that.

Saxe consumed *kava* until he could consume no more. Then the slave-girl announced that the woman had been found. Saxe rose to his feet. He was stifling in the great hut, where all the chief councillors had joined them at their feast, where the reek from greased bodies seemed to mount visibly into the twilight of the great conical roof. His head was reeling, and his heart was beating weakly, crazily, against his ribs—"as if it wanted to come out," he said. His hands were ice-cold. He had just presence of mind enough to drag the black interpreter out with him, and to leave one of his own men inside to watch the stuff with which he proposed to pay. The chief and most of his councillors remained within.

Outside the hut, her back to the setting sun, stood the woman. Saxe had of course known that Mary would be dressed like a native; but this figure staggered him. She was half naked, after the fashion of the tribe, a long petticoat being her only garment. Undoubtedly her skin had been originally fair, Saxe said; but it was tanned to a deep brown—virtually bronzed. For that matter, there was hardly an inch of her that was not tattooed or painted. Some great design, crudely smeared in with thick strokes of ochre, covered her throat, shoulders, and breast. Over it were hung rows and rows of shells, the longest rows reaching to the top of the petticoat. Her face was oddly marred—uncivilized, you might say—by a large nose-ring, and a metal disk that was set in the lower lip, distending it. Forehead and cheeks were streaked with paint, and her straight black hair was

dressed after the tribal fashion: stiffened with grease, braided with shells, puffed out with wooden rolls to enormous size. Her eyelids were painted red. That was not a habit of the tribe, and seemed to point to an Arab tradition. The painted eyelids and the streaks that seemed to elongate the eyes themselves were Saxe's despair—he had counted on meeting the eyes of Mary Bradford. To his consternation, the woman stood absolutely silent, her eyes bent on the ground, her face in shadow. Even Saxe, who had no psychology, seems to have seen that Mary Bradford would, in that plight—if it *was* she—wait for him to speak first. But I think he had expected her at least to faint. Saxe looked at her long without speaking. He was trying, he said, to penetrate her detestable disguise, to find some vulnerable point where he could strike at her very heart, and know. In the midst of his bewilderment, he grew cool—cold, even. He gave himself orders (he told me afterward) as a general might send them from the rear. His tongue, his hands, his feet, were very far off, but they obeyed punctiliously. My own opinion is that Saxe never, from the moment when he saw the woman, believed it to be Mary.

Her back, as I have said, was against the light. As the purchaser of a slave, he might well wish to see her more fully revealed. He gave the order through the interpreter: "Turn to the light." As she turned obediently and stood in profile against the scarlet west, he saw that her form was unshapely. On her back were a few scars, long since healed.

That moment was undoubtedly Hell for Saxe, in spite of the doubt upon him. But what must it have been for the impassible creature before him? Saxe saw that he must play the game alone. "Mary," he said quietly in English, "I have come to take you home." In the circumstances, it was the stupidest thing he could have said; but the only thing he thought of was speaking in English. If it was Mary, those words, he thought, would reach her, would dispel her shame, or, if she were mad, pierce her madness.

She seemed not to have heard. "Bid her look me in the face," he said brutally to the interpreter. The order was repeated. She turned, raised her painted eyelids and looked him straight in the eyes, with the

apathetic look of the slave, the world over. "But were they Mary Bradford's eyes?" I cried to him, when he told me. "I don't know, damn you!" he said. "Mary had never looked at me like that—as if she didn't see me, and painted like a devil."

He seems to have felt—as far as I can define his feeling—that she was not Mary, but that perhaps he could bully her into being Mary. I do not know how else to explain his unconvinced but perfectly dogged insistence on her identity. He had, of course, been greatly shaken by the extraordinary appearance of the woman. Perhaps he was simply afraid it was she because it would be so terrible if it were, and was resolved not to shirk. Saxe, too, was a New Englander. At all events, he shouted his creed a little louder still. "You are treating me very badly, Mary. I am going in to buy you from the chief; and then you will listen to me."

The woman heard Saxe's voice and looked at the interpreter. Saxe, stupefied, repeated his speech to the negro, and the latter translated. At this, she threw up her arms and broke into guttural ejaculations. That painted form swayed grotesquely from side to side, Saxe said, and she tore the shells out of her hair, tearing the hair with them. Giving him one glance of devilish hatred, she ran to the chief's hut. Saxe followed. There was nothing else to do.

Then began, Saxe said, what for him was a horrible pantomime. He heard nothing of what was said, until afterward, for the interpreter could not keep up with the *prestissimo* of that scene; but one understood it without knowing. The woman grovelled at the chief's feet; she pointed to Saxe and wrung her hands. She was not Saxe's slave, and evidently did not wish to be. The other women drew near to listen, being, clearly, personally interested in the outcome. The chief was, as I have said, avaricious. He looked longingly at the shining heaps of beads, the bolts of scarlet cloth, above all, the Remington rifles. Yet it was clear that he had not wholly outgrown his sluggish *penchant* for the woman who clung to him. It does not often happen, for that matter, that a petty chief in the remote interior can count a white woman—even a half-breed—among his slaves; and the male savage has an instinct for mating

above him. The woman saw whither the avaricious eye wandered. She rose from the ground, she stood between him and the treasures, she bent over him and murmured to him, she pointed to her own distorted form. . . . The little slave-girl scowled, and the chief's eye gleamed. What at first had seemed a possible detriment, now showed as an advantage. "That was true," he exclaimed. "Before long she would bring him a warrior son or a girl he could sell for many cows. Let the white man wait." Saxe stamped his foot. Not one day would he wait: the bargain should be completed then. He told me afterward that, after seeing her with the chief, he was absolutely convinced that the woman they were cheapening was the half-breed Arab they said she was; and the general in the rear of the battle wondered dully what he should do with her. But the woman had thrust herself cunningly beneath the chief's very feet, had twined her arms about his ankles, had welded herself to him like a footstool that he could not shake off. Over the chief's thick features, in the torch-light (for night was falling outside), into his avaricious eyes, crept a swinish gleam. Let the white man wait until to-morrow. Night was falling: it was time to sleep. By the sunlight they could deal better. The woman panted heavily beneath his feet, never loosing her hold. The young slave-girl looked down at her with unconcealed malignity. Saxe found himself forced to retire from the royal hut—sleeping-chamber, banqueting-hall, audience-room in one. He said that all he thought of, as he stumbled out, was the idiotic figure he should make at the Mission as the owner of an Arab-Mandingo woman. It was worse than the yellow Portuguese.

He was conducted to his tent. The interpreter confirmed there all that Saxe had divined. Let it be said now that Saxe had one clear inspiration. Before leaving the hut, he had turned and spoken to the woman who was fawning on the wretched negro. "Mary," he said, "if you ask me to, I will shoot you straight through the heart." The woman had snarled unintelligibly at the sound of his voice, and had redoubled her caresses. Can you blame Saxe for having doubted? Remember that she had not for one moment given any sign of being Mary Bradford; remember that

he had no proof that it was Mary Bradford. "Had you no intuition of her?" asked young Adams, later, at the Mission. "Intuition!" cried Saxe. "There wasn't a feature of Mary Bradford there: she was a loathsome horror." Let those who cannot believe in Saxe's failure to recognize her, reflect for an instant on all that is contained in that literal statement. Have you never failed, after a few years of separation, to recognize some one: some one whose face had not been subjected to barbaric decoration and disfigurement, not even to three years of the African sun; who, living all the while in the same quiet street, had merely passed for a time under the skilful transforming hands of sorrow? I have seen Mary Bradford's photograph, and was told at the same time that the not very striking face depended for its individuality on the expression of eyes and mouth. But, painted eyes . . . and a lip-ring? She was undoubtedly, as Saxe said, "a loathsome horror;" and a loathsome horror who gave no sign. I firmly believe that she was not recognizable to the eye. Saxe's only chance would have lain in divination: in being able to say unerringly of the woman he loved, "Thus, or thus, in given circumstances, would she behave." Such knowledge of Mary Bradford could never have been easy to any man. In my opinion, no one can blame him for doubting. The magnificence of the performance was almost outside the realm of possibility. I asked Saxe once if Mary Bradford had been good at acting. He had never seen her do but one part: she had done that extremely well. And the part? Beatrice, in "Much Ado." Beatrice!

The strain of it had told on Saxe and he slept that night. But it is only fair to say that before he slept he had quite made up his mind that he was as far away from Mary Bradford as he had ever been. It is not to be wondered at. Only a man who had grasped Mary Bradford's idea—it has taken me three years to do that, entirely—could have believed that she would let Saxe go out baffled from the hut in which she deliberately chose to stay with her half-drunk, wholly vile captor. Women who could have done all the rest, would have turned at Saxe's offer of a kindly shot through the heart. But Mary Bradford was great. She was also infinitely wronged

by Fate. It is all wanton, wanton—to the very last: all, that is, except her own part, which was sublimely reasoned.

Saxe slept, I say; and at dawn woke to his problem. The intelligence that works for us while we sleep, waked him into the conviction that he must, at any cost, buy the woman. He said that, as he strode over to the chief's hut, he was thinking only of what price he ought to put on the child that would be such a fantastic mixture of breeds. He did not want the woman, but he felt that the purchase was inevitable. This, I am convinced, was only the New English leaven working him up to martyrdom. It would be unmitigatedly dreadful to have the woman on his hands, and therefore he ought probably to buy her.

The chief greeted him with temper, and soon Saxe learned why. The woman had left the hut before dawn, taking with her her master's largest knife. She was found later in her own little hovel, dead, with a clean stab to her heart. Suicide is virtually unknown among savages, and the village was astir. Saxe asked to see the body at once, but that, it seems, was not etiquette: he had to wait until it was prepared for burial. For an instant, he said, he thought of bargaining for the body, but forebore. He had a difficult return journey to make, and the point was, after all, to see it. When they permitted him to enter the hut, the face had been piously disfigured beyond recognition. He told me that he lifted the tattooed hand and kissed it: he did not know why. It was clear that if the woman had—preposterously—been Mary, she would not have wished it; and if she were the other, it was almost indecent. But he could not help it. This impulse of his seems to have been his only recognition of Mary Bradford. In life and in death, she suppressed every sign of herself with consummate art.

We were a fevered group that waited for Saxe day after day at the Mission; and he seemed to have been gone an intolerably long time. The broken leg that had kept me from going with him was almost well when he returned. Yet he had taken the shortest way back. It was also the unhealthiest. He said that he had heard war-rumors that made him avoid the more frequented trail, but I fancy he rather hoped that the swamps he clung to would give him fever. In that sense—and in that sense

only—Saxe could perhaps be said to have committed suicide. He stumbled into the Mission dining-room at noon one day. "And Mary?" we all cried, rising. "Oh, did you expect to see Mary?" he asked, politely, but with evident astonishment.

We got him to bed at once. After the days of delirium were over, he told his story quite simply. It was pitifully short. The concrete facts seemed to be perfectly clear in his mind, and he gave them spontaneously; but what he himself had felt during that dramatic hour, I learned only by close questioning. He died suddenly, when he was apparently convalescent. The year he had been through had simply killed resiliency in him and he went down at the last as stupidly as a ninepin. I cannot imagine the source of the rumor that he had killed himself, unless it was some person who thought he ought to have done so. He started, at the end, to speak to me: "If Mary ever—" He never got beyond the three words; they showed sufficiently, however, that he was considering the possibility of Mary Bradford's being discovered after his death. He may have been wandering a little at the last; but, in my opinion, Saxe had never believed, even after the suicide, that the woman he had seen had been his betrothed.

Some weeks after Saxe's death, we received incontrovertible proof—if testimony is ever incontrovertible—that it had indeed been she. We had been surrounded for a year by a hideous jungle—blind, hostile, impenetrable. Now out of that jungle stalked a simple fact. One of the native girls who had been taken captive with Mary Bradford returned at length to her own tribe. She had shared Mary's fortunes, as it happened, almost to the last; then the chief who had bought them both, sold her, and by the successive chances of purchase, raid, and battle, she had reached her own people. It was hardly more than crawling home to die; but she managed to send word by one of her kinsmen to the white people down the river. Apparently she and Mary had promised each other to report if either should ever reach friends again. Her message was pitifully meagre: Mary had talked little in those wild months; and after she had seen that they were too well watched to escape, she had talked not at all. But the two had evidently clung

together—an extraordinary tie, which was the last Mary Bradford was to know of friendship. The burden of the native's report was that the white girl was the favorite of a chief who gave her much finery. The dying woman seems to have thought it would set Mary Bradford's friends at rest—her kinsman, I remember, said that he had good news for us. The news was no news to me—I had been thinking: but I was glad that Saxe had died before he could hear it. Even the comfort of knowing that Mary was surely dead would never have made up to him for the ironic memory of the last hour he had spent with her. Besides, Saxe would never have understood.

I should probably never have touched this chapter of history with a public pen, if I had not heard a woman say, a few months since, that she thought Mary Bradford's conduct indelicate. Had the woman not said it to me directly, I should not have believed, even at my cynical age, that such a thing could be said. I greatly regret, myself, that the facts were ever told: they should have been buried in Africa with Saxe. But the Prices returned to America not long after it all happened, and apparently could not refrain from talking. Even so, I should have let Mary Bradford's legend alone, forever, had I not learned that she could be misjudged.

Consider dispassionately the elements of her situation; and tell me who has ever been so tortured. Physically unable to escape by flight, morally incapable, as you might say, of escaping by death—for there can be no doubt that, difficult as suicide would have been to a guarded captive, she could have found some poisonous root, courted the bite of some serpent, snatched for one instant some pointed weapon; and that she was deterred, as Saxe said, by the simple belief that to take one's life was the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—she could but take what came. As a high-priced chattel, she was probably not, for the most part, ill-treated—save for the tattooing, which was not cruelly intended. The few scars that Saxe noted, doubtless bore witness to her protest against the utmost bitterness of slavery, some sudden saint-like frenzy with which she opposed profanation. She may have wondered why God chose so to degrade

her: her conduct with Saxe shows beyond a doubt how she rated her degradation. She made not one attempt to dignify or to defend her afflicted body. Her soul despised it: trampled it under foot.

What Mary Bradford suffered before Saxe came, we cannot know. But the measure of it lies, I think, in the resolution she took (if we believe the jealous slave-girl) when she heard of the white man's approach. She must have divined Saxe, leagues away, as he was unable to divine her, face to face. Her one intent was to deceive him; to steep herself in unrecognizable savagery. If Mary Bradford had conceived of any rôle possible for herself in her own world, she would not have created her great part. If she had felt herself fit even to care for lepers at Molokai, she would have washed away her paint and fallen at his feet. It is perfectly evident that she considered herself fit for nothing in life—hardly for death. Her hope was clearly that Saxe should not know her. I do not believe that it was pride. If there had been any pride left in Mary Bradford's heart, she could not have stood, quietly ("apathetically," was his word!) before Saxe in the flare of the dying sun. It was not to save anything of hers that she went through her comedy, but only to save a little merciful blindness for Saxe himself. He undoubtedly made it as hard as possible for her. I am inclined to think that if he had gone away at once, she would be living still—mothering her half-breed child, no doubt, teaching it secretly the fear of God. When she saw that all Saxe's bewilderment still left him with the firm determination to buy her—to take her away and study her at his leisure—she conceived her magnificent *chute de rideau*. When she went into the hut, she had decided, for Saxe's sake, to die. Mary Bradford grovelling at the feet of the drunken chief will always seem to me one of the most remarkable figures in history: I should never have mentioned Jocasta in the same breath with her. Only Christianity can give us tragedy like that. How must she not have longed, at Saxe's offer of a kindly shot through the heart, to turn, to fling herself at his feet, to cry out his name, once. She "redoubled her caresses," Saxe said! Has any man ever been so loved, do you think? For the sake of bestowing upon him that healing doubt, she let him go,

she put off death, she spent her last night on earth not fifty yards from him, in the hut of a savage, that she might have, before dawn, the means of committing the unpardonable sin. Note that she did not commit suicide until she had made it perfectly plausible—from the point of view of the Arab-Mandingo woman. *She proved to him that it was not she.* She gauged Saxe perfectly. Nothing but some such evidence as later we received—perhaps not even that—would ever have made Saxe believe that Mary Bradford, with him by her side, had clung to that vile savage. Even Mary Bradford—whose soul must have been, by that time, far away from her body, a mere voice in her own ears, a remote counsellor to hands and feet—could not have done that, had she not intended to die. But remember that up to that day she had lived rather than rank herself with the “*violenti contro se stessi.*” We can simply say that Mary Bradford chose the chance of Hell for the sake of sparing Saxe pain. The fact that you or I—I pass over the lady, who thinks her indelicate: does she think, I wonder, that it would have been delicate for Mary Bradford to accompany Saxe back to civilization?—may believe her to be one of the saints, has nothing to do with what she thought. Mary Bradford came of a race that for many generations believed in predestination; but she herself believed in free-will. Dreadful as it is to be foredamned, it is worse to have damned yourself. She had not even the cold comfort of Calvinism. I said that I understood Mary Bradford. I am not

sure that it would not have taken a Spanish saint of the sixteenth century really to understand her. Sixteenth-century Spain is the only thing I know of that is in the least like New England.

I am not trying to make out a “case” for Mary Bradford; and I sincerely hope that the lady who thinks her indelicate will never read these pages. For most people, the facts will suffice, and I have no desire to interpret them for the others. You have only to meditate for a little on the ironic and tragic reflections of a hundred kinds that must have surged through Mary Bradford’s brain, to be swept away, yourself, on the horrid current. Do I need, for example, to point out the difficulty—to use a word that I think the lady I have cited would approve—of merely meeting the man she adored face to face? For never doubt that those souls who live least by the flesh feel themselves most defiled by its defilement. No, you have only to explore Mary Bradford’s tragedy for yourself. It will take you three years, perhaps, as it has taken me, to penetrate the last recesses. And if you are tempted for a moment to think of her as mad, or *exaltée*; reflect on how completely she understood Saxe. I am only half a New Englander: and I confess that, though I reverence her heroism, I am even more humble before her intelligence. It is no blame to Saxe that he stumbled out of the chief’s hut, completely her dupe. Poor Saxe! But the vivid vision of that scene leaves “*Phèdre*” tasteless to me. As I say, I am only half a New Englander. . . .

VARIATIONS ON A FRENCH THEME

By William Roscoe Thayer

HAPPY the Poet who can say,
Despite unlaurel’d years,
“Two eyes divine have read my lay
And hallow’d it with tears!”

“O heart of hearts where mine may rest,
And eyes divine that read,
Kings might uncrown to be as blest
As I, whom no kings heed.”

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is interesting to note, on good authority, that the specialist, "made in Germany," has invaded the cloistral shades of Britain. The authority is the actual, however precarious, prime minister of the United Kingdom, in his rectorial address at Aberdeen. In such addresses it is the commendable practice of the elderly Briton who has arrived to point out to the ingenuous British youth on the point of departure, the pitfalls they are likely to encounter along the road. Mr. Asquith vindicated himself as a "scholar," by, after the British use, not only quoting Virgil, which perhaps a few American politicians might be able to do, but by quoting not from the "first" but from those last "six books of the *Æneid*," which one would be at a loss to name the American politician who has probably penetrated. And he found nothing more urgent to impress upon the ingenuous youth, even at a very critical period in his own political career, than the desirability of "all-roundness" in culture and the danger of excessive specialization.

The admonition one did not know to be needful in Great Britain. To be sure, one who is not a specialist has no means of knowing how many "monographs" may issue from the British seats of learning, monographs which, as Carlyle says about bishops' charges, "mankind does not read, preferring speech which is articulate." At all events, however much or little need there is of the warning in the United Kingdom, there is more in the United States, where the flood of monographs illegible and of no interest to "the general" is far greater, greater than anywhere excepting in Germany, the home and chief habitat of the monograph. The growth of the monograph habit in this country is undoubtedly attributable to that substitution, in our higher education, of Teutonic methods and standards for those Anglican which we inherited, with which it coincides in point of time, and is itself the proof and the trophy of the specialization which a British statesman in his capacity of British scholar finds it necessary to deprecate in his own island. A monograph, in the offensive sense in which we are using the term, not only lacks but renounces any general interest. It is rare indeed

that the monographer is able to deliver his tidings like a man of this world, and when he is, he becomes an uncanny and suspicious object to his fellow-monographers. An American instructor in history as it is taught in the new school, reports, for example, that he is forbidden to consider the English in which his pupils couch the results of their investigations. Compare Mr. John Corbin's tale of the Oxford tutor who congratulated his pupil on the improvement in his exercise. "Yes, I took pains about the facts." "Oh, the facts are all wrong; but you are getting some notion of how to write an examination-paper."

It is to be said for the Anglican as opposed to the Teutonic system, that it more directly "drives at practice." The English scholar is not a man apart, delving in unknown quarries, and talking a mandarin dialect. Mr. Asquith himself exemplifies the truth that in no other country is academic success so good a warrant of success in public life. The examples are too numerous and familiar to need citation. Since the Roman empire there has been no such political success as the British empire, and it has been administered in the main by men trained after the Anglican tradition who have continued to believe and to proclaim their belief in that tradition. In that respect they differ from the Roman politicians. Cicero, for example, is always apologizing for his culture when he is talking in the Senate or on the stump, or for that matter in court, except in the famous instance in which he was pleading for a poet before his own "cultured" brother. He seems in public to go in fear of the Roman "practical man," of the class of that American trust magnate who assured his audience that education was a handicap and a drawback in business. In his treatises it is true he rather flaunts his culture, while in his private letters he simply lets it go, and with the most agreeable results. But there is none of the Ciceronian shamefacedness about the British statesman. He believes in the scholastic system under which he was trained, and believes that it promoted the "all-roundness" to which minute and exclusive specialization is hostile. And he has made, on the whole, such a success of the "imperial" business that we, who have had a

bit of empire thrust upon us, may be disposed to pay attention to his admonitions concerning educational tendencies which are much more evident and formidable on our side than on his.

FOR several months I have been disporting myself, trying to have an old-fashioned "good time." Every noble cause which I ordinarily try to further has been temporarily abandoned, every philanthropy forgotten—ah, if I only could forget!—for a little space. I have plunged into the wildest dissipations of travel; have drunk deep of ruins; have sated my appetite for marbles and for canvas, trying to achieve a complete mental change, but, alas! it has been all in vain. Dweller in suburban Boston, I have carried that city on my back over sea and up mountain. I cannot get away from the things it thinks about, and I have cursed the day when I wandered from the simple-minded Hudson River region of New York State to live in this centre of humanitarian thought.

Naturally, when I did come, and it was long ago, I wakened to all its opportunities for bettering the world. I joined the S. P. C. A., the 'Consumers' League, the College Settlement Association, the Child Labor Organization, and other societies which I will not mention because their names are long. In so doing I little realized that I was over-fostering a fundamental natural tendency and increasing a sensitiveness already developed to the verge of constant pain. Now, wherever I wander, I find it impossible to live down my philanthropic past. My Aims pursue me; the Erinyes were nothing as compared with the S. P. C. A. and the S. P. C. C. I tread the paths of old London, Cheapside, Smithfield, Shoreditch; dim, crumbling, historic houses, and lovely gray gables out of olden time are nothing to me; nothing to me in ancient Rome, the long, dark streets of the Trastevere, with golden sunlight drifting down at corners, and the soft trickle of their fountains over maiden-hair fern. I see only the children, the dirty, wistful-eyed children, the ragged little children pattering on bare English or Italian feet, asking me without words—in truth, I understood but little of either language—"Why do you not take care of us? Why are we unclean and sore-eyed? You belong to the S. P. C. C.! Here you are, doing nothing, wandering idly in idle countries. Something is wrong with

our throats; something is wrong with our little backs; we grow up criminals because nobody takes care of us."

If I escape from the clinging fingers of these youngsters, I am sure to come, in a back street, upon some more-than-sweater's shop, where pallid women are stitching, on machines or with their needles; and I find no joy in my purchasing at the Rue de Rivoli or the Piazza di Spagna, nor joy in watching my country-women haggle, in the by-streets of Rome or of Athens, over the price of embroidered articles, getting for a half franc treasures that meant days in the making. Do I not belong to the Consumers' League? As a matter of fact, do not some of these shrewd bargainers in human flesh and human eyesight belong to the same admirable society?

It had seemed to me that it would be different when we got to Greece, and that I could forget about the misery of Whitechapel and the Cowgate being all my fault. The care-free children in Hellas, who have come down to us as revellers in the joy of life, would surely thrust into the background those haunting pictures of human suffering. I do not quite know what I expected, but, though I am not ignorant of the later history of this classic land, I half believe I hoped to see a population largely composed of youths and maidens, walking, in costumes of white and gold or of dainty blues and lavers, over green grass, while happy animals strolled by them. Alas, all Greece is now summed up for me in the patient misery of a donkey's face! I see constantly these long-suffering little beasts standing in the Athenian streets with their baskets of grapes, or huge loads of firewood, or of grotesque hardware upon their backs, their noses cruelly twisted sideways by the ropes that, quite unnecessarily hold their necks in cramped positions all day long. What are the Powers doing, the Powers that keep such wise watch and ward over Greece, that they leave these ropes upon the necks of martyred donkeys in these so-called Christian times? I think of the loveliness of purple Hymettus, of the Parthenon, golden against sky and distant sea of blue, but all this beauty seems far away; nearer and more real are the Athenian horses, starved, with sore flanks, drooping heads, and outstanding ribs, beaten up Hermes Street and down Pythagoras Street, goaded with knives, kicked, struck over the head. The horsemanship of the Parthenon frieze has been the ruin of modern Athens, and every driver tries to lash

his sorry steed into such mettlesome gait. How, on any island shore, can one, in happy imagination, see Nausicaä and her maidens going down with their washing to the water when here are men carrying hens, turkeys, lambs upside down, the blood almost bursting from their poor eyes? Pray God to send more Englishmen to Greece! With all their faults I love them still, because, wherever cruelty toward animals has been fought abroad, it has been the English who have started the fighting.

The sight of present suffering only carries your mind, enfeebled by sympathy, to the past. At Rome, you hardly dare even think of it; you cannot face the eyes of those animals or those Christians in the amphitheatre, and you close your books of history for fear of seeing past happenings in Roman streets. Going still farther back, what real joy can you take in the great monuments of ancient life, the gigantic pre-Greek walls at Tiryns and Mycenæ, or the Acropolis itself, with all the beauty of Pentelic marble which it carries high upon its shoulders, when you remember the fact that the hard piling of these stones was done by slaves? There it is, "the glory that was Greece," but you see only the poor captives on whom the glory rested, toiling, bent double under great blocks of stone; you hear the groaning animals, the crack of the lash. To me the most touching thing in all that ancient land is the beautiful polygonal wall at Delphi, facing the sun, inscribed by slaves with prayers to Apollo for freedom. One wonders that they did not pray to Persephone, who eventually set them free.

There is no use trying; one cannot forget. It has grown hard to be happy in the sight of suffering, past or present. There are times when I wish that I were an aborigine; then, at least, I should have the courage of my sensations. One could take one's pleasures then, in the old cave-dwelling days! In uncounted ways we are losing our sources of personal satisfaction; primitive joys have faded, and it is wellnigh impossible to get pleasure out of inflicting pain. The sweetness has gone out of vengeance, and the joy of thumping your enemy soundly is no longer fully joy, because your enemy has an exasperating way of turning and looking like your friend. As if this were not enough, your harmless delights are being interfered with in a thousand ways by the thought of your neighbor. These pangs of growth are distressing; what shall make good the loss when personal pleasures shift into the

impersonal pain of sympathy? We grow increasingly conscious of one another; the walls of us are getting thin, and human misery impinges, presses so hard that one often wonders if one has really any walls at all. What hope or consolation can I find in the fact that my better self is continually getting in the way of my "good time"?

NOTHING marks a man—and especially a woman—as more truly modern than an abhorrence of dullness. It was ever a standard grievance with the serious-minded that the more thoughtless elements of society sought too hard to escape being dull. The earnest people have had it "in" for those irresponsible individuals who confessed, frankly, that they wanted, above all, to feel themselves live. Whether the aim was attained by mere worldly frivolity or by crude dissipation, it was adjudged alike reprehensible. But this, to-day, should practically be an antiquated attitude. For everybody now wants to feel himself live. To be sure, it may not be through the channel of the various forms of amusement; but certain sustained exhilaration in the face of existence, a certain persistent excitement even, are regarded positively as an obligation. It is a cult. We are all after an intensified consciousness. We want this intensification to carry us through work and play, and good and ill, with the same *elan*, and so steadfastly to keep us to the pitch that we can squeeze even out of quotidian humdrum all manner of savors that we never knew to be there.

Feeling One-
self Live

It is a highly captivating idea. We are being made not only ashamed of the semi-comatose stretches in our lives, but full of self-reproach for them. There were the months when we allowed ourselves to become ill, and at that physical low ebb could sense none of the interesting things happening in the world; there were the other months when we were so absorbed in some mistaken duty that the greatest wonders of nature, or messages of art, barely touched the outermost edge of our being. How much we might have known if our growing brains had only been more scientifically nurtured in our student days; how far we might have gone if we had only had the Napoleonic faculty for limiting the need of sleep. When, we are assured, we shall have better mastered the laws of science or metaphysics we shall be able to do away with these blank spots.

We shall waste less time being "sick or sorry" (as Matthew Arnold used to say); also, presumably, being foolish. We shall manage to live consistently and continuously at a pressure; always screwed up to the last notch; never faltering from the key.

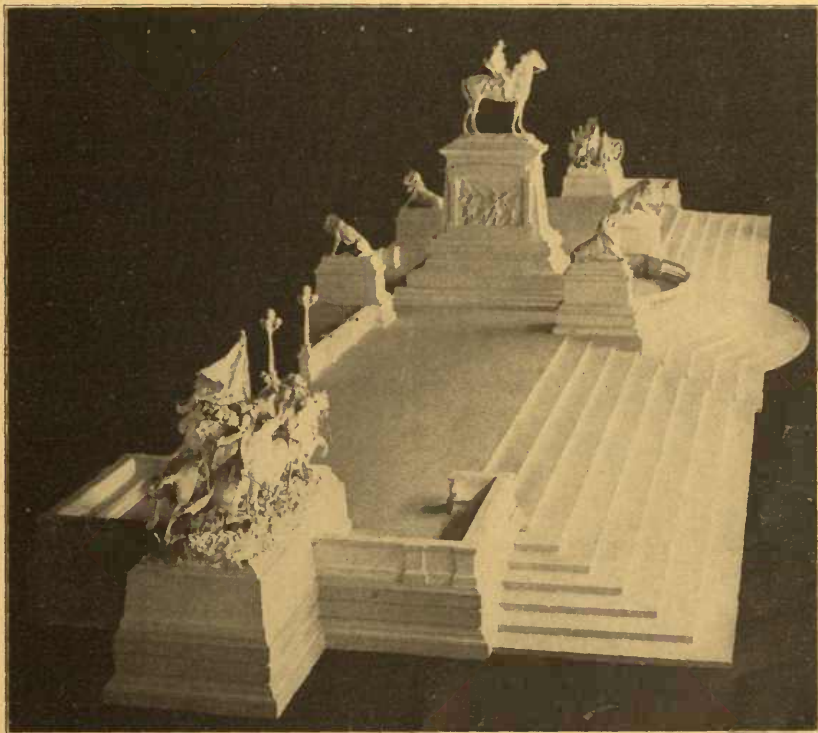
Who would not be fascinated by the vision? The trouble with it is that it is so unrelated to any facts about ourselves as we know them. Mere dulness, of the sort we just now so much despise, appears to be really as fruitful as that rich, black, loamy earth which one can conceive it as resembling. It is true, if disconcerting, that the most intelligent people are, in a sense, the dullest. Not dull all the time, but by fits and starts, or at regular intervals. Certainly the very great have been extraordinarily dull at their off moments, and the butt and jest of minor personages who had their wits about them every day. The absent-mindedness of a Dante or a Milton might as well be called dulness. So might the moodiness of a Dr. Johnson or a Carlyle. Balzac discovered that the reason why it so often proved easy to capture criminals was that they fell, after the accomplishment of their schemes, into periods of exhaustion which were periods of sheer stupidity, and in which they were helpless. With all respect possible for genius, one must likewise recognize that the most transcendent mental accomplishment comes, as it were, out of periods of half-animal dulness, and returns into them again. It is entirely safe to surmise that the great man whose brooding brow seems to be incubating the deepest thoughts, is really, in eight cases out of every ten, not thinking of anything at all. And, nevertheless, it is entirely correct to say that he is incubating. Out

of his dulness something will presently emerge. He has no idea when, and little idea what. He can control the working up, and working out, of the something when it does emerge, but while he is in the dull stage every faculty he has is bound and blind.

It is when you turn to the secondary, or even tertiary, intelligences, that you are more likely to find the alive-every-minute variety. And by this one does not mean the intelligences that have done the lighter things. Mr. Chesterton is quite right when he says that it is easier to be heavy than light. Easier to write a leading article in the *Times* than a joke in *Punch*. For that reason, those who are lightest are generally most short-lived. That many a brilliant beginning has made an insignificant after-career is an Ancient of Days among truisms. Anatole France had shown, before Mr. Chesterton, that the little masterpiece will float down the ages when the serried tomes may go to the bottom. And in the light of the survival of that little masterpiece, how much does it matter that its creator did nothing else? In short, dulness must come in somewhere. Feeling oneself live every instant is somewhat like gazing at the remoter stars: there are some that one sees only by not looking at them. It is probable that one can best feel oneself live by not trying to overmuch; by letting oneself go in the dull stretches; by, in the French idiom, letting oneself live. Inspiration is divine; it is also transient. It takes inspiration to taste and enjoy every moment of life, without flagging; as much inspiration as it takes to create, in any form, the illusion of life. And that is why our new theories about the intensified consciousness may possibly prove to have more sound than substance.



· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Accepted design for the Grant Monument, Washington
Edward Pearce Casey, architect, Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL GRANT, IN WASHINGTON

WITH the practical completion of the modelling of one of the heroic and tumultuous groups which are to be erected at the ends of the great monument to General Grant, voted by Congress, in Washington, D. C., the collaborating artists of this work consider their long-drawn-out task more than half completed. So long protracted has been, through many causes, the execution of this huge commemorative structure that the general public may be said to have forgotten it. By a law approved February 23, 1901, it was declared by the Senate and the House that a statue or memorial of General U. S. Grant, "late President of the United States and General of the armies thereof," should be erected

on any unoccupied square or reservation belonging to the government in the District of Columbia, except the grounds of the Capitol and the Library of Congress. A commission, consisting of the President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, the chairman of the joint committee on the library, and the Secretary of War, was appointed to select a site and secure plans and designs for this statue or memorial, of which the cost was limited to \$250,000. This commission, consisting of Gen. G. M. Dodge, Senator George Peabody Wetmore, and Hon. Elihu Root, accordingly opened a competition for artists and architects, citizens of the United States, models on the scale of one inch to the foot to be sent in between March 1 and April 1, 1902. Some thirty-four competing designs were received. The jury,

invited by the commission to select the best, consisted of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Daniel C. French, and the award was given to Edward Pearce Casey, architect, and Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor, working in collaboration.

Both of them had won difficult competitions before—the architect (known for his direction of the completion of the great Congressional Library in Washington), among others, that for the Memorial Bridge across the Potomac in 1900; that for the huge Connecticut Avenue Bridge over Rock Creek Valley, both of these in collaboration with eminent engineers; and that for the Memorial Continental Hall in Washington for the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, in which the competitors were some seventy in number; and the sculptor, more recent in his profession, that for an heroic bronze equestrian statue of Washington. The Grant Monument, as it will stand, will be a joint conception and production of the two men as to its main motif and the composition and proportion of its parts. In the subsequent carrying out of the details each worked to perfect the architecture or the sculpture, as the case might be, but always each with due regard to the work of the other that the harmony of the whole might not be impaired.

The site first proposed by the commission was adjoining the White House grounds, but this was changed, July 24, 1907, to one at the foot of Capitol Hill, on the central axis of the mile-long Mall running straight from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, the obelisk near the banks of the Potomac.

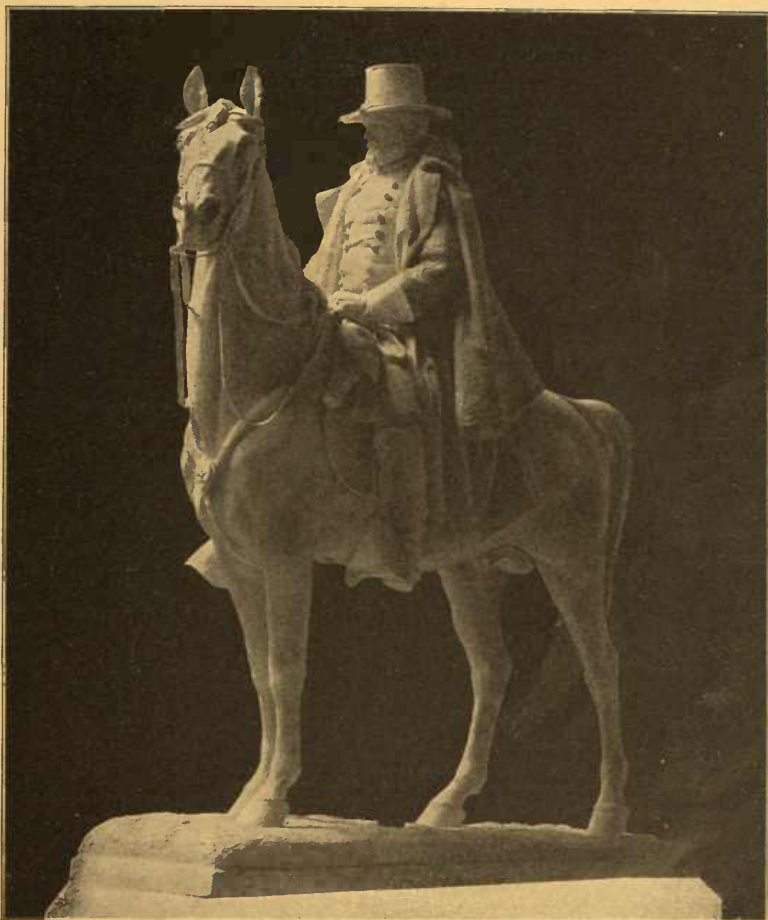
This very radical change of locality necessitated certain minor modifications of the original design. As detailed in the official description of the competing model, it took the form of a long, low terrace or platform of white marble, flanked by exedras, and on which are placed the pedestals of the central figure and the subsidiary figures and groups. The lofty central pedestal will carry an equestrian bronze statue of General Grant, and, on its two long sides, bronze bas-reliefs representing Union Infantry—in one, plodding along stolidly in a long march, and in the other, hurried into action by their officers. At the four corners of this central pedestal are placed others, smaller, but similar in design, each surmounted by a colossal recumbent lion, symbolizing Force, guarding under his outstretched paws the Flag; and the two flanking pedestals, which penetrate the

exedras at either end of the platform, support groups of men and horses, headed toward the centre, representing Artillery and Cavalry in vigorous action, and giving "an animated and very military aspect to the monument at the points where so much repose is not required."

The General, in the centre, sits on his horse very quietly, as though reviewing his troops.

The embellishment of the platform, 262 feet 2 inches by 69 feet, and 5 feet 4 inches above the ground, present dimensions, is completed by eight great candelabra, in bronze, as is all the sculpture, heroic and colossal. As may be seen, Mr. Shrady was provided with creative work for as many years as his artistic conscience might require. As the monument now stands, the stone work is all completed, by the Vermont Marble Company, and is already becoming somewhat mellowed by time; the four lions and the eight candelabra are in place; the modelling of the artillery group is completed and the casting under way; the equestrian figure of the General, the panels in relief on his pedestal and the cavalry charge, yet to be done. General Grant will be represented in the felt hat and military cloak for which the sculptors can never be sufficiently grateful to the regulations of the War Department, 1861-65, and probably without a sword—omitted in compliance with his characteristic custom. As may be seen from the reproduction of the sculptor's sketch model, he seems to look on in the shadow of his broad brim, while his stallion, more nervous than his master, lifts his head and pricks up his ears as at some flare, of sight or sound, in the spectacle before him. The completed statue will be about fifteen and a half feet in height, horse and man, the rider alone measuring some ten and a half feet.

To this central quiet figure everything in the monument will gradually lead up, from the storm of the great galloping groups at either end, across the wide spaces of the marble terrace, to the huge guarding lions and the crowded infantry panels on the sides of the central pedestal. The lions, considerably modified from the original models, are motionless but ready to spring, and sufficiently realistic to express this unhampered by architectural formulas. In the groups at the ends the sculptor seems to have sought also this judicious tempering with realism—his horses and riders in violent action are given evidently not without knowledge of the facts revealed by the instantaneous photograph, but also with a positive conviction of the frequently unartistic—and



Equestrian Statue of General Grant.

Central figure in the Grant Monument. Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

therefore unavailable—quality of these facts, the uncouthness, the apparent destruction of the very action they represent. Nothing in monumental sculpture could well be more spirited and imposing than the view from the front of these three great artillery-horses suddenly pulled up on their haunches, that of the sergeant with the guidon already arrested in his forward motion, ploughing the earth, and the two leaders of the gun-team still with their front hoofs in the air, desperately endeavoring to obey the sudden order. And this very successful realization of the action sought is obtained by a careful selection of the natural facts presented combined with a skilful use of some of the traditional methods of affecting the eye of the spectator.

It is also necessary in a casting of this size to take into consideration many purely technical requirements, as the advisability of dispensing with those very obvious props and supports, improbable tree trunks, etc., which the sculptor is frequently obliged to use to sustain the limbs of his figures. In this group of the five artillery horses, as well as in that of the seven of the cavalry group now under way, by an ingenious series of contacts—tails, or riders' legs, against bodies, etc.—in, apparently, the most natural way in the world, the necessity of these extraneous supports is done away with and the very heavy groups are made self-sustaining. It is estimated that these groups, among the largest in the world, will weigh, the artillery group about fifteen tons, and the cav-

alry about eighteen. Something of this weight is due to the necessity of following closely the equipments of the Civil War, down to the buttons—the artillery harness of those days, for example, being of a size and ponderosity far in excess of that now in use.

To obtain this great success, in the representation in sculpture of horses in violent action

on him and requested him to enter the competition. The result may be seen in his fine equestrian statue of Washington at Valley Forge on the plaza at the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg Bridge.

In addition to his work on the monument, Mr. Shrady has also at present a commission, from the Holland Society of this city, for an



Artillery Group, Grant Monument.

Henry Merwin Shrady, sculptor.

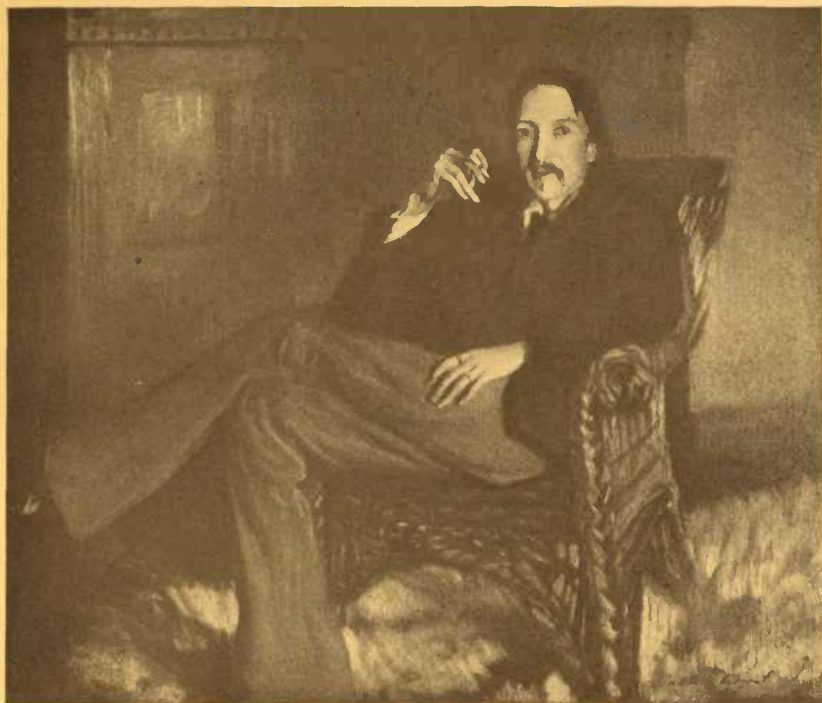
without departing from the facts of natural history and at the same time presenting a sculptural and artistic work—one of those things which have been done about as seldom in this world as anything else whatever—this sculptor has joined to what appears to be a real innate talent the usual methods of these students—dissections of his quadruped models, close observation in his studio, in the fields and roads, at races, of all conditions of rest and action, etc. The officers at West Point gave him a special artillery drill that he might inform himself. But the innate talent probably counted for the most, and, rather curiously, it appears that it did not announce itself at first with any vehemence. A graduate of Columbia Law School, Mr. Shrady was prevented from taking up the practice of law as a profession by illness; and his first essay in art was in painting. Later, he modelled some little animals and had them cast; one or two of these little horses exposed in the window of a jeweller in Fifth Avenue attracted the attention of some members of a Brooklyn commission interested in a competition for an equestrian statue of Washington to such an extent that they called

equestrian statue of William the Silent, in armor, to be placed on Riverside Drive; and also one to execute a large panel in relief, in bronze, of a group of Indians, on the pedestal of the very tall Robert Fulton monument at Spuyten Duyvil, of which the statue at the summit will be by Karl Bitter. The casting of the artillery group, now in the hands of the Roman Bronze Works of Williamsburg, will require about a year to complete. The metal will be of the United States standard, 90 per cent copper, 7 tin, and 3 zinc, the last added to facilitate the flow.

For the great cavalry group, at the other end, many studies and experiments and corrections have been made, and the general composition may be said to be now well thought out—a fierce rush of men and horses at full speed on the enemy. The amount of conscientious and creative labor, artistic and technical, in designing and working out this huge composition, first in the sketch model, then in the quarter size, and finally at full size for the bronze foundry, all to be so done that no possible better arrangement can be thought of—this is indeed a monumental task.

WILLIAM WALTON.





Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT

*This is the portrait painted at Bournemouth
at the end of 1884, and referred to in the post-
script to a letter to W. H. Low, January 3, 1885.*

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NEW LETTERS BY R. L. STEVENSON

EDITED BY SIDNEY COLVIN



EARLY sixteen years have passed since the volume of Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*, selected and edited by me at his own request, was published, and nearly twelve since the two volumes followed containing the *Letters to his Family and Friends*. The estimate expressed, in the Introduction to the latter collection, of Stevenson's qualities as a writer, and of the place which he seemed likely to maintain in the affections of English readers all the world over, has been amply confirmed by the lapse of time. The sale of his works keeps increasing rather than diminishing; editions keep multiplying; a new generation of readers has found life and letters, nature and human nature, touched and illuminated by him at so many points with such vital charm and freshness that it has become scarcely possible to take up any critical writing of the day and not find some reference to his work and name. Both series of letters—even one so much taken up as the *Vailima Letters* with matters of interest both remote and transitory—have been read in edition after edition: and readers have been and are continually asking for more. Accordingly the time is thought to have come for a new and definitive edition, in which the two series of letters already published shall be combined into one, re-arranged in order of date, and as much new material added as can be found suitable, so that the result shall constitute an epistolary autobiography continuous and nearly complete.

The task of carrying out this scheme has again fallen upon me. The new edition

will contain some hundred and fifty letters hitherto unpublished. They date from all periods of Stevenson's life, those written in the brilliant and troubled days of his youth predominating, and giving a picture, perhaps unique in its kind, of a character and talent in the making. Many of the letters now printed were put aside twelve years ago simply for want of space. Lapse of time has enabled some to be given now that could not discreetly have been given then; some are addressed to correspondents who have only lately placed them at my disposal. Much, of course, remains and ought to remain unprinted. Some of the outpourings of the early time are too sacred and intimate for publicity; many of the letters of his maturer years are dry business letters of no general interest; many others are mere scraps tossed in jest to his familiars and full of the catch-words and code-words current in their talk, but of little meaning to outsiders. Above all, many have to be omitted because they deal with the intimate affairs of private persons. Stevenson has been sometimes called an egoist, as though he had been one in the practical sense as well as in the sense of taking a lively interest in his own moods and doings. Nothing can be more untrue. The letters printed and reprinted are indeed for the most part about himself: but it was of himself that his correspondents of all things most cared to hear. If the letters concerned with the privacies of other people could be published, as of course they cannot, the balance would come more than even. We should see him throwing himself with sympathetic ardor and without thought of self

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into the cares and interests of his correspondents, and should learn to recognize him as having been truly the helper in many a relation where he might naturally have been taken for the person helped.

As to the form in which the letters are now to be presented, they will fill four small volumes of a handy and pleasant size and style. As to the text, it will be faithful to the original except in so far as I have used the editorial privilege of omission when I thought it desirable, and as I have not felt myself bound to reproduce slips and oddities, however characteristic, of spelling.

In their new guise, then, even more than in the old, and with their increased number, the Stevenson letters will, I hope, prove to many readers a book humanly attractive and companionable beyond most others. I am asked by the editor and publishers of this magazine to give its readers some specimens by way of foretaste of the new letters which the book will include. The specimens will begin with two characteristic though contrasted letters belonging to Stevenson's youthful days in Edinburgh. The first dates from his twentieth year, some months before it was finally agreed that he should give up the profession of civil engineer. It is interesting both for the sake of its lively personal sketches, especially that of the able painter and singular character, the late Sam Bough, and because it is dated from the Isle of Earraid, where the works of the Dhu Heartach lighthouse were then in progress. Readers will remember that this small islet off the coast of Mull is celebrated alike in *Kidnapped*, in *The Merry Men*, and in the essay *Memoirs of an Islet*.

EARRAID, Thursday, August 5th, 1870.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have so much to say, that needs must I take a large sheet; for the notepaper brings with it a chilling brevity of style. Indeed, I think pleasant writing is proportional to the size of the material you write withal.

From Edinburgh to Greenock, I had the ex-secretary of the E. U. Conservative Club, Murdoch. At Greenock I spent a dismal evening, though I found a pretty walk. Next day on board the *Iona*, I had Maggie Thomson to Tarbet; Craig, a well-read, pleasant medical, to Ardrishaig; and Pro-

fessor, Mrs., and all the little Fleeming Jenkinsees to Oban.

At Oban, that night, it was delicious. Mr. Stephenson's yacht lay in the bay, and a splendid band on board played delightfully. The waters of the bay were as smooth as a mill-pond; and, in the dusk, the black shadows of the hills stretched across to our very feet and the lights were reflected in long lines. At intervals, blue lights were burned on the water; and rockets were sent up. Sometimes great stars of clear fire fell from them, until the bay received and quenched them. I hired a boat and skulled round the yacht in the dark. When I came in, a very pleasant Englishman on the steps fell into talk with me, till it was time to go to bed.

Next morning I slept on or I should have gone to Glencoe. As it was, it was blazing hot; so I hired a boat, pulled all forenoon along the coast and had a delicious bathe on a beautiful white beach. Coming home I *cologai'd* my Englishman, lunched alongside of him and his sister, and took a walk with him in the afternoon, during which I find that he was travelling with a servant, kept horses, *et cætera*. At dinner he wished me to sit beside him and his sister; but there was no room. When he came out he told me why he was so *empresé* on this point. He had found out my name, and that I was connected with lighthouses, and his sister wished to know if I were any relative of the Stevenson in Ballantyne's *Lighthouse*. All evening, he, his sister, I, and Mr. Hargrove, of Hargrove and Fowler, sate in front of the hotel. I asked Mr. H. if he knew who my friend was. "Yes," he said; "I never met him before: but my partner knows him. He is a man of old family; and the solicitor of highest standing about Sheffield." At night he said, "Now, if you're down in my neighborhood, you must pay me a visit. I am very fond of young men about me; and I should like a visit from you very much. I can take you through my factory in Sheffield and I'll drive you all about the *Dookeries*." He then wrote me down his address; and we parted huge friends, he still keeping me up to visiting him.

Hitherto, I had enjoyed myself amazingly; but to-day has been the crown. In the morning I met Bough on board, with whom I am both surprised and delighted. He and

I have read the same books, and discuss Chaucer, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, and all the old authors. He can quote verses by the page, and has really a very pretty literary taste. Altogether, with all his roughness and buffoonery, a more pleasant, clever fellow you may seldom see. I was very much surprised with him; and he with me. "Where the devil did you read all these books?" says he; and in my heart, I echo the question. One amusing thing I must say. We were both talking about travelling; and I said I was so fond of travelling alone, from the people one met and grew friendly with. "Ah," says he, "but you've such a pleasant manner, you know—quite captivated my old woman, you did—she couldn't talk of anything else." Here was a compliment, even in Sam Bough's sneering tones, that rather tickled my vanity; and really, my social successes of the last few days, the best of which is yet to come, are enough to turn anybody's head. To continue, after a little go in with Samuel, he going up on the bridge, I looked about me to see who there was; and mine eye lighted on two girls, one of whom was sweet and pretty, talking to an old gentleman. "*Eh bien*," says I to myself, "that seems the best investment on board." So I sidled up to the old gentleman, got into conversation with him and so with the damsel; and thereupon, having used the patriarch as a ladder, I kicked him down behind me. Who should my damsel prove, but Amy Sinclair, daughter of Sir Tollemache. She certainly was the simplest, most naïve specimen of girlhood I ever saw. By getting brandy and biscuit and generally coaching up her cousin, who was sick, I ingratiated myself; and so kept her the whole way to Iona, taking her into the cave at Staffa and generally making myself as gallant as possible. I was never so much pleased with anything in my life, as her amusing absence of *mauvaise honte*: she was so sorry I wasn't going on to Oban again: didn't know how she could have enjoyed herself if I hadn't been there; and was so sorry we hadn't met on the Crinan. When we came back from Staffa, she and her aunt went down to have lunch; and a minute after up comes Miss Amy to ask me if I wouldn't think better of it, and take some lunch with them. I couldn't resist that, of course; so down I went; and there

she displayed the full extent of her innocence. I must be sure to come to Thurso Castle the next time I was in Caithness, and Upper Norwood (whence she would take me all over the Crystal Palace) when I was near London; and (most complete of all) she offered to call on us in Edinburgh! Wasn't it delicious?—she is a girl of sixteen or seventeen, too, and the latter I think. I never yet saw a girl so innocent and fresh, so perfectly modest without the least trace of prudery.

Coming off Staffa, Sam Bough (who had been in huge force the whole time, drawing in Miss Amy's sketchbook, making himself agreeable or otherwise to everybody) pointed me out to a parson and said, "that's him." This was Alexander Ross and his wife.

The last stage of the steamer now approached, Miss Amy and I lamenting pathetically that Iona was so near. "People meet in this way," quoth she, "and then lose sight of one another so soon." We all landed together, Bough and I and the Ross's with our baggage; and went together over the ruins. I was here left with the cousin and the aunt, during which I learned that said cousin sees me *every Sunday* in St. Stephen's. Oho! thought I, at the "every." The aunt was very anxious to know who that strange, wild man was? (didn't I wish Samuel in Tophet!) Of course, in reply, I drew it strong about eccentric genius and my never having known him before, and a good deal that was perhaps "strained to the extremest limit of the fact."

The steamer left, and Miss Amy and her cousin waved their handkerchiefs, until my arm in answering them was nearly broken. I believe women's arms must be better made for this exercise: mine aches still; and I regretted at the time that the handkerchief had seen service. Altogether, however, I was left in a pleasant frame of mind.

Being thus left alone, Bough, I, the Rosses, Professor Blackie, and an Englishman called M——: these people were going to remain the night, except the Professor, who is resident there at present. They were going to dine *en compagnie* and wished us to join the party; but we had already committed ourselves by mistake to the wrong hotel, and besides, we wished to be off as soon as wind and tide were against us to Earraid. We went up; Bough se-

lected a place for sketching and blocked in the sketch for Mrs. R.; and we all talked together. Bough told us his family history and a lot of strange things about old Cumberland life; among others, how he had known "John Peel" of pleasant memory in song, and of how that worthy hunted. At five, down we go to the Argyll Hotel, and wait dinner. Broth—"nice broth"—fresh herrings, and fowl had been promised. At 5.50, I get the shovel and tongs and drum them at the stair-head till a response comes from below that the nice broth is at hand. I boast of my engineering, and Bough compares me to the Abbott of Arbroath who originated the Inchcape Bell. At last, in comes the tureen and the hand-maid lifts the cover. "Rice soup!" I yell; "O no! none o' that for me!"—"Yes," says Bough savagely; "but Miss Amy didn't take *me* downstairs to eat salmon." Accordingly he is helped. How his face fell. "I imagine myself in the accident ward of the Infirmary," quoth he. It was, purely and simply, rice and water. After this, we have another weary pause, and then herrings in a state of mash and potatoes like iron. "Send the potatoes out to Prussia for grape-shot," was the suggestion. I dined off broken herrings and dry bread. At last "the supreme moment comes," and the fowl in a lordly dish is carried in. On the cover being raised, there is something so forlorn and miserable about the aspect of the animal that we both roar with laughter. Then Bough, taking up knife and fork, turns the "swarry" over and over, shaking doubtfully his head. "There's an aspect of quiet resistance about the beggar," says he, "that looks bad." However, to work he falls until the sweat stands on his brow and a dismembered leg falls, dull and leaden-like, on to my dish. To eat it was simply impossible. I did not know before that flesh could be so tough. "The strongest jaws in England," says Bough piteously, harpooning his dry morsel, "couldn't eat this leg in less than twelve hours." Nothing for it now, but to order boat and bill. "That fowl," says Bough to the landlady, "is of a breed I know. I knew the cut of its jib whenever it was put down. That was the grandmother of the cock that frightened Peter."—"I thought it was a historical animal," say I. "What a shame to kill it. It's as bad as eating Whitting-

ton's cat or the Dog of Montargis"—"Na,—na, it's no so old," says the landlady, "but it eats hard."—"Eats!" I cry, "where do you find that? Very little of that verb with us." So with more raillery, we pay six shillings for our festival and run over to Earraid, shaking the dust of the Argyll Hotel from off our feet.

I can write no more just now, and I hope you will be able to decipher so much; for it contains matter. Really, the whole of yesterday's work would do in a novel without on' little bit of embellishment; and, indeed, few novels are so amusing. Bough, Miss Amy, Mrs. Ross, Blackie, M—— the parson—all these were such distinct characters, the incidents were so entertaining, and the scenery so fine, that the whole would have made a novelist's fortune.

MY DEAR FATHER: No landing to-day, as the sea runs high on the rock. They are at the second course of the first story on the rock. I have as yet had no time here; so this is α and ω of my business news.—Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

The next letter is of two years later date, and written in a very different key to Stevenson's contemporary and intimate companion, Charles Baxter, to whom are addressed so many letters of all periods in the volumes already published. It is a specimen of youthful nonsense, or, as he calls it, "gibber," but through its freakish tenor is to be discerned a vein of more than half-serious thinking very characteristic of R. L. S. alike as boy and man.

[To Charles Baxter.]

17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH, *Ctober*, 1872.

MY DEAR BAXTER: I am gum-boiled and face swollen to an unprecedented degree. It is very depressing to suffer from gibber that cannot be brought to a head. I cannot speak it, because my face is so swollen and stiff that enunciation must be deliberate—a thing your true gibberer cannot hold up his head under; and writ gibber is somehow not gibber at all, it does not come forth, does not *flow*, with that fine irrational freedom that it loves in speech—it does not afford relief to the packed bosom.

Hence I am suffering from *suppressed gibber*—an uneasy complaint; and like all cases of suppressed humors, this hath a nasty tendency to the brain. Therefore (the more confused I get, the more I lean on Thus's and Hences and Therefore's) you must not be down upon me, most noble Festus, altho' this letter should smack of some infirmity of judgment. I speak the words of soberness and truth; and would you were not almost but altogether as I am, except this swelling. Lord, Lord, if we could change personalities how we should hate it. How I should rebel at the office, repugn under the Ulster coat, and repudiate your monkish humors thus unjustly and suddenly thrust upon poor, infidel me! And as for you—why, my dear Charles, "a mouse that hath its lodging in a cat's ear" would not be so uneasy as you in your new conditions. I do not see how your temperament would come thro' the feverish longings to do things that cannot then (or perhaps ever) be accomplished, the feverish unrests and damnable indecisions, that it takes all my easy-going spirits to come through. A vane can live out anything in the shape of a wind; and that is how I can be, and am, a more serious person than you. Just as the light French seemed very serious to Sterne, light L. Stevenson can afford to bob about over the top of any deep sea of prospect or retrospect, where ironclad C. Baxter would incontinently go down with all hands. A fool is generally the wisest person out. The wise man must shut his eyes to all the perils and horrors that lie round him; but the cap and bells can go bobbing along the most slippery ledges and the bauble will not stir up sleeping lions. Hurray! for motley, for a good sound *insouciance*, for a healthy philosophical carelessness!

My dear Baxter, a word in your ear—"DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE A FOOL?" How easy the world would go on with you—literally on castors. The only reason a wise man can assign for getting drunk is that he wishes to enjoy for a while the blessed immunities and sunshiny weather of the land of fooldom. But a fool, who dwells ever there, has no excuse at all. *That* is a happy land, if you like—and not so far away either. Take a fool's advice and let us strive without ceasing to get into it. Hark in your ear again: "THEY ALLOW

PEOPLE TO REASON IN THAT LAND." I wish I could take you by the hand and lead you away into its pleasant boundaries. There is no custom-house on the frontier, and you may take in what books you will. There are no manners and customs; but men and women grow up, like trees in a still, well-walled garden, "at their own sweet will." There is no prescribed or customary folly—no motley, cap, or bauble: out of the well of each one's own innate absurdity he is allowed and encouraged freely to draw and to communicate; and it is a strange thing how this natural fooling comes so high to one's better thoughts of wisdom; and stranger still, that all this discord of people speaking in their own natural moods and keys, masses itself into a far more perfect harmony than all the dismal, official unison in which they sing in other countries. Part-singing seems best all the world over.

I who live in England must wear the hackneyed symbols of the profession, to show that I have (at least) consular immunities, coming as I do out of another land, where they are not so wise as they are here, but fancy that God likes what he makes and is not best pleased with us when we deface and dissemble all that he has given us and put about us to one common standard of—*Highty-Tighty!*—when was a jester obliged to finish his sentence? I cut so strong a pirouette that all my bells jingle, and come down in an attitude, with one hand upon my hip. The evening's entertainment is over,—“and if our kyind friends—”

Hurrah! I feel relieved. I have put out my gibber, and if you have read thus far, you will have taken it in. I wonder if you will ever come this length. I shall try a trap for you, and insult you here, on this last page. "O Baxter what a damned humbug you are!" There—shall this insult bloom and die unseen, or will you come toward me, when next we meet, with a face deformed with anger and demand speedy and bloody satisfaction? *Nous verrons*, which is French. R. L. STEVENSON.

Passing over an interval of a year, and a very critical year in Stevenson's life, we come to the period of that break-down in health which caused him to be despatched peremptorily for a winter's rest on the French Riviera, and gave occasion to the

essay *Ordered South*, the only one of his writings in which he allows himself to take, even for a moment, the point of view of an invalid. Here are portions of the journal-letter in which he described to Mrs. Sitwell, who had by this time become his closest friend and confidante, the later stages and impressions of his journey from London to Mentone.

[To Mrs. Sitwell.]

AVIGNON, [November, 1873].

I have just read your letter upon the top of the hill beside the Church and Castle. The whole air was filled with sunset and the sound of bells; and I wish I could give you the least notion of the *southernness* and *Provençality* of all that I saw.

I cannot write while I am travelling; *c'est un défaut*; but so it is. I must have a certain feeling of being at home, and my head must have time to settle. The new images oppress me, and I have a fever of restlessness on me. You must not be disappointed at such shabby letters; and besides, remember my poor head and the fanciful crawling in the spine.

I am back again in the stage of thinking there is nothing the matter with me, which is a good sign; but I am wretchedly nervous. Anything like rudeness I am simply babyishly afraid of; and noises, and especially the sounds of certain voices, are the devil to me. A blind poet whom I found selling his immortal works in the streets of Sens, captivated me with the remarkable equable strength and sweetness of his voice; and I listened a long while and bought some of the poems; and now this voice, after I had thus got it thoroughly into my head, proved false metal and a really bad and horrible voice at bottom. It haunted me some time, but I think I am done with it now.

I hope you don't dislike reading bad style like this as much as I do writing it; it hurts me when neither words nor clauses fall into their places, much as it would hurt you to sing when you had a bad cold and your voice deceived you and missed every other note. I do feel so inclined to break the pen and write no more; and here *à propos* begins my back.

After dinner.—It blows to-night from the north down the valley of the Rhone, and everything is so cold that I have been

obliged to indulge in a fire. There is a fine crackle and roar of burning wood in the chimney which is very homely and companionable, though it does seem to postulate a town all white with snow outside.

I have bought Sainte-Beuve's Chateaubriand and am immensely delighted with the critic. Chateaubriand is more antipathetic to me than any one else in the world.

I begin to wish myself arrived to-night. Travelling, when one is not quite well, has a good deal of unpleasantness. One is easily upset by cross incidents, and wants that *belle humeur* and spirit of adventure that makes a pleasure out of what is unpleasant.

Tuesday, November 11th.—There! There's a date for you. I shall be in Mentone for my birthday, with plenty of nice letters to read. I went away across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that I might see the town from a distance. Avignon followed me with its bells and drums and bugles; for the old city has no equal for multitude of such noises. Crossing the bridge and seeing the brown turbid water foam and eddy about the piers, one could scarce believe one's eyes when one looked down upon the stream and saw the smooth blue mirroring tree and hill. Over on the other side, the sun beat down so furiously on the white road that I was glad to keep in the shadow and, when the occasion offered, to turn aside among the olive-yards. It was nine years and six months since I had been in an olive-yard. I found myself much changed, not so gay, but wiser and more happy. I read your letter a fourth time, and sat awhile looking down over the tawny plain and at the fantastic outline of the city. The hills seemed just fainting into the sky; even the great peak above Carpentras (Lord knows how many metres above the sea) seemed unsubstantial and thin in the breadth and potency of the sunshine.

I should like to stay longer here but I can't. I am driven forward by restlessness and leave this afternoon about two. I am just going out now to visit again the church, castle, and hill, for the sake of the magnificent panorama, and besides, because it is the friendliest spot in all Avignon to me.

[*Later.*] You cannot picture to yourself anything more steeped in hard bright sun-

shine than the view from the hill. The immovable inky shadow of the old bridge on the fleeting surface of the yellow river seemed more solid than the bridge itself. Just in the place where I sat yesterday evening a shaven man in a velvet cap was studying music—evidently one of the singers for *La Muelle de Portici* at the theatre to-night. I turned back as I went away: the white Christ stood out in strong relief on his brown cross against the blue sky, and the four kneeling angels and lanterns grouped themselves about the foot with a symmetry that was almost laughable; the musician read on at his music, and counted time with his hand on the stone step.

MENTONE, November 12th.—My first enthusiasm was on rising at Orange and throwing open the shutters. Such a great living flood of sunshine poured in upon me, that I confess to having danced and expressed my satisfaction aloud; in the middle of which the boots came to the door with hot water, to my great confusion.

To-day has been one long delight, coming to a magnificent climax on my arrival here. I gave up my baggage to an hotel porter and set off to walk at once. I was somewhat confused as yet as to my directions, for the station of course was new to me, and the hills had not sufficiently opened out to let me recognize the peaks. Suddenly, as I was going forward slowly in this confusion of mind, I was met by a great volley of odors out of the lemon and orange gardens, and the past linked on to the present, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole scene fell before me into order, and I was at home. I nearly danced again.

I suppose I must send off this to-night to notify my arrival in safety and good-humour and, I think, in good health, before relapsing into the old weekly vein. I hope this time to send you a weekly dose of sunshine from the south, instead of the jet of *snell* Edinburgh east wind that used to was.—Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

In the course of the winter following the arrival above described, I paid two visits to my sick friend, spending part of December with him between Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, and the whole of February at Mentone. In the interval I was

doing some work in Paris, and received from him among others the following two letters, each very characteristic in its kind, and each after its manner much concerned with the technical difficulties of the writer's art. It had been a very cold Christmas at Monaco and Monte Carlo, and Stevenson had no adequate overcoat, so it was agreed that when I went to Paris I should try and find him a warm cloak. I amused myself looking out for one suited to his taste for the picturesque and piratical in apparel, and found one in the style of 1830, dark blue and flowing, and fastening with a swan-neck clasp.

[MENTONE, January, 1874.]

MY DEAR COLVIN: Thank you very much for your note. This morning I am stupid again; can do nothing at all; am no good "*comme plumitif*." I think it must be the cold outside. At least that would explain my addled head and intense laziness.

O why did you tell me about that cloak. Why didn't you buy it? Isn't it in "*Julius Cæsar*" that Pompey blames—no not Pompey but a friend of Pompey's—well, Pompey's friend, I mean the friend of Pompey—blames somebody else who was his friend—that is who was the friend of Pompey's friend—because he (the friend of Pompey's friend) had not done something right off, but had come and asked him (Pompey's friend) whether he (the friend of Pompey's friend) ought to do it or no? There I fold my hands with some complacency: that's a piece of very good narration. I am getting into good form. These classical instances are always distracting. I was talking of the cloak. It's awfully dear. Are there no cheap and nasty imitations? Think of that—if, however, it were the opinion (ahem) of competent persons that the great cost of the mantle in question was no more than proportionate to its durability; if it were to be a joy forever; if it would cover my declining years and survive me in anything like integrity for the comfort of my executors; if—I have the word—if the price indicates (as it seems) the quality of *perdurability* in the fabric; if, in fact, it would not be extravagant, but only the leariest economy to lay out £5 15 in a single mantle without seam and without price, and if—and if—it really fastens with an agrafe—I

would BUY it. But not unless. If not a cheap imitation would be the move.—Ever yours,
R. L. S.

In the following, "Bob" is his elder cousin Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, a spirit as radiantly gifted as R. L. S. himself, though with less in him of the practical strain of character which helped the younger man to turn his gifts to working account. It was not till years afterward that R. A. M. Stevenson became known as a brilliant painter-critic. Some of the most penetrating and original statements of critical theory that have ever been put in words are contained in his book on Velasquez and in his contributions to the columns of the *Saturday Review* and *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Between the elder and the younger cousin there had been from boyhood the strongest mutual attachment. "Madame Zassetsky" is one of the two Russian sisters who, with their children, contributed so much to brighten for Stevenson these days of weakness, as has already been made apparent in his published letters. "*The Bottle*" means *The Curate of Anstruther's Bottle*, one of the scores of tales which in his prentice days he attempted and gave up.

[MENTONE, January, 1874].

MY DEAR S. C.: I suppose this will be my last note then. I think you will find everything very jolly here, I am very jolly myself. I worked six hours to-day. I am occupied in transcribing *The Bottle*, which is pleasant work to me; I find much in it that I still think excellent and much that I am doubtful about; my convention is so terribly difficult that I have to put out much that pleases me, and much that I still preserve I only preserve with misgiving. I wonder if my convention is not a little too hard and too much in the style of those decadent curiosities, poems without the letter E, poems going with the alphabet and the like. And yet the idea, if rightly understood and treated as a convention always and not as an abstract principle, should not so much hamper one as it seems to do. The idea is not, of course to put in nothing but what would naturally have been noted and remembered and handed down, but not to put in anything that would make a person stop and say—how could this be known?

Without doubt it has the advantage of making one rely on the essential interest of a situation and not cocker up and validify feeble intrigue with incidental fine writing and scenery, and pyrotechnic exhibitions of inappropriate cleverness and sensibility. I remember Bob once saying to me that the quadrangle of Edinburgh University was a good thing and our having a talk as to how it could be employed in different arts. I then stated that the different doors and staircases ought to be brought before a reader of a story not by mere recapitulation but by the use of them, by the descent of different people one after another by each of them. And that the grand feature of shadow and the light of the one lamp in the corner should also be introduced only as they enabled people in the story to see one another or prevented them. And finally that whatever could not thus be worked into the evolution of the action had no right to be commemorated at all. After all, it is a story you are telling; not a place you are to describe, and everything that does not attach itself to the story is out of place.

This is a lecture not a letter, and it seems rather like sending coals to Newcastle to write a lecture to a subsidized professor. I hope you have seen Bob by this time. I know he is anxious to meet you and I am in great anxiety to know what you think of his prospects—frankly, of course: as for his person, I don't care a damn what you think of it: I am case-hardened in that matter.

I wrote a French note to Madame Zassetsky the other day, and there were no errors in it. The complete Gaul, as you may see.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The next letter I shall quote is one written six weeks after his return from Mentone to Edinburgh in the spring of 1874, and telling of the thoughts and feelings that filled his mind during the strain of a great anxiety on account of this same cousin's dangerous illness.

[To Mrs. Sitwell.]

[SWANSTON, June, 1874], Wednesday.

News reaches me that Bob is laid down with diphtheria; and you know what that means.

Night.—I am glad to say that I have on the whole a good account of Bob and I do hope he may pull through in spite of all. I went down and saw the doctor; but it is not thought right that I should go in to see him in case of contagion: you know it is a very contagious malady.

Thursday.—It is curious how calm I am in such a case. I wait with perfect composure for farther news; I can do nothing; why should I disturb myself? And yet if things go wrong I shall be in a fine way I can tell you.

How curiously we are built up into our false positions. The other day, having toothache and the black dog on my back generally, I was rude to one of the servants at the dinner-table. And nothing of course can be more disgusting than for a man to speak harshly to a young woman who will lose her place if she speaks back to him; and of course I determined to apologize. Well, do you know, it was perhaps four days before I found courage enough, and I felt as red and ashamed as could be. Why? because I had been rude? not a bit of it; because I was doing a thing that would be called ridiculous in thus apologizing. I did not know I had so much respect of middle class notion before; this is my right hand which I must cut off. Hold the arm please: once—twice—thrice: the offensive member is amputated: let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more as to be ashamed of being a gentleman.

Night.—I suppose I must have been more affected than I thought: at least I found I could not work this morning and had to go out. The whole garden was filled with a high westerly wind, coming straight out of the hills and richly scented with furze—or whins, as we would say. The trees were all in a tempest and roared like a heavy surf; the paths all strewn with fallen apple-blossom and leaves. I got a quiet seat behind a yew and went away into a meditation. I was very happy after my own fashion, and whenever there came a blink of sunshine or a bird whistled higher than usual, or a little powder of white apple-blossom came over the hedge and settled about me in the grass, I had the gladdest little flutter at my heart and stretched myself for very voluptuousness. I wasn't altogether taken up with my private pleasures, however, and had many a look down ugly

vistas in the future, for Bob and others. But we must all be content and brave, and look eagerly for these little passages of happiness by the wayside, and go on afterwards, savoring them under the tongue.

Friday.—Our garden has grown beautiful at last, beautiful with fresh foliage and daisied grass. The sky is still cloudy and the day perhaps even a little gloomy; but under this gray roof, in this shaded temperate light how delightful the new summer is.

When I shall come to London must always be problematical like all my movements, and of course this sickness of Bob's makes it still more uncertain. If all goes well I may have to go to the country and take care of him in his convalescence. But I shall come shortly. Do not hurry to write to me; I had rather *you* had ten minutes more of good friendly sleep, than I a longer letter; and you know I am rather partial to your letters. Yesterday, by the by, I received the proof of *Victor Hugo*; it is not nicely written, but the stuff is capital, I think. Modesty is my most remarkable quality, I may remark in passing.

1.30.—I was out, behind the yew hedge, reading the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt* when I find my eyes grow weary and looked up from the book. O the rest of the quiet greens and whites, of the daisied surface! I was very peaceful, but it began to sprinkle rain and so I fain to come in for a moment and chat with you. By the way, I must send you *Consuelo*; you said you had quite forgotten it if I remember aright; and surely a book that could divert me when I thought myself on the very edge of the grave, from the work that I so much desired and was yet unable to do, and from many painful thoughts, should somewhat support and amuse you under all the hard things that may be coming upon you. If you should wonder why I am writing to you so voluminously, know that it is because I am not suffering myself to work, and in idleness, as in death, etc.—

Saturday.—I have had a very cruel day. I heard this morning that yesterday Bob had been very much worse and I went down to Portobello with all sorts of horrible presentiments. I was glad when I turned the corner and saw the blinds still up. He was definitely better, if the word definitely can be used about such a detestably insidious

complaint. I have ordered Consuelo for you, and you should have it soon this week; I mean next week of course; I am thinking when you will receive this letter, not of now when I am writing it.

I am so tired; but I am very hopeful. All will be well sometime, if it be only when we are dead. One thing I see so clearly. Death is the end neither of joy nor sorrow. Let us pass into the clods and come up again as grass and flowers; we shall still be this wonderful, shrinking, sentient matter—we shall still thrill to the sun and grow relaxed and quiet after rain, and have all manner of pains and pleasures that we know not of now. Consciousness, and ganglia, and suchlike, are after all but theories. And who knows? This God may not be cruel when all is done; he may relent and be good to us *à la fin des fins*. Think of how he tempers our afflictions to us, of how tenderly he mixes in bright joys with the gray web of trouble and care that we call our life. Think of how he gives, who takes away. Out of the bottom of the miry clay I write this; and I look forward confidently; I have faith after all; I believe, I hope, I *will* not have it reft from me; there *is* something good behind it all, bitter and terrible as it seems, dear friend. The infinite majesty (as it will be always in regard to us the bubbles of an hour) the infinite majesty must have moments, if it were no more, of greatness; must sometimes be touched with a feeling for our infirmities, must sometimes relent and be clement to those frail playthings that he has made, and made so bitterly alive. Must it not be so, my dear friend, out of the depths I cry? I feel it, now when I am most painfully conscious of his cruelty. He must relent. He must reward. He must give some indemnity, if it were but in the quiet of a daisy, tasting of the sun and the soft rain and the sweet shadow of trees, for all the dire fever that he makes us bear in this poor existence. We make too much of this human life of ours. It may be that two clods together, two flowers together, two grown trees together touching each other deliciously with their spread leaves, it may be that these dumb things have their own priceless sympathies, surer and more untroubled than ours.

I don't know quite whether I have wavered. Forgive me, I feel as if I had re-

lieved myself; so perhaps it may not be unpleasant for you either.—Believe me, ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From this date to that of the extracts which shall now follow there is an interval of five years; the interval which brought Stevenson's prentice days as a writer to an end, and established him in the eyes of a judicious few, on the strength of his early travel-books, essays, and short stories, as a brilliant young master from whom the highest things might confidently be expected. Among the letters hitherto unprinted which he wrote home from California during the trying winter and spring of 1879-1880, I here give two. The first is addressed to myself. It mentions the writer's project, afterward abandoned, of a tale called *A Vendetta of the West*; his other project for a romance to be called the *Prince of Grünwald*, carried out and rechristened later as *Prince Otto*; as well as a project of my own for a volume to be made up of his short stories to be illustrated by the late Randolph Caldecott. Moreover, it introduces for the first time a mention of his now famous *Requiem*. The way in which its touches of levity and profound seriousness come together almost in the same breath will be nothing new to those familiar with his mind. Levity was to him often not merely a relief from, but a mask for, a seriousness too deep for words.

[608 BUSH STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.]

MY DEAR COLVIN: I received a very nice letter from you with two enclosures. I am still unable to finish the *Emigrant*, although there are only some fifteen pages to do. The *Vendetta* is, I am afraid, scarce Fortnightly form, though after the Pavilion being taken by Stephen, I am truly at sea about all such matters. I dare say my *Prince of Grünwald*—the name still uncertain—would be good enough for anything if I could but get it done: I believe that to be a really good story. The *Vendetta* is somewhat cheap in motive; very rum and unlike the present kind of novels both for good and evil in writing; and on the whole, only remarkable for the heroine's character, and that I believe to be in it. . . .

I am not well at all. But hope to be better. You know I have been hawked to death these last months. And then I lived too low, I fear; and anyway I have got pretty low and out at elbows in health. I wish I could say better,—but I cannot. With a constitution like mine, you never know—to-morrow I may be carrying top-gallant sails again; but just at present I am scraping along with a jurymast and a kind of amateur rudder. Truly I have some misery, as things go; but these things are mere detail. However I do not want to *crever*, *claquer*, and cave in just when I have a chance of some happiness; nor do I mean to. All the same, I am more and more in a difficulty how to move every day. What a day or an hour might bring forth, God forbid that I should prophesy. Certainly, do what you like about the stories; *Will o' the Mill*, or not. It will be Caldecott's book or nobody's. I am glad you liked the *Guitar*: I always did; and I think C. could make lovely pikters to it: it almost seems as if I must have written it for him express.

I have already been a visitor at the Club for a fortnight; but that's over, and I don't much care to renew the period. I want to be married, not to belong to all the damned Clubs in Christendie. . . . I half think of writing up the Sand Lot agitation for Morley; it is a curious business; were I stronger, I should try to sugar in with some of the leaders: a chield amang 'em takin' notes; one, who kept a brothel, I reckon, before she started socialist particularly interests me. If I am right as to her early industry, you know she would be sure to adore me. I have been all my days a dead hand at a harridan, I never saw the one yet that could resist me. When I die of consumption, you can put that upon my tomb.

Sketch of my tomb follows:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BORN 1850, OF A FAMILY OF
ENGINEERS, DIED

"Nitor aquis."

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offences pardoned;

and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep? Thus the dead man speaks to you from the dust: you will hear no more from him.

Who knows, Colvin, but I may thus be of more use when I am buried than ever when I was alive? The more I think of it, the more earnestly do I desire this. I may perhaps try to write it better some day; but that is what I want in sense. The verses are from a beayootiful poem by me.

R. L. S.

The following is the only letter that has been preserved to his friend James Walter Ferrier, whose death furnished three and a half years later the occasion of the essay *Old Mortality*. "Forester" is an autobiographical paper by J. W. F. on his own boyhood.

P.O. SAN FRANCISCO, April 8th, 1880.

MY DEAR FERRIER: Many thanks for your letter, and the instalment of *Forester* which accompanied it, and which I read with amusement and pleasure. I fear Somerseset's letter must wait; for my dear boy, I have been very nearly on a longer voyage than usual; I am fresh from giving Charon a quid instead of an obolus: but he, having accepted the payment, scorned me, and I had to make the best of my way backward through the mallow-wood, with nothing to show for this displacement but the fatigue of the journey. As soon as I feel fit, you shall have the letter, trust me. But just now even a note such as I am now writing takes it out of me. I have, truly, been very sick; I fear I am a vain man, for I thought it a pity I should die. I could not help thinking that a good many would be disappointed; but for myself, although I still think life a business full of agreeable features I was not entirely unwilling to give it up. It is so difficult to behave well; and in that matter, I get more dissatisfied with myself, because more exigent, every day. I shall be pleased to hear again from you soon. I shall be married early in May and then go to the mountains, a very withered bridegroom. I think your MS. Bible, if that were a specimen, would be a credit to humanity. Betweenwhiles, collect such

thoughts both from yourself and others: I somehow believe every man should leave a Bible behind him,—if he is unable to leave a jest book. I feel fit to leave nothing but my benediction. It is a strange thing how, do what you will, nothing seems accomplished. I feel as far from having paid humanity my board and lodging as I did six years ago when I was sick at Mentone. But I dare say the devil would keep telling me so, if I had moved mountains, and at least I have been very happy on many different occasions, and that is always something. I can read nothing, write nothing; but a little while ago and I could eat nothing either; but now that is changed. This is a long letter for me; rub your hands, boy, for 'tis an honor.—Yours, from Charon's strand,

R. L. S.

Again making a leap of nearly six years, over the periods of Stevenson's Alpine winters and Highland summers and the earlier years of his residence at Bournemouth, let us turn to his correspondence, hitherto unpublished, with a friend of Bournemouth days whom he regarded with peculiar reverence and affection. This was Lady Taylor, a daughter of the first Lord Montague; the wife, and by the time this letter was written the widow, of that fine old veteran poet and public servant Sir Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. Stevenson had just dedicated to her his collection of stories, *The Merry Men*, and sent her with the advance sheets the following comments on his work. It should be added that Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley* had lately come out, and had naturally been read with eager interest in a circle where the poet's son and daughter-in-law, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, were near neighbors and intimate friends.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH [January, 1887].

MY DEAR LADY TAYLOR: This is to wish you all the salutations of the year, with some regret that I cannot offer them in person; yet less than I had supposed. For hitherto your flight to London seems to have worked well; and time flies and will soon bring you back again. Though time is ironical, too; and it would be like his irony if the same tide that brought you back carried me away. That would not be, at least, without some meeting.

I feel very sorry to think the book to which I have put your name will be no better, and I can make it no better. The tales are of all dates and places; they are like the fox, the goose and the cottage of the ferryman; and must go floating down time together as best they can. But I am after all a (superior) penny-a-liner; I must do, in the Scotch phrase, as it will do with me; and I cannot always choose what my books are to be, only seize the chance they offer to link my name to a friend's. I hope the lot of them (the tales) will look fairly disciplined when they are clapped in binding; but I fear they will be but an awkward squad. I have a mild wish that you at least will read them no further than the dedication.

I suppose we have all been reading Dowden. It seems to me a really first-rate book, full of justice, and humor without which there can be no justice; and of fine intelligence besides. Here and there, perhaps a trifle precious, but this is to spy flaws in a fine work. I was uneasy at my resemblance to Shelley; I seem but a Shelley with less oil, and no genius; though I have had the fortune to live longer and (partly) to grow up. He was growing up. There is a manlier note in the last days; in spite of such really sickening aberrations as the Emilia Viviani business. I try to take a humorously genial view of life; but Emilia Viviani, if I have her detested name aright, is too much for my philosophy. I cannot smile when I see all these grown folk waltzing and piping the eye about an insubordinate and perfectly abominable school-girl, as silly and patently as false as Blanche Amory. I really think it is one of those episodes that make the angels weep.

With all kind regards and affectionate good wishes to and for you and yours,

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Perhaps it will be best, as giving more coherence and continuity to the concluding pages of these desultory extracts, if I follow up the above letter with two more to the same correspondent. One dates from after Stevenson's winter in the Adirondacks (1887-1888) and expresses the glee he felt at the prospect of the voyage which he and his family had just determined to undertake in the South Seas. I am sure the phrase

"my miserable Scribner articles" will not be misunderstood by his kind friends the editor and publisher under whose auspices those articles saw, and the extracts will, I hope, see, the light. The words merely express the sense of the effort it would cost him to finish his promised work before the time fixed for his departure toward unknown seas.

[MANASQUAN, May, 1883].

MY DEAR LADY TAYLOR: I have to announce our great news. On June 15th we sail from San Francisco in the schooner yacht *Casco*, for a seven-months' cruise in the South Seas. You can conceive what a state of excitement we are in; Lloyd perhaps first; but this is an old dream of mine which actually seems to be coming true, and I am sunstruck. It seems indeed too good to be true; and that we have not deserved so much good fortune. From Skerryvore to the Galapagos is a far cry! And from poking in a sick-room all winter to the deck of one's own ship, is indeed a heavenly change.

All these seven months I doubt if we can expect more than three mails at the best of it: and I do hope we may hear something of your news by each. I have no very clear views as to where the three addresses ought to be, but if you hear no later news, Charles Scribner's Sons will always have the run of our intended movements. And an early letter there would probably catch us at the Sandwich Islands. Tahiti will probably be the second point: and (as I roughly guess) Quito the third. But the whole future is invested with heavenly clouds.

I trust you are all well and content, and have good news of the Shelleys, to whom I wish you would pass on ours. They should be able to sympathize with our delight.

Now I have all my miserable Scribner articles to rake together in the inside of a fortnight: so you must not expect me to be more copious. I have you all in the kindest memory, and am

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Remember me to Aubrey de Vere.

After eighteen months of voyaging and sojourning, to his vast delight and the vast improvement of his health, among the various island-groups of the Pacific, he writes

to the same friend of his own purchase of an estate on one of the Samoan islands; of his intention to make his future home there; of his hope (which was not fulfilled) to make one last visit to friends and home before settling in his place of voluntary exile; and lastly, of the death of their friend Sir Percy Shelley, the news of which had reached him in the course of his wanderings.

APIA, SAMOA, January 20th, 1890.

MY DEAR LADY TAYLOR: I shall hope to see you in some months from now, when I come home—to break up my establishment—I know no diminutive of the word. Your daughters cast a spell upon me; they were always declaring I was a winged creature and would vanish into the uttermost isle; and they were right, and I have made my preparations. I am now the owner of an estate upon Upolu, some two or three miles behind and above Apia; three streams, two waterfalls, a great cliff, an ancient native fort, a view of the sea and lowlands or (to be more precise) several views of them in various directions, are now mine. It would be affectation to omit a good many head of cattle; above all as it required much diplomacy to have them thrown in, for the gentleman who sold to me was staunch. Besides all this, there is a great deal more forest than I have any need for; or to be plain, the whole estate is one impassable jungle, which must be cut down and through at considerable expense. Then the house has to be built; and then (as a climax) we may have to stand a siege in it in the next native war.

I do feel as if I was a coward and a traitor to desert my friends; only, my dear lady, you know what a miserable corrhysal (is that how it is spelt?) creature I was at home; and here I have some real health, I can walk, I can ride, I can stand some exposure, I am up with the sun, I have a real enjoyment of the world and of myself; it would be hard to go back again to England and to bed; and I think it would be very silly. I am sure it would; and yet I feel shame, and I know I am not writing like myself. I wish you knew how much I admired you, and when I think of those I must leave, how early a place your name occupies. I have not had the pleasure to know you very long; and yet I feel as if my leaving England were a special treachery to you, and

my leaving you a treachery to myself. I will only ask you to try to forgive me: for I am sure I will never quite forgive myself. Somebody might write to me in the care of R. Towns & Co., Sydney, New South Wales, to tell me if you can forgive. But you will do quite right if you cannot. Only let me come and see you when you do return, or it will be a lame home-coming.

My wife suffered a good deal in our last, somewhat arduous voyage; all our party indeed suffered except myself. Fanny is now better but she is still no very famous success in the way of health.

All the while I have been writing, I have had another matter in my eye; of which I scarce like to speak: You know of course that I am thinking of Sir Percy and his widow. The news reached me in the shape of a newspaper cutting, I have no particu-

lars. He had a sweet, original nature; I think I liked him better than ever I should have liked his father; I am sorry he was always a little afraid of me; if I had had more chance, he would have liked me too, we had so much in common, and I valued so much his fine soul, as honest as a dog's, and the romance of him, which was like a dog's too, and like a poet's at the same time. If he had not been Shelley's son, people would have thought more of him; and yet he was the better of the two, bar verses.

Please tell my dear Ida and Una that we think much of them, as well as of your dear self, and believe me, in words which you once allowed me to use (and I was very much affected when you did so),

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IF LOVE BE LOVE

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

I HEARD true lovers calling

When Spring came down last night,

And the little grass beneath the snow

Stirred in the warm moonlight;

And the hearts of the buds in the maple-tree

Beat red with the tree's delight.

I heard true lovers calling

Across the melting snow,

And some of them loved in Babylon

Ever so long ago,

And some were alive but yesterday:

Their voice went to and fro—

Come back, my love, if love be love,

Across a thousand years:

If love be love time fails and dies

And dreams are true and death is lies,

There is no room for tears.

Come back, my love, if love be love,

Across a thousand years.



Scattered covey.

SHOOTING IN FRANCE

(NORMANDY)

By Ethel Rose

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST AND GUY ROSE



AMERICANS know well so many of the sports of France. They come with tennis racquets and golf clubs to compete in the international tournaments; on bicycles and automobiles they spin along the white French roads through towns where antiquity shops are stocked and priced for them, and hotels with all the "confort moderne" are built for them; they shoot pigeons, real and clay, at the traps of the society resorts; and they are invited to the *chasses à courre* at the big châteaux. They fence, they skate, they even bring their aeroplanes to

the aviation meetings. But how few, how very few, know that if they took their guns or trout rods; yes, trout rods; and went wandering off into the real country of this beautiful land, stopping at wayside inns, roaming the hills and valleys in autumn, or following the peaceful, almost domestic, course of some little river in spring or summer, they would have a revelation of what the real France and its people are, as well as delightful and novel experiences in the pursuit of game or fish?

As for the trout—and the salmon—they are here, but they do not belong in a shooting article.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that the shooting population of France includes a large majority of the men over sixteen years of age, no permits being issued to any one younger, and no one being allowed to carry a gun without a permit. There are also more women who shoot than one would imagine and they are by no means confined to the fashionable contingent; while some of the most indefatigable have to contend against age or *avouirdupois* that would keep an American confined to a piazza chair. As for the French women who fish! They are legion; from actresses at the height of their popularity down to stolid creatures of the peasant class. "Trout!" my cook in Paris once said in reply to a question, "Ah, madame, is it trout? Many is the time I have sat up half the night to catch them." Thus giving herself quite away as a poacher while revelling in memories of "her country."

In the opinion of all this multitude of sportsmen the year is divided into two very unequal parts of which the shorter, and by far the more important to them, is the *saison de chasse*, during which they spend every available moment from sunrise to sunset in the pursuit of all birds and animals which, by the widest stretch of the imagination may come under the head of "game"; the other, far longer period, being when the law is on and the guns are put away, while their owners talk over past luck, recount for the hundredth time their hits and misses, and make plans and prophecies for the season to come.

The opening day must invariably be Sunday for the benefit of the working man, in whose favor most of the French laws seem to be made; but the date, in this region usually near the first of September, and the length of the open season vary in different parts of France as well as change a little locally from year to year according to the condition of the game and the progress of the harvesting, which should be practically finished before men and dogs are turned loose over the fields. Here and there, however, there are always belated patches of buckwheat or corn jealously guarded by signs of "No Trespassing," which afford a cover for hard-pressed birds, not always safe from the eager dogs even there.

Any owner of property may, of course, preserve his land as he pleases, but the

small proprietors whose holdings are widely scattered leave them all free to form, with the village property, a large part of each commune where any of its residents may shoot with no charge except the obligatory "permis de chasse," costing five dollars and a half, and good anywhere in France for one year. There seems to be no village ne'er do weel too forlorn to possess a gun of sorts or too poor to acquire a permit, the price of which is, moreover, easily made good by a fair shot, as there is always a ready market for game in even the smaller towns.

In some communes non-residents must pay a small sum for the privilege of shooting, but this is discretionary; and a commune may also decide to restrict certain parts, or even all, of its shooting quite independently of the date fixed for its *département* by the minister of agriculture. Last summer being very wet and the crops late in consequence, the commune above ours on the river decided to have its opening day two weeks later than that for the surrounding country, its residents enjoying, when it did come, such luck as had not been known for years, quantities of birds having taken refuge there during the preceding fortnight from all the region roundabout.

By far the greater part of the forests and woods which abound throughout France are preserved either by the state or by private individuals, especially those in this populous region which is so accessible to Americans, lying as it does principally between the ports of the Atlantic liners and Paris; and it is to this fact no doubt that much of the abundance of game is due in a country that has been thickly settled and shot over for hundreds of years. It would seem that with its accessibility and the poaching characteristics of so many of the inhabitants the game would certainly be exterminated in a short time; the real marvel being that there has been any at all since the downfall of the feudal system. But in spite of the railways and the automobiles the seasons generally seem to average about the same as they did a quarter of a century ago, except where the country has been built up; something that happens near milling or manufacturing centres only, as there are no mushroom cities in France.

So, in spite of obstacles, there seems to be game of some sort nearly everywhere, due



Drawn by Guy Rose.

Duck shooting—frosty morning.



A shot at a hare.

not only to the preserves, but partly also to another custom handed down from old times—that of the people living almost exclusively in huddled, sometimes walled, towns and villages with seldom an outlying house or farm building between. Fields, woods, and meadows stretch unobstructed, sometimes for miles and miles, often without boundaries of any kind except the deeply sunken stones that mark the corners of property limits, making one wonder how any proprietor knows his own special portion of this patchwork of multi-colored vegetation. In the cattle districts, however, the insidious barbed wire has become only too popular, while out by the Normandy coast and farther on toward Cherbourg there are innumerable and impenetrable hedges, as well as the wide and high earth embankments with close ranks of large trees growing on them.

It is surprising what good shooting, both wood and open, may be rented for a rea-

sonable sum; and it is a common practice for friends to join in taking a preserve, or for a club to be formed where shares for one or several seasons may be bought by outsiders. Among the advertisements in a sporting journal this month I find that of a communal forest of eighteen hundred acres, to be let for nine years for not less than eighty dollars a year. This is to be bid upon, and the game includes boar and deer. Another, more typical, offers a share in a fine guarded preserve of nine hundred acres, wood and plain, all kinds of game, for seventy-five dollars. Some shares run as low as four dollars for the season.

As an example of the type of man that can enjoy such privileges as these, take a club existing in our neighboring market town. It consists of ten or twelve men in most modest circumstances, shopkeepers, professional men, and the like, who have a long lease of a five-hundred acre wood about four miles from the town. On this proper-



The peasant sportsman.

ty is an attractive furnished chalet which is used as a club-house, and the keeper who guards and looks after it lives on the place all the year round. Sunday mornings during the season the members pile into an omnibus with guns and dogs and are driven to the rendezvous. The keeper's wife cooks and serves their luncheon in the chalet, and at sundown the omnibus comes to take them all home. For one of the laws is that there must be no shooting before the sun has risen nor after it has set, and, in this locality at least, except for waterfowl, not while there is snow on the ground; not much of a hardship last winter when we had but one snowy day.

Not every week is honored by one of these party shoots, and of course the members may go at any time in between; but the peasants seem to know by instinct when one is to take place, and it is amusing to see them in the free lands surrounding the wood, hidden with their guns behind

apple trees and beet piles, waiting for a shot at the chance bird or hare that may be driven from the preserves.

The keepers do all they possibly can to prevent the game from straying, even patrolling, outlying fields and rounding up everything they can find; for once outside the boundary line it may be shot by any one who is fortunate enough to come upon it, three deer in one season falling in this way to the gun of one of our villagers last year, while another found and captured a litter of wild boar.

If game wounded on open land falls or runs on to preserved ground the hunter may go after it provided he leaves his gun outside.

Another bit of law, and one that seems most odd, is that not only the actual slayer of a deer, but any one else who can put a bullet into it before it dies is entitled to a piece of the flesh, and any one whose dog chases it also has a share.



The poacher.

Many Frenchmen are excellent shots but the great majority are certainly not and do scarcely more than wander about with a gun, of which they are only too often exceedingly ignorant and reckless. A comparative few are really clever at it, but even of these there are almost none possessing that trait of the born hunter which makes him almost unconsciously study the habits of the game, learn its haunts and customs, and enables him to tell what its probable next move will

be. Most of them walk ahead in a straight line, taking what comes in their way, and seldom following a hare from cover to cover, or a flock of partridges from flight to flight; while that instinct possessed by some of our own sportsmen which takes them unerringly to game that has flown over a wood or disappeared beyond the brow of a hill seems to be quite lacking.

The birds soon get accustomed to the strenuous life, and after the first few days



A chance shot at a pheasant.

accept it as a matter of course and adapt their habits accordingly, while the large proportion of old ones shows how many must escape season after season, thus becoming trained strategists who know well the coverts, hidden hollows, and safe woods for miles around. They often prove this by disappearing, almost with a wink, into some bit of preserve or across an unbridged stream just when you think you surely have them after a long chase; perhaps up a val-

ley where they have ranged from swampy river bottoms to slippery hillsides and the plain beyond, at their own sweet will. A bird or two bagged in a two or three mile chase like this will keep up your interest and give you, indeed, a chance to show how much of the real hunter you have in you.

After the first ten days or so it is extraordinary from what a distance both birds and animals can perceive your most cau-

tious approach, departing at once long before you could have discovered them. No lying low here, in the hope that they will be overlooked, or waiting until you are upon them; discretion before valor every time for them. Through generation after generation their tricks are bred into them and the sly things seem to know, even better than the guard, where boundaries of the free lands are changed from year to year.

The shepherd, guarding his flock with his gun in his hand, often gets a stray bird or two, and if you are on good terms with him will tell you where he saw the last ones disappear. The farmers, gathering their winter store of apples and beets, and the women, knitting as they tend their cows, will also point a friendly finger in the direction of some hidden bird; for every one is full of interest and eager to know what luck you are having and whether the last shot that they heard meant success or not.

For the rich, in France, as elsewhere, abundant game is merely a question of money, as are good guns and dogs; one has only to pay. But he who loves the sport and has small means to gratify his taste can, I am sure, find in France an opportunity to test his skill, to enjoy his hobby under new conditions, and to experience a combination of pleasant sensations, old and new, such as he could not find anywhere at home. He will not have to take extra time for a long journey, nor will he be obliged to go to much expense for railway fares, hotel bills, or guides. True, he will seldom or never make a very large bag, but he will have a chance to prove his ability in more ways than one, and there will be difficult shots which, if successful, will give the genuine enthusiast more satisfaction than a hundred easily bagged birds. There will be wonderful autumn days of golden haze and drifting, pale gold leaves, when faint smoke smells are in the air; and later frosty mornings in what seems a silver world, all of it among such picturesque surroundings as will make the season one to hark back to often in memory on future winter evenings "back home."

The landlord of one's inn is always ready with information and advice, and can often help one to shooting not otherwise obtainable, as he is acquainted with members of clubs in the vicinity; sometimes, himself, owns guarded property where his clients

may shoot, and will introduce one to the local "garde chasse," an important member of every community, whose duty is to constantly patrol his district to see that things are as they should be—no traps or snares set—no one shooting without a permit or on forbidden ground, etc., and to give information about boundaries, game, and laws to whoever may inquire. It is quite worth while to go over the ground with the guard in the first place and find out just where and where not one may shoot, the few francs given him for his time and trouble possibly saving the four or five dollars one would promptly be fined if caught trespassing; for ignorance is no excuse and the first one knows of one's misdeeds is the "procès" served on him, requiring his presence at the *mairie* on a certain day and hour. There the fine must be paid, and should one transgress a second time he would not get off so lightly.

In his own opinion the guard is a person of great consequence and he is far from bashful about exacting his small toll from the passing stranger in addition to making a house-to-house canvass through the village in his own behalf on New Year's day and again just before the season opens. A dollar, or even less, fully satisfies him and one does get one's money's worth, though as an actual guard the man is apt to be ineffectual where desperate poachers are concerned, especially as, under the law, he has no right to open the gamebag of anyone whatsoever to see what is inside. He is usually a worthy person whose small pay is the chief support of his family, and he is more apt than not to be lame, or old and slow, and not much of an adversary in spite of the large brass badge worn conspicuously on his chest, whereon glitters an imposing inscription beginning with the words *LA LOI* in capitals. The private and state guards are of an entirely different type, big strong men, fully capable of doing their duty.

Good guns are rare among the common people, many of them being of antiquated pattern and handed down from father to son. Poachers and market hunters have the best ones, and these men are usually the best shots and hunters. Nowhere, however, are more accurate or more beautifully finished firearms of both French and English make to be had by him who knows how to choose.



Partridge shooting among the beets.

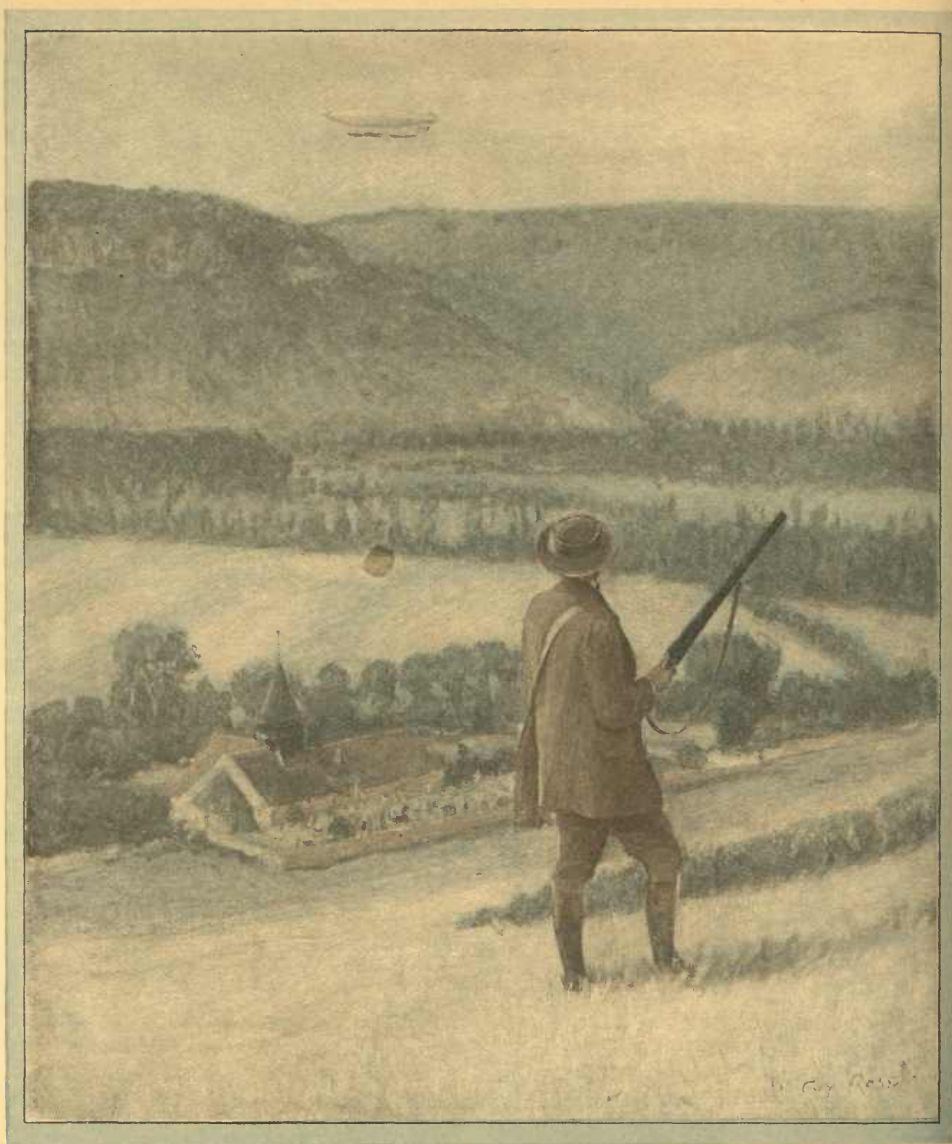
Nearly every one uses some kind of dog, though experience has proved that they are not an absolute necessity on open ground. Without one, however, there will be many a lost bird in woods, underbrush, or swamp; and two beautiful mallards, killed by a right and left and fallen in the middle of the stream on a bitter January day, would have been among the number had it not been for the simultaneous plunges of two little cockers, each of which gallantly brought in his bird. Besides the setters, retrievers, pointers, and others known and used at home there are many side races of these dogs as well as the truly national "griffons" of various sorts, rough-coated intelligent beasts of many types and sizes, adapted to and trained for different purposes.

That feeling of fairness toward the game as well as toward one's fellows, which we express by the word "sportsmanlike," seems to be an almost unknown thing ex-

cept, perhaps, among that small contingent which shoots with Englishmen. Laws exist to be broken or evaded if possible even by the better classes, and if you know your dealer you can buy game of him long after the season has closed, as is habitually done by people who have such hair-splitting consciences that they would not, themselves, do the shooting.

Of recent years, however, a different feeling seems to be spreading, especially among the younger men; and more property, both land and water, is being preserved and guarded by local clubs to which even an outsider or foreigner may belong for a small annual fee, all the proceeds being used to pay for guards and to acquire more property.

Considering this part of the country exclusively, partridges are by far the most numerous and evenly distributed of all the birds, and are found practically everywhere. There are fewer pheasants, though, owing



An interesting incident.

to the frequent woods they are widely scattered, and no fewer than eight of these fine birds alone fell to the gun of one of our village Americans on the opening day last year. Other birds are much more rare, but include rail, snipe, quail, woodcock, etc., while most Frenchmen will pot even black-birds and larks. Indeed one picturesque and enthusiastic Gaul declared that a man who would not shoot everything that came in his way was not a "vraichasseur," this

being his retort when told that a certain friend rather scorned rabbits. In winter there are various kinds of waterfowl, from mud-hens to mallards, while the wary little diver, not to be utterly despised as a dish, demands all of, and often more than, one's utmost skill of sight and quickness. Rabbits are usually plentiful, but hares vary greatly according to locality. There are several ways of cooking the latter peculiar to certain parts of the country, which make

him a dish for gourmets, notably "civet de lièvre" and a certain roast with chestnut stuffing.

In the preserves are deer and sometimes boar which occasionally wander onto unguarded land. Boar, indeed, come under the head of "destructive pests" rather than game and, as is the case with rabbits, one may shoot them on one's own land at any time of the year. Both of these animals injure crops, and the owners or lessees of preserves from which they have wandered may be sued for damages. With these exceptions the open season for other game than waterfowl closes in this region on the first of January. Other climates and other varieties of game make different conditions in the south and in the mountains.

Out of season the game, where it is properly protected, becomes very tame, especially on the big private estates; and in passing an orchard belonging to one of the neighboring châteaux we recently saw eight pheasants, cocks and hens, feeding close to the road and more indifferent even to the motor car than barnyard fowl, for not one bothered to raise its head.

The partridges, during the winter, frequently seek their food in the village gardens, and in their flights from hill to valley pass beside our very windows.

I have mentioned that the opening day is always a Sunday, and for long beforehand among high and low the chief topics of conversation are the probable state of the weather, the conditions and the quantity of the birds, the dogs, the guns, and conjectures as to whether Monsieur Chose will forget his permit as usual until the last minute.

At length the day arrives! The countrymen and those who left town the day before are up by four o'clock; while every train leaving Paris after two is crowded with hunters in such a variety of costume as only France can produce, with guns and fringed gamebags and well-filled cartridge belts and jumping, barking dogs and, sometimes, families with luncheon baskets and baby carriages.

As soon as the sun has really risen the entire country resounds to the fusillade,

which is continued without interruption for hours. If all, or even the greater part, of those shots told, then, indeed, would the extermination of the game in France be accomplished in one gory day; but they shoot, and they shoot; and in how many cases do the valiant sportsmen return with nothing at all!

Each year a blond youth from Paris arrives at our inn, clad in the very latest appropriate costume that can be found on the boulevards. Complete, from the feather in his hat, which is an exact copy of the German emperor's, to his puttee-wound legs and his English boots. His gun is the most recent model, his gamebag the largest size, and his dog the latest fad.

He is awakened at four; and half an hour later goes forth in his glory, a small admiring villager trudging behind with the bag that is to return so heavy. He comes back at noon, weary, dishevelled, red; all his cartridges gone and the gamebag empty—though once it did contain a lark. The dog is cowering from its undeserved beatings and kicks and the small boy is disillusioned. Our Parisian retires for a bath and a nap; to reappear for dinner, primed with excuses and cursing the dog which he promptly sells for a song or gives away to some chance lucky one.

By noon even the most ardent sportsmen are tired and ready for the good luncheon which is no unimportant part of the day's programme, having been planned and ordered well in advance, and usually occupying from two to three hours, during which every one talks at once with much noise and gesticulation. Finally the healths are drunk and then they all go out once more to shoot until sundown.

With variations and more or less ceremony and elegance this is the order of the day from the parties at the great châteaux, where the breakfast is often served in some hunting pavilion on the estate, by footmen wearing historic old family liveries down in varied fashions and degrees to the crowd of peasants in blouses and sabots, their queer guns stacked in the corner and mongrel dogs lying round, sitting about the long table under the arbor of some wayside cabaret.



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"You'll take it, won't you—just once?"—Page 418

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

XV



HERE was no one at home when Harry returned except Todd, who having kept his position outside the dining-room door during the heated encounter, had missed nothing of the interview. What had puzzled the darky—astounded him really—was that no pistol shot had followed his master's denouncement and defiance of the Lord of Moorlands. What had puzzled him still more was hearing these same antagonists ten minutes later passing the time o' day, St. George bowing low and the colonel touching his hat as he passed out and down to where Matthew and his horses were waiting.

It was not surprising, therefore, that Todd's recital to Harry came in a more or less disjointed and disconnected form.

"You say, Todd," he exclaimed in astonishment, "that my father was here!" Our young hero was convinced that the visit did not concern himself, as he was no longer an object of interest to any one at home except his mother and Alec.

"Dat he was, sah, an' bilin' mad. Dey bofe was, on'y Marse George lay low an' de colonel purty nigh rid ober de top of de fence. Fust Marse George sass him and den de colonel sass him back. Purty soon Marse George say he gwineter speak his min'—and he call de colonel a brute and den de colonel riz up and say Marse George was a beggar and a puttin' on airs when he didn't hab 'nough money to buy hisse'f a 'tater; and den Marse George r'ared and pitched—Oh! I tell ye he ken be mighty sof' and persimmony when he's tame—and he's mos' allers dat way—but when his dander's up, and it suttinly riz to-day, he kin make de fur fly. Dat's de time you wanten git outer de way or you'll git hurted."

"Who did you say was the beggar?" It was all Greek to Harry.

"Why Marse George was—he was de one what was gwine hongry. De colonel 'lowed dat de bank was busted and——"

"What bank?"

"Why de 'Tapsco—whar Marse George keep his money. Ain't you see me comin' from dar mos' ebery day?"

"But it hasn't failed, has it?" He was still wondering what the quarrel was about.

"Wall, I dunno, but I reckon sumpin's de matter, for no sooner did de colonel git on his horse and ride away dan Marse George go git his hat and coat hisse'f and make tracks th'ou de park by de short cut—and you know he neber do dat 'cept when he's in a hurry, and den in 'bout a ha'f hour he come back agin lookin' like he'd seed de yahoo, only he was mad plump th'ou; den he hollered for me quick like, and sont me down underneaf yere to Mr. Pawson to know was he in, and he was, and I done tol' him, and he's dar now. He ain't neber done sont me down dar 'cept once sence I been yere, and dat was de day dat Gadgem man come snufflin' 'roun'. Trouble comin'."

Harry had now begun to take in the situation. It was evidently a matter of some moment, or Pawson would not have been consulted.

"I'll go down myself, Todd," he said with sudden resolve.

"Better let me tell him yo're yere, Marse Harry."

"No, I'll go now," and he turned on his heel and descended the front steps.

On the street side of the house, level with the bricks, was a door opening into a low-ceiled, shabbily furnished room, where in the old days General Dorsey Temple as has been said shared his toddies with his cronies. There he found St. George seated at a long table piled high with law books and papers—the top covered with a green baize cloth embroidered with mice holes and decorated with ink stains. Beside him was a thin, light-haired, young man, with a long flexible neck and abnormally high

forehead, over-doming a shrewd but not unkindly face. The two were poring over a collection of papers.

The young lawyer rose to his feet—a sickly, deferential smile playing along his straight lips. Young aristocrats of Harry's blood and breeding did not often darken Pawson's door, and he was extremely anxious that his guest should in some way be made aware of that fact. St. George did not move, nor did he take any other notice of the boy's appearance than to fasten his eyes upon him for a moment in recognition of his presence.

But Harry could not wait.

"Todd has just told me, Uncle George, that"—then he caught the grave expression on Temple's face—"Why!—Uncle George—there isn't anything the matter, is there? It isn't true that the——"

St. George raised his head: "What isn't true, Harry?"

"That the Patapsco Bank is in trouble?"

"No, I don't think so. The bank, so far as I know, is all right; it's the depositors who are in trouble," and one of his quaint smiles lighted up his face.

"Broken!—failed!" cried Harry, still in doubt as to the extent of the catastrophe, but wishing to be sympathetic and proportionably astounded as any well bred young man should be when his best friend was unhappy.

"I'm afraid it is, Harry—in fact I know it is—bankrupt in character as well as in balances—a bad-smelling, nasty mess, to tell you the truth. That's not only my own opinion, but the opinion of every man whom I have seen, and there were quite an angry mob when I reached the teller's window, this morning. That is your own opinion also, is it not, Mr. Pawson?—your legal summing up, I mean."

The young attorney stretched out his hands; opened wide his long, white, double-jointed fingers; pressed their ten little cushions together, and see-sawing the bunch in front of his concave waistcoat, answered in his best professional voice:

"As to being bankrupt of funds I should say there was no doubt of that being their condition; as to any criminal intent, or practices—that, of course, gentlemen"—and he shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal, non-actionable way—"is not for me to decide."

"But you think it will be months, and perhaps years, before the depositors get a penny of their money—do you not?" persisted St. George.

Again Pawson performed the sleight-of-hand trick, and again he was non-committal—a second shrug alone expressing his views, the performance ending by his pushing a wooden chair in the direction of Harry, who was still on his feet.

Harry settled himself on its edge, and fixed his eyes on his uncle. St. George again became absorbed in the several papers; Pawson once more assisting him, the visitor having now been duly provided for.

This raking of ashes, in the hope of finding something of value unscorched if the truth be told, was not a pleasant task for the young lawyer. He had, years before, conceived the greatest admiration for his landlord and was never tired of telling his associates of how kind and considerate he had always been, and of his patience in the earlier days of his lease, Mr. Temple often refusing the rent until he was quite ready to pay it. He took a certain pride too, in living under the same roof, so to speak, with one universally known as a gentleman of the old school, whose birth, education, and habits made him the standard among his fellows—a man without pretence or sham, living a simple and wholesome life; with dogs, guns, priceless Madeira and Port, as well as unlimited clothes of various patterns adapted to every conceivable service and function—to say nothing of his being part of the best society that Kennedy Square could afford.

Even to bow to his distinguished landlord as he was descending his front steps was in itself one of his greatest pleasures. That he might not miss it, he would peer from behind his office shutters until the shapely legs of his patron could be seen between the twisted iron railing. Then he would appear suddenly and with assumed surprise, lift his hat with so great a flourish that his long, thin arms and body were jerked into semaphore angles, his face, meanwhile, beaming with ill-concealed delight.

Should any one of St. George's personal friends accompany him—men like Kennedy, or General Hardisty, or some well-known man from the Eastern Shore—one of the Dennises, or Robbins, or Irvings—the pleasure was intensified, the incident

being of great professional advantage. "I just met old General Hardisty," he would say—"he was at our house," the knowing ones passing a wink around, and the uninitiated having all the greater respect and, therefore, all the greater confidence in that rising young firm of "Pawson & Pawson, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law—Wills drawn and Estates looked after."

That this rarest of gentlemen, of all men in the world, should be made the victim of a group of schemers who had really tricked him of almost all that was left of his patrimony, and he a member of his own profession, was to Pawson one of the great sorrows of his life. That he himself had unwittingly helped in its culmination made it all the keener. Only a few weeks had passed since that eventful day when St. George had sent Todd down to arrange for an interview, an event which was followed almost immediately by that gentleman in person. He remembered his delight at the honor conferred upon him; he recalled how he had spent the whole of that and the next day in the attempt to negotiate the mortgage on the old home at a reasonable rate of interest; he recalled, too, how he could have lowered the rate had St. George allowed him more time. "No, pay it and get rid of them!" St. George had said, the "them" being part of the very accounts over which the two were poring. And his patron had showed the same impatience when it came to placing the money in the bank. Although his own lips were sealed professionally by reason of the interests of another client, he had begged St. George, almost to the verge of interference, not to give it to the Patapsco, until he had been silenced with: "Have them put it to my credit, sir; I have known every member of that bank for years."

All these things were, of course, unknown to Harry, the ultimate beneficiary. Who had filled the bucket, and how and why, were unimportant facts to him. That it was full, and ready for his use, brought with it the same sense of pleasure he would have felt on a hot day at Moorlands when he had gone to the old well, drawn up the ice cold water, and plunging in the sweet-smelling gourd had drank to his heart's content.

This was what wells were made for; and so were fathers, and big, generous men like his Uncle George, who had dozens of friends

ready to cram money into his pocket for him to hand over to whoever wanted it and without a moment's hesitation—just as Slater had handed him the money when Gilbert wanted it in a hurry.

Nor could it be expected that Harry even with the examination of St. George's accounts with the Patapsco and other institutions going on under his very eyes, understood fully just what a bank failure really meant. Half a dozen banks, he remembered, had gone to smash some few years before, sending his father to town one morning at daylight, where he stayed for a week, but no change, so far as he could recall, had happened because of it at Moorlands. Indeed, his father had bought a new coach for his mother the very next week, out of what he had "saved from the wreck," so he had told her.

It was not until the hurried overhauling of a mass of papers beneath his uncle's hand, and the subsequent finding of a certain stray sheet by Pawson, that the boy was aroused to a sense of the gravity of the situation. And even then his interest did not become acute until the missing document identified, St. George had turned to Pawson and, pointing to an item half-way down the column, had said in a lowered tone, as if fearing to be overheard:

"You have the receipts, have you not, for everything on this list?—Slater's account too, and Hampson's?"

"They are in the file beside you, sir."

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow."

"And the balance"—here he examined a small book which lay open beside him—"amounting to"—he paused—"is of course locked up in their vaults?"

Harry had craned his head in instant attention. His quickened ears had caught two familiar names. It was Slater who had loaned him the five hundred dollars which he gave to Gilbert, which his father had commended him for borrowing; and it was Hampson who had sold him the wretched horse that had stumbled and broken his leg and had afterwards to be shot.

"Slater, did you say, Uncle George—and Hampson? Aren't they my old accounts?"

"Quite right, Mr. Rutter—quite right, sir." St. George tried to stop him with a frown, but Pawson's face was turned towards Harry and he failed to get the signal. "Quite right, and quite lucky; they were

both important items in Mr. Gadgem's list, and both checks passed through the bank and were paid before the smash came."

The tones of Pawson's voice, the twisting together of his bony hands in a sort of satisfied contentment, and the weary look on his uncle's face, were the opening of so many windows in the boy's brain. At the same instant one of those creepy chills common to a man when some hitherto undiscovered vista of impending disaster widens out before him, started in the base of Harry's spine, crept up his shoulder-blades, shivered along his arms, and lost itself in his benumbed fingers. This was followed by a lump in his throat that nearly strangled him. He rose from his chair and touched Pawson on the shoulder.

"Does this mean, Mr. Pawson—this money being locked up in the bank vaults and not coming out for months—and maybe never—does it mean that Mr. Temple—well, that Uncle George—won't have enough money to live on?" There was an anxious, vibrant tone in Harry's voice that aroused St. George to a sense of the boy's share in the calamity and the privations he must suffer because of it. Pawson hesitated and was about to belittle the gravity of the situation when St. George stopped him.

"Yes—tell him—tell him everything, I have no secrets from Mr. Rutter. Stop!—I'll tell him. It means, Harry"—and a brave smile played about his lips—"that we will have to live on hog and hominy, maybe, or pretty nigh it—certainly for a while—not bad, old fellow, when you get accustomed to it. Aunt Jemima makes very good hominy and—"

He stopped, the brave smile had faded from his face.

"By Jove!—that's something I didn't think of!—What will I do with the dear old woman— It would break her heart—and Todd?"

Here was something he had not counted on. For him to forego the luxuries that enriched his daily life was easy—he had often in his hunting trips lived for weeks on sweet potato and a handful of cornmeal, and slept on the bare ground with only a blanket over him, but that his servants should be reduced to similar privations was an eventuality which he could not grapple. For the first time since the cruel announcement fell from Rutter's lips the real situa-

tion with all that it meant to his own future and those dependent upon him, stared him in the face.

He looked up and caught Harry's anxious eyes scanning his own. Then his old-time, unruffled spirit took possession of him.

"No, son!" he cried in his cheeriest voice—"no, we won't worry. It will all come out right—we'll buckle down to it together, you and I. Don't take it too much to heart—we'll get on somehow."

But the boy was not reassured; in fact, he had become more anxious than ever. Not only did the chill continue, but the lump in his throat grew larger every minute.

"But, Uncle George—you told me you borrowed the money to pay those bills my father sent me. And will you now have to pay that back as well?" He did not ask of whom he had borrowed it—nor on what security, nor would either Pawson or his uncle have told him; that being a confidential matter.

"Well, that depends, Harry; but we won't have to pay it back right away, which is one comfort. And then again, I can go back to the law. I have yet to make my maiden speech before a jury, but I can do it. Think of it!—everybody in tears, the judge mopping his eyes—court-room breathless. Oh, you just wait until your old uncle gets on his feet before a bench and jury. Come along, old fellow—let us go up into the house." Then in a serious tone—"Pawson, please bring the full accounts with you in the morning, and now let me thank you for your courtesy. You have been extremely civil, sir, and I appreciate it most highly."

They had reached the front walk and were climbing the immaculate steps:

"Todd told you, of course, Harry, about your father paying me a visit this morning, did he not?" He was still anxious to divert the boy's thoughts from his own financial straits.

"Oh, yes!—a most extraordinary account. You must have enjoyed it," replied Harry trying to fall into his uncle's mood. "What did he want?"

One of St. George's quick heat lightning smiles played over his face: "He wanted two things. He first wanted you, and then he wanted a receipt for a month's board—*your* board, remember! He went away without either."

Another perspective now suddenly opened up in Harry's mind: this one had a gleam of sunshine athwart it—the first he had seen for days.

"But, Uncle George!" he burst out—"don't forget that my father owes you all the money you paid for me! That, of course, will eventually come back to you." This came in a tone of great relief, as if the money was already in his hand.

St. George's face hardened: "None of it will come back to me," he rejoined in a positive tone. "He doesn't owe me one single penny and he never will. That money he owes to you. Whatever you may happen to owe me can wait until you are able to pay it. And now while I am talking about it, there is another thing your father owes you, and that is an humble apology, and that he will pay one of these days in tears and agony. You are neither a beggar nor a cringing dog, and you never will be so long as I can help it!" He stopped, rested his hand on the boy's shoulder, and with a quiver in his voice added:—"Your hand, my son. Short commons after this, maybe, but we will make the fight together."

When the two stepped into the dining-room it was filled with gentlemen—friends who had heard of the crash and who had come either to extend their sympathy or offer their bank accounts. They had heard of the catastrophe at the club and had instantly left their seats and walked across the park in a body.

To one and all St. George gave a warm pressure of the hand and a bright smile. Had he been the master of ceremonies at a state reception he could not have been more self-possessed or more gallant; his troubles were for himself, never for his guests.

"All in a lifetime—but I am not worrying. The Patapsco pulled out once before and it may again. My only regret is that I cannot, at least for a time, have as many of you as I would wish under my Mahogany. But don't let us borrow any trouble; certainly not to-day. Todd, get some glasses and bring me that bottle of Madeira—the one there on the sideboard!" Here he took the precious fluid from Todd's hand and holding high the crusted bottle said with a dry smile—one his friends knew when his irony was aroused: "That wine, gentlemen, saw the light at a time when a man

locked his money in an iron box to keep outside thieves from stealing it; to-day he locks his money in a bank's vault and the thieves are locked in with it. Extraordinary, is it not, how we gentlemen trust each other?" and with a light laugh breaking from his lips:—"Here, Todd, draw the cork! . . . Slowly now. . . . Now hand me the bottle—yes—Clayton, that's the same wine that you and Kennedy liked so much the night we had Mr. Poe with us. It is really about all that is left of my father's Black Warrior of 1810. I thought it was all gone, but Todd found two more the other day, one of which I sent to Kennedy. This is the other. Kennedy writes me he is keeping his until we can drink it together. Is everybody's glass full? Then 'here's to love and laughter, and every true friend of my true friend my own!'"

Before the groups had dispersed Harry had the facts in his possession—principally from Judge Pancoast, who gave him a full account of the bank's collapse, some papers having been handed up to him on the bench that morning. Summed up, his uncle was practically ruined—and he, Harry, was the cause of it—the innocent cause, perhaps—but the cause all the same: but for his father's cruelty and his debts St. George would never have mortgaged his home. That an additional sum—his uncle's entire deposit—had been swallowed up in the crash, was but part of the same misfortune. Poe's lines were true then—never so true as now:

"Some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster . . ."

This then was ever after to be his place in life—to bring misery wherever he went.

He caught up his hat and walked through the park with the judge hoping for some further details of his uncle's present plight and future condition, but the only thing his Honor added to what he already knew was his wonderment over the fact that St. George having no immediate use for the money except to pay his bills, should have raised so large a sum on a mortgage instead of borrowing it from his friends. It was here that Harry's heart gave a bound:—no one, then, but his uncle, Pawson, and himself, knew that he alone

was responsible for the catastrophe. That his father should have learned of his share in it did not enter his head.

Todd answered his knock on his return, and in reply to his inquiry informed him that he must not sit up as "Marse George" had left word that he would be detained until late at a meeting of the creditors of the bank.

And so the unhappy boy, his supper over, sought his bed and, as had occurred more than once before, spent the earlier hours of the night gazing at the ceiling and wondering what would become of him.

XVI

WITH the breaking of the dawn Harry's mind was made up and before the sun was an hour high he had dressed hurriedly, stolen downstairs so as to wake no one, and closing the front door softly behind him had taken the long path through the park in the direction of the wharves. Once there, he made the rounds of the shipping offices from Light Street wharf to the Falls—and by the time St. George had finished dressing—certainly before he was through his coffee—had entered the name of Henry Rutter on two sets of books—one for a position as supercargo and the other, should nothing better be open—as common seaman. All he insisted upon was that the ship should sail at once. As to the destination, that was of no consequence, nor did the length of the voyage make any difference. He remembered that his intimate friend, Gilbert, had some months before gone as supercargo to China, his father wanting him to see something of the world; and if a similar position were open he could, of course, give references as to his character—a question the agent asked him—but then, Gilbert had a father to help him. Should no such position be available, he would ship before the mast, or serve as cook or cabin-boy, or even scullion—but he would not live another day or hour dependent on his dear Uncle George, who had impoverished himself in his behalf.

He selected the sea instead of going into the army as a common soldier because the sea had always appealed to him. He loved its freedom and its dangers. Then again, he was young and strong—could climb like a cat—sail a boat—swim—Yes!—the sea was the place! He could get far enough

away behind its horizons to hide the struggle he must make to accomplish the one purpose of his life—the earning of his debt.

Filled with this idea he began to perfect his plans, determining to take no one into his confidence until the day before the ship was ready to sail. He would then send for his mother and Alec—bring them all down to St. George's house and announce his intention. That was the best and wisest way. As for Kate—who had now been at home some weeks—he would pour out his heart to her in a letter. This was better than an interview, which she would doubtless refuse:—a letter she would be obliged to read and, perhaps, answer. As for his dear Uncle George—it would be like tearing his heart out to leave him, but this wrench had to be met and it was best to do it quickly and have done with it.

When this last thought took possession of him a sudden faintness crept over him. Leaving his uncle would be hardest of all. What St. George was to him no one but himself knew;—father, friend, comrade, adviser—standard of men and morals—all and more was his beloved uncle. No thought of his heart but he had given him and never once had he been misunderstood. He could put his arm about his uncle's neck as he would about his mother's and not be thought effeminate or childish. And the courtesy and dignity and fairness with which he had been treated; and the respect St. George showed him—and he only a boy: compelling his older men friends to do the same. Never letting him feel that any foolish act of his young life had been criticised, or that any one had ever thought the less of him because of them.

Breakfast over, during which no allusion was made either to what St. George had accomplished at the conference of creditors the night before, or to Harry's early rising—the boy made his way into the park and took the path he loved. It was autumn, and the mild morning air bespoke an Indian summer day. Passing beneath the lusty magnolias, which flaunted here and there their glossy leaves, he paused under one of the big oaks, whose branches stripped of most of their foliage still sheltered a small, vine-covered arbor where he and Kate had often sat—indeed, it was within its cool shade that he had first told her he loved her. Here he settled himself on a

small wooden bench outside the retreat and gave his thoughts full rein—not to repine, nor to revive his troubles, which he meant to put behind him—but to plan out the letter he was to write Kate. This must be clear and convincing and tell the whole story of his heart. That he might empty it the better he had chosen this place made sacred by her presence. Then again, the park was generally deserted at this hour—the hour between the passing of the men of business and the coming of the children and nurses—and he would not be interrupted—certainly not before this arbor—one by itself and away from passers-by.

He seated himself on the bench, his eyes overlooking the park. All the hours he had passed with Kate beneath the wide-spreading trees rose in his mind; the day they had read aloud to each other, her pretty feet tucked under her so that the dreadful ants couldn't touch her dainty stockings; the morning when she was late and he had waited and fumed stretching minutes into hours in his impatience; that summer night when the two had hidden behind the big oak so that he could kiss her good-night and none of the others see.

With these memories stirring, his letter was forgotten, and his head dropped upon his breast, as if the weight of all he had lost was greater than he could bear. Grasping his walking stick the tighter he began tracing figures in the gravel, his thoughts following each line. Suddenly his ears caught the sound of a quick step—one he thought strangely familiar.

He raised his eyes.

Kate had passed him and had given no sign of her presence!

He sprang from his seat:

"Kate!—Kate!—Are you going to treat me as my father treated me! Don't, please!—You'll never see me again—but don't cut me like that: I have never done anything but love you!"

The girl came to a halt, but she did not turn her head, nor did she answer.

"Please, Kate—won't you speak to me? It may be the last time I shall ever see you. I am going away from Kennedy Square. I was going to write you a letter; I came out here to think of what I ought to say—"

She raised her head and half turned her trembling body so that she could see his face, her eyes reading his.

"I didn't think you wanted me to speak to you, or you would have looked up."

"I didn't see you until you had passed. Can't we sit down here?—no one will see us."

She suffered him to take her hand and lead her to the bench. There she sat, her eyes still searching his face—a wondering, eager look, discovering every moment some old remembered spot—an eyebrow, or the line at the corner of the mouth, or the round of the cheek—each and every one bringing back to her the days that were past and gone never to return.

"You are going away?" she said at last—"why? Aren't you happy with Uncle George? He would miss you, I am sure." She had let the scarf fall from her shoulders as she spoke, bringing into view the full round of her exquisite throat. He had caught its flash, but he could not trust himself to look the closer.

"Not any more than I shall miss him," he rejoined sadly, "but he has lost almost everything he had in the bank failure and I cannot have him support me any longer—so I am going to sea."

Kate started forward and laid her hand on his wrist: "To sea!—in a ship! Where?" The inquiry came with such suddenness and with so keen a note of pain in her voice that Harry's heart gave a bound. It was not St. George's losses then she was thinking of—she was thinking of him! He raised his eyes quickly and studied her face the closer; then his heart sank again. No!—he was wrong—there was only wonder in her gaze; only her usual curiosity to know every detail of what was going on around her.

With a sigh he resumed his bent position, talking to the end of his walking stick tracing figures in the gravel: "I shall go to Rio, probably," he continued in the same despondent tone—"or China. That's why I called after you. I sail day after to-morrow—Saturday, at the latest, and it may be a good many years before I get back again, and so I didn't want to go, Kate, without telling you that—that—I forgive you for everything you have done to me—and whether you forgive me or not, I have kept my promises to you, and I will always keep them as long as I live."

"What does dear Uncle George think of it?" She too was addressing the end of

the stick; gaining time to make up her mind what to do and say. The old wound, of course, could not be opened, but she might save him and herself from fresh ones.

"He doesn't know I am going; nobody knows but you. I have been a curse to every one who has been kind to me, and I am going now where there will be nobody but strangers about me. To leave Uncle George breaks my heart, but so does it break my heart to leave my precious mother and dear old Alec, who cries all the time and has now taken to his bed, I hear."

She waited, but her name was not added to the list, nor did he raise his head.

"I deserve it all, I suspect," he went on, "or it wouldn't be sent to me, but it's over now. If I ever come back it will be when I am satisfied with myself; if I never come back, why then my former hard luck has followed me—that's all. And now may I talk to you, Kate, as I used to do sometimes?" He straightened up, threw down his cane, and turned his shoulders so he could look her squarely in the eyes. "If I say anything that offends you you can get up and walk away and I won't follow you, nor will I add another word. You may never see me again, and if it is not what I ought to say, you can forget it all when I am gone. Kate!"—he stopped, and for a moment it was all he could do to control himself. "What I want to tell you first is this—that I haven't had a happy day or hour since that night on the stairs in my father's house. Whether I was right or wrong I don't know; what followed is what I couldn't help, but that part I don't regret, and if any one should behave to you as Willits did I would do it over again. What I do regret is the pain it has caused you. And now here comes this awful sorrow to Uncle George, and I am the cause of that too."

She turned her face quickly, the color leaving her cheeks as if alarmed. HAD he been behaving badly again? But he swept it away with his next sentence.

"You see my father refused to pay any of the bills I owed and Uncle George paid them for me—and I can't have that go on a day longer—certainly not now."

Kate's shoulders relaxed. A sigh of relief spent itself, Harry was still an honest gentleman, whatever else he might have done!

"And now comes the worst of it, Kate." His voice sank almost to a whisper, as if even the birds should not hear this part of his confession: "Yes—the worst of it—that I have had all this to suffer—all this misery to endure—all these insults of my father to bear without you! Always before, we have talked things out together; then you were shut away and I could only look up at your windows and rack my brain wondering where you were and what you were doing. It's all over now—you love somebody else—but I shall never love anybody else: I can't! I don't want to! You are the last thing I kiss before I close my eyes; I shut them and kiss only the air—but it is your lips I feel; and you are the first thing I open them upon when I wake. It will always be so, Kate—you are my body, my soul, and my life. I shall never have you again, I know, but I shall have your memory and that is sweeter and more precious to me than all else in the world!"

"Harry!" There was a strange tremor in her voice—not of self-defence—not of recrimination—only of overwhelming pity: "Don't you think that I too have had my troubles? Do you think it was nothing to me to love you as I did and have—" She stopped, drew in her breath as if to bolster up some inward resolution, and then with a brave lift of the head added: "No, I won't go into that—not to-day."

"Yes—tell me all of it—you can't hurt me more than you have done. But you may be right—no, we won't talk of that part of it. And now, Kate, I won't ask you to stay any longer; I am glad I saw you—it was better than writing." He leaned forward: "Let me look into your face once more, won't you, so I can remember the better. Yes—the same dear eyes—and the hair growing low on the temples, and the beautiful mouth and—No—I shan't forget—I never have." He rose from his seat and held out his hand: "You'll take it, won't you—just once—Good-by!"

She had not moved, nor had she grasped his hand, her face was still towards him, her whole frame tense, the tears crowding to the lids.

"Sit down, Harry. I can't let you go like this. Tell me something more of where you are going—why must you go to sea? Can't you support yourself here?—

Isn't there something you can get to do? I will see my father and find out if——"

"No you won't." There was a note almost of defiance in his voice—one she had never heard before. "I am through with accepting favors from any living man. Hereafter I stand in my own shoes, independent of everybody. My father is the only person who has a right to give me help and as he refuses absolutely to do anything more than pay my board, I must fall back on myself. I didn't see these things in this same way when Uncle George paid my debts, or even when he took me into his home as his guest—but I do now."

Something gave a little bound in Kate's heart. This manly independence was one of the things she had in the old days hoped was in him. What had come over her former lover, she wondered.

"And another thing, Kate." She was listening eagerly—she could not believe it was Harry who was speaking—"If you were to tell me this moment that you loved me again and would marry me, and I still be as I am to-day—outlawed by my father and dependent on charity—I would not do it. I can't live on your money, and I have none of my own. Furthermore, I owe dear Uncle George his money in such a way that I can never pay it back except I earn it, and that I can't do here. To borrow it of somebody else to pay him, would be more disgraceful still."

Again her heart gave a bound. Her father had followed the opposite course, and she knew for a certainty just what some men thought of him, and she could as easily recall half a dozen younger men who had that very summer been willing to play the same game with herself. Something warm and sympathetic struggled up through her reserve.

"Would you stay, Harry, if I asked you to?" she said in almost a whisper. She had not meant to put the question quite in that way, but somehow it had asked itself.

He looked at her with his soft brown eyes, the long lashes shading their tender brilliancy. He had guessed nothing of the newly awakened throb in her heart; only his situation stared him in the face and in this she had no controlling interest; nor could she now that she loved somebody else.

"No, Kate, it wouldn't alter anything. It would be putting off the day when it

would all have to be done over again; and then it would be still worse because of the hopes it had raised."

"Do you really mean, Harry, that you would not stay if I asked you?" It was not her heart which was speaking, but the pride of the woman who had always had her own way.

"I certainly do," he answered emphatically, his voice rising in intensity. "Every day I lose is just so much taken from a decent, independent life."

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept through her. This was the last thing she had expected from Harry. What had come over him that he should deny her anything?—he who had always obeyed her slightest wish. Then a new thought entered her head—why should she humble herself to ask any more questions? With a quick movement she gained her feet and stood toying with her dress, arranging the lace scarf about her throat, tightening the wide strings that held her tea-cup of a bonnet close to her face. She raised her eyes and stole a glance at him. The lips were still firmly set with the resolve that had tightened them, but his eyes were brimming tears.

As suddenly as her pride had risen did it die out. All the tenderness of her nature welled up. She made one step in his direction. She was about to speak, but he had not moved, nor did his face relax. She saw that nothing could shake his resolve; they were as far apart as if the seas already rolled between them. She held out her hand, and with that same note of infinite pathos which he knew so well when she spoke straight from her heart, said as she laid her fingers in his.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Harry."

"Good-by, Kate," he murmured in barely audible tones. "May I—may I—kiss you on the forehead, as I always used to do when I left you——"

She bent her head—he leaned over and touched the spot with his lips as reverently as a sinner kisses the garment of a saint, then, choking down her tears, all her body unstrung, her mind in a whirl, she turned and passed out of the park.

That same afternoon Kate called her father into her little sitting-room at the top of the stairs and shut the door.

"Harry Rutter is going to sea as a common sailor on one of the ships leaving here in a couple of days. Can you find out which one?—it may be one of your own." He was still perfunctory agent of the line.

"Young Rutter going to sea!"—the nomenclature of "my dear Harry," had ended since the colonel had disinherited him. "Well—that *is* news! I suspect that will be the best place for him; then if he plays any of his pranks there will be somebody around with a cat-o'-nine-tails to take it out of him. Going to sea, is he?"

Kate looked at him with lowered lids, her lips curling slightly, but she did not defend the culprit. It was only one of what Prim called his "jokes" and he was the last man in the world to wish any such punishment. Moreover, she knew her father much better than the Honorable Prim knew his daughter, and whenever she had a favor to ask was invariably careful not to let his little tea-kettle boil over.

"Only a short time ago, father, you got a berth as supercargo on one of my grandfather's ships for Mark Gilbert—can't you do it for Harry?"

"But Kate—that was quite a different thing. Mark's father came to me and asked it as a special favor." His assumed authority at the shipping office rarely extended to the appointing of officers—not when the younger partners objected.

"Well, Harry's father won't come to you, nor will Harry; and it isn't a different thing. It's exactly the same thing so far as you are concerned, and there is a greater reason for Harry, for he is alone in the world and he is not used to hard work of any kind, and it is cruel to make a common sailor of him."

"Why I thought Temple was fathering him."

"So Uncle George has, and would always look after him, but Harry is too brave and manly to live upon him any longer, now that Uncle George has lost most of his money. Will you see Mr. Pendergast, or shall I go down to the office?"

Prim mused for a moment: "There may not be a vacancy," he ventured, "but I will inquire. The *Ranger* sails on Friday for the River Platte and I will have Mr. Pendergast come and see me. Supercargoes are of very little use, my dear, unless they have had some business train-

ing and this young man, of course, has had none at all."

"This young man, indeed," thought Kate with a sigh, stilling her indignation. "Poor Harry!—no one need treat him any longer with even common courtesy, now that St. George, his last hold, had been swept away.

"I think on the whole I had better go myself," she added with some impatience. "I don't want anything to go wrong about it."

"No, I'll see him, Kate, just leave it all to me."

He had already decided what to do—or what he would try to do—when he first heard the boy wanted to leave the country. What troubled him was what the managing partner of the Line might think of the proposition. As long as Harry remained at home and within reach any number of things might happen—even a return of the old love. With the scapegrace half-way around the world some other man might have a chance—Willits, especially, who had proved himself in every way worthy of his daughter, and who would soon be one of the leading lawyers of the State if he kept on.

With the closing of the door upon her father, Kate threw herself upon her lounge. One by one the salient features of her interview with Harry passed in review; his pleading for some word of comfort—some note of forgiveness with which to cheer the hours of his exile. "You are the last thing I kiss before I close my eyes." Then his open defiance of her expressed wishes when they conflicted with his own set purpose of going away and staying away until he made up his mind to return. While the first brought with it a certain contented satisfaction—something she had expected and was glad of—the last aroused only indignation and revolt. Her brow tightened, and something of the determination of the old seadog, her grandfather Barkeley, played over her countenance. She no longer then filled Harry's life, controlling all his actions; she no longer inspired his hopes. Rather than marry her he would work as a common sailor. Yes—he had said so, and with his head up and his voice ringing brave and clear. She was proud of him for it—she had never been so proud of him—but why no trace of herself in his resolve?—except in his allusion to the duel, when he said he

would do it over again should any one again insult her. It was courteous, of course, for him to feel that way, however much she abhorred the system of settling such disputes. But then he would do that for any other woman—would, no doubt, for some woman he had not yet seen. In this he was the son of his father and the same Harry—but in everything else he was a changed man—and never more changed than in his attitude toward her.

With these thoughts racking her brain she rose from the lounge and began pacing the floor, peering out between the curtain of the room, her eyes wandering over the park as if she could still see him between the branches. Then her mind cleared and the true situation developed itself:—for months she had hugged to herself the comforting thought that she had only to stretch out her hand and bring him to her feet. He had now looked her full in the face and proclaimed his freedom. It was as if she had caged a bird and found the door open and the prisoner singing in a tree overhead.

That same night she sat by her wood fire in her chamber, her old black mammy—Mammy Henny—bending close, combing out her marvellous hair. She had been studying the coals, watching the little castles pile and fall; the quick smothering of hurrying sparks under a blanket of gray ashes, and the wavering, flickering light that died on the curling smoke. She had not spoken for a long time when the old woman roused her.

"Whar was you dis mawnin" honey chile? Mister Willits done wait mo'n ha'f a hour, den he say he come back an' fetch his sorrel horse wid him dis arternoon, an' take ye ridin'. But he ain't come—dat is, Ben done tol' me so."

"No, mammy," she answered wearily—"I sent him word not to—I didn't feel like riding to-day."

XVII

OVER two years have passed away since that mournful night when Harry with his hand in St. George's, his voice choking, had declared his determination to leave him the next day and seek his fortunes across the seas.

It was a cruel blow to Temple, coming as it did on the heels of his own disaster, but

when the first shock had passed he could but admire the lad for his pluck and love him the better for his independence.

"All right, my son," he had said, concealing as best he could, his intense suffering over the loss of his companion. "I'll try and get along. But remember I am here—and the door is always open. I don't blame you—I would do the same thing were I in your place. And now about Kate—what shall I say to her?"

"Nothing. I said it all this morning. She doesn't love me any more—she would have passed me by without speaking had I not called to her. She'll be married to Willits before I come back—if I ever do come back. But leaving Kate is easier than leaving you. You have stuck to me all the way through and Kate—well—perhaps she hasn't understood—perhaps her father has been talking to her—I don't know. Anyhow, it's all over. If I had had any doubts about it before, this morning's talk settled it. The sea is the best place for me. I can support myself anyway, for a while until I can help you."

And the boy was right, St. George had said to himself. Kate's reason had triumphed at last and her heart had grown cold. She, perhaps, was not to blame. Her experiences had been trying and she was still confronted by influences bitterly opposed to Harry, and largely in favor of Willits, for weak specimen as Prim was, he was still her father and in so important a step as her marriage, must naturally exercise authority. As for his own influence, that, he realized, had come to an end at their last interview: the whole thing, he must admit, was disappointing—cruelly so—the keenest disappointment of his life.

Many a night since then had he sat alone by that same fire, his dogs his only companions, the boy's words ringing in his ears: "Leaving Kate is easier than leaving you!" Had it been the other way, he often thought it would have been nearer the truth, for nothing in his whole life had left so great a void in his heart as the loss of the boy he loved. Not that he was ever completely disheartened; there was always daylight ahead—the day when Harry would come back and their old life begin again. With this in store for him he had led his life as best he could, visiting his friends in the country, entertaining in a simple inexpen-

sive way, hunting at Wesley, where he and Peggy Coston would exchange confidences and funny stories; dining out; fishing in the early spring; getting poorer and poorer in pocket, and yet never complaining, his philosophy being that it would be brighter in the morning, and it always was—to him.

And yet if the truth be told his own situation had not improved—in fact, it had grown steadily worse. Only one payment of interest had been made on the mortgage and the owner was already threatening foreclosure proceedings. Pawson's intervention alone had staved off the fatal climax by promising the holder to keep the loan alive by the collection of some old debts—borrowed money and the like—due St. George for years and which his good nature had allowed to run on indefinitely until some of them were practically outlawed. Indeed it was only through resources like this, in all of which Pawson helped, and with the collecting of some small ground rents, that kept Todd and Jemima in their places and the larder comfortably filled. As to the bank—there was still hope that some small percentage would be paid the depositors, it being the general opinion that the directors were personally liable because of the irregularities which the smash had uncovered—but this would take months, if not years, to work out.

His greatest comfort was in the wanderer's letters. These he would watch for with the eagerness of a girl hungry for news of her distant lover. For the first few months these came by every possible mail, most of them directed to himself; others to his mother, Mrs. Rutter driving in from Moorlands to compare notes with St. George. Then, as the boy made his way further into the interior the intervals were greater—sometimes a month passed without news of him.

"We are short-handed," he wrote St. George, "owing to fever on the voyage out on the *Ranger*, and though I am supercargo and sit at the captain's table, I have to turn to and work like any of the others—fine exercise, but my hands are cracked and blistered and full of tar. I'll have to wear gloves the next time I dine with you."

Not a word of this to his mother—no such hardships for her tender ears:

"Tell me about Kate, mother"—this from Rio—"how she looks; what she says;

does she ever mention my name? My love to Alec. Is Matthew still caring for Spitfire, or has my father sold her?" Then followed the line: "Give my father my respectful regards; I would send my love, but he no longer cares for it."

The dear lady did not deliver the message. Indeed Harry's departure had so widened the breach between the colonel and herself that they practically occupied different parts of the house as far removed from each other as possible. She had denounced him first to his face for the boy's self-imposed exile, and again behind his back to her intimates. Nor did her resolve waver even when the colonel was thrown from his horse and so badly hurt that his eyesight was greatly impaired. "It is a judgment on you," she had said, drawing her frail body up to its full height. "You will now learn what other people suffer," and would have kept on upstairs to her own room had not her heart softened at his helplessness—a new rôle for the colonel.

He had made no answer at the time: he never answered her back. She was too frail to be angry with, and then she was right about his being the cause of her suffering—the first cause of it, at least. He had not yet arrived at the point where he censured himself for all that had happened. In fact since Harry's sudden exit, made without a word to anybody at Moorlands except his mother and Alec, who went to town on a hurry message, he had steadily laid the blame on everybody else connected with the affair—sometimes on St. George for his interference in his peace-making programme at the club and his refusal, when ruined financially, to send the boy back to him in an humble and contrite spirit. Moreover, he had not recovered from the wrath he had felt when, having sent John Gorsuch to ascertain from St. George the amount of money he had paid out for his son, Temple had politely sent Gorsuch, in charge of Todd, downstairs to Pawson who in turn, after listening to Todd's whispered message, had, with equal politeness, shown Gorsuch the door, the colonel's signed check—the amount unfilled—still in his pocket.

It was only when the Lord of Moorlands went into town to spend an hour or so with Kate—and he was a frequent visitor prior to his accident—that his old manner returned. He loved the girl dearly and was

never tired of talking to her. She was the only woman who would listen when he poured out his heart.

What drew the colonel to Kate was his personal force. She liked strong, decided men even if they sometimes erred in their conclusions. Her grandfather, old Captain Barkeley, had had the same masterfulness. He had been in absolute command in his earlier years, and he had kept in command all his life. His word was law, and he was generally right. She was twelve years old when he died, and had, therefore, ample opportunity to know. It was her grandfather's strong personality, in fact, which had given her so clear an idea of her father's many weaknesses. Rutter, she felt, was a combination of both Barkeley and Prim—forceful and yet warped by prejudices; dominating yet intolerant; able to do big things and contented with little ones. His forcefulness, however, despite his many shortcomings, appealed to her. Moreover, she saw much of Harry in him. It was that which made her so willing to listen—she continually comparing one to the other. These comparisons were invariably made in a circle, beginning at Rutter's brown eyes, taking in his features and peculiarities—many of them reproduced in his son's—such as the firm set of the lips and the square line of the chin—and ending quite naturally, with the brown orbs again. While these matched the color and shape, and often the fierce glare of the father's, they could also, she said to herself, shine with the soft light of the mother's. It was from the mother's side, then, that there came the willingness to yield to whatever tempted him—it may be to drink—to a false sense of honor, to herself—Harry being her slave instead of her master. And the other men around her—so far as yielding was concerned (here her brow would tighten and her lips straighten)—were no better. Even Uncle George must take her own "No" for an answer and believe it when she meant quite a different thing. And again would her soul break out in revolt over the web in which she had become entangled, and once more would she cry herself to sleep.

Nobody but her old black mammy knew how tragic had been her sufferings, how many bitter hours she had passed nor how many bitter tears she had shed. Yet even

old Henny could not comfort her, nor was there any one else to whom the girl could pour out her heart. She had, it is true, kept up her intimacy with her Uncle George—hardly a week passed that she was not a visitor at his house or he at hers—but they had long since refrained from discussing Harry. Not because he did not want to talk about him, but because she would not let him—Of course not!

To Richard Horn, however, strange to say, she often turned—not so much for confidences as for a broader understanding of life. The thoughtful inventor was not so hedged about by social restrictions, and would break out in spontaneous admiration of Harry, saying with a decisive nod of his head, "A fine, splendid young fellow, my dear Kate; I recognized it first at St. George's dinner to Mr. Poe, and if I may say so, a much abused young man whose only sin is that he, like many another about us, has been born under a waning star in a sky full of obsolete clouds; one that the fresh breeze of a new civilization will some day clear away."—a deduction which Kate could not quite grasp, but which comforted her greatly.

It delighted her, too, to talk to him of the notable occurrences taking place about them. "You are wonderfully intelligent, my dear," he had said to her on one occasion, "and should miss nothing of the developments that are going on about us;" and in proof of it had the very next day taken her to an exhibition of Mr. Morse's new telegraph, given at the Institute, at which two operators, each with an instrument, the men in sight of each other, but too far apart to be in collusion, were sending and answering the messages through wires stretched around the hall. She, at Richard's suggestion, had written a message herself, which she handed to the nearest operator who had ticked it to his fellow, and who at once read it to the audience. Even then many doubting Thomases had cried out "collusion," until Richard, rising in his seat, had not only endorsed the truth of the reading, but explained the invention, his statement silencing all opposition because of his well-known standing and knowledge of kindred sciences.

Richard's readings also, from which Kate was never absent, and which had now been resumed at his own house, greatly in-

terested her. These of late had been devoted to many of Poe's earlier poems and later tales, for despite the scene at St. George's the inventor had never ceased to believe in the poet.

And so with these occupations, studies, investigations, and social pleasures—she never missing a ball or party (Willits always managing to be with her)—and the spending of the summer months at the Red Sulphur, where she had been pursued by half a dozen admirers—one a titled Englishman—had the days and hours of the years of Harry's absence passed slowly away.

At the end of the second winter a slight change occurred in the monotony of her life. Her constant unwavering devotee, Langdon Willits, fell ill and had to be taken to the Eastern Shore, where the same old lot of bandages—that is of the same pattern—and the same loyal sister, were impressed into service to nurse him back to health. The furrow Harry's bullet had ploughed in his head still troubled him at times, especially in the hot weather, and a horseback ride beside Kate one August day, with the heat in the nineties, had started the subsoil of his cranium to aching with such vehemence that Teackle had promptly packed it in ice and ten days later its owner in blankets had put them both aboard the bay boat bound for the Eastern Shore.

Whether this new irritant—and everything seemed to annoy her now—had begun to tell on our beautiful Kate, or whether the gayety of the winter both at home and in Washington, where she had spent some weeks during the season, had tired her out, certain it was that when the spring came the life had gone out of her step and the color from her cheeks. Mammy Henny had noticed it and had coddled her the more, crooning and petting her; and her father had noticed it and had begun to be anxious, and at last St. George had stalked in and cried out in that breezy, joyous way of his that nothing daunted:

"Here, you sweetheart!—what have you been doing to your cheeks—all the roses out of them and pale as two lilies—and you never out of bed until twelve o'clock in the day and looking then as if you hadn't had a wink of sleep all night. Not a word out of you, Seymour, until I've finished. I'm going to take Kate down to Tom Coston's and

keep her there till she gets well. Too many stuffy balls—too many late suppers—oyster roasts and high doings. None of that at Tom's. Up at six and to bed at ten. I've just had a letter from him and dear Peggy is crazy to have us come. Take your mare along, Kate, and you won't lack fresh air. Now what do you say, Seymour?"

Of course the Honorable Prim bobbed his honorable head and said he had been worried himself over Kate's loss of appetite and that if Temple would, etc., etc.—he would—etc., etc.—and so Mammy Henny began to get pink and white and other fluffy things together, and Ben, with Todd to help, led Joan, her own beloved saddle horse, down to the dock and saw that she was safely lodged between decks, and then up came a coach (all this was two days later) and my lady drove off with two hair trunks in front and a French bonnet box behind—St. George beside her, and fat Mammy Henny in white kerchief and red bandanna, and Todd in one of St. George's old shooting jackets, on the box next the driver with his feet on two of the dogs, the others having been loaned to a friend.

And it was a great leave-taking when the party reached the wharf. Not only were three or four of her girl friends present but a dozen or more of the old merchants forsook their desks, when the coach unlimbered, most of them crossing the cobbles—some bare-headed, and all of them in high stocks and swallow-tail coats—pens behind their ears, spectacles on their pates—to bid the young princess good-bye.

For Kate was still "our Kate," in the widest and broadest sense and the pride and joy of all who knew her, and many who didn't. That she had a dozen beaux—and that some of them had tried to bore holes in each other for love of her; and that one of them was now a wanderer and another in a state of collapse, if report were true—was quite as it should be. Men had died for women a hundred times less worthy and less beautiful, and men would die of love again. When at last she made up her mind she would choose the right man, and in the meantime God bless her for just being alive.

And she was never more alive or more charming than she was to-day.

"Oh, how delightful of you, Mr. Murdoch, and you too, Mr. Bowdoin—and Max

—and all of you, to cross those wretched stones: No, wait, I'll come to you—" she had called out, when with a stamp of her little feet she had shaken the pleats from her skirt—adding when they had all kissed her hand in turn—"Yes—I am going down to be dairy-maid at Peggy Coston's," at which the bald-headed old fellows, with their hands upraised in protest at so great a sacrilege bowed to the ground, their fin-

gers on their ruffled shirt-fronts, and the younger ones lifted their furry hats and kept them in the air until she had crossed the gang-plank and Todd and Mammy Henny, and Ben who had come to help, lost their several breaths getting the impatient dogs and baggage aboard—and so she sailed away with Uncle George as chap-eron, the whole party throwing kisses back and forth.

(To be continued.)

THE WEST IN THE EAST FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

FROM MUGHAL TO BRITON

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"



ON landing at Bombay one discovers that no experience of travel elsewhere has prepared the way. The luxuries are different, the hardships are different, the whole setting of life is different. I am greeted on the landing-stage by a lean chocolate-colored Indian, in flowing robes and a huge white turban, who presents a letter from a soldier friend in Lucknow, who has engaged him as servant or "bearer" for our tour. He is solemnity personified, and his eyes are brown depths of unfathomable impenetrability. During the many weeks he was with us, I saw him smile but once. We were driving at Delhi, he was sitting on the box with the coachman. One of the ponies became fractious and landed one of his heels on the shin of the driver, who howled with pain. Heera Tall smiled, but even then there was no light, no keenness of joy or sorrow in his eyes. What he thought about this incident, or what he thought about anybody or anything else, I shall never know, but I conclude that it was not of much importance.

It is the easy habit both of those who have lived long in India, and of those who

merely trot through India, to describe the people as inscrutable, and to assume that there are depths of thought and feeling behind the unknown tongue, and the unchanging eyes, which are too subtle for the Western mind. It occurs to the traveller sometimes that this is a mistake. There is a great difference between the indefinite and the undefinable. It is possible that India is not so much inscrutable as faded. This old, old civilization may have been printed so often from the same type that the lettering is now blurred and indecipherable. It may be illegible, too, because the font of type conveys nothing very intelligent or profound even to the users thereof.

Because there was a great literature in India two thousand years B. C.; a well-authenticated philosophy worked out into a considered system five hundred years B. C.; a Sanskrit grammar compiled about 350 B. C., which is still the foundation for all study of the Aryan language; an astronomy which had succeeded in making a fairly correct calculation of the solar year, 2000 B. C.; the discoveries of notation both by fractions and algebra; a system of medicine, with hospitals and dissecting-rooms; an art of music, with its seven notes, in-

vented 500 B. C.; a code of law, the Code of Manu, put into its present form about 400 A. D.; and a vast collection of legends and stories in verse, the Mahabharata, the main story dealing with a period not later than 1200 B. C.—because all this is the fruit of the soil of India, one is perhaps tempted to overrate what exists of intellectual prowess to-day. The inscrutability may be emptiness rather than depth.

My singular opinion on this subject was not derived from a study of the bearer, Heera Tall alone, for his patient inscrutability was, I am now convinced, merely a veil of depravity. He knew that what he knew and thought about was best left to the idealism of the cloudiest possible hazi-ness.

I was honored while in India with the opportunity of knowing barristers, journalists, soldiers, native officials and judges, teachers, holy men, small landholders, peasants, monks, princes and educated women, and I conclude that indefiniteness, rather than profundity, describes their education and their philosophy of life. It is not only in India, and at this present time, that easy-going and rather flabby intellects have been willing to accept the high-flown, the turgid, and the indefinite as wonderful and weighty.

The bluster of the demagogue appeals to the many, and the mental gyrations of the transcendental lecturer to fashionable women appeals to them,—at any rate so long as they do not understand him. *Ignotum pro magnifico*, applies in the West as well as in the East. It is almost incredible, as an example of this, that Emerson should have said of Bronson Alcott and his silly “all things are spiral,” that Alcott’s was the greatest philosophic mind since Plato. There are even fewer men who have minds of their own, than have fortunes of their own. We are all directly descended intellectually from Animism, and the clouds and mists, the distortions and noises, of the mind, are accepted with awe, by most of us, as mysteries too deep for us, when as a matter of fact what is not clear is generally the result of lazy thinking, rather than the exploit of an intellect dealing with matters too high for us.

Of the religion and ideals of the overwhelming majority of the people, I have written, and it seems to be a fatigued philosophy, and a blurred idealism, which ani-

mate even the leaders. The climate, and the habits which necessarily follow, tend to drowsiness, rather than to alertness and well-defined wants and wishes.

Even the progressive men and women of India are still steeped in the atmosphere of autocracy. They fumble badly with the new scheme of government, brought to them by their present rulers, the English. England’s greatness is due in no small degree to the fact that she has held stubbornly to the belief, despite republics and revolutions, that all men are not equal, nor all entitled to an equal degree of liberty, but all entitled to an equal degree of justice. France substituted a sham equality for constitutional liberty, and the results are seen in that country to-day in the hateful and hampering tyrannies of bureaucracy. England goes so far as to declare by law that her people are not equal, but she administers justice to all alike, with an impartiality and a rigidity unknown anywhere else in the world. Equality is a sham, justice is a reality. Equality has never been realized, justice has been done. One is purely theoretical, the other practical. England thus far has preferred the possible reality to the impossible sham, with the result that her citizens have more personal liberty, and are more unfettered in their activities, than the citizens of any other country.

I found few, even among the educated in India, who wanted justice. What they called justice I found meant nearly always preference. The unrest and sedition in India are entangled in this mesh of misunderstanding, and their Western sympathizers are unwittingly making matters worse, by using words which mean one thing to them, and another thing to those to whom they are addressed. It should not be forgotten in studying them that their attitude toward the science of government is as old and as deeply bedded in their brains as their literature, their astronomy, and their religion. Thousands of years of dampening of individual effort, of trusting to cunning, to bribery, to insidious influence, have distorted all notions of justice. They suffer from what Lord Curzon admirably phrases as the “immemorial curse of Oriental nations, the trail of the serpent that is found everywhere from Stamboul to Peking—the vicious incubus of officialism, paramount, selfish, domineering, and

corrupt. Distrust of private enterprise is rooted in the mind trained up to believe that the government is everything, and the individual nothing."

One's boyhood notions of Clive and Hastings, and of the "John Company," are at once modified. An hour on shore in Bombay is enough. Even the light is different. It is like that white light, so purely artificial, in which you are placed by the photographer when he asks you to assume a natural expression. The effect upon you at the photographer's, and upon everybody in India, is the same: in defending yourself from the light you assume a concealing expression. Thousands of years of this light have done more than we think, probably, to produce the inscrutability so much talked of, and which may after all be mainly physical.

Another consequence of this hot white light is that one's clothes are piled on the head to protect the brain. Most of the natives in the streets have more yards of stuff on their heads than on their bodies. Color runs riot. Pinks, blues, vermilion, orange, brown, yellow, red, saffron, and many shades of all of them, are worn by men and women; even the bullock-carts, and the horns of the bullocks themselves, are daubed with glaring colors. Bare legs, breasts, and arms become so soon familiar, that the most scrupulously pantalooned puritanism soon ceases to notice anything unusual.

The short journey to the hotel reveals the teeming millions, for where else could nine men be spared to walk through the streets with a grand piano balanced on their heads; reveals the disdain of time, for where else is a trotting bullock a standard of speed, except in Madeira where the oxen draw sledges; reveals the unashamed duplicity, for within an hour after our meeting Heera Tall has announced his wages per month as just twice the amount that my friend in Lucknow has written me I ought to pay; reveals the supremacy of the white race, for where else in this democratic world may the white man walk straight, unconscious and unmenacing, and yet find a lane made for him, as though he were a locomotive running on a pair of rails through a town of prairie dogs?

An official of importance tells me that the first thing he does on his holiday visits

to England is to walk down the Strand, that he may recover from the place-giving, salaaming natives whom he governs, and be jostled and elbowed back into the equitable pedestrianism of the West. One might infer from this that the Englishman likes it, that the white traveller likes it. I can only say for myself, and for the scores of English officials high and low that I met—and some of whom I knew well—that it is not a situation that the white man produces or wishes; rather is it wholly and entirely what the native has evolved as a penetrating and all-embracing legal atmosphere. This is his notion of justice, and order, and equality. He created it ages ago for his own defence, and he perpetuates it to-day for his own security. Palpable power he must have, or there is anarchy. No one knows better than the rich Parsi, or the intriguing Bengali, or the peasant proprietor, or the headmen, or the money-lenders and laborers, that the white man's unimpeded march straight through city or village streets is the symbol for them all, of their life, and fire, and property insurance.

If this is modern Bombay, what must have been the Calcutta and the Madras of one hundred and fifty years ago, when Clive and Hastings laid the foundation-stones of British India? What indeed was the England of those days, the England of George I, who could not read English and "who loved nothing but punch and fat women"; the England of George II, who "had been a bad son, a worse father, an unfaithful husband, and an ungraceful lover"; the England over whose political life was the soiling smear of Walpolean corruption; the England whose cabinet ministers fought for the control of the secret-service fund used for the bribery of the members of the House of Commons; the England which protested not a word that Fox, as paymaster of the forces, should have a hundred thousand pounds of the nation's money out at interest for his own account, and who at one time made a mart of his office, and paid away as much as twenty-five thousand pounds in one morning, in the purchase of votes to buy support for a timorous government?

When one stops to think of the political conditions of government in the country from which Clive and Hastings came, and of the conditions in the land to which they

went, one is surprised at their guiltlessness. Clive fought like an Englishman, but he bribed, deceived, and on one occasion actually forged a name to a treaty, like an Oriental. Both he and Hastings grew to look upon the getting and keeping of wealth, in a fashion that ruins men, whether in Calcutta in the eighteenth, or in New York in the twentieth century. Such rupees, and such dollars, can only buy the clothing of a convict, though its wearers, and their descendants, live in palaces.

Clive, who was born in 1725, went out to India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company at the age of eighteen. He was a whole year getting from London to Madras, one can go from London to Bombay now in fourteen days, and the territory of the company he was to serve consisted of a few square miles, and even for that, rent was paid to the native governments. Here is a picture of an uncouth and morbid young man, destined to mope in an office chair. The French and the English go to war. A French governor of Mauritius captures Madras. Clive joins the army, but peace is declared and he returns to his desk. Peace in Europe did not impose peace in India. A Frenchman of great ability, Duplex by name, saw the opportunity to tie together the scattered fagots of power left in India after the death of Aurangzeb, the last of the Mughals, and began to do so. He played one Indian state against another, and backed by a small, but vastly superior force in point of efficiency, he put, and kept in power the native ruler or rulers he favored, and he soon became himself the supreme influence in southern India. Clive was now twenty-five. He urged his superiors to strike a blow to save India, and the English trading company, from complete French supremacy. He marched to Arcot, and took it without a blow. He was besieged there, he was offered large bribes to surrender, held out for fifty days, was attacked, defeated the enemy, and marched back to Madras as the first successful English soldier in India. There he found Major Stringer Lawrence just arrived from England, and his superior in command. The Lawrences could make a frieze of their names around India's temple of fame. This first Lawrence won Clive's friendship, and between them in two years they broke the power of the French in India. The

"fierce equality" of the Republic to be, of the French Revolution, could brook no superior men then, as now. Duplex was stripped of his fortune and his fame, and died in obscurity; Labourdonnais was sent to the Bastille, and Lally was dragged to his execution with a gag between his lips. No wonder the French are not colonists!

Clive returned to England, still a boy, to be toasted as "General" Clive, and to receive a diamond-hilted sword from the company which he had saved. In 1755 he sailed for India with the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and the appointment of governor of Fort St. David.

The province of Bengal was governed by a native prince of eighteen, who, becoming jealous of the growing power of the English, found an excuse for attacking Calcutta. Most of the English fled down the river, but *one hundred and forty-six* remained. Surajah Dowlah or Siraj-uddaula—his name deserves to be remembered—ordered these prisoners to be confined in the jail at Fort William, a room *eighteen* feet square. It was June. I know the heat of Calcutta in February, what must it be in June? The natives prodded these English men, women, and children into the jail, and laughed at them and ridiculed them as they suffocated. In the morning *twenty-three* were taken out alive. The one Englishwoman who survived was sent off to the harem of the young prince. This is the Black Hole of Calcutta story.

Truly the English are a phlegmatic race. In the year 1910, in Calcutta again, they screen the motor-car of their viceroy, the representative of their king, with heavy wire netting, because the descendants of the people of Surajah Dowlah throw stones at him. It seems a slow method of teaching self-government in India, and somewhat expensive in the lives of men and children and the purity of women, but no doubt they know best.

On hearing of this outrage, Clive and a squadron under Admiral Watson sailed for Calcutta. Calcutta was recovered with little fighting, and much to Clive's regret the Nawab Surajah Dowlah consented to a peace, and made compensation to the company for their money losses—the men, women, and children were not paid for! This might have been the end of the story, but again there was war between England

and France. Clive took up the gauntlet in India. Surajah Dowlah sided with the French. Clive marched out to Plassey,

about seventy miles north of Calcutta, with 1,000 Europeans, 2,000 Sepoys, and 8 pieces of artillery. The Nawab's

the land tax was given to Clive personally, and he thus became the landlord of the company he served.

Following the fashion of the day, Clive schemed to put his own candidate, Mir Jafar, in the place of Surajah Dowlah. While preparing to oust him, he plotted against him and used, amongst others, a wily Hindu named Omichund. The Hindu, knowing the secrets of the plot, threatened to in-

form Surajah Dowlah, unless he were promised a bribe of three hundred thousand pounds. He further demanded that this payment to himself should figure in the treaty. Clive prepared two treaties, one shown



The Sikh body-guard of the Governor of Bombay



The body-servants of the Governor of Bombay and Mr. Collier.



Heera Tall, Mr. Collier's bearer.

army numbered 35,000 foot and 15,000 horse. Clive attacked while the enemy were at dinner, and scattered the Nawab's army to the winds. This was June 23, 1757,

just a hundred years before the Mutiny.

Clive demanded over 2,000,000 pounds sterling as an indemnity, and was paid a little more than half that sum, of which Rs. 200,000 went to Clive as commander-in-chief, and Rs. 1,600,000 as a private donation. A sum equal to about one million dollars of our money at that time. The rupee has since declined very much in value. At the same time the landholder's rights of the 882 square miles around Calcutta were granted to the company. Later,

to the Hindu blackmailer with the promise of payment included, the other without it. Fearing that Admiral Watson would disapprove, he forged Watson's name to the treaty. When all was over, the Hindu was informed that he had been out-Orientalized by Clive, and later went mad.

Mir Jafar began to fear the very power that upheld him, and secretly intrigued with a Dutch force which arrived from Java. Clive routed it. Their ships were destroyed, their troops scattered, and three months later Clive sailed for England. He was a great man now, and he said he had great expectations of the honors to be awarded him at home. Who has not been disappointed in such expectations? Clive was. He was a rich man now. He had sent home more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and he had besides the splendid income from the land rents given him by the grateful Indian prince he had supported. Praise has a parasite, one steady and constant companion, malice. Clive was attacked in Parliament, and he was attacked by the shareholders of the East India Company.

Five years after leaving India for the second time, he was besought, even by those who had attacked him, to go back to save India again, to save her from the bribe-taking and personal peddling of the company's own servants. Stories of repeated revolutions, of a disorganized, pillaging, and corrupt administration, reached London. Clive alone could save the situation.

He was made governor and commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal, and as Baron Clive of Plassey in the peerage of Ireland, he arrived in Calcutta in May, 1765, and remained a year and a half. He had now to fight the corruption, both military and civilian, of his own people. Even British officers threatened to resign if they were not allowed to steal. He forbade the receiving of gifts from natives, he prohibited private trade, he increased the salaries of the company's servants, he set the house of India in order, declined any reward, and returned to England poorer than when he left it.

These were the days of the nabob, and Clive was the chief nabob of all. Englishmen of little education, training, or taste, returned from India with swiftly made fortunes. They out-housed, out-carriaged, out-entertained, out-spent, and outraged the feelings of, their home-keeping neighbors. Like many of the present-day American millionaires they rode rough-shod—mounted on Money. India in those days was far away from England. People did not go there for a winter's jaunt as now they go. Officers, military and civil, did

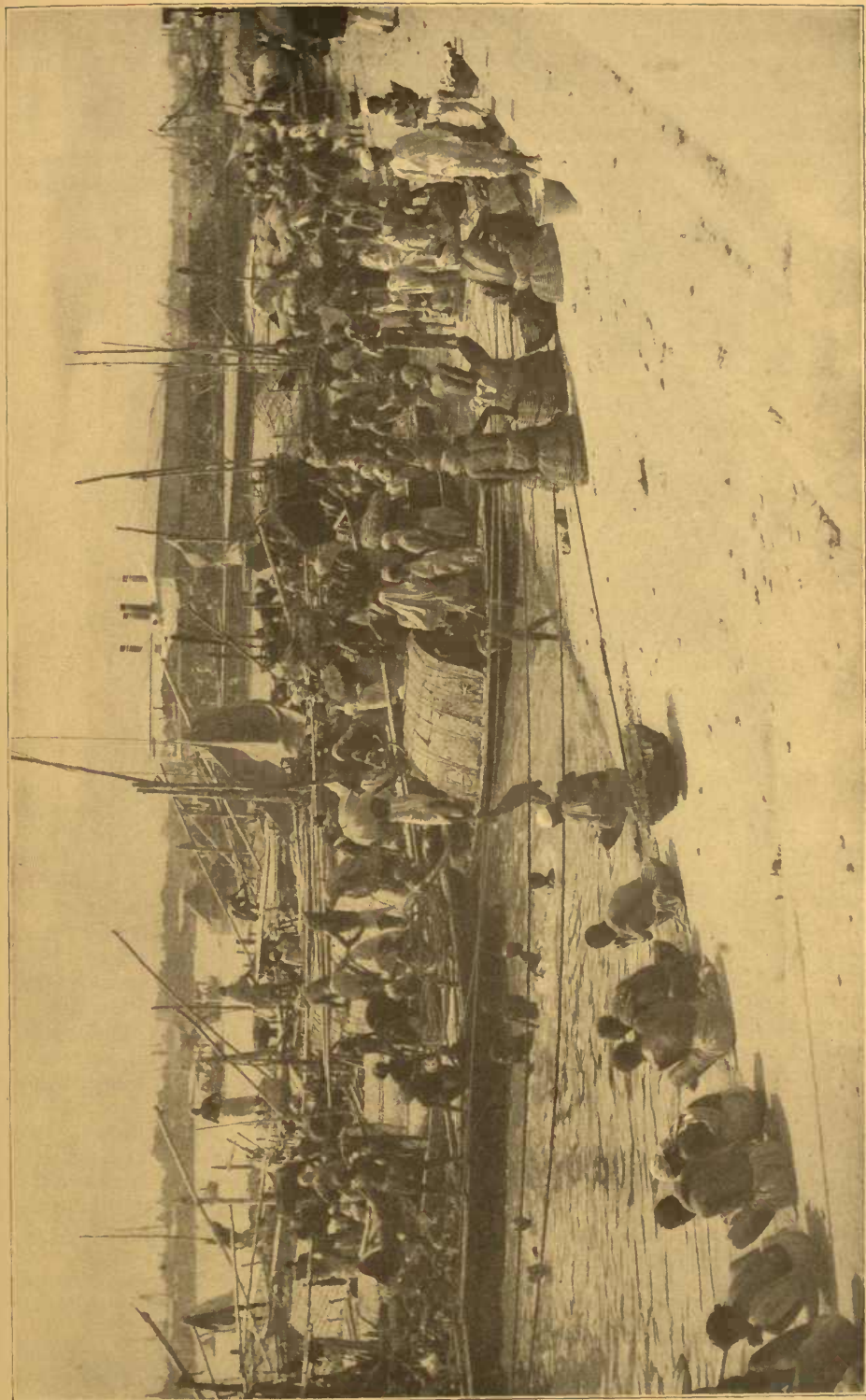
not go and come, and send their wives and daughters home during the hot season. Men went to India, even the servants of the East India Company went, to exploit India not to serve her, to bring back a fortune as speedily as possible for themselves, not to protect the wealth, and to increase the wealth, and to conserve the resources of India for the people of India.

They formed connections that were degrading, they made themselves as comfortable as a horde of cheap and obsequious servants could make them, and they became a race apart, born of unlettered and irresponsible prosperity. When they returned to their native land they had other moral habits, tyrannous and irritable manners, ways of vulgar self-assertion, and the belief that mouthfuls of oaths, and fistfuls of gold, were the proper and most efficient weapons of civilization. They bound books that they did not read, they bought pictures they did not appreciate, they housed themselves as territorial magnates, who were but social pigmies, and substituted a gilded self-consciousness for family tradition. It is doubtful whether the manners and morals of the majority of their enemies, either then or now, offered security of standing for the criticisms passed upon either the nabob of the eighteenth, or the nabob of the twentieth, century. There is a crowd of social as of political urchins always with leisure, and always ready to join in the pursuit of the unfortunate and the unpopular.

"I've rings on my fingers,
I've bells on my toes,
I've elephants to ride upon
My little Irish Rose.

So come to your Nabob,
&c. &c.

was one of the jingles of the general ridicule of the time. When virtue, righteously indignant, sounded the horn for the chase, malice, envy, jealousy, and their cur-companions joined the pack, delighted to have the opportunity to yelp, and snarl, and snap, and bite if possible, in such distinguished company, and under auspices, which made their jackal impudence look leonine. One may admire the Burke of those days, or of this, but the pack which yelps the chorus is as contemptible then as now. One is tempted to defend the nabob merely be-

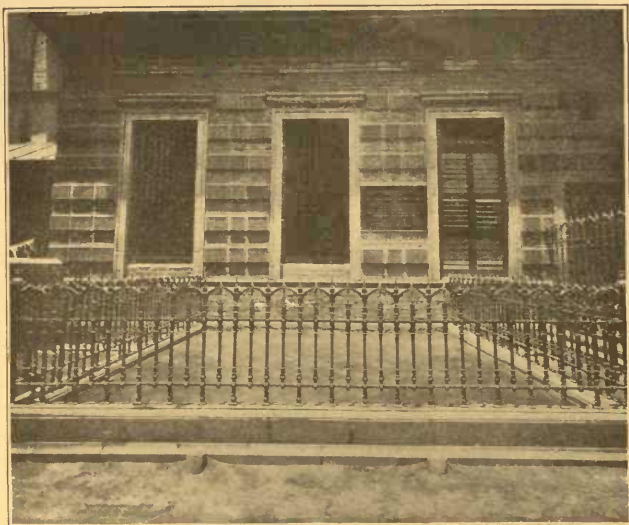


The river bank, Calcutta.

cause the majority of his accusers and assailants are actuated by such mean motives.

I sometimes shock my dilettante and prematurely effete American friends, by expressing my hearty enjoyment of the horde of Occidental nabobs from my own country, who nowadays pour through Europe.

are the signal and sonorous heralds of the power of mere money, and at the same time, the ominous examples of the graces it destroys; they are hard-featured and soft-handed; they are cultivated by those who would prey upon them, and shunned almost with loathing by the aristocracy of sim-



The jail at Fort William, or the Black Hole of Calcutta.*

Their naïf test of what is precious by its price; their sentimental longing and reverence for what is old; the clothing of their women, imitated from the only models they are privileged to see at close quarters, the *cocottes* of Paris; their reiterated nasal narration of the history of their dollars, and their glowing enumeration of those to come; their swiftly acquired and confidential comradeship with hotel clerks, couriers, and shop-keepers; their confident views, boldly expressed, upon subjects with the elementary aspects of which they are totally unfamiliar; their chief occupations, which seem to be spending money, advertising their wives and daughters in the newspapers, and explaining their ancestry—in all these symptoms I rejoice. Such people

* The tablet seen on the wall reads as follows:

The marble pavement below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in 1901, to mark the site of the prison in old Fort William, known as the Black Hole in which 146 British inhabitants of Calcutta were confined on the night of the 20th of June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive.

The pavement marks the exact breadth of the prison, 14 feet 10 inches, but not its full length, 18 feet, about one third of the area at the north end being covered by the building on which this tablet is fixed.

plicity, sincerity, and responsibility; they are the modern barbarians of the Rome of modern civilization; they are of those who must define the word "gentleman" themselves in order to be included in the definition, and no body of men spend so much time at the task; and even now against their brutal and conscienceless methods, the state is arming itself. Every one knows the names of these leaders of the Goths and Vandals of our time, and no libraries, parks colleges, hospitals, and cringing clerical receivers of such bribes, can cloak them in the shining garments of charity; we all, alas, are surrounded too by their imitators, who, though lacking their prowess, lack nothing of their lust for plunder. The sad feature of the situation is that dignity in manners, simplicity in morals, responsibility of wealth, fearlessness in administration, will all suffer before a new Rome emerges from the clutches of this blundering, plundering, and reckless band.

Why do I, an American, rejoice at this spectacle, it may be asked. The answer is simple. The higher their banners hang on

the walls of the social or shopping citadels of London, Paris, and New York, the more brazen their manners, the more high-handed their methods, the swifter and surer will

Western nabob will disappear as did his Eastern prototype. He has been permitted to grow, from the days of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk rascality, and to escape thus far,



Statue of John Nicholson at Delhi.

come their downfall. I laugh to think that the man of greasy complexion, of glittering eye, of over-full belly and protruding pocket, can believe that because London dines with him in order to escape with some of his wealth tied up in his daughter's trousseau, because Paris panders to him, that therefore he is meant to strangle the Puritan of the east, and the Cavalier of the south, and the honest emigrant on the land between them, of my country. His trial is not far off, and his Burke and his Sheridan are preparing their suit against him, and the

through no intrepid or ingenious defence of his own, but because those who oppose and despise him shrink from seeming to ally themselves with any form of socialism in attacking him. I, for one, would rather suffer the nabob, than see the worthy ambitions, energy, initiative, and the commercial aggressiveness and ability of my country, taxed into cowardice, and belawed into helplessness, by the leaders of a mob of all the shiftlessness, envy, crankiness, and inability in the land. I would rather a few freebooters escaped, than that the state

should be bullied by a bureaucracy created and supported by the state itself. Every man who mulcts the treasury of a railroad, who uses false weights for his sugar, or who rigs the stock market, shouts, "Socialism," when it is attempted to punish him. Just the contrary is true. The men who do most to bring the menace of socialism are these very financial freebooters, barbarians, and nabobs of the West, whose salient characteristics I have attempted to describe. It is nonsense to proclaim that we cannot have justice without socialism, and fair-dealing without bureaucracy. One might as logically assert that to hang a murderer, or to imprison a thief, means a return to feudalism, or the founding of an autocracy.

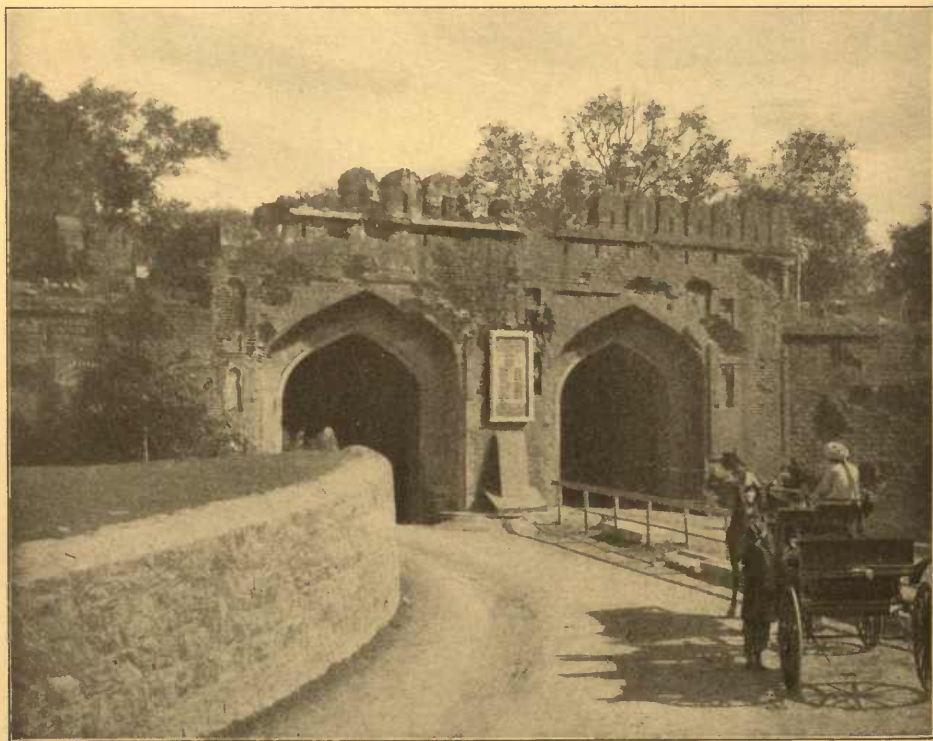
Wealth and power in the ordinary scheme of things should be hard to get. Inferior people always think that the work of the writer, the painter, the soldier, the administrator, once it is done must be easy for them, since they only accomplish what is easy themselves. They account for it by luck or by opportunity, never remembering that their own abilities never seem to find

this right opportunity. That is what luck is. It is the hard work done by ability and opportunity when they meet. There is only one success which is easy but also precarious, and that is intemperate oratory fondling the mob with deceitful words.

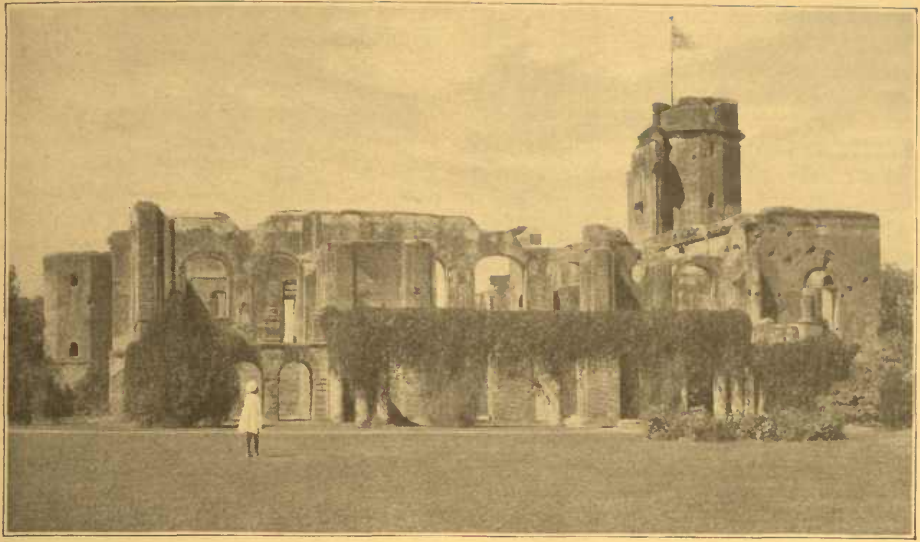
Clive stood out as the chief of the nabobs, he became the best-hated man in England. A committee of Parliament censured, but did not condemn him. He died by his own hand in 1774.

Clive went to India when India was fifteen thousand miles away. He changed the East India Company from a band of plundering pedlars, into the beginnings of a beneficent government. He won for England the greatest dependency she has ever had, or ever will have. He became to the Indian a white governor as powerful, and more just than any ruler in their history. The shadow of his greatness lends security to every white man, woman, and child, and likewise to every brown man, woman, and child, in India.

He forged a friend's name, he lied to an accomplice, he accepted wealth from



The Kashmir Gate, Delhi.



The Residency, Lucknow.

those he conquered, he died by his own hand.

He is very dull, or very daring, who assumes the right to hold the scales of justice for God, in pronouncing a final verdict upon this man. Few of us are so greatly good, or so contemptibly bad, as this man. Few of us accomplish much, or leave a reputation worth puzzling over.

Warren Hastings succeeded Clive as governor-general in 1772, and for thirteen years, consolidated a British administration in India, for the vast territories which Clive had done so much to win. He became the organizer, as Clive had been the founder, of the British Indian Empire. One is tempted to write on of Hastings, as the temptation to write of Clive was irresistible. There was still rough work to do and Hastings used rough weapons.

Authority means responsibility, responsibility demands control, and control easily converts itself into possession. Such was the logical progression of the English in India. They demanded peace and fair play for themselves, and then for those they protected. The sphere of influence of this trading company easily widened to dominion. Protection for themselves or their allies often meant war, and war to ensure its efficacy meant control, and control, disputed, was followed by possession.

This cycle of progress has reached such a pitch that to-day the British crown has stretched its sphere of influence not only throughout India, but far beyond the boundaries of India. From Singapore in the south, to Afghanistan in the north, and from Thibet in the east, to Persia and Egypt in the west, is included in the vast cloak of territory now deemed necessary to the protection from rough political weather of that little colony of rented acres to which Clive sailed in 1743. Take a map and look at it. The Indian Empire, with its allies and feudatories, now occupies the whole area of southern Asia between Russia and China. On the north and west she controls, as against a possible offensive move from Russia, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and the petty states beyond Kashmir up to the skirts of the Hindu Kush Mountains. To the east and south are Nepal and Burma, and beyond Burma a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between India and China. The outer frontier of British India has an immense circumference. The south-eastern extremity on the Gulf of Siam extends thence to Thibet on the north, thence north and westward to the Oxus. On the north-west it covers Afghanistan and Beluchistan, and finally has its western and southern extremity on the shores of the Arabian Sea. This is what the British Empire has under-

taken to defend against Japan, China, Russia, Persia, and Turkey—and with Germany on her flank in the North Sea. There can be no weakening, no social-reform flabbiness, if these colossal territorial responsibilities are to be properly safeguarded. There is also a discontented, some say seditious, many say disloyal, population in India to keep under. In Lucknow and other towns the statue of the empress-queen is guarded day and night by a sentinel, to protect it from coarse infamy and injury.

The history of the setting of the boundary stones is a long and complicated one, reaching down to that gallant soldier and patriot, and distinguished historian, Lord Roberts, who is alive to-day.

The history of the settlement of the moral territory was concluded once and for all when, after Clive's impeachment, his successor, Warren Hastings, was also impeached, in a trial lasting eight years, a trial conducted for the British crown, and for the Christian world, by Burke. The pith of the matter at issue was, whether the control of alien races by Christian rulers permitted the use of alien methods and morals; whether, in short, the Western ruler should be permitted to have an easy code of geographical ethics, one for London, and one for Calcutta; one for Amsterdam, and one for Java; one for Washington, and one for Cuba; one for Brussels, and one for the Congo. Theoretically the question was settled for all time, at the trial of Warren Hastings in the historic hall at Westminster; practically it is still to be enforced, but only here and there, and by conquerors other than the Anglo-Saxons. St. Augustine writes: "To extend rulership over subdued natives is to bad men a felicity, but to good men a necessity."

The East preys upon the weak, the West protects the weak. The social economy of the East is based upon the law of the jungle, we of the West make the attempt, at least, to base our own upon the dicta of Christ. Therein lies the difference which separates us completely. It is the difference between the wolf and the sheep-dog. I do not maintain that the shepherd's dog is always, everywhere, perfectly correct in his behavior, but his ideal and his general standard of conduct is protection and guidance for the sheep, and affection and loyalty for his

master. While the ideal and the general standard of the wolf are to kill both shepherd and sheep, if it can be done with safety to himself.

Even after the new code of the rulers was firmly established morally, it had to fix itself physically. The natives of India could not be taught in a hundred years to believe what for two thousand years and more they had been beaten and plundered into not believing. The Mutiny in 1857 was the result of their scepticism. The motto of that trading company in 1757 might well have been: *Omnes diligunt munera*, but the most bitter enemy of Great Britain must confess that her civil service both in India and elsewhere is now a standard for the world. *Candor non laeditur auro*.

The civil government of two hundred and thirty-two millions and the partial control of sixty-six millions in India are now in the hands of about one thousand two hundred Englishmen, including military officers in civil employ and others, and I doubt if there is one brown man's rupee in any white man's pocket that should not be there. But a man may be honest, contemptuously; just, arrogantly; and confident, carelessly, that those beneath him will accept his actions without his sympathy, and judge him by his morals rather than by his manners. But that is not the brown man's way. The prohibition of sati, or widow-burning; the execution of the high-caste Brahman if he was found guilty, like any low-caste man; the missionary assertiveness on behalf of themselves and their converts; the indifference to the laws of caste; the doing away with any legal obstacle to the remarriage of widows; tales that in the jails all were fed alike without reference to caste; the fear of the Brahmans that they would lose their position and influence; the readjustment of land revenues and taxes; the settlement of claims and boundaries; the lapse of territory to the British power in default of direct or collateral heirs; the story of the Enfield cartridges greased with a mixture of cow's fat and lard—true as shown by the investigations of Mr. Forrest—Lecky writes that the Sepoys in the Mutiny had "sound reason" for fearing injury to their religion as Hindus and Mussulmans: "This is a shameful and terrible fact, and if mutiny was ever justifiable, no stronger

justification could be given than that of the Sepoy troops"; the sickening sentimentality of the ignorant English at home, who fêted and petted a certain Azimula Khan, the emissary of Nana Sahib himself, a man of no position in his own country, but who was received into the best society in Lon-

can depend upon the British, however, to wait for that event until they are fully unprepared.

If an imaginative observer were asked to coin a phrase least adapted to the present situation and condition of the British Empire, he might use the words: "Englishmen



Gate of the Old Fort, Delhi.

don, and who exchanged love-letters with ladies of rank and position, even became engaged to an English girl, and was called "her dear Eastern son" by an idiotic old dowager; flogging abolished in the native army, but continued among the British, the natives looking on at the flogging of white men; the annexation of new territories until the Rajput, the Mahratta, the Sikh, and the Muhammadan laid aside their common jealousies and recognized England as equally the foe of all; no rapid intercommunication as now; a British force in India of thirty-six thousand men as over against a native force of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand, besides the armed police, and lascars attached to the artillery as fighting men—it would have been a miracle if there had been no mutiny.

Along different lines much the same thing goes on in England to-day, and again it will be a miracle if there is no trouble with Germany, or in India, within ten years. One

may sleep peacefully in their beds!" It is comical to record that the young solicitor who answers to the country for the navy, uses this phrase; the able metaphysician who responds for the army uses this phrase; the lately anarchical labor leader, who replies for the commerce of the country, uses this phrase; the solicitor who is responsible for the finances of the country, uses this phrase; the Prime Minister, a scholarly barrister, and be it said the steady-headed, strong-handed master of them all, despite the tales to the contrary, repeats the same phrase. I repeat, for an almost wearisome number of times, they are a great people! Fancy singing, "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top" to the House of Commons and to the country, with such responsibilities, such perils, such warnings pressing upon their attention. We may all envy them their sound nerves. If the Ministers of the Crown of to-day were drinking men, I should ask, as did Lincoln of the accusers

of Grant, for the brand they most affect. I should indulge myself, and distribute what could be spared in Wall Street.

The British were warned over and over again before 1857. Read that rare but valuable book, "Essays Military and Political," by Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, and see the blundering methods, described by one of their own most dutiful servant sons, which brought on the Mutiny.

The native, instead of understanding, misunderstood. He did not see that these changes were meant for his good. He believed that the Brahman was a law unto himself, that widows should be burned, and certainly not be allowed to remarry, and thus stiffen the competition, already severe, against his own daughters. The annexation and control of territory was robbery to him; he did not see that it meant peace, security, and justice. That the Hindus' cartridges were to be greased with the fat of the sacred cow, and the Muhammadans' cartridges greased with the fat of the abhorred pig, was to them what coarse jests at the miracle of the Mass would be to Catholics. It was blasphemous, terrible, and ominous of mysterious and awful spiritual punishment.

We rejoice at the daring of Luther and Sir Thomas More, and the blood and fire of our own religious revolution, why then be astonished that there was revolution in India before the protestant there won freedom of opinion and worship? The jaunty confidence, or the prayerful faith, in right doing of the white man, was not accepted as the voice of any god known to them by the Indians. The Indian brain seethed with mutinous misunderstanding, and why not!

The English were so obtuse that they saw not, neither did they hear, much less did they take any precautions. Many of the most energetic and valuable officers had been drafted off from their regiments, both to serve in the Crimea, and to meet the heavy demands of the many newly acquired territories, for governors and advisers. I quote the words of one of the heroes, and the historian of that time, the words of the man who has retrieved more than one of England's maudlin blunders, the man who is to-day emphasizing with his now unequalled experience of the past, the dangers of the present and the future, Lord

Roberts. "Seniority had produced brigadiers of seventy, colonels of sixty, captains of fifty. Nearly every military officer who held a command or high position on the staff in Bengal when the Mutiny broke out disappeared within the first few weeks. Some were killed, some died of disease, but the great majority failed completely to fulfil the duties of the positions they held. Two generals of division were removed, seven brigadiers were found wanting, and out of the seventy-three regiments of regular cavalry and infantry which mutinied only four commanding officers were given other commands, younger officers being selected to raise and command the new regiments."

These were the gentlemen who, in pajamas, with a whiskey-peg and a cigar, seated on the roof of a bungalow, drilled the natives of India, believing that the gods, and literature, and religion, and customs of three hundred million people for two or three thousand years would melt into acquiescence at the wave of the whiskey or cigar-laden hand from on high.

They were dealing with a generation which had forgotten the anarchy and bloodshed, the pillaging and oppression, which preceded British rule. Muhammadans looked back to the time when they were emperors of India, and when British ambassadors stood meekly on the lower steps of their emperor's throne. The Hindus only remembered that they were on the point of wresting the control from the Muhammadans when the white man stepped in. The interim of order, security, and justice was forgotten. Instead of to a magnificently clad figure seated on a bejewelled throne, with a peacock's tail of precious stones worth millions as a background for his turban, and this in the setting of a marble hall which still remains as a monument of beauty, instead of to this he salaamed to an amorphous and rubicund figure on the roof of a cheaply built bungalow, whose sceptre was a cigar, and whose spiritual life was contained in a glass. The one was thinking of curry and comfort; the other of traditions, and faith, and lost prestige; and the gentlemen of curry and comfort were actually dumbfounded when the underfed underlings betrayed them, killed their women and children, and marched from Meerut to Delhi, before they could

get the whiskey-fed rheum out of their eyes. Indeed they let a whole night and day go

the wheat, the sugar, the cotton were sown and reaped as usual. Millions in India did not even hear of the Mutiny. This is a characteristic of India to be emphasized and to be remembered. No other country is so mute, so unconscious, so deaf in the midst of turmoil and bloodshed. The American must school his imagination to this situation. A fire in Chicago, a flood in Texas, an earthquake in California, is a fire, a flood, an earthquake for the whole country. Not so in India. There were people



Throne room.



The Government House, Calcutta.

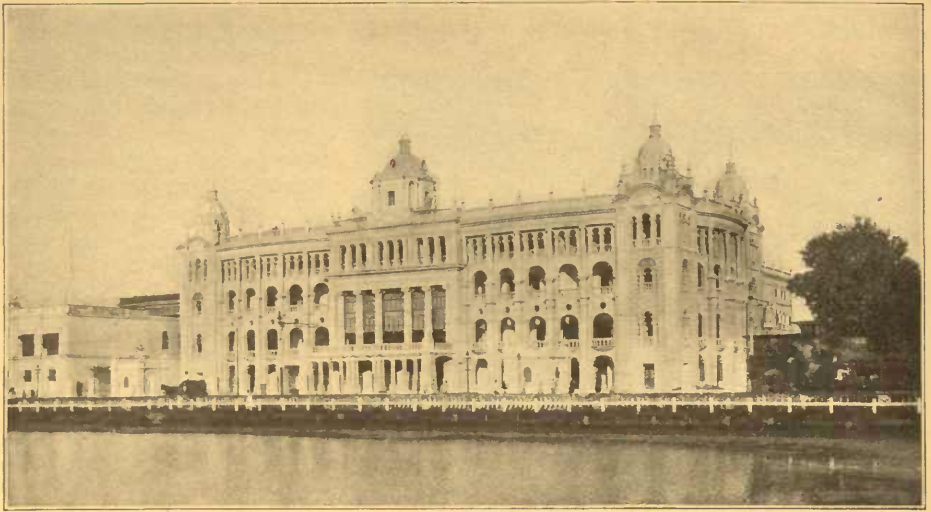
Ball room.



by, did these men, whose ancestors had driven Clive to suicide, before they made a move. How different if Clive had been there.

The Mutiny opened May the 10th, 1857, and it was January, 1859, before the English gained complete control again. And at what a price of heroism and suffering. But, not the Mutiny nor any other disturbance, political or otherwise, in India affects more than a minute proportion of India. Throughout the Mutiny the peasants tended their fields; the rice,

peacefully at work within fifty miles of the fighting who knew nothing of it; and even now, flood, plague, or famine slays hundreds



The New Club, Calcutta.

of thousands in one part of India, and the rest of India is ignorant and undisturbed. When one hears of unrest in India, or when one hears that India wants this, or needs that, all such statements must be put into this enormous crucible where they are ground exceeding small, and prove to be after all only the unrest, the need, or the want of a minute fraction of the unwieldy whole. It is like one of the huge zoological reconstructions of another age, whose hide is so thick, whose extremities are so far apart, that unlike any other bodies known to us, what touches or hurts or heals one part has no effect upon the others.

At Cawnpur was a large native garrison, and when they mutinied, Nana Sahib put himself at their head. The Europeans, including more women and children than fighting men, were besieged for two weeks, and then trusting to a safe-conduct from Nana Sahib, they surrendered. They embarked on boats on the Ganges, the boats were set fire to and shot at by the natives from both banks, and only four escaped. The women and children were massacred a few days later, some of them being pitchforked living upon the bayonets of their murderers.

Delhi was besieged for months from the surrounding ridge, over which I have walked and driven, but it was only in September that the Kashmir Gate was blown

in, and Nicholson fell at the head of the storming party.

The chief commissioner of Oudh was a Lawrence, and not a Lawrence for nothing. He prepared for a siege in the residency at Lucknow, and was mortally wounded there, but his intelligent prevision saved his companions till at last Lucknow was relieved.

It is one of the ghastly nightmares of history to see that Black Hole of Calcutta, that well at Cawnpur, that cellar in the residency at Lucknow, that grave-dotted ridge at Delhi. Women and children outraged, suffocated, pitchforked on bayonets, burnt, stabbed, starved, and strangled: it is a horrible tale. Say what one will of all that, it is British business, British vengeance, not ours, but it is a disgrace to the whole white race that British callousness, and lack of taste and reverence, should permit these graves to be overgrown with weeds, should suffer that miserable little graveyard on the ridge above Delhi, should allow the lettering on the Kashmir Gate to become defaced. The only monument in all India that is not a travesty is the statue of John Nicholson, and more than one of the statues of the white empress and the white emperor of India are *black*! With all the splendid qualities and achievements of the British—to which I have tried without prejudice to do justice—their stupidity is at times as criminal as their attempts at artistic commemoration, are grotesque. If

taste is not indigenous, we can and do supply them with a West, a Whistler, a Sargent, a La Farge, a St. Gaudens. Let them knight their painters of marble baths, and Greek maidens, and bridge problems, and over-decorated wooden sovereigns, and sentimental scenes of bourgeois domesticity, but let them turn over their monuments in which we are all interested, to the real craftsmen of the arts.

The East India Company, its first charter signed and sealed in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth, came to an end in 1858 after the Mutiny. The administration of India was handed over to the crown. Queen Victoria, later, on January 1, 1877, to be proclaimed empress of India, issued the following proclamation when India was taken over:

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our subjects; and these obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. And it is our further will, that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be fully and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

I quote these words for my readers because they were quoted many times to me by the discontented natives of India. The British went further with words of promise, than they find it easy to go in actual practice. Intentions have lungs, breathe, and are communicative. The English are forever intending things for India, which when they are done are already ungratefully received as things long ago deserved; and when they are not done, and compromise is substituted, the Indian sees nothing but hypocrisy and broken promises.

A distinguished Indian gentleman, writing of the reforms just introduced by Lord Minto, says: "Why is there so little enthusiasm among the educated classes about them? Why are some even beginning to fear that they may fail to heal the existing distemper? Because a certain fatality seems to clog the steps of the government, that whenever it does anything useful for the people *it knows not how to do it with good grace.*" The italics are mine, for there in a nutshell is the ever-present criticism of

British rule. It is just, honest, but unsympathetic and ungracious. It is a delicate and a difficult problem. One must tread softly both physically and metaphorically. We ourselves have not won such laurels by our dealings with the ten million negroes in America that we can afford to be censorious, or to offer easy, ready-made solutions for the problem. Ineffable cocksureness might be tempted to shout: Get on or get out! were it not for the possibility of a despatch the next morning announcing a lynching-bee in one's own country, to emphasize one's fallibility.

If you and I had taken over the government of a distracted country, which for centuries had dated passing events from the last raid, the last massacre, the last famine, the last deluge, the last plundering ride of a foreign invader; and if we had laid there 30,000 miles of railway, 100,000 miles and more of telegraph wire; if we had watered 17,000,000 acres with canals of our own construction; if we had arranged that one in every seven acres of the whole country were irrigated; if we had built schools, nursing homes, dispensaries, hospitals—where 8,000,000 children are vaccinated and 25,000,000 people receive relief annually—and post-offices, and police-stations; if school attendance had increased from 500,000 to 6,000,000; if the letters carried had increased from none to 700,000,000 annually; if we had policed the country from end to end, administered justice without fear or favor; spent millions of money and thousands of lives in the country's defence; protected the people from brutal customs, protected the widow and the orphan; secured to every man, woman, and child his rights, his property, and his earnings; if out of nearly 29,000 offices of the government drawing salaries ranging from £60—no small income for a native of India—up to £5,000, as many as 22,000 were filled by natives, and only 6,500 by Europeans; if out of a gross revenue of £75,272,000 only £20,816,000 was raised by taxes so-called, while in England taxation supplies five-sixths, and in India only about one-fourth, of the public income; if we had reduced crime to proportions smaller than in England itself; if the public debt, outside of debt secured by the ample asset of the railways, canals, and so on, amounted to only £28,000,000, a sum less than half of what

it cost to suppress the Mutiny alone; if the land, which when we took charge of it had hardly any commercial value, was now worth £300,000,000; if the export and import trade in less than fifty years had increased from £40,000,000 to £200,000,000, while taxation works out at about 37 cents per head; if innocent religious and social customs had not only not been changed, but protected from interference, in these days too, alas, when so many people mistake mere interference for influence, and in a land of jarring and quarrelsome sects—if you and I had a fraction of these things accomplished by the English in India to our credit, we should be astonished at censure from without, or criticism from within. We might indeed be tempted to resent them.

The Indian agitator tells the people that the railways carry the grain away from the starving, and pay large dividends to the builders; that the canals carry pestilence and disease; that the taxes go to the support of an army to fight England's battles, and to the support of officials who bully the native; that the schools, and hospitals, and colleges are hot-beds of heresy, where the young Indian is taught to deny his ancestral beliefs, in order that the foreign ruler may surreptitiously introduce his own creed and ritual. These are the grosser forms of seditious talk and literature intended to impress the agricultural class. The more intelligent are fed with more subtle accusations.

One accusation against the English carries weight. There are people still living who can remember when India had its weavers and dyers by the hundreds of thousands, and when weaving was a profitable industry. In the early years of the last century, it was stated in evidence, that the cotton and silk goods of India could be sold in England at a profit of from fifty to sixty per cent. and there and then the English weaver was protected by duties upon this class of Indian goods of from seventy to eighty per cent. on their value. The poor Indian weaver, earning his six or eight cents a day, was ruined for the benefit of the English manufacturer. Lancashire mills are protected to this day by duties on Indian goods. This is indefensible and contemptible. British goods are forced upon India without duty, while Indian weavers were starved out by heavy duties. England bids India supply her with raw

materials, that she may employ her capital and her labor profitably, and then sell the manufactured articles to helpless India, deprived of the right to manufacture for herself. I emphasize this, because I consider it a justifiable and competent criticism against British rule. We must all agree, Americans, French, Germans, that we should go to war in an instant against such unfair oppression.

On the other hand, the accusation of lack of sympathy, of comradeship, of social intercourse, is twaddle. The Indian climate, and population, and steady adherence to religious and social customs, have swallowed up every religion and every civilization which has mixed with it, from Buddhism in religion, to the Mughal dynasty. The British maintain control, and can only retain control, by refusing any intimacy of intercourse which would entail the mixing of one civilization with the other. They have their own clubs, their own sports, their sheltered homes, and their own codes. They go out to India in relays, and not to settle, and that is their salvation. They go out alone or with their families, not to mingle and to mix, but to work at governing, and to come home when their task is done as much Englishmen as when they went out. If they went to India with their families to be swallowed up, to be incorporated socially, morally, and politically, then indeed there would be no excuse for their rule there. Any other policy would be fatal.

No race except the English could maintain their gravity at the thought that *purdah* parties are a political necessity. Most of the Indian women live secluded, and always in public cover their faces, which is termed being in *purdah*. The women of the families of the English officials have been urged to show their interest by inviting these ladies to their houses. They play children's games with them, eat cakes and drink tea with them, and stroking the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral to influence the dean and chapter is no more futile than is this silly soliciting of comradeship with the women of India, as a method of propitiating the irreconcilables.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh writes: "Statistics show the number of female children married under four years of age to be more than 200,000, of those married between five

and nine to be over 2,000,000, and those married under fourteen to be 8,000,000; and the enforced widowhood of these girls is the greatest curse of India. But while educated native men are working for the emancipation of the women, unfortunately, as already observed, they are persistently hindered in their efforts by the opposition offered to their programme of progress by their unlettered, reactionary womenfolk; their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, even their widowed female relatives, are bitterly opposed to this radical reform, and their combined power perpetuates the practice.

The last census showed that 997 Muhammadan and 995 Hindu women per 1,000 were illiterate in the year of our Lord 1900. What is still worse is the fact that at present less than one per cent of Indian girls of school-going age are being educated."

None but a great nation impervious to ridicule, could persist in urging officially its civil servants to ask their wives to entertain the native women with childish games, as a mark of a sympathetic administration. The French or the Americans would suffocate with laughter at the suggestion. This is not sympathy, this is curdled kindness. Just as one ceases to be well dressed when one is noticeably well dressed, so friendliness ceases to be friendliness when it puts on a uniform and advertises itself. But what can you expect from a nation whose minister for war sends out a solemn circular suggesting that the new territorial force should assemble on a convenient Sunday to thank God that they had been evolved from his brain, and that their predecessors had ceased to exist; or the even more grotesque circular, which must certainly have been suggested to Mr. Haldane by a wag in the war office, but which was nonetheless sent out, to the effect that landlords who are heads of territorial contingents in their neighborhood, should be granted permission to add an unsheathed sword pointing upward to their flag, or pointing downward when they were no longer in office? Only a ponderous patriot could thus offer himself for the altar of the Abraham of ridicule, on the off chance that a convenient ram would be found in the near-by bushes.

But along the lines of humor and æstheticism a nation that will tamely submit to

the Albert Memorial monument or to the statue of Shelley at Oxford, may be expected to furnish ample matter for amusement. Heine wrote to a rich uncle that there were so many fools in the world that he felt no fear of not being able to make a living. He even added, that he thought he could live on that one uncle alone. The Albert Memorial alone would furnish a literary living for a lifetime.

The male Indian, both Hindu and Muhammadan, of course with exceptions among the educated, still looks upon women much as Erasmus did: "Woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal, but entertaining and pleasant."

When the Englishman becomes self-conscious either socially or morally, he is deplorably awkward. There is so much talk, so much audible discontent, so much putting of the old methods of government into the crucible, just now in India, that the Englishman is beginning to wonder if he is right, if he is justified, and this makes for self-consciousness and for lack of confidence, and reacts upon the people. A nervous rider makes a nervous horse. The Indian does not understand that this is the vacillation of conscience; he interprets it in the one way his experience permits him to interpret it, as fear. Artificial sympathy, pumped-up cordiality, assumed comradeship, are no more possible to the average Englishman than trimming hats, curling hair, or dancing skirt-dances.

There is an ample supply of honest comradeship and real sympathy between the British and the Indian. I have spent weeks camping and travelling with soldier and civil service officials. Any man who believes that there is lack of sympathy should spend some time with British officers and their native troops; with British officers and the Imperial Service troops of the native princes; with commissioners and deputy commissioners doing their work in the outlying districts; or hear for the first time the Englishman "talking shop" as the British officer in India will do in his enthusiasm about his Gurkhas, or his Sikhs, or his Patiala Lancers, or his Bhopal light cavalry. It would be affectation on my part to say that my experience is limited in these matters, for I have ridden with our Western troopers many a mile on the plains, and only lately I have seen Jap-

anese cavalry schools, Chinese mountain batteries, Argentine cavalry, English soldiering at home, and nowhere in the world, I maintain, will you find better feeling between officers and men than in India. This is the sympathy that one need not be ashamed of, and which counts; while the tea-cake variety is merely the doctrinaire philanthropy of parochial officialdom.

When one reads a leaflet recently distributed in Bengal signed "Editor," and with the following postscript: "The editor will be extremely obliged to readers if they will translate into all languages and circulate broadcast," and which runs as follows: "Sacrifice white blood undiluted and pure at the call of your god on the altar of freedom. The bones of the martyrs cry out for vengeance, and you will be traitors to your country if you do not adequately respond to the call. Whites, be they men, women, or children—murder them indiscriminately, and you will not commit any sin"—when one reads this, rubbish though it be, and remembers the ignorance and prejudice of those who read it and those to whom it is read, the sheltered humanitarianism of the Indian office seems very afternoon-tea indeed. "His heart swelled," writes Balzac, "with that dull collected love which we must call humanitarianism, the eldest son of deceased philanthropy, and which is to the divine charity what system is to art, or reasoning to deed."

Sympathy is the catch-word in India just now. One hears it suggested on every hand as the remedy for unrest. The kindly feeling for, and the understanding of, another's temperament, which makes for sympathy, curdles when it is forced. I remember a Sunday-school of my boyhood days, where a class of small boys sat in a circle around their teacher. The superintendent was leading in prayer. One of the small boys was gazing about the room. I even remember that boy's name: Crosby. His teacher saw his inattention and whispered to him fiercely: "Crosby, now you pray!" Through many years that scene has been a picture to me of the folly of attempting to enforce spiritual laws. The present situation is not more ridiculous. India kept in hand by a small party, mostly of young men in the army and the civil service; sport-loving, wholesome, unaffected, with no thought, most of them, of

artifice in their manners or their methods, in very many cases adored by their men, and of a sudden one hears the voice of inexperience, of theoretical enthusiasm, saying: "Now, you fellows, sympathize!" and they probably sympathize the way Crosby prayed, and they would be fools indeed if they did anything else.

There is no cleaner, healthier, better-managed colony in the world than Java, and we do not consider the Dutch to be either imaginative or sympathetic. A man may be fond of children, and not care to take his meals with them in the nursery, or to give them the run of his study, or take them to lunch at his club, or to have them camp every night in his bed-room.

Sir Richard Burton, who knew the ins and outs of the Oriental mind if anybody ever did, does not hesitate to say that the natives of India cannot even respect a European who mixes with them.

The old wholesome theory that the inferior should be urged to play up, and be rewarded if he did, made us Americans and English what we are; the modern theory, born of the miasma of the French Revolution, urging the superior to play down, will emasculate us inevitably.

I fail to see any signs at home or abroad, that the coy but nonetheless calculating professional philanthropy of the day has brought about, or is on the way to do so, a better feeling between men. We are producing artificial relations between men in a hot-house, and when they are bedded out to grow, in the competition and strife and turmoil of all weathers and all temperatures with which life assails them, they wilt even more quickly than before they were so carefully tended. If you feel your pulse, or watch your breathing, or ponder overmuch about your digestion, your pulse and your breathing become irregular, and your digestion goes wrong. Try it and see. Certain human functions are, and must be, automatic; they are so sensitive that the least interference with them, even thinking about them, will disarrange them. Certain of the relations between men, whether in India or in the negro belt in America, or in the squalid quarters of the poor in New York or in London, are of that kind.

If I may be permitted to use a personal illustration, I cite my own liking for the negro. I come from his country, my family

has for many scores of years dealt with him and served him, as he has served them. I could no more pump up this feeling of understanding and sympathy, and ability to get on with him, than I could think myself into being a painter, or urge or excite myself into being six feet and four inches high. It may be asked then if the writer is utterly contemptuous of kindly human feeling. No one less so. It is the attempt to solve the inevitable problems of economic and governmental conditions that are necessarily artificial, by an assumption of artificial temperament and manners, that is condemned.

Civilization in India, and in every great commercial and political centre of the world to-day, is distorted by the political and economic exigencies of great aggregations of population, fed, clothed, and housed by machinery instead of by the individual labor of each one. If all the machinery in the world to-day in the cotton, corn, and wheat fields, in the mines, in the great manufactories, in the transportation agencies, in all the branches which feed, clothe, house, water, and carry us, were suddenly to become useless, and could not be repaired; if our own railroads were to be hampered by excitable legislation, if, in short, with our present aggregations of population we were obliged to revert to the methods of even one hundred years ago, what awful plague, famine, and death would follow! This means that vast populations are existing to-day by the grace of machinery, and not by virtue of their own prowess, and practically every social problem of the day arises from that and nothing else. We are all, more or less, living upon charity, except the farmer, and not by the exertion of our natural and elementary forces; and it is only the strong-willed and the stout-hearted who do not deteriorate in consequence. Those who see this may be forgiven for not only believing, but knowing, that more philanthropy, that more artificial sympathy, only makes matters worse. Modern ingenuity and obedience to the laws of hygiene, have brought this enormous brood into the world, and now proposes to smile and smooth it into contentment. One might as well attempt to bring up one's children on the sugar-coating of one's wedding cake.

It is stated that the average length of human life in European countries, in the sixteenth century, was between eighteen and

twenty years. To-day it is between forty and fifty years. The death-rate has fallen as man's life has lengthened. In the seventeenth century the mortality rate of London was 50 per 1,000 of population; to-day it is 15 per 1,000 of population. In the year 1700 the mortality rate of Boston was 34 per 1,000; to-day it is 19. Within a century, London, Berlin, and Munich have cut their death-rates nearly in half. In Sweden, the home of school gymnastics and government-controlled hygiene, the average length of life is 50 years for men, and 53 years for women, the highest in the world. In the United States, the average lifetime is 44 for men, and 46 for women. In India the average lifetime for men is 23, and for women 24.

It is almost impossible to calculate the enormous increase of population that these figures suggest; and an increase of the number of men and women in the world of mature years, whose demands upon life for food for occupation, for education, for amusement, and for governing are the demands of grown-up people. This single problem of the increase of the grown-up population of the world in the last two hundred years, is never mentioned; and yet it is outstanding, ever growing, all-else-including, and as much more overshadowing all other problems of civilization, as the sky compared to tents. To attempt to solve this greatest problem of our time, perhaps of any time, by doles of money, smiles, and words, is not only ridiculous as theory, but is proving itself deplorable as practice. Wherever else the way out of the tangle lies, it is not there. To issue orders for *pardah* parties, and for bows and smiles on railway trains, makes one doubt the lucid writing, the clear thinking, the masterly grasp of great problems, for which I for one have admired and extolled John Morley for nearly a quarter of a century. It is not only no solution of the problem in itself, but it is tempting the unthinking and superficial to believe that the problem is only as difficult as the suggestion of such sickly remedies implies.

India has a negligible amount of machinery, and an overwhelming population, consequently the problem is more acute there than elsewhere; but it exists in Germany and in Japan, and while it is called "Unrest" in India, it is called the "Ger-

man Peril" in Europe, the "Japanese Peril" in America. In addition to this machine-made population, there has grown with advancing civilization and its wealth, a fashion of relieving women of all share in productive labor. America and England, for example, carry, industrially speaking, an enormous weight of idle women, the most idle and luxurious of whom do not even bear children, and who are the direct incentive to extravagance and waste. Fortunately they are comparatively few in number, but they are nonetheless a factor in the problem.

Let us be frank, therefore, and say at once that "Unrest" in India is not an exotic among social and economic problems, it is a phase, an Oriental phase, if you please, which presses upon every country in the world; less in the United States and in South America than elsewhere merely because we have the food supply of the world in our hands. Manufactured sympathy will solve the problem neither in India, nor anywhere else. On the contrary the unthinking philanthropist, and the cunning politician, not only in India, but in England, Germany, France, and America, are leading whole populations to believe that the few millions of money concentrated in a few hands are the cause of the poverty and discomfort of all the rest. There never was a meaner nor a more

dangerous lie: first, because it tickles the fancy of the people, second, because it leads them in a wrong direction for the solution of their troubles, and third, because it is these very aggregations of capital that alone make it possible even to feed these masses of population. Like every other remedy for human ills, if it be easy and pleasant you may be sure it is poisonous. There are room, and food, and leisure, and opportunity for every honest, sober, hard-working man in the world still; whatever the future have in store for the rapidly increasing population of the world; but the mill of competition is growing more and more terrible as modern science fosters the growth of population, and the shiftless, the dissipated, and the weak find it harder and harder to keep on the road, and out of the gutter, as the road becomes more and more crowded. "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new man!" The ghastly gospel which preaches that all our woes are due to somebody else, and the demagogic apostles of that gospel, will, and can, only land their followers into a deeper ditch. Sympathy, yes, but easy lies, never. The slightest move in this direction, the faintest whisper to these three hundred millions in India, would be on a par for fiendish cruelty with persuading the children of a family that all their woes were due to the selfishness of their parents.

THE CHURCH IN THE CITY

By Anne Bunner

ITS doors stand open to the busy street.

Within—are silence and soft solitude;

Without—the tread of countless passing feet.

A careless people, old with unbelief,

Incredulous of creeds and simple faith,

Pass by impatiently; and only Grief

Stands hesitant before the open door.

Old, world-old Grief, too tired for new creeds,

Seeking the simple faith it knew before.



PORTRAIT OF A PHILOSOPHER

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE news of Professor Gridley's death filled Middletown College with consternation. Its one claim to distinction was gone, for in spite of the excessive quiet of his private life, he had always cast about the obscure little college the shimmering aura of greatness. There had been no fondness possible for the austere old thinker, but Middletown village, as well as the college, had been touched by his fidelity to the very moderate attractions of his birthplace. When, as often happened, some famous figure was seen on the streets, people used to say first, "Here to see old Grid, I suppose," and then, "Funny how he sticks here. They say he was offered seven thousand at the University of California." In the absence of any known motive for this steadfastness, the village legend-making instinct had evolved a theory that he did not wish to move away from a state of which his father had been governor, and where the name of Gridley was like a patent of nobility.

And now he was gone, the last of the race. His disappearance caused the usual amount of reminiscent talk among his

neighbors. The older people recalled the by-gone scandals connected with his notorious and popular father and intimated with knowing nods that there were plenty of other descendants of the old governor who were not entitled legally to bear the name; but the younger ones, who had known only the severely ascetic life and cold personality of the celebrated scholar, found it difficult to connect him with such a father. In their talk they brought to mind the man himself, his queer shabby clothes, his big stooping frame, his sad black eyes, absent almost to vacancy as though always fixed on high and distant thoughts; and those who had lived near him told laughing stories about the crude and countrified simplicity of his old aunt's house-keeping—it was said that the president of Harvard had been invited to join them once in a Sunday evening meal of crackers and milk—but the general tenor of feeling was, as it had been during his life, of pride in his great fame and in the celebrated people who had come to see him.

This pride warmed into something like affection when, the day after his death, came the tidings that he had bequeathed

to his college the Gino Sprague Fallères portrait of himself. Of course, at that time, no one in Middletown had seen the picture, for the philosopher's sudden death had occurred, very dramatically, actually during the last sitting. He had, in fact, had barely one glimpse of it himself, as, according to Fallères's invariable rule, no one, not even the subject of the portrait, had been allowed to examine an unfinished piece of work. But, though Middletown had no first-hand knowledge of the picture, there could be no doubt about the value of the canvas. As soon as it was put on exhibition in London, from every art-critic in the three nations who claimed Fallères for their own, there rose a wail that this masterpiece was to be buried in an unknown college in an obscure village in barbarous America. It was confidently stated that it would be saved from such an unfitting resting-place by strong action on the part of an International Committee of Artists; but Middletown, though startled by its own good fortune, clung with Yankee tenacity to its rights. Raphael Collin, of Paris, commenting on this in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, cried out whimsically upon the woes of an art-critic's life, "as if there were not already enough wearisome pilgrimages necessary to remote and uncomfortable places with jaw-breaking names, which must nevertheless be visited for the sake of a single picture!" And a burlesque resolution to carry off the picture by force was adopted at the dinner in London given in honor of Fallères the evening before he set off for America to attend the dedicatory exercises with which Middletown planned to install its new treasure.

For the little rustic college rose to its one great occasion. Bold in their confidence in their dead colleague's fame, the college authorities sent out invitations to all the great ones of the country. Those to whom Gridley was no more than a name on volumes one never read, came because the portrait was by Fallères, and those who had no interest in the world of art came to honor the moralist whose noble clear-thinking had simplified the intimate problems of modern life. There was the usual residuum of those who came because the others did, and, also as usual, they were among the most brilliant figures in the procession which filed along, one October

morning, under the old maples of Middletown campus.

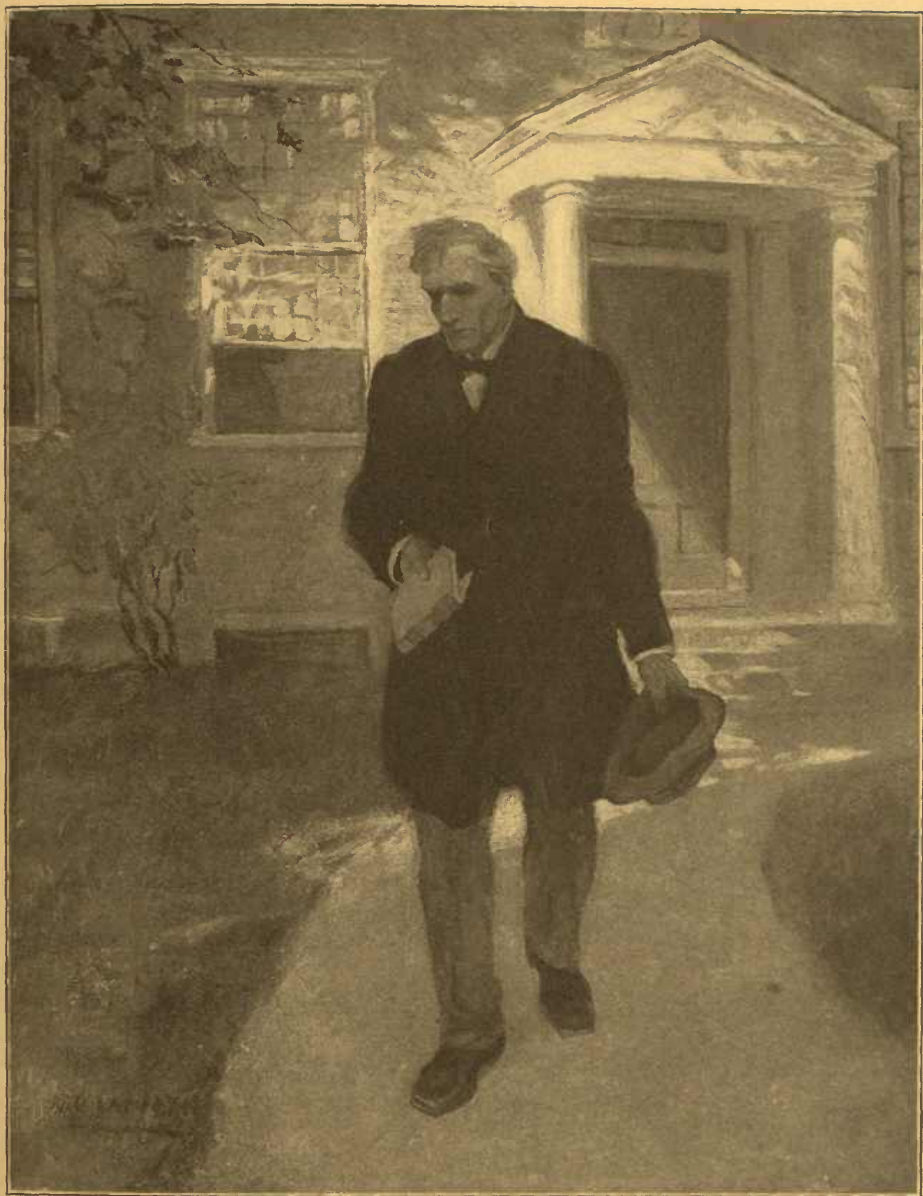
It was a notable celebration. A bishop opened the exercises with prayer, a United States senator delivered the eulogy of the dead philosopher, the veil uncovering the portrait was drawn away by the mayor of one of America's largest cities, himself an ardent Gridleyite, and among those who spoke afterward were the presidents of three great universities. The professor's family was represented but scantily. He had had one brother, who had disappeared many years ago under a black cloud of ill report, and one sister who had married and gone West to live. Her two sons, middle-aged merchants from Ohio, gave the only personal note to the occasion by their somewhat tongue-tied and embarrassed presence, for Gridley's aunt was too aged and infirm to walk with the procession from the Gymnasium, where it formed, to the Library building where the portrait was installed.

After the inevitable photographers had made their records of the memorable gathering the procession began to wind its many-colored way back to the Assembly Hall, where it was to lunch. Every one was feeling relieved that the unveiling had gone off so smoothly, and cheerful at the prospect of food. The undergraduates began lustily to shout their college song, which was caught up by the holiday mood of the older ones. This cheerful tumult gradually died away in the distance, leaving the room of the portrait deserted in an echoing silence. A janitor began to remove the rows of folding chairs. The celebration was over.

Into the empty room there now limped forward a small, shabby old woman with a crutch. "I'm his aunt, that lived with him," she explained apologetically, "and I want to see the picture."

She advanced, peering near-sightedly at the canvas. The janitor continued stacking up chairs until he was stopped by a cry from the new-comer. She was a great deal paler than when she came in. She was staring hard at the portrait and now beckoned him wildly to do the same. "Look at it! Look at it!"

Surprised, he followed the direction of her shaking hand. "Sure, it's Professor Grid to the life!" he said admiringly.



His queer shabby clothes, his big stooping frame, his sad black eyes, absent almost to vacancy.—Page 447.

“Look at it! Look at it!” She seemed not to be able to find any other words.

After a prolonged scrutiny he turned to her with a puzzled line between his eyebrows. “Since you’ve spoken of it, ma’am, I will say that there’s a something about the expression of the eyes . . . and mouth, maybe . . . that ain’t just the professor.

He was more absent-like. It reminds me of somebody else . . . of some face I’ve seen . . .”

She hung on his answer, her mild, timid old face drawn like a mask of tragedy. “Who? Who?” she prompted him.

For a time he could not remember, staring at the new portrait and scratching

his head. Then it came to him suddenly: "Why, sure, I ought to ha' known without thinkin', seeing the other picture as often as every time I've swep' out the president's office. And Professor Grid always looked like him some, anyhow."

The old woman leaned against the wall, her crutch trembling in her hand. Her eyes questioned him mutely.

"Why, ma'am, who but his own father, to be sure . . . the old governor."

II

WHILE they had been duly sensible of the lustre reflected upon them by the celebration in honor of their distinguished uncle, Professor Gridley's two nephews could scarcely have said truthfully that they enjoyed the occasion. As one of them did say to the other, the whole show was rather out of their line. Their line was wholesale hardware and, being eager to return to it, it was with a distinct feeling of relief that they waited for the train at the station. They were therefore as much displeased as surprised by the sudden appearance to them of their great-aunt, very haggard, her usual extreme timidity swept away by overmastering emotion. She clutched at the two merchants with a great sob of relief: "Stephen! Eli! Come back to the house," she cried, and before they could stop her was hobbling away. They hurried after her, divided between the fear of losing their train and the hope that some inheritance from their uncle had been found. They were not mercenary men, but they felt a not unnatural disappointment that Professor Gridley had left not a penny, not even to his aunt, his one intimate.

They overtook her, scuttling along like some frightened and wounded little animal. "What's the matter, Aunt Amelia?" they asked shortly. "We've got to catch this train."

She faced them. "You can't go now. You've got to make them take that picture away."

"Away!" Their blankness was stupefaction.

She raged at them, the timid, harmless little thing, like a creature distraught. "Didn't you see it? Didn't you see it?"

Stephen answered: "Well, no, not to

have a good square look at it. The man in front of me kept getting in the way."

Eli admitted: "If you mean you don't see anything in it to make all this hurrah about, I'm with you. It don't look half finished. I don't like that slap-dash style."

She was in a frenzy at their denseness. "Who did it look like?" she challenged them.

"Why, like Uncle Grid, of course. Who else?"

"Yes, yes," she cried; "who else? Who else?"

They looked at each other, afraid that she was crazed, and spoke more gently: "Why, I don't know, I'm sure, who else. Like Grandfather Gridley, of course; but then Uncle Grid always did look like his father."

At this she quite definitely put it out of their power to leave her by fainting away.

They carried her home and laid her on her own bed, where one of them stayed to attend her while the other went back to rescue their deserted baggage. As the door closed behind him the old woman came to herself. "Oh, Stephen," she moaned, "I wish it had killed me, the way it did your uncle."

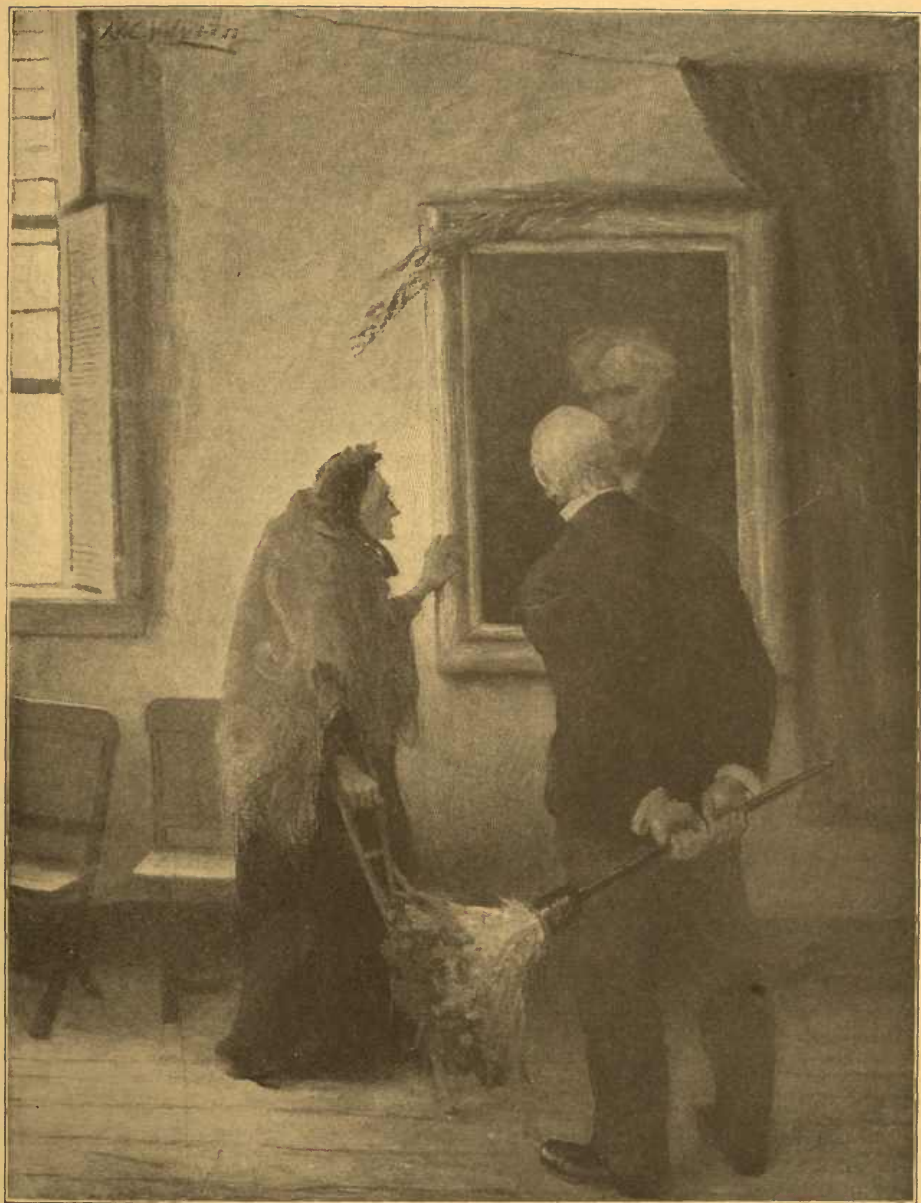
"What is the matter?" asked her great-nephew wonderingly. "What do you think killed him?"

"That awful, awful picture! I know it now as plain as if I'd been there. He hadn't seen it all the time he was sitting for it, though he'd already put in his will that he wanted the college to have it, and when he did see it—" she turned on the merchant with a sudden fury: "How *dare* you say those are your uncle's eyes!"

He put his hand soothingly on hers. "Now, now, Aunt 'Melia, maybe the expression isn't just right, but the color is *fine* . . . just that jet-black his were . . . and the artist has got in exact that funny stiff way uncle's hair stood up over his forehead."

The old woman fixed outraged eyes upon him. "Color!" she said. "And hair! Oh Lord, help me!"

She sat up on the bed, clutching her nephew's hand, and began to talk rapidly. When, a half-hour later, the other brother returned, neither of them heard him enter the house. It was only when he called



"Sure, it's Professor Grid to the life!" he said admiringly.—Page 448.

at the foot of the stairs that they both started and Stephen ran down to join him.

"You'll see the president . . . you'll fix it?" the old woman cried after him.

"I'll see, Aunt 'Melia," he answered pacifyingly as he drew his brother out of doors. He looked quite pale and moved, and drew a long breath before he could be-

gin. "Aunt Amelia's been telling me a lot of things I never knew, Eli. It seems that . . . say, did you ever hear that Grandfather Gridley, the governor, was such a bad lot?"

"Why, mother never said much about her father one way or the other, but I always sort of guessed he wasn't all he

might have been from her never bringing us on to visit here until after he died. She used to look queer, too, when folks congratulated her on having such a famous man for father. All the big politicians of his day thought a lot of him. He *was* as smart as chain-lightning!"

"He was a disreputable old scalawag!" cried his other grandson. "Some of the things Aunt Amelia has been telling me make me never want to come back to this part of the country again. Do you know why Uncle Grid lived so poor and scrimped and yet left no money? He'd been taking care of a whole family grandfather had beside ours; and paying back some people grandfather did out of a lot of money on a timber deal fifty years ago; and making it up to a little village in the backwoods that grandfather persuaded to bond itself for a railroad that he knew wouldn't go near it."

The two men stared at each other an instant, reviewing in a new light the life that had just closed. "That's why he never married," said Eli, finally.

"No, that's what I said, but Aunt Amelia just went wild when I did. She said . . . gee!" he passed his hand over his eyes with a gesture of mental confusion. "Ain't it strange what can go on under your eyes and you never know it. Why, she says Uncle Grid was just like his father."

The words were not out of his mouth before the other's face of horror made him aware of his mistake. "No! No! Not that! Heavens, no! I mean . . . made like him . . . *wanted* to be that kind, specially drink . . ." his tongue, unused to phrasing abstractions, stumbled and tripped in his haste to correct the other's impression. "You know how much Uncle Grid used to look like grandfather . . . the same black hair and broad face and thick red lips and a kind of knob on the end of his nose? Well, it seems he had his father's insides too . . . *but his mother's conscience!* I guess, from what Aunt Amelia says, that the combination made life about as near Tophet for him . . . ! She's the only one to know anything about it, because she's lived with him always, you know, took him when grandmother died and he was a child. She says when he was younger he was like a man fighting a

wild beast . . . he didn't dare let up or rest. Some days he wouldn't stop working at his desk all day long, not even to eat, and then he'd grab up a piece of bread and go off for a long tearing tramp that'd last 'most all night. You know what a tremendous physique all the Gridley men have had. Well, Uncle Grid turned into work all the energy the rest of them spent in deviltry. Aunt Amelia said he'd go on like that day after day for a month, and then he'd bring out one of those essays folks are so crazy about. She said she never could bear to *look* at his books . . . seemed to her they were written in his blood. She told him, so once and he said it was the only thing to do with blood like his."

He was silent, while his listener made a clucking noise of astonishment. "My! My! I'd have said that there never was anybody more different from grandfather than uncle. Why, as he got on in years he didn't even look like him any more."

This reference gave Stephen a start. "Oh, yes, that's what all this came out for. Aunt Amelia is just wild about this portrait. It's just a notion of hers, of course, but after what she told me I could see, easy, how the idea would come to her. It looks this way, she says, as though Uncle Grid inherited his father's physical make-up complete, and spent all his life fighting it . . . and won out! And here's this picture making him look the way he would if he'd been the worst old . . . as if he'd been like the governor. She says she feels as though she was the only one to defend uncle . . . as if it could make any difference to him! I guess the poor old lady is a little touched. Likely it's harder for her, losing uncle, than we realized. She just about worshipped him. Queer business, anyhow, wasn't it? Who'd ha' thought he was like that?"

He had talked his unwonted emotion quite out, and now looked at his brother with his usual matter-of-fact eye. "Did you tell the station agent to hold the trunk?"

The other, who was the younger, looked a little abashed. "Well, no; I found the train was so late I thought maybe we could . . . you know there's that business to-morrow . . . !"

His senior relieved him of embarrassment. "That's a good idea. Sure we can.

There's nothing we could do if we stayed. It's just a notion of Aunt 'Melia's, anyhow. I agree with her that it don't look so awfully like Uncle Grid, but, then, oil-portraits are never any good. Give me a photograph!"

"It's out of our line, anyhow," agreed the younger, looking at his watch.

III

THE president of Middletown College had been as much relieved as pleased by the success of the rather pretentious celebration he had planned. His annoyance was correspondingly keen at the disturbing appearance in the afternoon reception before the new portrait, of the late professor's aunt, "an entirely insignificant old country woman," he hastily assured M. Fallères after she had been half forced, half persuaded to retire, "whose criticisms were as negligible as her personality."

The tall, Jove-like artist concealed a smile by stroking his great brown beard. When it came to insignificant country people, he told himself, it was hard to draw lines in his present company. He was wondering whether he might not escape by an earlier train.

To the president's remark he answered that no portrait-painter escaped unreasonable relatives of his sitters. "It is an axiom with our guild," he went on, not, perhaps, averse to giving his provincial hosts a new sensation, "that the family is never satisfied, and also that the family has no rights. A sitter is a subject only, like a slice of fish. The only question is how it's done. What difference does it make a century from now, if the likeness is good? It's a work of art or it's nothing." He announced this principle with a regal absence of explanation and turned away; but his thesis was taken up by another guest, a New York art critic.

"By Jove, it's inconceivable, the ignorance of art in America!" he told the little group before the portrait. "You find every one so incurably personal in his point of view . . . always objecting to a masterpiece because the watch-chain isn't the kind usually worn by the dear departed."

Some one else chimed in. "Yes, it's incredible that any one, even an old village

granny, should be able to look at that canvas and not be struck speechless by its quality."

The critic was in Middletown to report on the portrait and he now began marshalling his adjectives for that purpose. "I never saw such use of pigment in my life . . . it makes the Whistler 'Carlyle' look like burnt-out ashes . . . the luminous richness of the blacks in the academic gown, the masterly generalization in the treatment of the hair, the placing of those great talons of hands on the canvas carrying out the vigorous lines of the composition, and the unforgettable felicity of those brutally red lips as the one ringing note of color. As for life-likeness, what's the old dame talking about! I never saw such eyes! Not a hint of meretricious emphasis on their lustre and yet they fairly flame."

The conversation spread to a less technical discussion as the group was joined by the professor of rhetoric, an ambitious young man with an insatiable craving for sophistication, who felt himself for once entirely in his element in the crowd of celebrities. "It's incredibly good luck that our little two-for-a-cent college should have so fine a thing," he said knowingly. "I've been wondering how such an old skinflint as Gridley ever got the money loose to have his portrait done by . . ."

A laugh went around the group at the idea. "It was Mackintosh, the sugar king, who put up for it. He's a great Gridleyite, and persuaded him to sit."

"*Persuade* a man to sit to Fallères!" The rhetoric professor was outraged at the idea.

"Yes, so they say. The professor was dead against it from the first. Fallères himself had to beg him to sit. Fallères said he felt a real inspiration at the sight of the old fellow . . . knew he could make a good thing out of him. He *was* a good subject!"

The little group turned and stared appraisingly at the portrait hanging so close to them that it seemed another living being in their midst. The rhetoric professor was asked what kind of a man the philosopher had been personally, and answered briskly: "Oh, nobody knew him personally . . . the silent old codger. He was a dry-as-dust, bloodless, secular monk . . ."

He was interrupted by a laugh from the art critic, whose eyes were still on the portrait.

"Excuse me for my cynical mirth," he said, "but I must say he doesn't look it. I was prepared for any characterization but that. He looks like a powerful son of the Renaissance, who might have lived in that one little vacation of the soul after mediævalism stopped hag-riding us, and before the modern conscience got its claws on us. And you say he was a blue-nosed Puritan!"

The professor of rhetoric looked an uneasy fear that he was being ridiculed. "I only repeated the village notion of him," he said airily. "He may have been anything. All I know is that he was as secretive as a clam, and about as interesting personally."

"Look at the picture," said the critic, still laughing; "you'll know all about him!"

The professor of rhetoric nodded. "You're right, he doesn't look much like my character of him. I never seem to have had a good, square look at him before. I've heard several people say the same thing, that they seemed to understand him better from the portrait than from his living face. There was something about his eyes that kept you from thinking of anything but what he was saying."

The critic agreed. "The eyes are wonderful . . . ruthless in their power . . . fires of hell." He laughed a deprecating apology for his over-emphatic metaphor and suggested: "It's possible that there was more to the professorial life than met the eye. Had he a wife?"

"No; it was always a joke in the village that he would never look at a woman."

The critic glanced up at the smouldering eyes of the portrait and smiled. "I've heard of that kind of a man before," he said. "Never known to drink, either, I suppose?"

"Cold-water teetotaler," laughed the professor, catching the spirit of the occasion.

"Look at the color in that nose!" said the critic. "I fancy that the ascetic moralist. . . ."

A very young man, an undergraduate who had been introduced as the junior usher, nodded his head. "Yep, a lot of us

fellows always thought old Grid a little too good to be true."

An older man with the flexible mouth of a politician now ventured a contribution to a conversation no longer bafflingly æsthetic: "His father, old Governor Gridley, wasn't he . . . Well, I guess you're right about the son. No halos were handed down in *that* family!"

The laugh which followed this speech was stopped by the approach of Fallères, his commanding presence dwarfing the president beside him. He was listening with a good-natured contempt to the apparently rather anxious murmurs of the latter.

"Of course I know, Mr. Fallères, it is a great deal to ask, but she is so insistent . . . she won't go away and continues to make the most distressing spectacle of herself . . . and several people, since she has said so much about it, are saying that the expression is not that of the late professor. Much against my will I promised to speak to you . . ."

His mortified uneasiness was so great that the artist gave him a rescuing hand. "Well, Mr. President, what can I do in the matter? The man is dead. I cannot paint him over again, and if I could I would only do again as I did this time, choose that aspect which my judgment told me would make the best portrait. If his habitual vacant expression was not so interesting as another not so permanent a habit of his face . . . why, the poor artist must be allowed some choice. I did not know I was to please his grandmother, and not posterity."

"His aunt," corrected the president automatically.

The portrait-painter accepted the correction with his tolerant smile. "His aunt," he repeated. "The difference is considerable. May I ask what it was you promised her?"

The president summoned his courage. It was easy to gather from his infinitely reluctant insistence how painful and compelling had been the scene which forced him to action. "She wants you to change it . . . to make the expression of the . . ."

For the first time the artist's equanimity was shaken. He took a step backward. "Change it!" he said, and although his voice was low the casual chat all over the

room stopped short as though a pistol had been fired.

"It's not *my* idea!" the president confounded himself in self-exoneration. "I merely promised, to pacify her, to ask you if you could not do some little thing that would . . ."

The critic assumed the role of conciliator. "My dear sir, I don't believe you quite understand what you are asking. It's as though you asked a priest to make just a little change in the church service and leave out the *Not* in the commandments."

"I only wished to know Mr. Fallères's attitude," said the president stiffly, a little nettled by the other's note of condescension. "I presume he will be willing to take the responsibility of it himself and explain to the professor's aunt that *I* have done . . ."

The artist had recovered from his lapse from Olympian calm and now nodded smiling: "Dear me, yes, Mr. President, I'm used to irate relatives."

The president hastened away and the knots of talkers in other parts of the room, who had been looking with expectant curiosity at the group before the portrait, resumed their loud-toned chatter. When their attention was next drawn in the same direction, it was by a shaky old treble, breaking and quavering with weakness. A small, shabby old woman, leaning on a crutch, stood looking up imploringly at the tall painter.

"My dear madam," he broke in on her with a kindly impatience, "all that you say about Professor Gridley is much to his credit, but what has it to do with me?"

"You painted his portrait," she said with a simplicity that was like stupidity. "And I am his aunt. You made a picture of a bad man. I know he was a good man."

"I painted what I saw," sighed the artist wearily. He looked furtively at his watch.

The old woman seemed dazed by the extremity of her emotion. She looked about her silently, keeping her eyes averted from the portrait that stood so vividly like a living man beside her. "I don't know what to do!" she murmured with a little moan. "I can't *bear* it to have it

stay here—people forget so. Everybody'll think that Gridley looked like *that*! And there isn't anybody but me. He never had anybody but me."

The critic tried to clear the air by a roundly declaratory statement of principles. "You'll pardon my bluntness, madam; but you must remember that none but the members of Professor Gridley's family are concerned in the exact details of his appearance. Fifty years from now nobody will remember how he looked, one way or the other. The world is only concerned with portraits as works of art."

She followed his reasoning with a strained and docile attention and now spoke eagerly as though struck by an unexpected hope: "If that's all, why put his name to it? Just hang it up, and call it anything."

She shrank together timidly and her eyes reddened at the laughter which greeted this naïve suggestion.

Fallères looked annoyed and called his defender off. "Oh, never mind explaining me," he said, snapping his watch shut. "You'll never get the rights of it through anybody's head who hasn't himself sweat blood over a composition only to be told that the other side of the sitter's profile is usually considered the prettier. After all, we have the last word, since the sitter dies and the portrait lives."

The old woman started and looked at him attentively.

"Yes," said the critic, laughing, "immortality's not a bad balm for pin-pricks."

The old woman turned very pale and for the first time looked again at the portrait. An electric thrill seemed to pass through her as her eyes encountered the bold, evil ones fixed on her. She stood erect with a rigid face, and "Immortality!" she said, under her breath.

Fallères moved away to make his adieux to the president, and the little group of his satellites straggled after him to the other end of the room. For a moment there was no one near the old woman to see the crutch furiously upraised, hammer-like, or to stop her sudden passionate rush upon the picture.

At the sound of cracking cloth, they turned back, horrified. They saw her, with an insane violence, thrust her hands into the gaping hole that had been the por-

trait's face and, tearing the canvas from end to end, fall upon the shreds with teeth and talon.

All but Fallères flung themselves toward her, dragging her away. With a movement as instinctive he rushed for the pict-

ure, and it was to him, as he stood aghast before the ruined canvas, that the old woman's shrill treble was directed, above the loud shocked voices of those about her: "There ain't anything immortal but souls!" she cried.

RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

IV



IN the early days of the winter of '62, my mother, wedded to her beloved hospital work at Culpeper Court House, sent me to Richmond to be under care of my uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Fairfax, who had found quarters in the Clifton House, a dreary old building, indifferently kept, honeycombed with subterranean passages suggesting the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, where, however, we girls certainly managed to extract "sunbeams from cucumbers." For there my Cary cousins, Hetty and Jennie, arrived from Charlottesville to join our refugee band, and the reign of the beautiful Hetty began, as, perhaps, chief of the war beauties of the day. Our cousin, Jennie Fairfax, was also of our merry group. For want of a sitting-room, we took possession of what had been a doctor's office a little way down the hilly street, communicating with the hotel by an underground passage, dark as Erebus, through which, in rainy or snowy weather, we passed by the light of a bedroom candle. Many a dignitary of State and camp will recall our Clifton evenings. Several times we gave suppers to which we contributed only a roast turkey, a ham, and some loaves of bread, with plates and knives and forks. It was a common sight to see a major-general come in hugging a bottle of brandied peaches, and a member of Congress carrying his quota of sardines and French prunes. At these feasts there was a democratic com-

mingling of officers and "high privates." To the latter, it was part of our creed always to dispense our best smiles and tid-bits. So great the rush of visitors that our mulatto attendant, Cornelius, dubbed "the Centurion," was kept from striking for liberty only by much cajolery and frequent small tips.

Of the town gayeties that winter, I recall a fancy-dress party at the McMurdos' in Grace Street. One of the daughters, Miss Saidee McMurdo, an exquisite creature with large dark eyes and arched brows, married Mr. Alfred Rives, of Albemarle, and became the mother of Amélie Rives, the author, now Princess Troubetskoy (Mrs. Rives has died since these words were written). This was my first "real" party in Richmond, and my mother being in town on a rest furlough, she made up for me, with her own dear fingers, the costume of a Louis XV court lady, styled "Mme. la Marquise de Crève-Cœur," decided upon chiefly because of a stiff old petticoat of wine-colored reps silk, found in some family trunk. Shopping diligently, she had found spangles for my shoes and fan; feathers for the high-rolled, powdered hair were lent from someone's store; mask, pearl necklace, and old blond lace were forthcoming; and my kind uncle cut out from court plaster a coach and horses by way of a patch of the period for the cheek. What the other girls wore, I selfishly can't remember.

The first event to bring all patriotic Richmond into the streets that winter, was the inauguration of our president, Jefferson

Davis, on February 22, 1862. We were asked to witness the ceremony from a window of the Virginia State Library in the Capitol, by our friend Mr. John R. Thompson, the librarian-in-chief, and were entertained, while awaiting events, with the latest Northern papers, *Harper's Weekly* and others, together with the extraordinary apparition of a box of French bonbons, just arrived by underground express.

It was a dismal day, depressing to stoutest spirits, rain falling heavily, and the Capitol Square beneath us one mass of open umbrellas. When the poor wet bishop and the president-elect came upon the stand, there was an immediate portentous hush in the crowd. One heard nothing but the patter of the winter rain. The brief ceremony over, when President Davis kissed the book, accepting, under God, the trust of our young and struggling nation, a great shout went up and we distinctly heard cries of "God bless our president!" That evening President and Mrs. Davis received at their residence, making a most favorable impression upon all Richmond.

We had been hearing a good deal of the inner life of the president's family, from a young inmate of his household destined to play an important part in my life thereafter. This was Burton Norvell Harrison, born in Louisiana, of Virginian parentage on the father's side, who, at the instance of his friend, Congressman L. Q. C. Lamar, had been summoned by the president to be his private secretary at the moment when Mr. Harrison was about to enlist in New Orleans as a private in the ranks of the Washington artillery. Mr. Harrison, having graduated at Yale in the class of 1859, had been designated by Pres. F. A. P. Barnard, then of Oxford University in Mississippi (whose first wife was Mr. Harrison's aunt) to occupy a junior professorship in that institution, and had remained there until the outbreak of the war.

During vacations from Yale spent with his uncle, the Rev. Dr. William Francis Brand, rector of St. Mary's Church, near Emmorton, Maryland, Mr. Harrison had made friends with my Baltimore cousins, who were intimate with the Brand family; but I had never chanced to meet the much-praised young Valensian, whom the Cary girls had vaunted until I declared myself aweary of his name. It was at the Clifton

House, where Mr. Harrison came to call upon my cousins, that our acquaintance began, but our friendship did not take shape till many months later.

We were all interested in what Burton Harrison had to say of the Davises. Every one knew the traditions of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, as handed down from her career as a senator's wife, in Washington, in the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. She was declared to be a woman of warmest heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic, with a sensitive nature underlying all; a devoted wife and mother, and most gracious mistress of a salon. Miss Margaret Howell, the exceedingly clever sister of Mrs. Davis, afterward Madame de Stoeurs, of England, was the young lady of the Richmond White House; and it is safe to say that no wittier talk was ever bandied over the tea-cups in any land, than passed daily between the several bright spirits thus assembled at the president's table. Mrs. Davis had been somewhat depressed on the day of the inauguration, by an arrangement for her progress to Capitol Square, made by her negro coachman. When they set out, at a snail's pace, she observed, walking solemnly and with faces of unbroken gloom, on either side of her carriage, four negroes in black clothes, wearing gloves of white cotton. Demanding impatiently of the coachmen what in the world this performance meant, she was informed: "This, madam, is the way we always does in Richmond at funerals and sich-like." Mrs. Davis, telling the story inimitably that evening, said she was almost grieved to have to "order the pall-bearers away," so proud were they of their dignified position.

Concerning the affairs, big or little, of "the Chief," Mr. Harrison was wont to preserve continual, discreet silence. He would only say that the president had the happiest relations with his family, by whom he was revered; incidentally remarking that to accompany the chief on horseback, always his duty, together with some of the aides, was to sit in the saddle indefinitely, in good or bad weather alike, never knowing when they were to bring up at home again, and keeping Mrs. Davis in continual uncertainty as to her dinner hour, to say nothing of her husband's fate.

The stories Burton Harrison told us of his adventures on such excursions were

many, and sometimes amusing. For instance, when General Lee crossed the Chickahominy, President Davis, with several staff-officers, overtook the column, and, with the secretary of war and a few other non-combatants, forded the river just as the battle of Mechanicsville began. General Lee, surrounded by members of his own staff and other officers, was found a few hundred yards north of the bridge, in the middle of the broad road, mounted and busily engaged in directing the attack then about to be made by a brigade sweeping in line over the fields, to the east of the road and toward Ellerson's Mill, where in a few minutes a hot engagement commenced. Shot from the enemy's guns out of sight went whizzing overhead in quick succession, striking every moment nearer the group of horsemen in the road as the gunners improved their range. General Lee observed the president's approach, and was evidently annoyed at what he considered a foolhardy expedition of needless exposure of the head of the government, whose duties were elsewhere. He turned his back for a moment, until Colonel Chilton had been despatched at a gallop with the last direction to the commander of the attacking brigade; then, facing the cavalcade and looking like the god of war indignant, he exchanged with the president a salute, with the most frigid reserve of anything like welcome or cordiality. In an instant, and without allowance of opportunity for a word from the president, the general, looking not at him but at the assemblage at large, asked in a tone of irritation:

"Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the president; everybody perfectly understood that this was only an order for him to retire to a place of safety, and the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The president twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting—the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the president said, deprecatingly, "It is not my army, general." "It certainly is not my army, Mr. President," was the prompt reply, "and this is no place for it"—in an ac-

cent of command. Such a rebuff was a stunner to Mr. Davis, who, however, soon regained his serenity and answered, "Well, general, if I withdraw, perhaps they will follow," and, raising his hat in cold salute, he turned his horse's head to ride slowly toward the bridge—seeing, as he turned, a man killed immediately before him by a shot from a gun which at that moment got the range of the road. The president's own staff-officers followed him, as did various others; but he presently drew rein in a stream where the high bank and the bushes concealed him from General Lee's repelling observation, and there remained while the battle raged. The secretary of war had also made a show of withdrawing, but improved the opportunity afforded by rather a deep ditch on the roadside to attempt to conceal himself and his horse there for a time from General Lee, who at that moment was more to be dreaded than the enemy's guns.

About March 1, 1862, martial law was proclaimed in Richmond, and from that time till the day of the evacuation we lived amid continually thrilling scenes. Now came the joyful tidings that my brother's ship, the cruiser *Nashville*, had successfully slipped through the blockading fleet off Beaufort, North Carolina, and that all on board were well. Her commander, the stately and gallant Capt. Robert Pegram, welcomed with acclamation on his return to Richmond, came to call on us at the Clifton, and gave to our eager ears a synopsis of their stirring experience since leaving Charleston in October. "A few days later our midshipman walked in, looking taller, broader, and supremely happy to greet us all again.

The *Nashville*, intended for the convoy of the Confederate States commissioners, Mason and Slidell, but proving too big, had successfully run the blockade from Charleston to Bermuda, coaled at Bermuda, and made a long voyage of twenty-three days to Southampton, England. In the British Channel, off the Needles, they had burnt and sunk the American merchantman, *Harvey Birch*, bringing her men, thirty in number, into Southampton, where they were set at liberty. This exploit and the discussion ensuing in the newspapers caused the *Nashville* to rise immediately into prominence in England. While they lay in port, num-

berless visits were made to the ship. My brother, standing one day on the quay, saw approaching him "a tall, distinguished-looking man with a florid face and long smooth chin, who I knew at once was 'somebody.'" This proved to be no less a personage than Lord Palmerston, premier of England, who on his way to visit the queen at Osborn House, had turned aside, unofficially, to make a call upon the commander of the famous *Nashville*. At his request, my brother took his card in to Captain Pegram, who immediately came out and conducted his lordship to his cabin, where he remained some time, an incident fortunately not getting into print.

Some of the officers of the *Nashville* repaired at once, on leave, to London, others to Paris. My brother, in company with his close friend and fellow midshipman, Irving Bullock, of Georgia (uncle of ex-President Roosevelt), ran up to London to see the sights, and two happier lads could not have been found. Drawing their pay in gold, universally petted and welcomed by sympathetic Britons, and having achieved the *éclat* of a favorable notice in *Punch*, they described themselves as "living like fighting chickens generally."

Irving Bullock was declared by his comrades to be "a tall stalwart fellow, the best in the world, and a splendid officer." Long after the war, when Mr. Bullock, married to an English lady, was living in Liverpool, he would make it a point whenever my brother crossed to come out on the tender and welcome his old shipmate, literally with open arms, lifting Clarence off his feet in an exuberant embrace. His death was a sorrow to all who knew him. Mr. Cary has frequently talked of him to Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who remembers his uncle with sincere affection and respect.

On coming out of church one Sunday we heard the crushing news of the fall of New Orleans and of the capture of our iron-clads. The information coming to our group from the lips of Mrs. Randolph, wife of our kinsman, Gen. George Randolph, secretary of war, was undisputable. Mr. Jules de St. Martin, of New Orleans, brother-in-law of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, who was walking with us, made no remark.

"This must hit you hard," said some one to him. "I am ruined, *voilà tout!*" was

the answer, with a characteristic gesture of throwing care to the winds.

This debonair little gentleman was one of the great favorites in war society in Richmond. His cheery spirit, wit, and exquisite courtesy made friends for him everywhere; and although his nicety of dress, after the Parisian style, was the subject of comment when he first appeared upon our streets, he joined the volunteers before Richmond, and roughed it pluckily in the trenches as a private. Years after, M. de St. Martin calling on my mother and me in Paris, told a story of camp life in the freezing trenches, when on one occasion Col. T. L. Bayne called him away from his place of bivouac on the ground to come with him, bidding him tell nobody, as he had found a spot where they could "sleep warm." Eagerly St. Martin followed his guide, to be introduced, in the wintry dark, to an enclosure full of snuffling, grunting creatures among whom they lay down in oozing mud; it was a pig-sty, nothing less, and there they slept till morning. "It is true that their noses disturbed me now and then," said the narrator, "but *que voulez vous!* I was freezing."

Now nothing was talked of but the capture of New Orleans. The stout spirit of the South had received its most telling blow. My brother, the midshipman, had just before this been ordered to what was considered one of the finest commands in the Confederate States Navy—the new iron-clad *Mississippi*, then building in New Orleans, and expected to sweep the Northern coast. On the day before the United States fleet under Commodore Porter passed in to the taking of the forts, Clarence had been sent in charge of a boatload of deserters and ordnance to a Confederate States ship in the river. That day, "just for fun," as he expressed it, he and another middy accompanied Lieutenant Reed going on duty at Fort Jackson, under a hot fire of shelling. While crossing the moat around the fort in a canoe, a thirteen-inch mortar shell fell near them, half filling their craft with water. No wonder the commandant of the fort, in greeting them, asked the two midshipmen in vigorous terms, "What are you young fools doing here, anyway?" They dodged about for a while in the bomb-proof casemates, listening to the swift rush downward

through the air of shells "that sounded as motor-cars do now"—says in 1910 the projector of this foolhardy expedition, who then pulled back against the fierce strength of the Mississippi current under the same fire, passing a wounded alligator longer than himself, hit by a piece of shell.

Aboard the steamship *Star of the West*—the vessel that drew the opening shots of the war at Charleston, was seized at New Orleans when Louisiana seceded, and was later sunk by the Confederates in the Yazoo, near Fort Pemberton—next day saw my brother and other midshipmen, in charge of six millions gold and silver coin from the mints and banks of New Orleans, with three millions in paper money, over which their orders were to keep guard with drawn swords, hurrying away from doomed New Orleans, where, along the levees, burning ships and steamers and bales of cotton stretched in a fiery crescent. Had they delayed a day, they would all have been swept away in Porter's resistless onslaught. Keeping just ahead of the enemy's fleet, they reached Vicksburg, thence went overland to Mobile, where their charge was delivered up in safety, my brother returning to Richmond, where he was assigned by Secretary Mallory to the somewhat light duty of aid to the secretary—"principally reading newspapers at the navy department, and once escorting Mrs. Mallory to Drury's Bluff," as recorded by himself.

We had come to the end of May, when the eyes of the whole continent turned toward Richmond. On the 31st, Johnston assaulted the Federals who had been advanced to Seven Pines. It was so near that the first guns sent our hearts into our mouths, like a sudden loud knocking at one's door at night. The women left in Richmond had, with few exceptions, husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers in the fight. I have never seen a finer exhibition of calm courage than they showed in this baptism of fire. No one wept or moaned aloud. All went about their tasks of preparing for the wounded, making bandages, scraping lint, improvising beds. Night brought a lull in the frightful cannonading. We threw ourselves dressed upon our beds to get a little rest before the morrow.

During the night began the ghastly procession of wounded brought in from the field. Every vehicle the city could produce

supplemented the military ambulances. Many slightly wounded men, so black with gunpowder as to be unrecognizable, came limping in on foot. All next day women with white faces flitted bare-headed through the streets and hospitals, looking for their own. Churches and lecture-rooms were thrown open for volunteer ladies sewing and filling the rough beds called for by the surgeons. There was not enough of *anything* to meet the sudden appalling call of many strong men stricken unto death. Hearing that my cousin, Reginald Hyde, was reported wounded, two of us girls volunteered to help his mother to search for him through the lower hospitals. We tramped down Main Street through the hot sun over burning pavements, from one scene of horror to another, bringing up finally at the St. Charles Hotel, a large old building. What a sight met our eyes! Men in every stage of mutilation, lying waiting for the surgeons upon bare boards with haversacks, or army blankets, or nothing, beneath their heads. Some gave up the weary ghost as we passed them by. All were suffering keenly, and needing ordinary attention. To be there empty-handed and impotent to help, nearly broke our hearts. Bending down over bandaged faces stiff with blood, and thick with flies, nothing did we see or hear of the object of our search, who, I am glad to say, arrived later at his mother's home, to be nursed by her to a speedy recovery.

The impression of that day was ineffaceable. It left me permanently convinced that nothing is worth war.

My mother was now in her element. Expert, silent, incomparable as a nurse, she was soon on regular duty in an improvised hospital. I spent that night at the window of my room panting for fresh air, and longing to do something, anything, to help. The next day my friend, Emily Voss, and I had the pride and pleasure of having assigned to our care, under an older woman, two rooms containing fifteen wounded men lying on pallets around the floor. From that moment we were happier, although physically tried to the utmost. Gradually, some order came out of the chaos of overtasked hospital service. The churches gave their seat-cushions to make beds, the famous old wine-cellars of private houses sent their priceless Madeira, port, sherry,

and brandy, everybody's cook was set to turning out dainties, and for our own men we begged unblushingly until they were fairly well supplied. At night, carrying palm-leaf fans, we sauntered out into the streets scarcely less hot than in full sunshine. Once, literally panting for a fresh breath of air, a party of us went with an official of the Capitol, up through the vapor bath of many steep stairs, to emerge on a little platform on the summit of the building. There, oh, joy!—were actually breezes that brought relief. There we sat and looked down on the city that could not sleep, and talked, or listened to the voice of the river, that I seem to hear yet, over the tramp of rusty battalions, the short, imperious stroke of the alarm bell, the clash of passing bands, the gallop of horsemen, the roar of battle, the moan of hospitals, the stifled note of sorrow—all the Richmond war sounds, sacred and unforgettable.

Day after day one heard the wailing dirge of military bands preceding a soldier's funeral. One could not number those sad pageants in our leafy streets: the coffin with its cap and sword and gloves, the riderless horse with empty boots in the stirrups of an army saddle; such soldiers as could be spared from the front marching with arms reversed and crape-shrouded banners, passers-by standing with bare bent heads.

Funerals by night were common. A solemn scene was to be enacted in the July moonlight at Hollywood when they laid to rest my own uncle, Lieut. Reginald Fairfax, of whom in the old service of the United States, as in that of the Confederate Navy, it was said "he was a spotless knight." My uncle, who had commanded a battery on the James, was prostrated by malarial fever and taken to Richmond, where he died at the Clifton House, tenderly nursed by his sisters. He was to my brother and me, a second father. His property, fortunately so invested in Northern securities as to be unavailable during the war, was left between his three sisters, thereby enabling us, after peace was declared, to resume a life of comfort, when many of our Confederate friends were in absolute want. My other uncle, Doctor Fairfax, of Alexandria, had, in the abundance of his belief in the Confederacy, put all of his fortune into

Confederate bonds, and suffered a total loss of it.

A personal incident of the fight of Seven Pines was a visit during that morning from a young officer, sent into town from the battle-field with important despatches to the president. Whilst awaiting reply he came, with his orderly in attendance, to say a word to me, and as I stood with him at our garden gate the cannonading suddenly increased tremendously.

"*That's* my place, not this. If I don't come out of it, remember I tried to do my duty—" he said with a hasty handshake, and springing into his saddle, the horse rearing fiercely, he waved his cap and spurred away, the orderly clattering after him. It was the last time I ever saw him. In one of the battles of July he fell, leading his men in a splendid charge, and in him many bright hopes and a noble future were extinguished.

V

IN the latter part of February, 1863, it became necessary for either my mother or aunt to carry to Washington certain papers connected with the inheritance coming to them from the estate of their late brother, in order to secure much-needed provision for the clouded and uncertain future of their families. After some debate it was decided that Mrs. Hyde should be the one to go; and I, with the love of daring adventure coursing through my veins, induced them to let me accompany my aunt. I should never allow a girl of my own to do it, assuredly, but *autre temps, autre mœurs*—and then, I knew not fear.

Bidding farewell to those friends in Richmond who looked upon us as predestined to a Northern prison, we went first to stop with our friends the owners of Belpré, near Culpeper, not far from the winter quarters of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry. Here we remained while casting about us for ways and means to cross the border and get into Alexandria. Not only were the chances of war in favor of our capture on the way—that did not appall us, since we were intent strictly on private business—but from every side came gloomy tales of swollen rivers, deserted villages, a war-ravaged country liable to forays from prowling vagabonds of either army, and the likelihood of running upon a skirmish at any

moment. Worst of all, it seemed impossible to hire a conveyance.

Waiting, however, in a pleasant country house near the head-quarters of a crack cavalry division, with a dozen gallant knights, ready to do one's lightest bidding, had its endurable side. There were visits to and from camp, rides, shooting matches—"General Fitz" presenting me with a tiny Smith and Wesson revolver captured by himself, which he taught me to wear and use—and, at evening, gatherings around the big wood fire at Belpré, when we laughed and talked and sang.

At this distance of time it is not telling tales out of school to say that the leader of fun in those evenings was the major-general commanding, future Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and to be a trusted chief of the United States forces in the Spanish-American War. One was as sure of jollity and good-fellowship in "General Fitz" off duty, as of soldierly dash tempered by the wisdom of a born leader when in action.

It is pleasant to note that to the last of his varied soldierly experience, this General Lee retained the wide measure of popularity with the masses that had always been his portion. It was observed that during the progress of the procession at President Grover Cleveland's inauguration ceremonies, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, riding a magnificent horse provided for his use by a loyal old friend, a citizen of Alexandria, was more continuously applauded when passing down the lines than any other person present saving the hero of the day; and this was apt to be the case in all his public appearances.

One day when, returning from a visit to a friend, I rode from Culpeper Court House to Belpré with the general, a darkey sent ahead on muleback detailed to carry my other hat and dressing-bag, a very demon of mischief entered into my escort. In a wood-road, where no one could see him, he rode standing in the saddle, picking dried wayside flowers at a gallop, backward, forward, in every attitude that man can assume upon a steed, while forcing my horse to keep pace with his "stunts" as he called them, acquired in his old army life upon the plains. Presently, espying our Mercury, despatched some time before, slowly jogging down the narrow road ahead of us, he put spurs to his horse, uttered an Indian

war-whoop, and bore down upon him at a run. The negro, terrified by the onslaught, not stopping to inquire into its nature, lashed his mule and set off like the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, I, overpowered with laughter, left far behind.

Looking around us for an opportunity of entering the Union lines at Fairfax, we heard of a lady living at some distance from Culpeper, who had the same end in view as ours. To visit this lady, and propose joining forces and sharing expenses in the expedition, it was necessary to ride twelve miles across country as the crow flies, for which purpose General Fitz Lee offered me his mare, Refugitta—a beautiful, high-spirited little creature I had ridden several times before—and the escort of his aide and cousin, Maj. Robert Mason. We set off in high feather on a sunshiny morning of February, but were overtaken by a tremendous storm of wind and rain changing to snow, when remote from any possibility of shelter, in a desolate part of the country, all fences gone, a deserted negro cabin here and there the only sign of past habitation. Very soon my habit was wet through, my leather gloves were clinging to fingers so cold I could hardly hold the bridle. When Major Mason, himself looking like a young Father Christmas, finally insisted that I should get down for a while and walk to restore circulation, I slipped like a log from my saddle, so stiff that my members refused to do their office. The short cape and military gauntlets of my comrade had already been forced upon me.

Thus equipped we tramped back and forth, beneath a grove of pines, till the fury of the gale was spent. By and by the wind lessened, the snow fell sparsely, and we resumed our saddles. Soon, over on the slope of a near-by mountain we descried a large farm-house, with—oh! joy—a blue curl of smoke issuing from the chimney. Making all speed, we reached the goal, which, indeed, proved to be the dwelling we were in search of. Never have a big wood fire, hot drinks, food, and a rest between blankets, while my habit was dried, seemed such a boon to me. To my disappointment I found that the mistress of the house had already set out "to run the blockade," and that she would have been "only too glad" of our company. I will not aver that the twelve miles of ride home,

that day, was not a trial to my endurance. My comrade, a hardened cavalryman, said afterward he spent his time wondering if girls were not of tougher build than men. I should have died of shame to confess how often I longed to break down and say I couldn't stand it a minute longer. Happily, after a good night's rest I was none the worse for my expedition.

At last General Fitz Lee told my aunt that from the report of scouts, he could venture to send us in a head-quarters ambulance, with a guard of picked men, as far as Warrenton. Our families being so closely allied in friendship for many a year, he felt and appreciated the importance of our mission, and most kindly desired to further the transfer to Riggs Bank, in Washington, of the papers my aunt carried upon her person.

To Mrs. Hyde was apportioned a split-bottomed chair in a comfortable ambulance drawn by the best mules at head-quarters. To me was again allotted my favorite Refugitta, the general and several staff officers forming a gay cortège of escort for a certain distance on our way, and Major Mason put in charge of the expedition. It was a brilliant, cloudless day in late February, with a promise of spring in the air, when we set out. Long before reaching Hazel River, our first crossing of a risky ford, the general and his aides had taken leave, after wishing us a hearty *bon voyage*. On the banks of Hazel River, an angry, turbid little stream, boiling between red clay banks, we were obliged to possess our souls in patience for half a day, waiting until it was safe to attempt a crossing for the ambulance. Beyond the swelling flood we were to meet somewhere, the escort of twenty-five cavalymen assigned to guard us into Warrenton and sent on the day before to see that the way was clear. In the society of a garrulous miller and his spouse, who told many weird tales of skirmishes in sight around them during the past months, we remained till afternoon, when the miller announced that though it was "still a leetle resky for wimmin folks crossin', I reckon you all mout try."

Consigned to a chair in the ambulance, on which I was glad enough to climb and crouch before the end, we began the passage of the Red Sea. Major Mason and his orderly, kneeling in their saddles, rode by

the heads of our mules, tugging and adjuring them. At one point both mules and horses became lost to sight, save for their heads, brave little Refugitta following the orderly. A sticky fluid lapped around our feet. Shouts rent the air. A sort of hurricane of strong language burst from our united protectors. Our mules were swimming.

Perched on our chairs, trying not to listen to the "music in the air," we at last felt our wheels grate upon a pebbly bottom. A long strong tug, accompanied by more language, and we were safe, if moist, upon a miry bank. "You've just *got* to coax a muel," said our driver blandly, turning in his seat.

"Is that the way you coax in the Army of Northern Virginia?" we asked, looking around rebukingly on the chief guardian of our party. But he was mysteriously absent, and did not show again till ready to help me upon Refugitta's back. Bounding along in a swift, even gallop over a smooth wood-road, we spoke in undertones, for we were now on debatable ground, where no one knew what an hour might bring forth in the way of a surprise.

Approaching Jeffersontown, a poor little deserted hamlet where we were to pass the night, the major halted the convoy, while he rode forward to investigate. It was too dark to distinguish faces. From a forsaken smithy, upon a little knoll, we saw issue two or three military figures, showing black against a streak of yellow, lingering in the western sky. Simultaneously, a challenge, an answer, and a cheer! It was our body-guard on bivouac, waiting, uncertain as to the cause of our delay. They surrounded and preceded us, as we went hopefully forward to find the sleeping quarters they had secured in a dwelling not far off. To the ladies a bedroom was given, the major had another, while the escort slept on their arms in the hallway below.

The family owning the house were ardent Secessionists, who made us welcome to their best. Two nights before, they had, less willingly, provided refreshment for a party of Union cavalry. One could never tell, they said, when the blue coats might ride up, or when the gray. Not a sound, however, broke the silence of that wintry night. When we came down, next morning, it was to find a snapping fire of logs,

around which gathered in cheerful sunshine a circle of tall bearded fellows, who rose up and stood smiling at our approach. A good country breakfast of "hog and hominy," with hot coffee, had already been served to them. While the same fare, with corn dodgers, was being prepared for us, we made individual acquaintance with our manly guards.

Off again, over ground every inch of which knew the ring of troopers' steel and the clash of sudden conflict. Two scouts preceding, the rest formed into a double line, I riding midway with the major, the ambulance following. Snow began to fall and the deep woods were transformed into a fairyland of beauty, powdered branches meeting overhead, a white mantle resting lightly underfoot upon the carpet of last year's leaves and moss. If there were a fallen branch ahead of me, a dozen hands were stretched out to remove it. A big rough trooper rode up and begged me to put over my wet gloves the woollen mittens his wife had knit for him at home. There was no wind and I did not mind the snow. Never would I have exchanged this royal progress for the tame comfort of the inside of the ambulance.

"One more ribber for to cross!" sang out somebody ahead, and this time I begged to keep on my saddle, effecting successfully the passage of a chafing stream. Nearing Warrenton, we left the warm shelter of the woods for a turnpike road, where every movement must be one of caution. Our men, alert, speechless, eager, did not relax their vigilance, till one of the scouts, riding back at a gallop, announced the way free into the village.

Clattering up to the door of the chief hotel, we found rooms and supper. To my sorrow, our escort was dispersed into the countryside to seek quarters less exposed. And now, a long farewell to all our greatness! Into thin air, melted the pag-eant of the days before, vanished were our plumed cavaliers, our bounding steeds, our mules and equipage! Henceforward we must encounter for ourselves the perils of the road, stealing like marauders into our own county, where our people had always been rooted like the oaks around their homes.

We hired a country cart of the old-time hooded variety, wherein, drawn by mules

and enthroned on straw, we made creeping progress toward Centerville. On the road we passed a tired woman carrying her baby, a crying child tugging at her skirts, driven by starvation, she said, to go inside the Union lines. We naturally picked them up, and the hours that followed were hardly cheerful. Sleeping at a poor farm-house that night, we awoke to find a party of Federal soldiers ringed around it, who proceeded to search the premises. When we got downstairs the officer in charge was waiting at the breakfast table. Although they were in pursuit of some one more important, it was necessary for him to know who we were, and what our business there. "Property-owners in Fairfax County, going to their home on matters of private business," did not seem to suffice him as an explanation. We must come with him to report at United States head-quarters in Centerville.

Lacking other means of advance, we then hired the only vehicle of the establishment, a pole on four wheels, drawn by two oxen; and balanced upon this, our trunks bound on somehow by the depressed Confederate sympathizer who drove us, a bayoneted guard walking on either side, we superbly entered the village of Centerville. At head-quarters, the officials in charge made a thoroughly conscientious effort to penetrate our disguise of innocence, and stamp us guilty, but the case baffled them. A full examination of our luggage failed to develop anything but the fact that Confederate principles were antagonistic in a marked degree to the theory of personal adornment. In the perplexity of the situation, they decided to send us on as prisoners of war, to Brigadier-General Hayes, stationed at Union Mills on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, whence, they said, parties of "refugees from the rebel lines" were daily expected to Alexandria.

The bitter cold drive of six miles to Union Mills in a little open trap, plunging up and down in deep ruts of frozen clay cut by army wagons in a heavy soil, or going at a snail's pace between six stolid Germans, holding their bayonets as they marched on either side of us, was actually the most painful experience of our adventure. My aunt, with her stately figure and beautiful clear profile, in her mourning garb, sitting so calm and self-controlled amid her strange

surroundings, reminded me of some *grande dame* of the French Revolution going in a tumbril to execution. For nothing in the world would she have condescended to make a complaint; we had deliberately placed ourselves in this situation, and must make the best of it.

Ahead of us were several wagons loaded with up-country refugees, Germans and Irish, going to Washington to take oath of allegiance and seek for better fortunes. One of these vehicles, piled high with household goods, upset, and there were wails from the women and children belonging to it, though nobody was badly hurt. While waiting for them to clear the road, we suffered intensely with the cold, arriving finally at Union Mills so thoroughly congealed, it was hard to set our feet upon terra firma.

Stumbling to the ground, we paid our driver and were shown into a room heated to suffocation by a red-hot stove, and crowded with the unhappy "refugees," men, women, and children, who had arrived ahead of us, all nearly perishing of cold and fatigue. We gave but one glance into the interior and turned away sickened by the noxious atmosphere, to meet a smart young staff officer, who, with the most astonished face I ever saw, could not for the life of him understand what we two were doing there.

Ten minutes later, seated before a bright fire in the officers' quarters above, we were kindly and courteously urged to partake of hot coffee, which we accepted, and champagne, which we refused. How long it had been since we had seen champagne!

A room, hastily made ready, contained two army cots, gayly striped blankets, tin basins set upon a bench, delicious toilet soap and towels, a mirror, and two tall tin cans of boiling water. A tray of supper sent in "with the general's compliments" filled our hearts with overflowing gratitude to our noble foes.

"I am glad I've scripture warrant for it, for I simply *love* my enemies," one of us exclaimed, in heartfelt tones.

A cattle-train, the box-cars crowded with the poor emigrants on benches, afforded the sole means for our getting on next day. Our kind host, the general, relieved his mind of us by letting us go to Alexandria on parole, under supervision of the provost-marshal there. By orders from his head-

quarters, we were allowed to travel in the cab of the engine, and thus whizzing past many a well-known landmark in our county, we regained the old town left two years before, under such different circumstances.

We went at once to my uncle's house in Cameron Street, where my great-aunts were installed, and spent a day or two with them, going about in the interval among old friends. Things looked very sad, the secession spirit in the town kept under by a rod of iron, giving people a wistful cowed expression, and the streets crowded with alien soldiers. Wherever we went in shop or dwellings, our hands were grasped with speechless sympathy, tears impeding the utterance of greetings, then we were hurried into corners to ask about "our boys." When I compared our shabby clothes with their apparently smart ones, they would exclaim: "But what are clothes to standing side by side with those one loves in a life-or-death struggle like ours?"

Finally, leave was accorded us by authority to visit Washington and remain there until some decision could be arrived at in our case. We accordingly resorted to the house of a relative at the Federal capital, and with brief delay visited Riggs Bank, where my aunt had the infinite relief of depositing her valuable papers, and realizing upon them funds much needed by our refugee family in the Confederacy.

For a few days we indulged in the pleasure of daily seeing my aunt, Mrs. Irwin, and her children, and other dear friends, as well as the unwonted practice of shopping in establishments that, after the barren wilderness of haberdashers' shelves in Richmond, seemed resplendent. Then fell a thunderbolt! Certain Union sympathizers among our whilom friends having taken pains to communicate to the secretary of war that he was harboring dangerous characters from the seat of rebellion, nearly allied with the leaders of the Confederate government, and full of menace to the Union cause, an order was sent to us, which I transcribe:

"HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIV. OF WASH.
"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19, 1863.

"CAPT. H. B. TODD, *Provost Marshal*.

"CAPTAIN: By direction of the Secretary of War Mrs. E. C. Hyde and Miss Constance Cary, refugees from Richmond,

will be sent South over the lines, with orders not to return inside the lines of the U. S. forces.

"By command of

"BRIGADIER-GEN. MARTINDALE.

(Signed) "JOHN P. SHERBURNE,

"*Ass. Adj. General.*

"*Official:*

"A. W. BAKER, *Lt. and Adjutant, Washington, D. C.*"

A trim young lieutenant with good manners and, as was developed, a feeling heart—Lieut. Clark Smith of the 169th New York Regiment—stood in the hall below as the instrument of Fate. There was a wild rush of packing, surrounded by zealous friends. Whatever it was possible to squeeze into the Dixie trunks, with little presents for all our circle, went into them; much was worn, a good deal condensed into hand luggage. A smart braided riding habit, a gown or two, and other coveted fripperies, had to be left with their makers, ultimately reaching us by flag of truce. But one thing I could not entirely forsake—a new hat, an unimagined luxury since many months, that had been tried on and was waiting orders at the milliner's! We had no sooner seated ourselves in the carriage opposite the polite lieutenant, than a siege of the enemy ensued, shorter but no less successful than that of Richmond. In the end, our carriage, on its way to the boat-wharf, drew up before the door of Miss Wilson's fashionable millinery in Pennsylvania Avenue, and our lieutenant, issuing from it, returned carrying a handbox. I hope this transgression has long ago been forgiven him. The new hat, so thought the Richmond girls, was well worth a dash upon the enemy.

I should perhaps have mentioned that before the adventure of the hat, we had been driven to the office of Provost-Marshal Todd, where the oath of allegiance to the United States government was offered, and declined with thanks. Mr. Montgomery Blair had sent me a note, addressed to those in high authority, stating that as I was the child of an early friend of his, he would be glad if circumstances would allow them to grant my requests (I suppose they were that we should not be molested, but allowed to stay and shop, since that was really all I wanted), but this did not avail. We were told that we must positively return to Vir-

ginia "as we had come," and that without delay.

In Alexandria once more, we spent the night as prisoners of war, in an upper room of my uncle's house, the lieutenant occupying the little study to the left of the front door, a guard upon the pavement. From the town we were the recipients of universal sympathy, but in our hearts felt that since our work in Washington was done, and well done, our chief desire was now to get back to our friends. Friends flocked to the house, asking for us, and sending messages. One of them, Miss Mary Daingerfield, afterward Mrs. Philip Hooe, eluding the guard at the front, went in the rear way where she had played as a child with my Fairfax cousins, climbed through a window and arrived in our room, cobwebby and joyous, bearing a parcel of delightful little gifts.

Back at Union Mills again, and surrendered into the hands of our former host, we were greeted by jovial General Hayes with pleasant tidings. "I'm not going to let Fitz Lee boast he treated you better than we shall," he exclaimed, when the question arose as to how he should dispose of the bad pennies returned upon his hands. So behold us seated in a smart ambulance, under escort of a dashing guard of forty men in blue, the general himself, with two of his staff, accompanying us to the limit of the Union lines. In parting I asked if he had any message to send to his old West Point comrade, General Ewell, who had lately lost a leg in Confederate service. (We had liked and admired General Ewell since the beginning of the war. After his wound, we went sometimes to call at his lodgings, where we generally found installed as guardian of his hearth and spirits, his widowed cousin, Mrs. Brown, and her pretty, bright-eyed daughter, Harriot, now the widow of Maj. Thomas Turner, of Kentucky, once of General Ewell's staff. General Ewell's marriage to Mrs. Brown was the outcome of his convalescence from this wound.) "Give my best love to good old Dick, and tell him I wish it had been his head," was the laughing answer, transmitted in due time.

We made our way by divers methods and in slow stages across the debatable ground, always received for the night by sympathizers eager to greet and hear from us.

After giving us of their best, they managed to hitch up some sort of a horse and vehicle to carry us on the next stage. A memorable stop was at the interesting old house of the Marstellars, whose master, even at that date, wore the queue and smallclothes of his ancestors. They sent us on in an antique coach of Colonial pattern, yellow-bodied, blue-wheeled, high swung, with a flight of carpeted steps letting down to admit the occupant, and a hoary old negro perched on the high box, to preside over the meanderings of "Blackberry and the colt," the only steeds left in the Marstellar stable by raiders.

In bleak March weather, we crept wearily over deep-rutted clay roads, or "black-jack" sloughs of Virginia mire, through melancholy wastes of landscape strewn with felled trees and burned houses. We recognized Camp Pickens, the seat of former gay visits to the troops, only by the junction of the Manassas and Orange Railroads. At another old camping-ground, the earth was inlaid with hundreds of shoes cast away by Union troopers, newly shod. Handsome homesteads crowning the hills looked at us through empty eye-sockets, showing no sign of life; burnt barns and mills, trampled fields, were everywhere—it was depressing in the extreme.

But we forged ahead, and for the final stage of our journey (to reach Rappahannock Station, where we expected to find an ambulance from Gen. Fitz Lee's headquarters, in answer to a note despatched by a wandering Black Horse man encountered on the road) hired a timorous countryman in whose veins ran skim-milk, to drive us in a little covered cart. We started betimes in the morning, and as the day declined, our protector's fears waxed voluble.

"There ain't hardly a day somebody don't git held up hereabouts," he would say, gloomily. "One side or t'other, 'tis 'bout the same with these scouts when there's hosses or mules to loot. Co'se I aint afeared for myself, but when there's ladies—thet toy pistol o' yours ain't but a mite, and anyways I'm no gret hand to shoot. A fellow don't like to lose his critturs; does he, now? Last week they took a man's mules and left him stropped up in the bottom of his wagon. This ain't no place for female wimmen, nohow. Reckon the money I get from you won't pay me for

the worry. It's a bad place we're comin' to, ahead. If ever I git home safe——"

He was interrupted by the apparition, on the summit of the hill up which his tired beasts were slowly creeping, of a horseman, looming to the height of a Doone warrior against the evening sky. Was he friend or foe?

My brave aunt, who made moan over nothing, sat up, breathing a little quicker. My heart gave a wild bound as I grasped my pistol. All I could think of was what a perfectly horrible thing it would be to have to fire it against live flesh and blood! I, who had seen and dressed so many wounds! What a relief to us and our chicken-hearted driver, when the stranger announced himself a Confederate scout, who hadn't had a mouthful of food that day. How joyfully we watched him clutch at the remainder of our luncheon and eat it like a hungry wolf! How good to hear that the big railway bridge over the Rappahannock was but a mile beyond, and that the way was clear, with General Lee's outpost pickets on the farther side! "But I misdoubt your crossin' that there ford to-night, ladies," were his last disheartening words as we parted company.

Alas! it was too true. The Rappahannock, swelled to fury by spring rains, was now a tearing, resistless, yellow flood, the banks of the ford invisible. And now our driver rose and asserted his manhood. Go back he must and would. If we liked, he'd take us "to the highest house," some five miles in our rear.

Upon the far side of the maddened stream we could plainly see the camp-fires of our pickets. How to reach them we knew not; but turn back—no!

Our driver paid, and in the act of swift retreat, our trunks and bags piled under the stone buttress of the bridge, we climbed the steep bank, and stood upon the track above, straining our eyes in the direction where we fain would be. In vain did I throw all the vigor of young lungs into a halloo for notice. The rush of the river drowned my attempts, and it was growing dark. The Rappahannock bridge, subsequently burnt by military order, was then the highest and longest on the lines of the Orange and Alexandria Road. There was no way of crossing it save by stepping from tie to tie of the railway. When I proposed essaying this, for

the first time Mrs. Hyde's courage failed her. Over that raging river she could not walk without vertigo, and how could she let a young girl go alone?

The irreverent answer was that there were times when a girl with a steady brain and a light foot was worth any chaperon. And before the dear alarmed lady could cry out, I was off, skipping across the ties, till about the middle of the bridge the pickets espied me, and sent forth a mighty shout.

Three or four of them came running to meet me and hear my tale. They said they never were more astonished than to look up and see a young girl coming at that hour, apparently alone, out of the forsaken waste of country beyond the bridge. They had had no order from the general, but there was a house near their picket-post, where we could put up for the night. After that, all became easy work in our eyes. Two of the troopers brought my aunt over between them, others followed with our belongings. At their little camp by the track over the water's edge, we were mounted on peaked saddles, upon rawboned horses, and led across an unspeakably muddy road, a big cavalryman, loaded down with our rugs, bags, and bandboxes, bringing up the rear.

At the farm-house where they asked shelter for us, the good woman fairly embraced us in her hospitality. Cut off in that lonely world where battles, raids, and skirmishes were her only excitement, we were a god-send. So eager was she to ask questions we could hardly eat the bacon and corn-bread she offered, for answering them. Warmed by a fire of pine knots, washed and comforted, we sank at last into a feather-bed in the loft, with heartfelt gratitude to God that we were safe at last, in dear, war-worn old Dixie!

Toward morning, our sleep was broken by a noise as of thunder beneath our windows—wheels, shouts, the tramp of horses' feet, the ring of soldiers' steel—what was it? Broad awake and up in the moment, we believed a skirmish to be in progress. But leaning from the window we espied in the gray dawn our host in colloquy with a Confederate uniform, and the little house-yard completely filled with gray troopers, dismounting around an empty ambulance. The happy truth flashed upon us! This was *our* ambulance, *our* guard, sent by our loyal friend, the general, to convoy us to our original starting-point! Hurrah for General Fitz!

(To be continued.)

THE WOMAN WATCHES

By George Harris, Jr.

I WONDER do you realize how deep
 My thought runs onward into all your thought,
 Sensing the calm fatigue that slowly brought
 Your lips to silence and your eyes to sleep.
 I wonder do you dream how my eyes heap
 Upon your face their longing, subtly wrought
 Into a restless hope, that, knowing naught,
 Whispers my soul to pause and softly weep.
 As I am by the pathos of the play
 Moved to a grief more furtive than my own,
 So do I think I dream your dreams, that must
 In some mute fashion wilfully repay
 My soul that lies beside me, numb and prone,
 Fearing to fear, and hoping I may trust.



Northern Sky, by Paul Dougherty.

By the kind permission of the artist.

RECENT TENDENCIES IN MARINE PAINTING

By Birge Harrison

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS



IT is curious, when you come to think of it, that no Latin race has ever produced a great painter of the sea. A minute inspection of the current art exhibitions of France, of Italy, and of Spain brings to light not a single master in this special domain of art. If this statement is held to be extreme, if it is objected that Sorolla-Y-Bastida is certainly a master, the obvious reply would be that the interest of this painter centres always upon the figures in his pictures. He delights in the hardy fishermen, in their picturesque Andalusian costumes, in the naked babies, in the joyous children romping about under the brilliant Mediterranean sunlight; and his only use for the ocean is as a background for his happy human

groups. Remove the figures and his marines become empty and inadequate. They could not in themselves take rank as masterpieces.

If we now turn to Italy we find a few men who use the sea as material for their pictures, but in every instance these Italian painters have failed to grasp the true significance of their motive. All of the mysterious grandeur and dignity and power which is the ocean's most compelling charm, slips by them unperceived, and they give us instead mosaic-like bits of color, wherein the blue, the green, and the violet tones of the sea are exaggerated out of all semblance to reality. No mood is expressed, no message is delivered, no symbolism is attempted, nothing is *said*. They leave upon the mind much the same painful impression as might

a brainless child who was decked out in some flamboyant costume.

In France, it is true, there are a few painters who have made a serious study of the ocean. But not one of the French marine painters can fairly be called a master. Moreover they are all of Norman or Breton parentage—coming of a stock which can lay no claim to Latin lineage. Their forefathers for countless generations had been sailors and fishermen—born sea-rovers. The tang of the brine was in their blood, and they turned naturally to the sea for their artistic inspiration. Herein, then, evidently lies the explanation of this apparently unaccountable hiatus in the art development of the Latin races. They are not, and they never have been, true lovers of the sea.

All great art, of course, is the unconscious expression not only of the ideals of a people, but of the traits and loves and tendencies which it has inherited from a thousand generations of ancestors, so that you may gain a more intimate knowledge of the character of any given race by the study of its art than by reading all the histories ever written about it; and the best history will give you little real acquaintance with a past epoch, unless it is supplemented by some knowledge of the art of the times. The marine painters are therefore found precisely where we might expect to find them—among the sea-rovers of the north—the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples who inhabited the shores of the North Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean. This also demonstrates clearly the source of that irresistible impulse which has impelled so many of our eminent American painters to devote themselves to a lifelong study of the sea—they come of the same northern stock, their far-distant ancestors were Norman, Dutch and Scandinavian pirates and freebooters of the sea, and the inherited love of it all is still strong in them.

The effect of this inheritance has colored our whole history as a people, showing itself very markedly during the first two centuries of our national life. The small American colony at one time led the world in the chase of the whale, and in the fishing industry generally; while by the end of the eighteenth century our merchant marine had increased so tremendously as to excite the jealousy of the mother nation, and as a result we had the war of 1812.

If our fleets have now disappeared from the seas, it is due to the pressure of certain inexorable economical laws, and to no lack of the true sea-roving spirit in our race.

What is somewhat more difficult to explain, however, is the fact that all of the truly great master painters of the sea have been Americans of our own generation. This somewhat sweeping assumption will doubtless be challenged by certain of my readers, but I can only say that it expresses a conservative conviction reached after a careful survey of the whole history of the art, and a thorough review of all the painters, ancient and modern, who have devoted their lives to a study of the sea. It simply happens to be a fact that the greatest marines have been produced by painters of our own day and race, and in making the statement I do no more than report, quite without prejudice, what I have found to be the truth. Had it chanced otherwise—had Cuypp, for instance, and others of the sixteenth-century Dutchmen shown the same knowledge and control of their material, the same power and insight as Rembrandt, Frans Hals or Ver Meer, I should have been equally ready to acknowledge it and give them precedence. Indeed, one might almost have expected to find great sea painters among the sixteenth-century Dutchmen, for the nation at that time was essentially maritime and militant. But this development was impossible at the period under discussion, because art, in its evolution, had not yet reached the stage where painters were able to see clearly out of doors. They were still bound hand and foot by conventions and traditions of the studio; and their pictures of out-door scenes were a curious hybrid production, wherein certain conventionalized forms of out-door nature were depicted with the lighting and the color scheme of the indoor painter. In spite of an admirable grasp of technique these paintings, viewed as landscapes, were about as bad as could be; and it certainly would not be possible for the worst of our modern landscapists to produce anything so hopelessly at variance with nature. For now, thanks to Constable, the curtains have been drawn aside, and we have learned at last to see in the open air.

I am aware that I have as yet brought no proofs in support of my chauvinistic statement. In order to accomplish this,



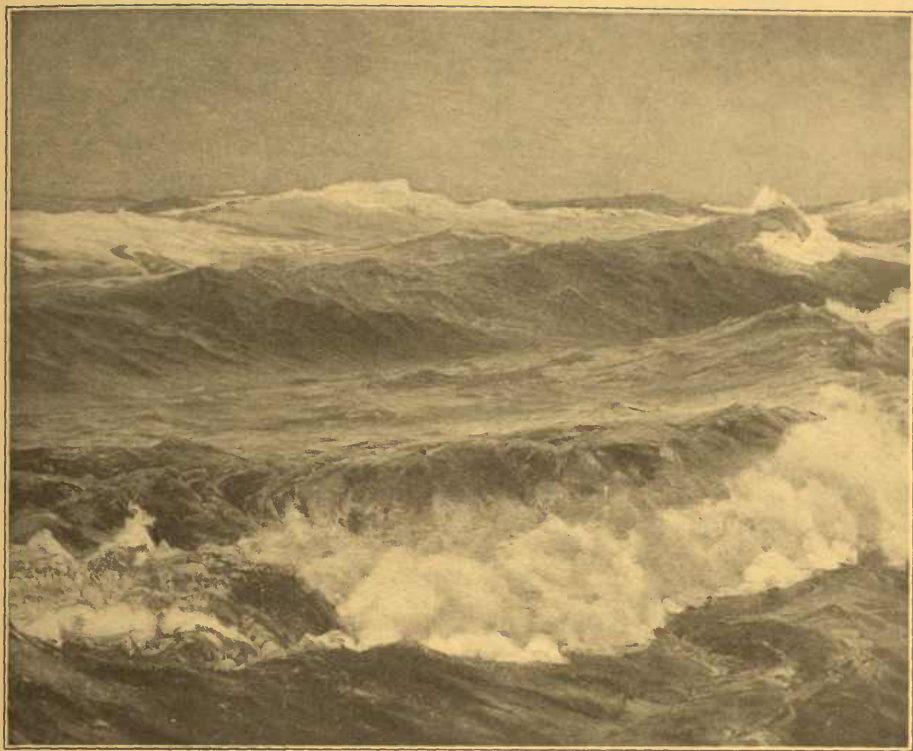
A Northeaster, by Winslow Homer.
By the kind permission of the owner, Mr. George A. Hearn.

I must ask the reader to follow me in a rapid survey of the ground which I covered so carefully myself before reaching the conclusion which I have announced. To begin with, American painters have always had a leaning toward the sea. As far back as 1840, when our professional artists were very few in number, a Philadelphia Quaker was painting the ocean with authority and an admirably direct personal vision. Even to-day William T. Richards must be ranked among the master draughtsmen of the sea. He was not a colorist. He adhered to a limited range of quiet effects, never depicting the ocean in boisterous mood; but what he did he did better than any one who had preceded him. He was followed by De Haas, Edward Moran, Arthur Quartley, Harry Chase, Rehn and other equally good painters, all of them putting into their pictures a certain briny quality, and a keen love and appreciation of the ocean. But it was not until our own immediate times that the master painters of the sea arrived upon the scene. First of all came Winslow Homer, who gave to his deep-sea rollers and his stormy breakers such dynamic power as had never before been expressed upon canvas. Then in chronological succession came Alexander Harrison, the lyric poet of marine painters, loving most the ocean's gentler moods, and the tender and opalescent color-schemes of twilight, moonrise and dawn; Frederick Waugh, a really great draughtsman of the sea in its grander movements; C. H. Woodbury, who has even outdone Homer in the sense of resistless power, of relentless and crushing force which he gives to his waves; Emil Carlsen, who better than any other has shown the decorative beauty of wave forms; and last, but not least, the young master Paul Dougherty, whose "Land and Sea" is certainly one of the greatest marines ever painted.

To offset this roll of honor whom have we among the painters of Europe? Well, in Holland we have Mesdag, a charming and delicate colorist, but one who was more distinctly a painter of skies than of seas; Clays, a painter of ships in quiet harbors; Maris, another painter of ships, and Willy Sluyter, a painter of figures who uses the sea as a background. In France we have Masure, Haquette, Courtat, and Renouf, all distinctly painters of the second rank; and in Eng-

land we have the great Turner, whose impressive and beautiful interpretations of the ocean must always retain their place among the world's masterpieces of art. At their best, however, they lack in the sense of reality. Standing before a Turner the imagination is stirred as by some bewilderingly lovely dream. Standing before a Dougherty or a Woodbury, one feels the sting of the briny spray upon the face, one hears the cry of the gale. There is, indeed, a singular psychological quality in the work of some of these American marine painters, in that it creates in the spectator the mood or state of mind that would be evoked by the actual scene in nature. It makes us momentarily forget our surroundings, deaf to the hum of the gallery and oblivious of the shifting throng about us, and transports us spiritually out over the stormy ocean or up to the turbulent coves of Maine or Monhegan. I will confess that personally I have occasionally experienced a curious throb of primeval fear before one of these canvases, a feeling that I was in personal danger and must stand back lest I be engulfed in the savage onrush of a towering wave, or crushed by its fall.

When I was a student in Paris one of my French comrades once said to me, "You American painters have a tremendous advantage over us Frenchmen. You have no traditions. You can go direct to nature and report exactly what she tells you, while our vision is befogged by the inherited rules and traditions of a thousand artist ancestors." I have often thought that this observation—so luminous and so true—applied with particular point to our American marine painters. It would explain much of the virility and originality of their work. At any rate it is quite certain that they brought to their task unusual clarity of vision; to which was added unusual draughtsmanship and general technical equipment. Their pictures *exist*. They are quite evidently founded upon a knowledge of the fundamental law that the ocean is, first of all, a great mirror—that even in its most turbulent moods it is subject to the laws of reflection. In an absolute calm it makes an inverted picture of every ship and cloud and rock that comes within the range of our vision. When rippled by a slight breeze the surface is broken into millions of small facets, which, being slightly inclined from the horizontal, reflect



The Roaring Forties, by Frederick J. Waugh.
Property of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

the deeper blue of the sky at some distance above the horizon—hence the blue color of a wind-riff in still water. When the wind is still stronger the inclination of the mirror may even reach an angle of forty-five degrees, thus reflecting the sky at the very zenith. But at this acute angle the transparent quality of the water is also felt, and we see through it, the surface reflection serving only to modify the local color of the water, which depends upon the character of the bottom. If we are in shoal water with a sandy bottom, the combination of yellow and blue thus effected will often produce a most vivid green. If there is a rock bottom with much seaweed, the result will sometimes be a rich and velvety violet. When we are in deep water, however, “off soundings,” the local color of the water itself being a splendid, deep sapphire, we get what sailor men call “blue water”—water of the superb peacock blue which is characteristic of the deep seas the world over.

But while the results of this scientific knowledge are plainly apparent in the work of all of our masters of marine painting, I am confident that this knowledge is only used subconsciously, in much the same way as my hand automatically forms the letters as I write these words. Were the artist’s mind occupied with these mechanical and semi-mathematical details, there would be no room for other considerations of infinitely greater importance. How can he convey to his audience the “mood” of his effect, a mood perhaps of subtle and infinite tenderness, or perhaps one of tragic force and fury, unless he has held his own mind open and receptive. Then there is the important question of the color-scheme, which has such a mysteriously controlling influence on what might be called the psychology of a picture; and, above all, there is the vital question of the great lines which are to convey the sense of motion, to impress the spectator with a vivid feeling of the essential instability of the scene, making him feel that

the motion which has been for an instant arrested is immediately to be resumed, or even that it is in actual process of motion.

Any intelligent observer of current art can hardly fail to have been impressed by the large number of American marines which convey this sense of motion. The achievement is due, in my opinion, to the fact that

sion of actual motion on the rigid surface of a canvas, so that clouds will *seem* to float, boats to drift, and ripples to move up on a shelving beach. Whistler once announced that he had found the key to the riddle—had discovered the secret of the unstable equation. One day while staring idly at a Japanese matting on the floor, he observed



The Bark, by Charles H. Woodbury.

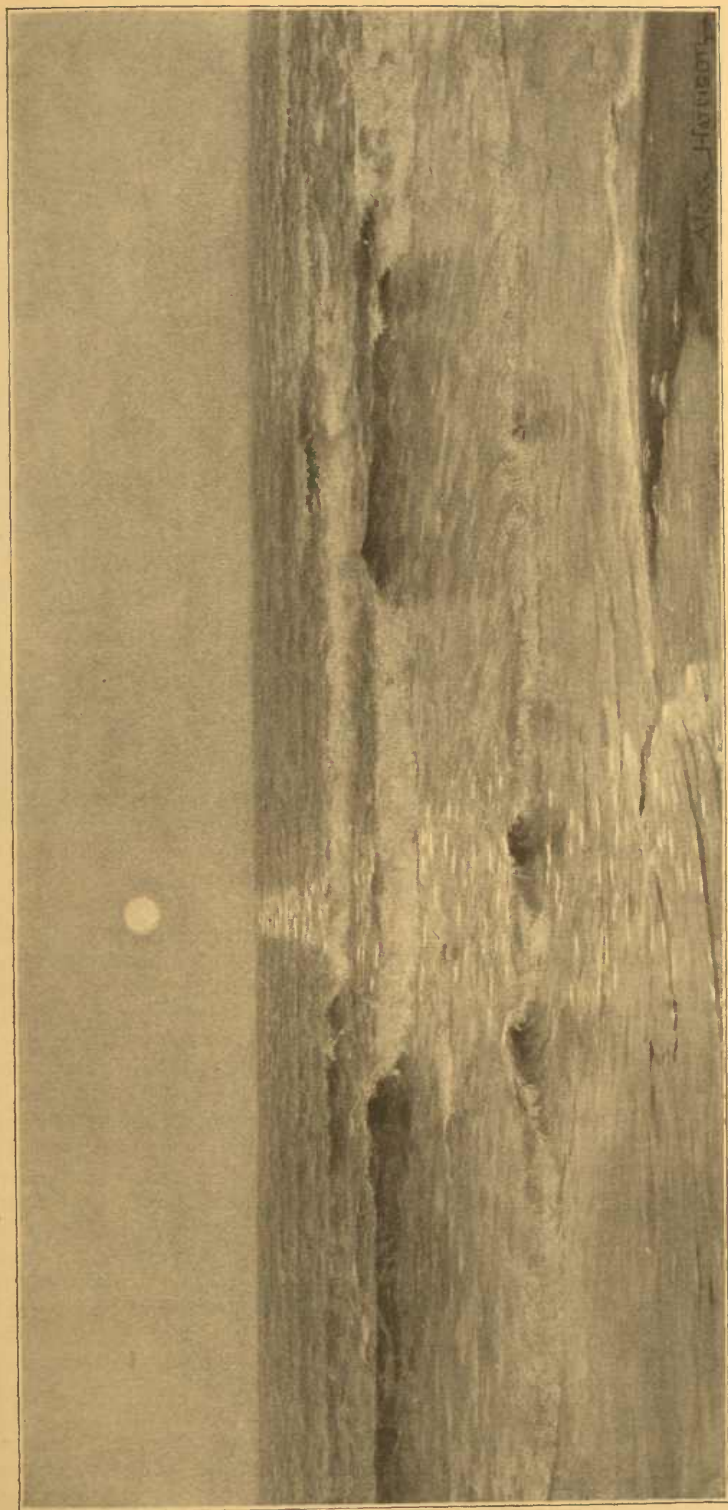
By the kind permission of the artist.

our marine painters have so often selected the instant of temporary arrest of wave motion, that fraction of a second when the great wave, having mounted to its highest point, hangs poised before the fall. This is the fragmentary moment during which the human mind is most vividly conscious of the character of the wave. It knows what has just happened, and instinctively it knows also what is about to happen. In these periods of arrest of motion we are able to see with our own eyes what is transpiring, and the forms thus revealed have come to symbolize for us the whole character of wave motion.

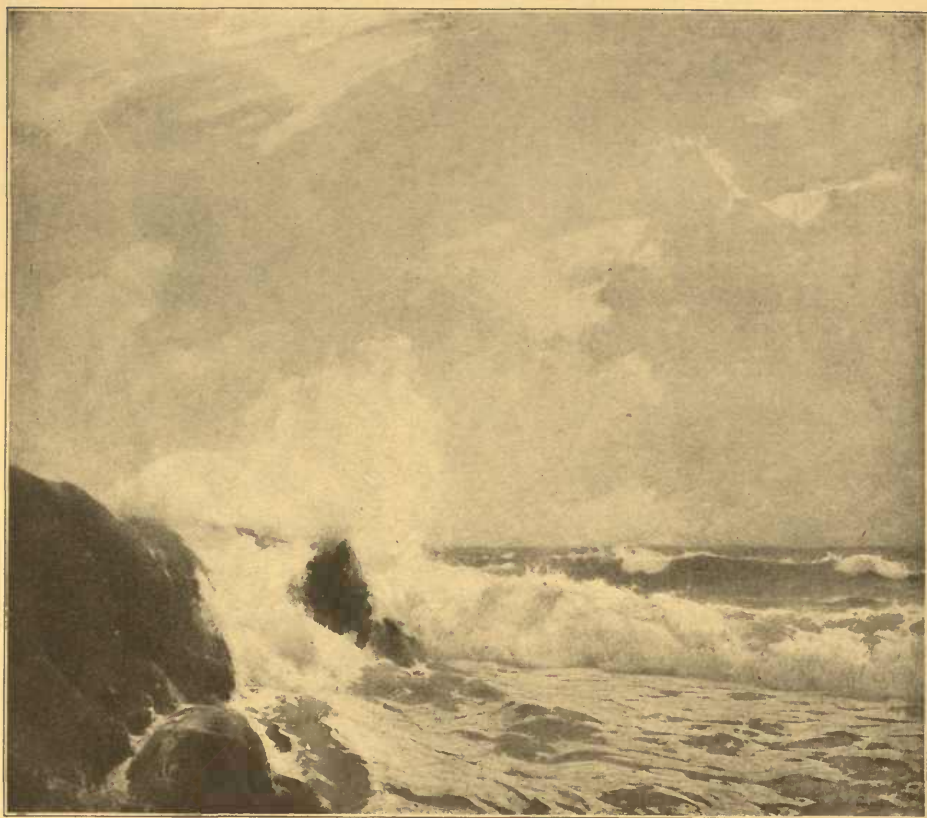
But the "great problem" is still unsolved, the problem of how to render the impres-

that the intricate pattern of rectangles refused to remain quiescent. The pattern insisted upon moving slowly but steadily in a given direction, enslaving the eye and forcing it to follow. This motion of course was only apparent. But then *appearance* is the *only* essential in a picture, and had it been possible to apply his rectangle pattern to all pictures, Whistler's claim might perhaps have been justified.

Finally, let us not forget that marines are subject to the fundamental æsthetic law which governs all art—they must first of all be beautiful. And let us, at the same time, remember that in the fulfilment of this condition greater demands are made upon the



La Crépuscule, by Alexander Harrison.
By permission of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



Surf, by Emil Carlsen.

By the kind permission of the owner, Mr. George A. Hearn.

marine painter than upon almost any other class of artists; for, in addition to all of the problems which confront the landscape painter, the marine painter has several most exacting ones of his own—the questions of fluidity, for instance, of reflection; and the tremendously important question of motion, which has just been touched upon. The painter who is to dominate all of these technical problems and at the same time keep unobscured his vision of the “mood,” the essential beauty which was the cause of his first desire to paint the picture, must indeed be what the French call *bien trempé*—a trained technician who is gifted with an artistic temperament of the first order. Without temperament, of course, the most brilliant technical equipment would be useless; for the simple technician would be under the constant temptation to paint a meaningless effect on account of some interesting or graceful problem of line which

the subject held. It is one of the peculiarities of the ocean that, while its mood may be insipid, or its color flat and worthless, its form is *always* interesting. But this temptation must be resisted with grim determination while the painter awaits the dramatic or poetic mood which is sure, sooner or later, to reward the vigilant and constant observer—for it is only the rare and happy combination of beautiful and harmonious line with beautiful and harmonious color which makes a subject that is fit to become the motive of a masterpiece. Fortunately, it happens to be one of the true master's distinguishing traits that he is instantly arrested by a subject of this description—it never goes by him unperceived. Out of thousands of possible picture motives he selects, with the infallibility of genius, the one which will make the great picture. These subjects lie about us everywhere, but they are very generally unrecognized.

Millet found them on the monotonous plain of Barbizon, Corot found them around the quiet little pond of Ville d'Avray, and Homer and Dougherty and Woodbury have found them on the bleak Maine coast. The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow's arch is not always hidden away beyond the distant mountains. It lies everywhere on this earth, in every field and common pasture, in everybody's back yard; but he who would find it must have the eyes to see it.

And while on this subject I would call attention to the fact that beauty is not confined to the narrow range of effects which are generally classed as the poetic moods of nature. There is a stormy beauty in the music of Wagner which is quite as fine as the gentle and poetic grace of Schumann's songs, and a Winslow Homer may be quite as beautiful as an Alexander Harrison. Beauty in the abstract is as yet not subject to exact definition. We are only beginning vaguely to guess at the fundamental laws which underlie it. In regard to this matter we are at present in a position somewhat similar to that of the blind girl whose outstretched fingers are swept by the wings of a butterfly—which passes, and is gone. We have an occasional glimpse, an intuition—but the knowledge is not yet.

And yet this can only truly be said of the conscious, reasoning part of our minds. The subconscious part of us is fully cognizant of the laws relating to beauty. It knows all of their intricacies and all of their interrelations, only it has not as yet handed the formula up to *us*. However, thanks to the marvellous correlations which are so easily made by the little subconscious servant living at the very source of things, we

really do *know* what is beautiful, if it is only by what is called intuition. The process and manner of our knowing, therefore, matters not so much. The astounding part of it all is that we should agree to find so many different kinds of things beautiful—a range extending from the most diaphanous tone in a morning sky to the most portentous and terrific outburst of nature's wrath when she is in one of her devilish moods.

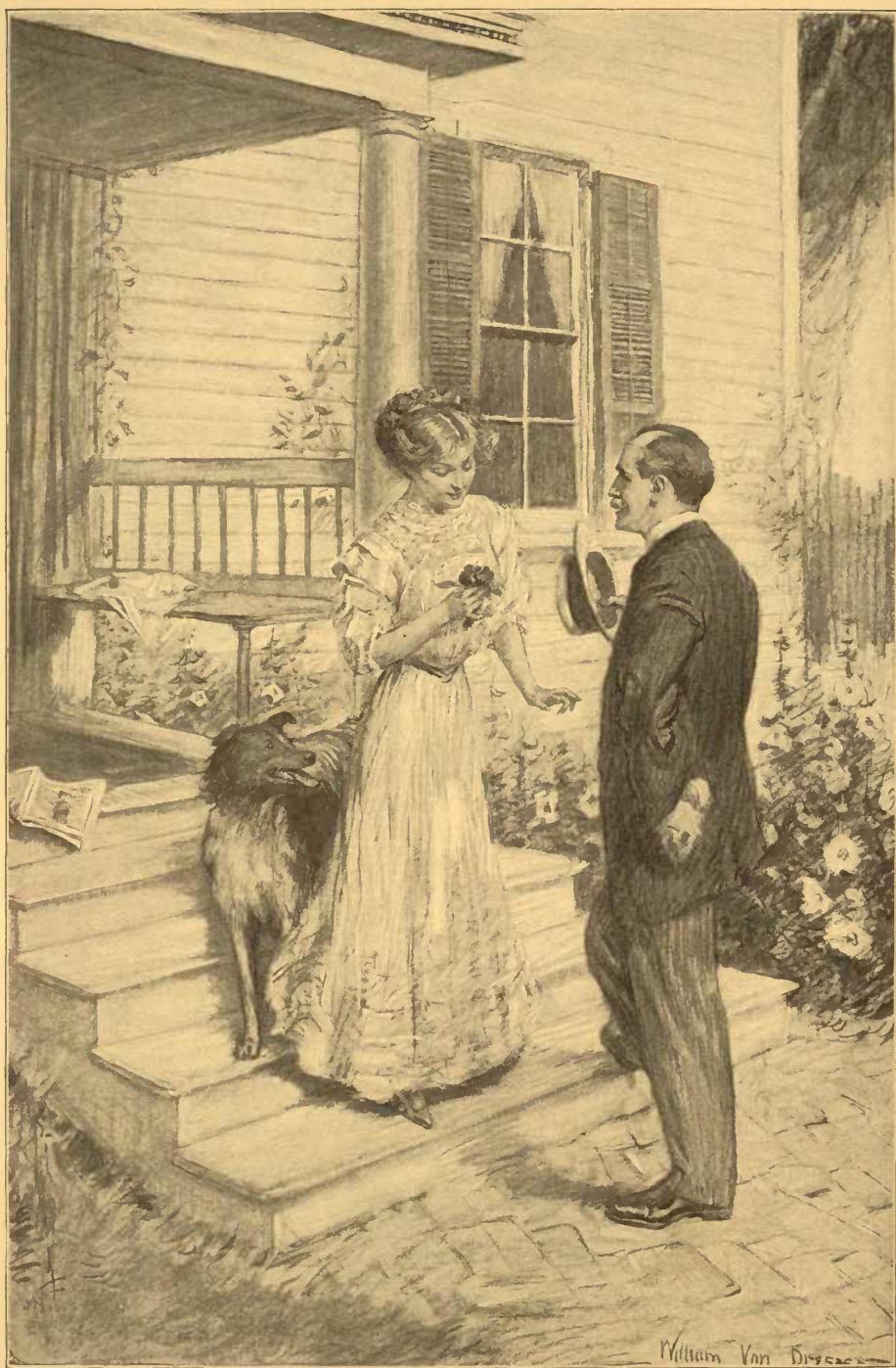
It is in this latter aspect or its approaches that so many of our American sea painters have found their inspiration. They have loved the wild beauty of the storm, the titanic power of the mid-ocean surge, or the savage onslaught of a tidal wave upon some towering cliff; and these things they have rendered with admirable force and mastery. Nowhere else in the world, and by no other school of painters, have the dramatic moods of the ocean been so well understood, or so sympathetically and so brilliantly expressed.

But the works of Emil Carlsen and of Alexander Harrison show points of view, which are wholly at variance with the one mentioned above. As time goes on still other outlooks will be discovered, as still other sincere and original painters devote themselves to the study of the sea; for the ocean's moods are infinite and inexhaustible, and she has a new face of beauty for every devoted lover who approaches her with reverence and affection.

If I have allowed the marines here reproduced to speak mainly for themselves it is because of a strong conviction that nothing is so inept as literary comment on a picture.

If the picture is bad, no amount of didactic discourse will save it. If it is good, the discourse is superfluous.





Drawn by William Van Dresser.

She pinned the flower in the folds of her cool white dress.—Page 479.

THE TWENTY-FIRST REASON

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER



AS if to delay the pleasure of his home-coming Tolliver hesitated at the gate and glanced back down the broad street with its rows of leafy elms and grass-lined walks. He was smiling as he came up the pathway, and when he had reached the bend and saw that his wife was waiting for him on the porch, he stopped before a rose-bush and having cut a full-blown rose carried it to her. She pinned the flower in the folds of her cool white dress and putting her hands on his shoulders kissed him on his damp forehead.

"Oh, Bruce, dear," she laughed, "you're so hot, and you're very late, too. I wish you wouldn't walk so fast from town."

"I know I'm late, dear, very late, but we've been having a long, serious, happy business talk at the office and I wanted to tell you all about it at once."

In his boyish excitement he clasped his fingers tightly about his wife's wrist and led her toward the front door.

"We can't go into the library," she said, "the children are there."

"The children?" he repeated.

"Yes, Alice and Tommy Leonard."

"Of course," he said, "I didn't understand. We'll go up to your room. Oh, Helen, it's such wonderful news."

He sank into a low chair filled with chintz-covered cushions, and Mrs. Tolliver dropped down before him, and, leaning her elbows on his knees, rested her chin between her palms. They had been married now almost twenty years and her figure was just as lithe, her face as fair, and her smile just as winsome and joyous as on the day of their wedding. For twenty years they had been sweethearts.

"Now, Bruce," she said, "I'm quite ready. Tell me the wonderful news."

Tolliver drew a long breath and began: "The boys,"—Tolliver always referred to the members of the firm that employed him

as "the boys"—"it seems, got together and decided to give us a present to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day I first went with them—a present that would really be a present. Guess!"

"Bruce," Mrs. Tolliver exclaimed, "tell me at once. I can't wait to guess. What is it?"

"A year in Europe."

Mrs. Tolliver drew back and gazed at her husband with wide-open eyes. "A year in Europe," she gasped.

"Exactly—that's it. One year in Europe with full pay." And then the tension broke and Helen Tolliver buried her head in the folds of Bruce's coat. It was some minutes later when she looked up and smiled through dimmed eyes into those of her husband.

"Don't think I'm crying," she stammered, "just because we are to have a year abroad. It's because they understand and appreciate all that you have done for them."

Tolliver nodded. "I know, Helen, dear. For twenty-five long years we've worked pretty hard—you and I."

"I!" Helen protested.

"Yes, you. Many's the time I think I would have quit the grind if you hadn't kept me going. And I tell you, I'm pretty tired—pretty nearly all in. But now in a few months we'll be free—free for a whole year. Think of it, Helen! Italy and the French cathedrals and Paris—think of it—Paris, *Paris*! How Alice will love it! I wish that boy downstairs would go home and we could tell her now."

"Alice," Mrs. Tolliver repeated—"Alice."

"Of course, Alice. We couldn't go without Alice, could we? She's going to be more than half the fun."

With a quick movement Helen pulled herself to her feet and stood before her husband, nervously drawing her handkerchief with one hand through the fingers of the other.

"You see, Bruce," she whispered, "you see Alice can't go. Alice—I wanted to tell you on the porch, but you were so

the close-cropped lawn, the neatly trimmed hedge, and the flowering rose-bushes. Then he turned to his wife and smiled at her, but



"In the first place," Tolliver began, "on what do you two expect to live?"—Page 482.

full of this trip abroad—you see, Alice is engaged."

Tolliver stared at his wife with wide-eyed surprise. "Engaged," he repeated.

"Yes—to Tommy Leonard. It's all arranged, and I promised them that I would break the news to you. You're not angry, are you, Bruce? They're so happy and Tommy is such a nice boy."

Tolliver pulled himself out of the chair and walked over to the bay-window. For some moments he stood looking out on

she saw that in those few moments his face had suddenly become drawn and that there was no smile in his eyes.

"Why, that's all right, I suppose," he said. "It's just a little sudden, and—and unexpected. Alice always seems such a child to me, but I imagine that's the way with all fathers."

"And all mothers, too," Mrs. Tolliver added. "But you must remember Alice is almost nineteen now."

Tolliver nodded, and after a moment's

silence went on speaking again. "There was another proposition the firm made me. They said in case I didn't care to go abroad that I could keep right on and that they would give me five thousand dollars in place of the trip. They didn't care, you understand, what I did, so long as they rewarded me for the twenty-five years of work."

"But, Bruce, dear," Helen protested eagerly, "you don't mean that you are thinking of giving up the trip abroad because Alice is going to be married. Just as soon as the wedding is over you and I will start out on our second honeymoon and this one will last a whole long year."

Tolliver moved away from the window and sat down again in the deep cushioned chair. "Come over here, Helen," he said, "and let's talk it over."

She sat at his feet and, with her elbow resting on his knee, nestled the mass of soft blond curls in the bend of her arm.

"Now, Bruce," she said, "please go on."

"Well," Tolliver began, "I confess it's a bit of a shock to me. If it had been Peter Wood or Harry Howland I wouldn't have been surprised."

"Harry Howland!" Mrs. Tolliver protested. "Harry Howland wouldn't propose to the loveliest girl that ever breathed. He's too selfish."

"I wonder. It was just the other afternoon on the golf club porch that he was talking to a lot of us old fellows on this very subject of the high cost of marriage, and it seemed to me that there was a good deal of common-sense in what he said. He claimed that the bachelor of moderate means was not selfish, because, in not marrying, he deliberately gave up the chance of the only perfectly happy, well-rounded life a man could enjoy in this world."

"Then why does he choose to remain a bachelor?" Helen snapped. "There's plenty of girls would marry Harry if he'd only ask them."

"Because he claimed that it was not fair to the parents—he allowed that just at the time when the fathers and mothers had reached the age when the steam begins to give out and had saved enough to make the future a little easier, their children, who were wholly ignorant of the cost of living, started in to raise another set of mouths and stomachs for the old folks to feed. Harry

claimed that the Country Club was entirely composed of old men who could only afford to play with old chipped and cracked golf balls because they needed the money for sterilized milk and trained nurses for their grandchildren."

Mrs. Tolliver turned and looked her husband evenly in the eyes. "I have my opinion of any woman who really loved a man and wouldn't marry him if he couldn't guarantee her anything but bread and cheese and kisses."

"That's the way it used to be," Tolliver laughed, "but now they've reversed that old saying; it's kisses and bread and cheese. They get married and make sure that the Church and the State legalize the kisses and then take a chance on the bread and cheese."

"And if they do," demanded Helen, "and are satisfied with the kisses and bread and cheese, as you put it . . . ?"

"But that's just the trouble—they're not satisfied, because Jones, who knew them before the marriage and who is rich, asks them out to dinner once so often and gives them caviare and vintage wines. And even if Jones doesn't ask them out and make them miserable, how about the new babies? The huskiest baby in the world can't digest bread and cheese, and it's a well-known fact that all babies hate to be kissed."

Mrs. Tolliver pulled herself to her feet and, with her pink-and-white face greatly flushed, faced her husband.

"Then," she demanded, "you refuse your consent to Alice's marriage to Tommy?"

"Not at all," Tolliver said. "Ask them to come up. Let's talk it over."

Tommy Leonard, an ex-college athlete of the Greek-god type, six feet and no waist line, and Alice Tolliver, a pale exquisitely frail replica of her blond pretty mother, stood hand in hand in the doorway.

"Come in," called Tolliver cheerily.

Greatly relieved at this unexpected and wholly genial greeting, the two young people fairly flew across the room to receive the parental blessing.

"Not yet, not quite yet," Tolliver laughed and waved them back. "You two sit down on that lounge and we'll all thresh this thing out together."

The happy smiles suddenly faded from the faces of Tommy and Alice, and they reluctantly took their places, side by side, on the sofa and cast gloomy glances in the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver.

"In the first place," Tolliver began, "on what do you two expect to live?"

Once more the faces of the young people broke into the most cheerful smiles, and Alice fairly laughed aloud. "Is that all?" she gurgled. "Oh, daddy, I was afraid it was something really serious and unpleasant."

Tolliver drew his lips into a straight line and glanced in the direction of the prospective bridegroom.

"We've gone over the matter pretty carefully, sir," Leonard began, "and we believe that we can live, and live pretty well, on my present income; and, of course, my salary will be increased from time to time."

"I'm glad that you are not counting too strongly," Tolliver said, "on these occasional increases in your wages. The directors of banks in small towns are not usually given to raising the salary of their paying tellers with any great frequency, and believe me, Tommy, there is a limit and the limit is not a very high one. Without capital I fear you will find it difficult to make money on the side, and to be quite frank I don't know where the capital is coming from. If I were a millionaire I'd willingly hand over half of it to Alice tomorrow—that is, if I thought it would make her happy, but I'm not a millionaire. I could do very little to help you."

With her blue eyes ablaze, Alice sat forward on the sofa and looked her father fairly in his now serious face.

"There is one thing, father," she began most impressively, "that I want you to understand at the start. Tommy and I do not expect or want any kind of help from you. We have already agreed that rather than go to you, Tommy would be a policeman and I would scrub floors. Not that I don't appreciate how kind and good you are, but we, both of us, understand your circumstances, just as we understand our own. We have gone into every detail and have thought of every expense."

A blush of motherly pride spread over the delicate features of Mrs. Tolliver, and she glanced admiringly at her daughter.

"You must remember, Bruce," she said, "that Alice is not without practical experience. You know how well she kept house for us when I was ill last winter."

"Really, Mr. Tolliver," Leonard insisted, "I'm sure we could do it. We wouldn't think of marriage unless we had considered every contingency."

Tolliver stuck his hands deep into his trouser pockets, pursed his lips, and glanced in turn at his wife and daughter and then at Leonard. "I'll tell you three a story," he said. "It's a story of the race-track, but I think it rather applies to this case. One day a race was just about to start and the owner of the favorite was standing on the lawn watching the horses which were already at the post. A very excited young man who had bet on the favorite ran up to the owner and said: 'I've bet on your horse. He's bound to win, don't you think so?' The owner kept his field glasses on the horses and replied to the young man, 'No, I shouldn't think so.' 'Why not?' gasped the young man, who was very much surprised. 'There are just twenty reasons,' the owner said, 'why my horse should not win. He may be left at the post, or he may stumble, or he may put his foot in hole and break his leg, or the jockey may break his stirrup, or his weights may fall out, or—' Just then the horses started, and the favorite, who was on the outside, cut across the track, got jammed against the rail by the other horses, and the jockey was thrown over the fence and ignominiously landed in the infield. The owner put away his glasses and turning to the young man said: 'I never saw that happen before. It seems that there are twenty-one reasons.' For some moments there was silence and then Tolliver continued: "From my experience I have found that it is the twenty-first reason that makes the best-laid schemes gang aft a-gley, and causes most of the trouble in this world. The jockeys who ride our favorite hobbies are always being thrown over the fence or doing some foolish thing that we hadn't expected and prepared for."

Whereat Alice Tolliver suddenly broke into peals of laughter and clapped her hands from sheer youthful pleasure. "But, daddy, we have prepared for the twenty-first reason. We thought of it after we had everything arranged for, and we call it the

contingency fund. We took it from our Christmas and anniversary gift expenses and Tommy will not take out as much life-insurance as he had intended. So you see we *have* prepared for the unexpected, don't you, daddy?"

Tolliver smiled wearily and slowly nodded his assent. "Yes, I see," he said, "and I only hope that your matrimonial books will balance at the end of the first year. If your mother says 'yes' you have my permission. I have never denied her anything yet, have I, my dear?"

Helen Tolliver, whose emotions had been considerably stirred, came to her husband's side and, burying her head on his shoulder, tearfully admitted that he never had. Thus it was that Alice Tolliver and Tommy Leonard were officially betrothed.

It was agreed that the wedding should take place on the first day of October, and that just one week later Mr. and Mrs. Tolliver should start forth on their second honeymoon and for their first sight of the purple skies and the gray-green hills of Italy and the Riviera. Those were busy days for the Tolliver family—the combination of the marriage of an only child and the first trip abroad was indeed a serious one, especially as the trip was for a whole year and the marriage, if one could judge by the devotion of the young couple to each other, at least a journey for life. The little suburban town was fairly agog with excitement, for marriages among its prominent citizens were none too frequent and few were better known or better liked than the Tollivers. The great day dawned at last, and the air was filled with the orange sunlight and the cool, crisp breezes of the early Autumn. It was in all ways a day long to be remembered and talked over for years to come by the gossips of the town. From the early gathering of the guests at the pretty little ivy-covered church until their departure down the rice-covered steps of the bride's home, late the same afternoon, surely nature and the Tollivers had done their best and their best had proved most bountiful indeed.

"And now," said Tolliver to Mrs. Tolliver, as the last frock-coated guest waved his silk hat from the gate in hilarious farewell, "*now*, my dear, we have only ourselves to think of. I will get Bridget to go up to the garret and help me down with the trunks."

"Fine," said Mrs. Tolliver, "we're off."

"Nearly," said Mr. Tolliver, and went to look for Bridget.

To their friends, of course, the itinerary of the young married couple remained a profound secret, but the Tollivers knew that the honeymooners were by easy stages wending their happy way to the big brick hotel down at the Hot Springs in the Virginia hills where so many young people have begun their lives together. Helen Tolliver was frequently interrupted in her packing by the arrival of telegrams and letters filled with expressions of her daughter's complete happiness and contented conclusions as to married life in general, as well as the frequent reiteration of the news that Tommy was the truest and most devoted husband, and had proved his sterling worth in a thousand different ways. "The hotel bills may be a little high," Alice wrote in one of her letters, "but the contingent fund is yet intact. Tell father that the 'twenty-first reason' is a bugaboo to frighten timid children."

And then for two days there were neither telegrams nor letters. The missive so anxiously waited for arrived when the Tollivers were at dinner the night before the great day on which they were to start on their second honeymoon. Tolliver sat back in his chair while Helen read the letter carefully through with a face that seemed to grow not only more sombre but even tragic with each line.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "it is as bad as that." Then she dismissed the maid and in an even, expressionless voice read the letter aloud from its tender opening to its last unhappy line.

"MY DEAR, ALWAYS LOVING MOTHER:

"I have not written you for two days because I could not say that all had been going well with us and I wanted to tell you positively when I did write whether your Alice was a wife or a widow. On Wednesday afternoon a rich young friend of Tommy's, a New York man named Wallace Jones, loaned us his car for the afternoon and we decided to go to Flag Rock, which is about six or seven miles from our hotel. It was a beautiful limousine car and the road was fine, but on our way home I sup-

pose we were going a little too fast down hill and we struck a ridge across the road which down here they call a 'thank-you-ma'am.' Tommy had his arm about me at the time and we both were bumped up so that our heads struck the top of the limousine. I had on my yellow straw hat with the blue flowers which Tommy says looks like an inverted peach basket. Anyhow, it saved me, but Tommy was bare-headed as usual, and his head struck a rib of the limousine and he got what the doctors call a depressed fracture. There are very good doctors here who know just what waters you ought to take for rheumatism, but they said this required one of the most delicate operations in surgery, and we telephoned to Richmond for a surgeon. As soon as he arrived he did what they call trephining and now they say Tommy is all right. Unfortunately, I'm afraid we will have to stay here for some time, as the doctors say this is fine air for his recovery, and that will be a question of several months. It was most unfortunate that he hit his head on the left side, for that paralysed his right hand and it seems that Tommy counts out the money at the bank with his right hand. It is all terrible and I don't know what we are to do about the expense. The Richmond surgeon said it wouldn't be fair to his profession to charge less than a thousand dollars for the operation, and then there are the other doctors and the nurses and the hotel rooms are very dear for anything except a honeymoon and the colored bell-boys make faces at you every time you don't give them a quarter for bringing you a lump of ice or a fresh towel, and Tommy needs so many towels for his poor head. Do tell us, mama, please, what am I to do. We were so very happy before that Mr. Jones loaned us his car, which would have been all right if it had been an open car, but he couldn't be held responsible because it was really not the fault of the car, but that awful 'thank-you-ma'am.' Write me, please, soon, mama, what am I going to do about it all.

"Your loving but miserable daughter,

"ALICE."

"Well, what are we to do?" said Mrs. Tolliver, and now that the strain of reading

the letter was over her voice broke perceptibly and tears came into her pretty blue eyes.

"Well," said Tolliver, smiling across the table. "The main thing is that Tommy is all right and now it is up to us to come to their assistance. Alice evidently is not scrubbing floors as she says nothing about it and in Tommy's present condition I doubt if he could get a job as a policeman even if he wanted it. I will see 'the boys' to-morrow morning and ask them if that offer of theirs of the check for five thousand is open, and I've no doubt that it is."

"And our trip abroad," sobbed Mrs. Tolliver.

Bruce walked around the table and put his hands gently on his wife's trembling shoulders. "That's off, I'm afraid, my dear," he said, "all off for the present. Perhaps twenty-five years from now we may have another chance. But just now I'll go telegraph Alice not to worry and that you will be coming down there to see her by the first train you can catch to-morrow."

"You're so good, Bruce," Mrs. Tolliver said very tearfully. "Of course we couldn't go now. It's just as you said, it's the twenty-first reason that makes all of the trouble, but how could any one foresee such a thing as this? Who could expect a thousand dollar operation and all of those other fearful expenses the very first week of their honeymoon!"

"Trephining, I believe, is uncommon," said Tolliver, "but if most of the mothers and fathers all over the world aren't giving up trips abroad to pay for trephining, most of them are giving up something to pay their daughters' butcher bills or house-rent or for something equally necessary, and at least to the daughters and sons-in-law quite as unexpected."

"I suppose they are," sobbed Mrs. Tolliver, "but really, Bruce, they've been doing it for so long that they seem to like it."

"That's true, too," said Tolliver, "but again they might like the trip abroad if they were ever let get farther out to sea than the docks at Hoboken."

THE GERMAN AND THE AMERICAN CITY

By Frederic C. Howe



THE German city is a cross-section of Germany just as the American city is a cross-section of America. The city cannot be divorced from its setting or studied apart from its historical environment. The German city is a part of the traditions, the sense of the Fatherland, the universal efficiency, the far-sighted outlook, the paternalism vitalized by patriotism of the German people. The American city, on the other hand, has no traditions. There is no sense of responsibility. It is efficient only in spots. It has no vision beyond the present. It reflects the extreme individualism and license which characterizes the nation. It is democratic in form, but hardly in reality. And measured by the services rendered, or the sense of the paramountcy of the State, it is far less democratic than the German.

The most obvious thing about the German city is its orderliness. The most obvious thing about the American city is its disorderliness. The American city is an accident, a railway, water, or industrial accident. It had its birth in the chance location of a body of settlers. It became a city because it could not help it. The German city, on the other hand, was either a fortress, a Hauptstadt, or an industrial community, like the cities of the lower Rhine in the neighborhood of Essen, Elberfeld, or Barmen. Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Mannheim, Düsseldorf, Hanover, and Strassburg were the seats of kingdoms, principalities, or bishoprics. Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck were free Hanseatic towns, owing allegiance to no one—proud of their mediæval traditions and jealous of their freedom.

Much of that which we admire in the German city is traceable to age.

All of these cities were enriched with valuable heritages from the past. Rulers embellished their capitals in imitation of Paris. Some, like the kings of Bavaria, were themselves artistic and in love with things Hellenic. They erected palaces, art galleries,

and museums. They laid out parks and palace gardens. They surrounded their cities with walls, which have been converted into park-like Ring Strassen in Vienna, Frankfort, Cologne, Bremen, Düsseldorf, and elsewhere. The German city was rich in art when the industrial revolution made its appearance. When the factory came there was only the outskirts for workshops. The heart of the city remained as it was when the city was a market-place, a fortified town, or the residence of a prince. And the old has continued to control the new.

In America we have no such traditions or monuments. Our only memories are those of shops, mills, and factories ever repeating themselves like the concentric rings of a growing tree. Few men have any other idea of the city than this. In addition, all of the work of the American city had to be done at once. Streets and sewers had to be built. Gas, water, electric light, telegraph, and telephone wires, mains and conduits had to be laid, while schools, station-houses, and public structures had to be erected merely to keep pace with the inrush of people. Our officials were swamped with elemental needs. They had no traditions, no experience, to guide them. They had no time to dream dreams. They were driven, like the pioneer, by the fear of the coming winter. These things must be borne in mind in any criticism of the disorderliness of the American city or in any comparison with the cities of other lands. Our cities were born but yesterday, and they have the rough-hewn finish of their age.

But the foundations are now in. We are in a position to look about us. And everywhere there are signs that democracy is dissatisfied with its cyclone-proof cellar. Washington, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Baltimore, St. Louis, and Pittsburg are planning to rebuild their cities and to relieve its disorderliness with parks, public structures, and open spaces, while democ-

racy is seeking to find more efficient tools for the doing of its work. The next generation is bound to see tremendous advance in things municipal. And it is to Germany rather than to England or France that we must go for our models.

I have said that the city was but a cross-section of the country in which it is found. It reflects the political, social, educational, and moral life of the people. Yet the German city, in spite of the autocratic personal government of the Kaiser, is free, almost as free in its local affairs as were the Free Cities of the Middle Ages, which became the centres of liberty and of culture during the centuries when civilization had almost vanished from the earth. The German city, it is true, is subject to visitation by the State. There are some limitations on its indebtedness, the method of raising revenues, and the choice of mayors. But in the main it is free—free to dream big dreams, and when they are ready for realization, to achieve them and enjoy the fruits thereof.

The American city, on the other hand, is in chains. It has great power for evil and but limited power for good. Our cities are not permitted to become great if they can, from the fear that they may make mistakes in so doing. The German city, on the other hand, has almost complete autonomy. It can own, operate, lease, or regulate the franchise corporations which occupy its streets. And it very generally owns them. It can enter trade and industry. It may even invest public funds in private ventures which lie close to the life of the community. It builds tenements and cottages, and regulates the private owner so that his structures will not be a menace to the city. It owns great blocks of land within its limits as well as magnificent woods and forests in the surrounding country. It almost always has a monopoly of the slaughter-houses; it carries on restaurants and rathskellers; it builds and operates opera-houses, theatres, concert halls, palm gardens, and milk depots. It even speculates on a large scale in real estate in order to keep down the price of land and enjoy a portion of the "unearned increment" which the growth of the city creates. In the field of education it can do practically as it wills, after it has met the minimum standard set up by the

State. Among the larger cities there is the keenest rivalry in all these things, especially in the promotion of commercial, technical, and artistic education.

The American city is bound, as was Gulliver by the Lilliputians, with a thousand thongs. It has to secure the assent of suspicious farmers and hostile financial interests, before it can change the wages or salaries of its officials or alter the method of police administration. Its control over tenements, slums, and franchise corporations is generally such as the owners of these properties see fit to permit. Usually the power which is granted is just the power which the city cannot use, or it is conceded so late that the evil cannot be corrected at all or at too great expense to be attempted. The city may not lay out playgrounds, it may not erect bath-houses or comfort stations, it may not supply school-books, nor feed hungry school children without the consent of the State, which has no knowledge of its local needs. It must let out its work by contract, and in some instances spend more for the advertising than for the job itself. The tax rate is limited, as is the amount of the bonded indebtedness. The city may be ruined by inadequate terminal facilities, its citizens may be killed by surface crossings, and its trade destroyed by railway discriminations for the advantage of the private speculator. Its water front may be monopolized by hostile interests which refuse to develop it, as is the case with almost all of our lake and river cities. In all these relations the city is helpless. Its unvoiced needs are given less consideration at the State capitol than the demands of any one of a hundred special interests. It is this that strangles the American city; this more than corruption, bad charters or dishonest men. In addition to this, the tools by which the city is governed are often consciously designed to be unworkable by the people themselves.

The great cities of the world have been free cities. They have been free to think as cities, to develop a local pride and consciousness, to call the best talent of the community to themselves. The Greek cities were autonomous. The splendid cities of mediæval Italy were republics. The towns which spread like a network over the face of Europe during the Middle Ages were free cities. And the greatest cities of the

present century, the cities of Germany, are free in much the same sense. They enjoy the largest amount of home rule. Each of them is an experiment station. And the achievements of one are speedily carried on to the rest.

The German city has no mayor. It has an Oberbürgermeister, who corresponds roughly to our mayor. His legal authority is far less than that enjoyed by the patriarchal executives of New York, Baltimore, or Boston. In desperation over our inability to watch a hundred men we decided to watch but one. In order to escape from a troublesome council we threw ourselves into the hands of an all-powerful executive. But we did not insist that the despot should be an enlightened one or should know anything more about the government of a city than the council which we discarded. He need only be an active politician, an ambitious business man, or an aggressive leader.

The head of the German city is an expert. Both the Oberbürgermeister and the assistant Bürgermeisters make a profession of their callings. Nobody knows to what party they belong. And nobody really cares. They are like the managers of a great business concern and are employed by the city council for that purpose, much as they might be employed to manage a railroad. The present Mayor of Berlin was a lawyer in Breslau. He was elected to the council of the latter city, became interested in city administration, and determined to make city administration a profession. He was chosen for a subordinate post and made such a success that he was called to the mayoralty of Berlin, where he has been for many years. Dr. Adickes, the Oberbürgermeister of Frankfurt, has occupied that post for a quarter of a century. Few men in Germany can point to a life of more conspicuous achievement than his. He recently declined a post in the Interior Department of Prussia. Oberbürgermeister Wilhelm Marx, of Düsseldorf, came to that city from a smaller town twenty years ago. He is a man of independent wealth. He rose to his present position and for twelve years has been mayor of the city. During these years he has builded as did Pericles in Athens and the Medici in Florence. And he has made Düsseldorf one of the most finished cities in the world.

Tenure of office is permanent. If a mayor is re-elected, after his first term of twelve years, he holds office for life. When a vacancy occurs, the town council sets about to fill it much as the British city finds a clerk, or the American railroad finds a president. From the candidates who present themselves from all Germany the council makes a choice, to which choice the Kaiser must assent. Approval, however, is rarely withheld. But the right of rejection exists, and did the city make an unwise choice or select some one who was *persona non grata* to the Emperor another person would have to be found. Official salaries are relatively high, about as high as they are in America. They range from \$3,500 to \$7,000 in the larger cities, while the salaries of the assistant Bürgermeisters are about one-half of the sum paid the mayors.

The assistant Bürgermeisters are chosen by the same method. They are experts in finance, law, engineering, education, architecture, or city building. The number of assistants varies greatly. In Berlin there are seventeen, in Dresden thirteen, in Munich sixteen, in Frankfort nine. These experts devote their entire time to the city. They guide the deliberations of the committees of the council and along with the mayor form a sort of cabinet for the planning of the city's development. They are an upper, expert, permanent legislative and administrative council.

In Great Britain permanence of policy is secured by a staff of paid employees, who along with the clerk are rarely changed. The English clerk is a dignified, expert, and highly paid official. He holds the thread of city administration in his hands, and along with the permanent staff of department heads secures that continuity of policy which has made the British city as efficient as it is. But the British city, with all its honesty and efficiency, does not compare with the German city in far-sighted policy and many-sided development. For the programme of the British city is dependent upon the hazards of elections and the will of very critical and almost penuriously cautious rate payers. In Germany, on the other hand, the permanent official enjoys the real as well as the titular power, and by reason of the assured permanency of the propertied class in the town councils there is no motive on the part of any one for a change.

Except in the management of schools, libraries, art galleries, museums, and the like, we have made no attempt to introduce this element of permanency into city administration. We select the presidents of our universities and the heads of business houses from a trained class and call them from any section of the country, but a sense of local jealousy has prevented the selection of any but local men for municipal office. And until we do secure this expert element, and with it a continuity of policy, it will be difficult to elevate the city much above the purely political plane which it now occupies. Possibly government by Commissions which is rapidly superseding every other form of city government and the election of local officials on a non-partisan ballot will tend to bring this about.

The town council in Germany is the ultimate repository of power. It is chosen by the electors. It draws to itself a high order of talent. It is rather anomalous to find in Berlin, for instance, that all of the elected members of the Reichstag are Socialists, while the city council contains but a minority of them. The explanation is to be found in the method of election. Members of the Reichstag are chosen by manhood suffrage. Every man is equal at the polls. In the city, however, men vote as tax payers and not as individuals. The voters are divided into three classes. Those who pay one-third of the taxes elect one-third of the council; those who pay another third of the taxes elect another third, while the great mass of the people, who, under the income tax, pay the remaining third of the revenues elect the remaining third of the council. I heard of one city where a single man elected one-third of the council, and of another where one hundred and thirty persons did so. In consequence the German city is far from democratic, possibly less democratic than any of the cities of Europe.

The German city is governed by its big tax payers just as the British city is governed by its rate payers. It is ruled by the capitalist class. But the result of this dominance of property at the polls has been diametrically different in the two countries. The German city is bold, generous, enlightened, and humane. The English city is timid, cheese-paring, and far less thoughtful of the poor than even the American city. The German city seems to negative the

class-conscious theory of politics. For the capitalistic class has socialized one industry after another. It has taken over the street railways, the gas, water, and electric-lighting enterprises, and burdened itself with taxes for education, recreation, and the relief of the poor in a way that gives color to the suggestion that Germany is meeting the progress of socialism by a large amount of social reform or "State Socialism."

And the rich tax payers in control of the city pay the city's bills. They pay almost all of the taxes. This is another anomaly which distinguishes the German from the British city. And it is the more anomalous in view of the fact that they could have shifted a great part of the taxes onto the poor. In recent years they have completely revolutionized the taxation of property and still further burdened themselves. From one-half to two-thirds of the taxes are collected from incomes, those below from \$105 to \$225 being exempt. The city is the fiscal agent of the State. The local income tax is based on the State rate. If the State tax on an individual income amounts to \$100 the local taxes range from \$100 to \$300 more, *i. e.*, the local rate is from 100 per cent to 300 per cent of the State rate. In Wiesbaden the local income tax rate is 100 per cent, in Düsseldorf 140 per cent, in Frankfurt 99 per cent, in Barmen 210 per cent, and in Berlin 100 per cent. Taking the thirty-four largest cities the rate averages 154 per cent of the Prussian rate, and including the State rate, amounts to from 8 to 16 per cent of the incomes of the well-to-do class. The total income tax for State and local purposes averages about 10 per cent. Some towns have so very few rich men that the local rate is even higher and reaches as much as 500 per cent of the State rate or possibly 24 per cent of a man's income in all. This, however, is exceptional.

Political experience would lead us to expect privilege to represent privilege and wealth to represent wealth. It does in this country. It does in Great Britain. In both countries it shifts the burdens of taxation onto the backs of the poor. This is not true in Germany, certainly not to the same extent as in other countries. Up to 1899 the Prussian cities collected a house and land tax assessed against the rental value of

the property, *i. e.*, upon what the owner happened to get out of the land. The property might be used as a cabbage patch. It paid taxes on its rental value as a cabbage patch. This is still the method of local taxation in vogue in Great Britain. It is against this system that the English cities are vainly protesting to Parliament. It encourages high rents and speculation, and is unjust to those who develop their property. In 1893 the Interior Department of Prussia authorized a change to the American method of assessment based on the capital value of the land. Immediately land taxes were greatly increased. In many cases the increase amounted to many hundreds per cent. The land speculator was discouraged. He was compelled to build upon his property or sell it to some one who would. But the reform did not end here. In 1904 the city of Frankfort decided to levy a special tax on the "unearned increment"—to tax the land speculator still further. The city made a beginning of the single tax, and now collects nearly one-fifth of its taxes from the speculative value which the growth of the city creates. In five years the Frankfort experiment has swept over Germany. It has been adopted by many other cities. It has been carried into Switzerland and has cropped out in Belgium. It inspired the Liberal party in England, and promises to create an issue which will tax the political power of the landed classes in every country in Europe. The first skirmishes of the battle are now being fought in England, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, and Belgium, where the conviction that the speculative value of the land created by the growth of the community belongs in reality to the city rather than to the individual who appropriates it has taken firm hold.

In Germany this new tax bears the ominous name of the "Wertzuwachsteuer." As levied in Frankfort, and since copied in almost all of the larger cities, it provides for an increment tax which ranges from 1 to 33 per cent of the profit realized by the seller. If the property does not change hands within twenty years, the tax upon the increase in the value is levied just the same. The rate varies in different cities. It is rapidly progressive, depending upon the amount of profit realized on the sale.

In addition to the "Wertzuwachsteuer" there is a transfer tax amounting to 2 per

cent on the selling value of the land. These taxes upon the unearned increment and the selling value of the land average about 9.5 per cent of the profits in the cities which apply it. Through these means the city of Frankfort collects one-fifth of its revenues and the city of Düsseldorf three-tenths. This indicates the possibilities of this heretofore untapped source of revenue. It demonstrates, moreover, that if the city were to take only the speculative increase in the value of the land, no other taxes would be needed. In other words, the city could appropriate the value of city sites which will come into existence in the future and relieve all other forms of property from taxation.*

The German cities also levy a business tax known as the *Gewerbsteuer*. It only applies to those businesses where the profits amount to \$385 a year and the capital invested to twice that sum.

Strangely enough direct taxation does not lead to niggardliness in expenditure. Quite the reverse. The business men of Germany accept their burdens willingly and take pride in the development of the city. One never hears the everlasting talk about the "rates" so universal in Great Britain, nor do elections turn upon this issue as they do in the latter country, where the most eminent men are frequently defeated for the council for suggesting some needed park, library, housing, or health programme which involves a slight increase in the local rates. There is a penuriousness about city politics in Great Britain that is not found in either Germany or America. It is traceable in the former country to the method of raising local revenues by means of taxes on the tenant.

The German cities are even more generous than our own. There is a big-minded-

* New York could pay dividends to its citizens in addition to freeing itself wholly from local taxes were it in a position to carry the German system to its logical conclusions. For we know to a certainty what the profits of the land speculator in New York City are. The Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments value land in that city at its full value and they re-value it every year. And the increase in the value of the land alone is so colossal that the total expenditures of the city, extravagant as they are, could be met from this source alone. From 1904 to 1908 the assessments of the land increased (exclusive of the buildings) from \$3,057,161.290 to \$3,843,165,507 or an increase of \$786,004,307. This is equivalent to nearly \$200,000,000 a year. The total budget of the city did not average over \$150,000,000 a year and to-day it is only \$180,000,000. So that all of the expenditures of the city could be met by simply taking the profit of the land-owner, which he does not to-day enjoy, for municipal purposes. And this growth is continuous. For the reports of the Commissioners show that for every baby born and for every immigrant who lands in the city the land advances nearly \$1,000 in value.

ness about their outlook that is positively unique. The German protests against the cost of the army and the navy, he grumbles about the taxes on trade and inheritances, but he pays with willingness his taxes to the city. I have talked with men from every class, in a dozen cities, about the burdens of local taxation; I have asked why it was that the city went in for such generous expenditure for schools and parks, for the purchase of land and the erection of school buildings; why it erected splendid public buildings, art galleries, opera-houses, and contributed so generously to a hundred things which in America would be termed socialistic, and never but once have I heard a complaint. The business man and the workman united in saying substantially the same thing: "It brings business and people, it makes the city beautiful and a comfortable place in which to live"; or "we must have strong children if we would have good soldiers, and they must be well educated if they would be efficient." These and similar statements reflect the sentiment of the citizen and his pride in the city. This feeling is well-nigh universal. The German thinks it is good business to do these things, and that even the poorest receives a good return for the taxes which he pays.

Measured by the sacrifice involved, Germany spends more generously than any other nation for municipal purposes. The ordinary revenues of the city of Düsseldorf, a city of 290,000, from taxation alone are \$2,677,000. This is \$9.25 per head. Its other revenues, aside from loans, are \$3,125,000 more. Its current expenses amount to \$20 per head, and its total annual budget to \$100 per head. Frankfort, a city of 335,000 population, raised the sum of \$4,860,000 by taxation in 1906 or \$14.50 per head.* Of this sum \$2,287,334 was collected through the income tax; \$96,383 by a tax upon vacant land; \$891,281 by a tax on house and land rent; \$465,784 by a tax on business, and \$979,999 from the tax on change in ownership and the unearned increment tax. The balance came from miscellaneous fees. No attempt is made to tax personal property in any form. Nor are there any octroi or indirect taxes such as prevail in the Latin countries.

* These figures do not measure expenditure, as the cities receive aids from the State as well as substantial revenues from other sources.

It is quite possible that we should revise our ideas about the extravagance of the American city. Possibly we are niggardly in our expenditures for things municipal. Our failures may be traceable in part to this fact. For when we consider the difference in money values; that salaries, wages, and the cost of all services are higher in this country than in Germany, it may be that we do not spend as much for city purposes as do the cities of that country. According to a recent Bulletin of the United States Census it appears that the average per capita expenditure of the American city is but \$15.82. Cities like Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis are lower still. The general and special service expenditures of New York are \$23.84 per capita. I appreciate that comparisons with other countries are difficult and yet it seems very probable that one of the chief reasons for the superiority of the German city is to be found in the unsuspected fact that more money is spent in that country, relatively to money worth, than in this.

The German city is also heavily in debt. The debt of Düsseldorf is \$29,000,000, or \$100 per head. This is double the per-capita indebtedness of the average American city of its size. Frankfort has recently burdened itself with a loan of \$18,000,000 for the development of its river frontage and harbor. Berlin has a total debt of \$99,294,500. Despite these heavy debts one hears no suggestion of bankruptcy. There is no legal debt limit, and the city can do about as it pleases in the matter of investments. "It is good business, the German official says, for the city to go into debt. The higher the debt the better, especially if it is incurred for productive undertakings which tend to reduce the tax rate. We would not say a man was bankrupt who had borrowed 60 per cent of his assets. Most real estate is mortgaged up to 50 per cent of its value, and why should not the city borrow on the same principle? We know that street railways, gas, water, electric lighting, and docks are profitable enterprises. They not only pay their way, but yield a profit as well. Why should not the city own these things rather than turn them over to private individuals to exploit?" This is the attitude of the official and the citizen.

The same is true of parks, schools, theatres, opera-houses, and the like. They pay their way, though not so directly. They bring visitors, they make the city attractive as a place of residence. This increases the value of property and in turn the basis of taxation. It is good business for the city to be as beautiful, as comfortable, and as attractive as possible. And there is tremendous rivalry among the cities of south Germany to attract persons to them for purposes of residence and business. Of eight German cities with a total debt of \$172,536,000, all but \$62,306,900 is for street railways, gas, water, docks, etc., which yield a profit or will do so in time. In Düsseldorf 87 per cent of the city debt is for productive undertakings which more than pay their way.

The German city is as thrifty as the German trader. It is planning for dividends. It is looking forward to the time when the earnings from its enterprises will reduce the tax rate. It is even entering the real-estate business with the same idea in view. It buys and sells land both in the city and in the suburbs. It anticipates its own development and as population grows it disposes of its land at a handsome profit.

But the motive of city building is not all commercial. The German has a wonderful pride in his city and is willing to make sacrifices in order that it will be beautiful. There is art in everything. And the streets, parks, open spaces, playgrounds, and boulevards are of the most spacious sort.

Within the past decade the Rhine cities have developed a wonderful system of wharves and docks, together with the most scientific cranes, tracks, warehouses, and handling devices for the purpose of promoting trade. Duisburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Frankfort, and others have expended tens of millions of dollars on these projects, and by so doing have trebled or quadrupled their business and greatly increased their population. All this pays. It pays handsomely, not only in health, in happiness, and in comfort; it pays in the language that the business man best understands. It pays in dividends. For the cities which do the most things and own the most enterprises have the lowest tax rate. They also have the most contented population. There is something reciprocal about politics. A city that serves its people as

do Glasgow, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort, and Mannheim gets a return in local pride and consciousness that is in marked contrast with the attitude of the people in such towns as Elberfeld, Barmen, and Essen, which have little ambition beyond the conventional preservation of the health, peace, and sanitary surroundings of the town.

But I have not yet touched on the thing that sets the German city apart and distinguishes it from all other cities in the world. The German official thinks in a different *milieu* than does the British or the American official. He starts with the presumption that the city should do anything it sees fit to do provided it will improve the city, reduce the tax rate, or make it a more comfortable, healthful, or better place in which to live. The Anglo-Saxon, on the other hand, starts with an ingrained conviction that the city should do just as little as possible, and that any concession from this principle is fraught with extreme danger. The German has no prejudice against government: he does not look upon it as *per se* evil and inefficient.

The German Bürgermeister looks out from the city hall on his city as a whole as Bismarck looked out over the face of Europe. He builds as an architect builds a house or a railway promoter projects his railway into new territory. The city spends great sums to adorn its public bridges, school-houses, and public structures. It builds its streets so that they will last for a century, and lays its sewers, gas, water, and other conduits either under the sidewalk or so that they will not have to be disturbed. It employs the best sculptors to fill its parks with bits of marble, it tears down old sections of the city to clear away its slums or to secure proper settings or vistas for a public structure or to preserve some mediæval building. It lays out broad boulevards and arranges them so as to secure fine vistas. Here and there a park or open space is located and adorned with a garden or playground, while along the streets clock towers, fountains, or pieces of statuary are placed. The main thoroughfares have parkways in the centre and street railway tracks and bridle paths on either side. About the city are great parks and city woods, while in many cities the ring streets,

constructed on the sites of the old fortifications, bring the parkage down to the heart of the city. There are few city halls in all America which compare in beauty and splendor with those of Munich, Hamburg, Leipsic, and a half dozen other cities. The cities also own opera-houses, theatres, and town halls where operas and dramatic performances are given, while the best of concerts may be heard by the city orchestra for an insignificant cost several times a week.

The same generosity is shown in education. The school-houses are of the most elaborate sort. Hospitals, convalescent homes, nursing establishments, and tuberculosis sanitariums in the country are the equal if not the superior of any in the world. Everywhere the architect, the landscape gardener, and the artist control the builder. Beauty is not a private esoteric privilege—it is the common possession of all. Every bit of water is jealously preserved and beautified. The banks of the city canals are clean and attractive, while the navigable rivers are not only the centres of recreation, they are the source of the city's commerce and industrial development.

There is nothing that is tawdry, nothing

that is cheap, nothing that is cheese-paring in German expenditure, relatively poor as the German people are. Germany almost alone in the world is building her cities with an eye to the future, conscious of the fact that the city is the centre of the civilization of to-morrow.

Government means much more to the people in Germany than it does in America. It means a thousand services which promote the health and the well-being, the rearing of strong children and efficient ones; it means the assurance to the people of the maximum of service at the minimum of cost in those elemental services which are a necessity of life. The German city seeks to make life as full of sweetness, of beauty, of variety as is possible through co-operative effort. Herein is the great difference between the German and the American city. The one remains an industrial accident, with the ideals of the successful business man, able to care for himself and wanting only to be left alone; the other is an organized, living thing with a big and far-seeing programme of the needs of humanity, and bending its intelligence and its powers to their satisfaction.

WHEN THE CROWS COME BACK

By Margaret Vandegrift

I CAN stand it well enough in the dark of the year,
When I know the earth is frost-bound, and the woods are sere;
Though even then I'm thinking of the sledding-track—
But my heart grows sick with longing when the crows come back.

I listen, listen, listen as I walk the street;
Oh, I know the lark's note well enough, it's rare and sweet,
And I love to hear the robins, with their saucy clack—
But something grips my heart-strings when the crows come back.

And twice good luck has found me as I walked the street.
Far overhead their wings went, with their steady beat,
"Unhalting and unresting," like a good ship's tack—
And I heard it like a whisper—"We've come back, come back!"

Oh Mother Earth, dear Mother, with your cool, soft arms,
When the grass waves, and the wind sings, and the sunlight warms,
I am sick for you, I pine for you, and most I lack
All your light and love and comfort, when the crows come back.

THE PETTINGBIRD INFARE

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



HE one calm exterior in all the village was that of the Rev. Mr. Hike. Were the Pettingbird infare to be an ordinary social event, a mere reception to Parker Pettingbird and his bride on their return from their wedding journey, he could not have seemed less stirred. But it was more than that. It was to be graced by the presence of Fergus Pettingbird. And yet more: his promised home-coming had given rise to great expectations, not the least of which were those of the good minister. The general belief was that Mr. Hike would share heavily in the Pettingbird bounty, but had he such hopes he did not show them. When he spoke of Fergus Pettingbird it was in an unworldly way; his riches were as nothing; his benefactions to the church and the village of themselves meant little, it was his life that counted, in its splendid example of patient industry rewarded, of wealth well gained and well spent for the benefit of mankind, of a ripe old age crowned with the love and gratitude of his fellows. For himself Mr. Hike asked nothing of Fergus Pettingbird, but the privilege of shaking his hand, and even to do this he was in no unseemly hurry. Not once through the long day was he seen at his window joining in the general watch for the great man's coming, and when at last night fell and he left the parsonage with his wife on his arm, it was in time to be properly late. He picked his way with unhurried steps through darkness, for all the lights in the village seemed to have gone before him to the infare; the Pettingbird door flew open as he climbed the steps, but he did not lose his calm. In the hall he deliberately paused to find a safe resting-place for his hat, brushed his pompadour with his hands, adjusted his tie, waited patiently until Mrs. Hike had repaired her broken hair net, and then handed her into the parlor.

"I wish you happiness—happiness," Mr. Hike said, holding the bride's hand affectionately, but as he spoke he was looking over his shoulder, searching the crowded room, with eyes so piercing that they seemed to penetrate the very walls. "Happiness—my dear Parker, happiness," he went on absently, as he took the bridegroom's hand. Yet he showed no interest in him. These guests of honor were nothing to him. He did not ask if they had enjoyed Atlantic City, did they like the board walk, had they seen the tattooed man. He muttered "happiness, happiness" until his search was done. Then, wheeling about, he faced his host, faced Thompson Pettingbird, faced him as though in asking all the village to his house to rejoice with him in the home-coming of his son and his new daughter he had done a great wrong.

"Thompson," demanded Mr. Hike in a loud tone, "where is your distinguished brother? Where is the little boy who left us so many long years ago and is to return to us to-night in the rich fulness of his life? Where is the benefactor of our church and village, the donor of the bell, the giver of our soldiers' monument, the builder of our bridge?" Mr. Hike's voice rose to fierceness. "Where is Fergus Pettingbird?"

Where was Fergus Pettingbird? Everybody was asking that question. At the windows little groups of watchers peered into the darkness as though he might come out of the sky in a chariot of fire. The bride and bridegroom were pressed against the wall and forgotten. If they were addressed at all it was petulantly as though they had dared to usurp the place of honor. In vain did Miss Hannaberry strive to break the tension by organizing a game of animals. No one was in a mood for such riotous amusement. In vain did Miss Mae Crimmel at the organ trill and tra-la through the first bars of "Sweet Violets."

No one would listen to her. In vain did Mrs. Pettingbird rush from her special province, the dining-room, still mysteriously closed, and beseech her daughter-in-law to do something to dispel the gloom. Let us wait for Mr. Pettingbird, everybody said.

"It is like killing the fatted calf without the prodigal being present," complained Mr. Hike, coming back to the centre of the parlor after a fourth visit to the front door to listen for the sound of wheels.

"We must be patient," said Thompson Pettingbird, fumbling with his watch. "Fergus wrote me that he would be home to-night. He has never been much on writin', Fergus hasn't, but what he says he'll do, he always does. He'll be here—of course he will."

"And where did he write you from?" demanded Mr. Hike, as though he suspected the letter to be a myth and his host to be using his brother's name for his own glorification.

"From a place in Kansas—I think he must have a mine there," Thompson answered, with an easy wave of the hand. "You know Fergus has always moved around a lot, and, judgin' from his letters, it would seem like he had property everywhere. He's a quiet man, Fergus is, and he never writes much. But he'll be here."

Mr. Hike assumed a tone of aggressive argument. "The 5.32 is the only afternoon train stopping at Pleasantville, so he should have arrived long ago."

"Don't you suppose the line would stop the Limited for my brother?" returned Mr. Pettingbird in a dignified voice of protest. "And don't you suppose he would come in his private car? It seems to me that had he been travellin' in the ordinary way, he'd have mentioned it in his letter, though of course Fergus never says much in his letters."

Mr. Hike was overwhelmed. Undoubtedly a man of Mr. Pettingbird's wealth and importance would travel in a private car, attached to the Limited, and undoubtedly the company would stop the train for him; more than ever he regretted that he had not insisted on the carrying through of his plan to have a committee meet the distinguished visitor at the station and bring him home with proper honor.

"It is a shame," he cried, with a stamp of the foot, "that a person of Mr. Petting-

bird's character, one who has done what he has for his native town, whose good works greet us on every hand, our ears when the church-bell calls us to our devotions, our eyes when we look upon the lovely monument which adorns our square—that such a man, seeing fit at last to honor us with a visit, coming in a private car, on a limited train, should be allowed to land at Pleasantville without a formal welcome."

The company agreed with Mr. Hike in a voice so loud that Mr. Pettingbird found it hard to make himself heard in his own defence. He was simply carrying out his brother's wishes, for Fergus was a modest man, to whom nothing could be more distasteful than a public demonstration; he was coming home quietly, to see his family, to meet his old friends, and by chance he had timed his return to the very evening when Parker and his bride were being welcomed from their travels; if the infare became an ovation he could not take it amiss. So Mr. Pettingbird counselled patience. As a balm for the irritated feelings of his guests he proposed refreshments. He offered them unctuously, backing toward the dining-room, bowing, and rubbing his hands. But even this artifice failed, for the guests saw that it was artifice and they resented it. Mr. Hike voiced their minds. They had come to wish happiness to the young bride and bridegroom and they did wish them happiness with all their hearts. But their presence had a deeper meaning. They had killed the fatted calf for their beloved prodigal, and they surely could not sit down to the feast until he had been restored to their arms. Where, then, was Fergus Pettingbird?

The watchers at the door answered that they could hear no sounds which seemed to herald his coming. The watchers at the window could see no flash of lights fore-running him. And now, as though in answer, came the notes of the bell. It was the church bell, the gift of Fergus Pettingbird, the bell that so long had been quickening the valley's memory of her absent son. It sounded softly at first, as though it hesitated to break the stillness of the night. Then gathering courage and strength, it swung into a riotous clangor. Joy had loosened the iron tongue and it was proclaiming to all the world that Fergus Pettingbird was home. Those who watched

did not stop to ask how it came that the bell was ringing. They knew that it must be ringing for him and they ran to meet him. They surged into the narrow hall and faced without thought the cold wind which hurled through the open door.

The moon had risen from the fringe of pines on the ridges, and its gray light swept up the street, uncovering its every corner to searching eyes. And they saw no sign of life there save a dark figure cut like a silhouette against the white monument. They heard no sound but the clamor of the bell. They looked to the bend in the road around which he must come. They quickened their ears to hear the clatter of hoofs on the bridge. The bell stopped. But for the dark figure by the monument the street was as deserted as at midnight. Then the bell struck again—slowly—once—twice—and it was tolling!

The white soldier was on his eternal watch in the village square. In the moonlight his outline was clear-cut against the dark background of houses. This was not dead marble turning to life. It was a soldier, standing his guard, with head up, eyes front and shoulders back, his musket grasped to the letter of the manual—a soldier turned to ice. Beneath him in the road stood a little man, studying his every detail, so wrapt in contemplation that he seemed unconscious of the winter wind which swept the valley or of the dreary solitude. His hands were clasped tightly behind his back, and his face was upturned so that had the white soldier deigned to relax his vigilance one moment and looked down, he would have seen, even through the bushy beard, a smile of satisfaction playing around the shrunken mouth, and in the eyes the light of brotherly affection.

The little man straightened up slowly. It was as though swelling admiration were drawing his body taut, at last to burst its bonds. "It is beautiful," he cried. "My, but it is beautiful! Why even the buttons shows plain!"

"It's natural, eh, friend?" came a voice behind him.

He started, for he had thought himself alone. With a quick motion he drove his hat down over his eyes, so the drooping brim almost met the upturned collar of his coat. Wheeling sharply, he found himself

facing a strange figure, a man so bent that his cane shared with his legs the burden of his body, and so twisted that he had to roll his head over on his shoulder to look up, as he was looking up into the other's face with friendly interest.

"It certainly is a lovely piece," the little man said, driving his hat down still farther over his eyes.

"The gift of Fergus Pettingbird to his native town," the crooked man declaimed in a shrill voice. "It's livin' marble; it's breathin' stone, as our preacher says." He hobbled forward a few steps, raised his hand to his mouth, and asked in a lowered tone: "But, stranger, who might you be?"

"Just as you say—a stranger," was the answer, carelessly given. "I'm a-walkin' up the valley, and it's a long way when you're feeble." He turned slowly on his heels, surveying the dark square. "Tell me," he said, laying a hand on the bent back, "why is everything so quiet here to-night?"

The head rolled over on the other shoulder as though seeking a better angle from which to dart a look of wonder at such a question. "Why—haven't you heard? Everybody's up to the Pettingbirds'—everybody 'cepting me—to the Pettingbird infare."

"Oh!" The little man sat down on the iron rail which guarded the monument, and pointed his thumb over his shoulder, up the street. "I see—I see—to the house that's all lighted. But why ain't you there?"

"Me?" The voice was pitched so high that it cracked, and the head and shoulders swung up and down as far as the cane would let them. "Me! Why—haven't you heard of me? I'm the only livin' soul in Harmony as wasn't asked." The crooked man's hand sought his mouth again and he whispered in the stranger's ear, "You see, I am old Plum—old Henery Plum—I'm half-witted." This announcement was given with a ring of pride and, to make his assertion more convincing, he broke into an unrestrained cackle.

"Old Plum—old Henery Plum," the stranger returned, with a meditative wag of the head. "Yes—I've heard of you. Of course you wasn't asked."

Mr. Plum, seizing his throat in his hand, choked down his hilarity. "Of course,"

he said, now smiling pleasantly. "But just the same I've seen the party." He began to sit down. It was a laborious operation for one so aged, and there was much beating of the air to find the rail, with an accompaniment of sighs and groans, before he was comfortably settled at the stranger's side. Then his hand went to his mouth once more and he took up his whispered confidences. "There's mighty little I don't see, though I am half-witted, and I'll tell you this—" He poked his companion in the ribs with the knob of his cane to emphasize the importance of his communication. "He hasn't come yet."

"He?" questioned the stranger, turning sharply.

"Fergus Pettingbird," cried Mr. Plum. "You've heard of him. Everybody's heard of him. Now, what are you laughin' at?"

"I was thinkin'," was the evasive reply. "So it's all about Fergus Pettingbird, eh? I've heard tell somethin' of him. And is he a great man in these parts?"

"One of the greatest," cried Mr. Plum with fervor. He stretched out a trembling hand. "I've knowed him since he was that high," he said, "and mighty souls! but he was a boy! When he run away from home everybody figgered he'd come to a bad end, which goes to show what these whole-witted folks really know. You otter hear 'em now, since he has growed rich out in the West and has been——"

The little man checked him. "Tell me, Henery, how did Fergus Pettingbird make his money?"

Mr. Plum was silent for a moment. "That's one point where I'm not altogether clear," he answered, speaking very slowly, "but I've allus allowed it was because I'm half-witted. It seems like Fergus was a very modest man, he tells so little in his letters, but the general idee has been that he owns gold mines. Thompson, he figgers on gold mines, for how else could he do all he has done for us." The old man jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the statue. "He gave us that." The stick swept around and pointed down the road to the iron bridge. "And that," he cried exultingly.

"Indeed," the other said, driving his hands deep into his pockets and looking straight in front of him.

"And the bell—you'd otter hear the bell—our church bell." He had cast aside the

veil of caution and mystery. His cane quivered as he pointed to the steeple which could lift its spire proudly above the peaked roof of the mill, and no more. His voice was as shrill as the wind in the pines by the creek and his body writhed as he tried to raise himself to the pitch of his pride. "Why, stranger, you can hear her all over the valley—yander on the ridges as sweet and clear as Gabriel's horn—back there on the mountains even distincter, and I've heard tell that when she's tollin' she sounds clean to the big river—that is, when I'm doin' the ringin'." The hand went to the mouth again guarding his secrets. "You see I'm the sexton."

"Tell me, sexton," the little man said, patting the other's knee, "hasn't Fergus Pettingbird done a little good hereabouts?"

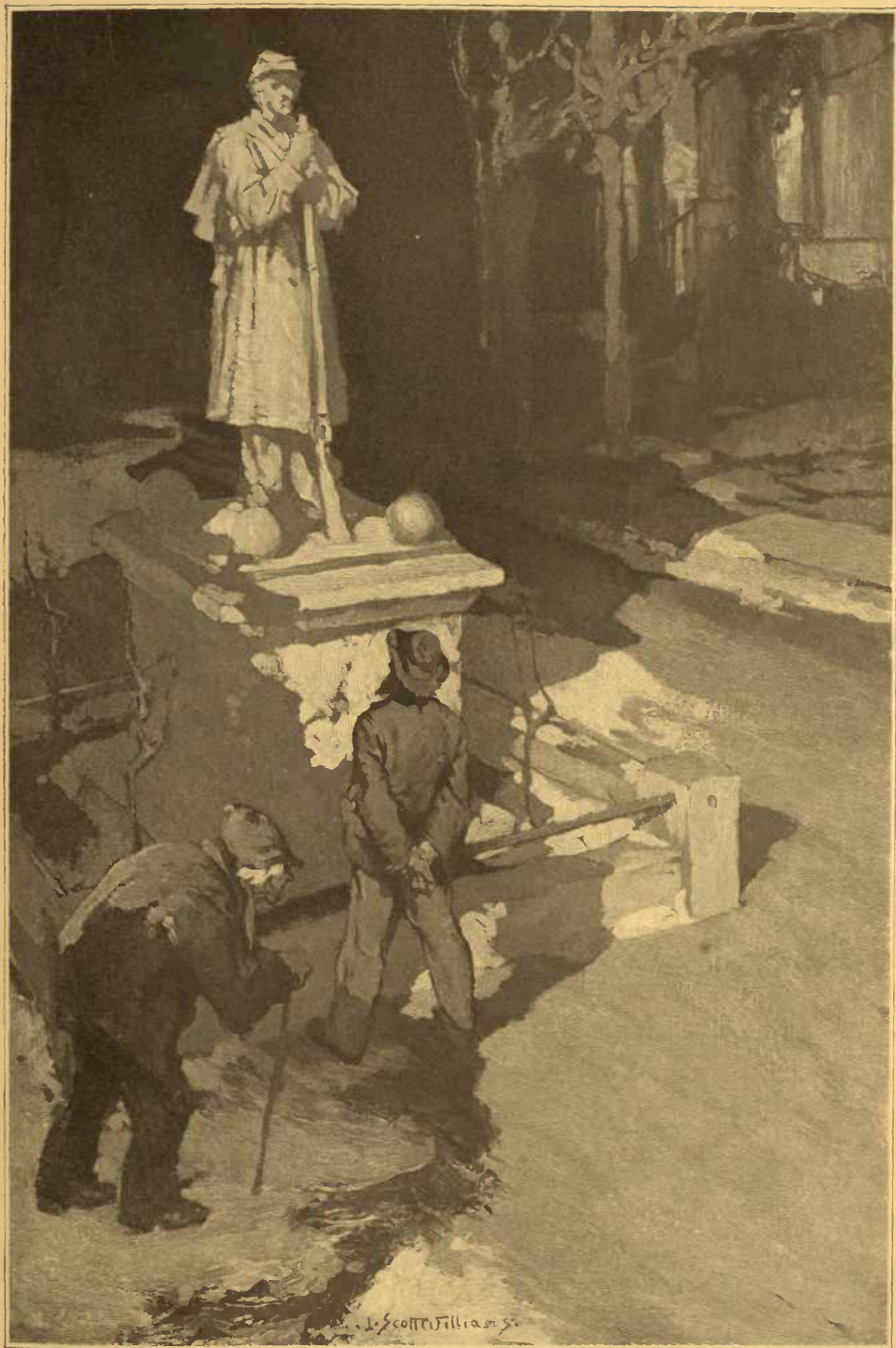
"Good?" It was something more than good, something infinitely higher, that Fergus Pettingbird had done, to the light of old Henry Plum. "Good? Think of it—the Sunday-school library, the bridge, the monnymment, and then the bell. Why, stranger, every time I ring that bell it seems like I'm singin' his praises. You see, I've knowed him since he was that high." Again the trembling hand stretched out to measure a boy's stature. "And, of course, I have a special interest in him. It 'ud have been nice had they asked me to the infare, though I'd no right to expect it. They didn't, and so I says to myself I'd just come and set by his monnymment and mebbe I'd see him go by. I'm glad you like the statue."

The little man turned and gazed up at the white figure towering over him. "Yes, sexton," he said, "it's a lovely thing. It's kind of elevatin' like. It kind of lifts you up. It kind of makes you want to do somethin' worth while in this world——"

"Like Mr. Pettingbird," cried the sexton.

The stranger looked thoughtfully at the frozen ground. "Yes," he said, after a moment, "like Fergus Pettingbird. He seems to be quite respected here."

"Re-spected!" exclaimed the sexton. "Do you s'pose that crowd is at the house yander on his brother Thompson's account; do you s'pose they'd have gone there just for an infare? Why, all them Pettingbirds live on Fergus's repytation, and they're figgerin' now on the things he'll give 'em when he gets home." Mr. Plum tapped the little man on the shoulder. "Just you watch till



Drawn by J. Scott Williams.

The white soldier was on his eternal watch in the village square.—Page 495.

he is dead—that's all they're waitin' for—till they get his millions, and they'll flit to Philadelphia so quick—so quick. You'll see."

"I see." The stranger drew his coat tighter about him, for he was cold, and he spoke slowly. "It's like this: They're lookin' to gettin' his hard-earned money—his gold mines—and when he's comin' home they think they'll tickle his vanity by givin' him a reception, but he has written them that he wants to slip back quiet-like and just look 'round and see what good he has done, so they call it an infare. They force a card on him—they deal to him off the bottom of the pack." He sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience and stood gazing in silence up the street to the lights. "Henery," he said after a moment, "figger it this way. Supposin' when a man was a boy he run away from home with his head all full of grand idees and dreams, and as he growed they dwindled away like; and instead of goin' higher and higher he found himself fallin' lower and lower, till he had no standin' nowhere and no friends; so as when he came to a place and made a little money in his peculiar way they'd chase him out of it. He's chased from county to county, from east to west, and all the time he's thinkin' of the old town, and he wants to have the old town thinkin' well of him. Every now and then he makes a haul, in his peculiar way, and knowin' he won't have it long anyhow, he sends it home to do some good, to kind of keep him a little in mind."

"Like Mr. Pettingbird," said the sexton, nodding his head sagely. The trembling hand stretched out in the moonlight. "Why, stranger, I've knowed him——"

"Yes, like him," the little man went on, speaking rapidly. "He gives bells and monnyments and bridges. He gives everything he has, and when he's old and luck has gone again' him he beats his way toward home, for though he's done a heap of wrong, he's done a little right, and he kind o' wants to look it over quiet-like—to see the monnymment, to hear the bell, to stand on the bridge and listen to the water a-swishin' along below, to watch the mountains when the shadders——"

"What's all this to do with a man such as Mr. Pettingbird?" the sexton interrupted in an angry voice.

"Nothin'. I was just figgerin'," the little man answered with a dry laugh. "I was wonderin' how it would seem to him when he got home—crawled home—and found he was a great man there—found all the folks waitin' to receive him, takin' for an ace him as was poorer than a knave. Don't you think, Henery, it would make him kind of 'shamed, frighten him like? What had he otter do?"

The sexton shook his head. "You're a queer one," he said, smiling pleasantly at the little man. "Why, Fergus Pettingbird's one of the best as ever was."

"How do you know?" demanded the stranger.

"Know!" exclaimed Mr. Plum. "Why, everybody knows that. Haven't I heard Thompson say so himself? Haven't I heard Preacher Hike in his sermons talk about his splendid life and the example of it? Haven't I heard him say that Mr. Pettingbird was a camel who'd get through the needle's eye?" The sexton was climbing to his feet. "But that reminds me—I must go on down to the church to fire the stoves. It's got to be good and warm tomorrow, for *he's* comin'."

"What had he otter do?" cried the little man, looking up at the white soldier as if it could answer him.

"You'd better stay," said the sexton, with a cheerful cackle. "You really mustn't leave without seein' him. You know he's to put up a new school-house for us, to say nothin' of helpin' the church. He's great on church, Mr. Pettingbird is; which reminds me——"

He was hobbling away when the little man's hand detained him.

"I'd like to stay and see him, but I must go on, Henery," the stranger said. "And I'd like specially to hear his bell ring. Couldn't you ring it for me—a little—just a little?"

The sexton's head rolled over on his shoulder and he screwed his bent body around till his eyes met his companion's with a look of wonder. "This time o' night?" he returned, and his twisted frame began to shake with merriment.

"Don't go—don't go, Henery!" cried the little man, seizing his arm and leading him back to the rail. He had a pack of cards in his hands now and was shuffling them before the sexton's eyes with all the



With that he tossed the pack high in the air and the wind caught the cards and whirled them away like leaves.—Page 500.

art of a conjurer. And caught in the conjurer's spell, the sexton forgot about Fergus Pettingbird and his duty to him. He was following the stranger's every movement. He saw him sit down on the rail again and spread an old newspaper across his knees. He saw him take three cards and hold them up so the moonlight fell upon them and their faces were as clear as in broad day.

He bent down till his chin almost rested on the knob of his cane.

"Three cards—two blacks and a red!" cried the little man. "Watch 'em, Henery; watch 'em." The hands flashed and the cards fluttered to the paper. "Name the diamond, Henery; name the diamond!"

"There—there!" The sexton turned the card. He twisted his head back in triumph.

"You can't fool me, my friend—I've seen that game too often at the fair—you can't ketch me."

"Of course I can't," said the little man, laughing softly. "We'll play for somethin'. We'll make it interestin'. I want to hear you ring the bell. You don't want to ring it. I don't think you know how."

"Me don't know how!" cried Mr. Plum with indignation. "Well, you should just hear me toll."

"Of course you can toll," returned the stranger soothingly, "and I want to hear you. So s'pose we leave it to the cards. You win, you don't toll—you lose, you toll. Now, that's fair?"

The sexton pulled at his ear. "It sounds fair," he returned, "and yet it don't, and I can't exactly see why."

But fair or unfair, the cards had him in their clutch. They fluttered to the paper and he saw the diamond in the centre. He was sure of it—so sure of it that he laughed.

"Bein' as I know which it is, I'll take you up," he said. "You'll see. I'm not so simple as I look."

He stretched out his trembling hand and was lowering it with a deliberation that spoke his perfect confidence, when the little man suddenly hurled the paper away from him and sprang to his feet.

"No—no," he cried. "It isn't fair—it never was fair, and I've done with it. Look, Henery, look!"

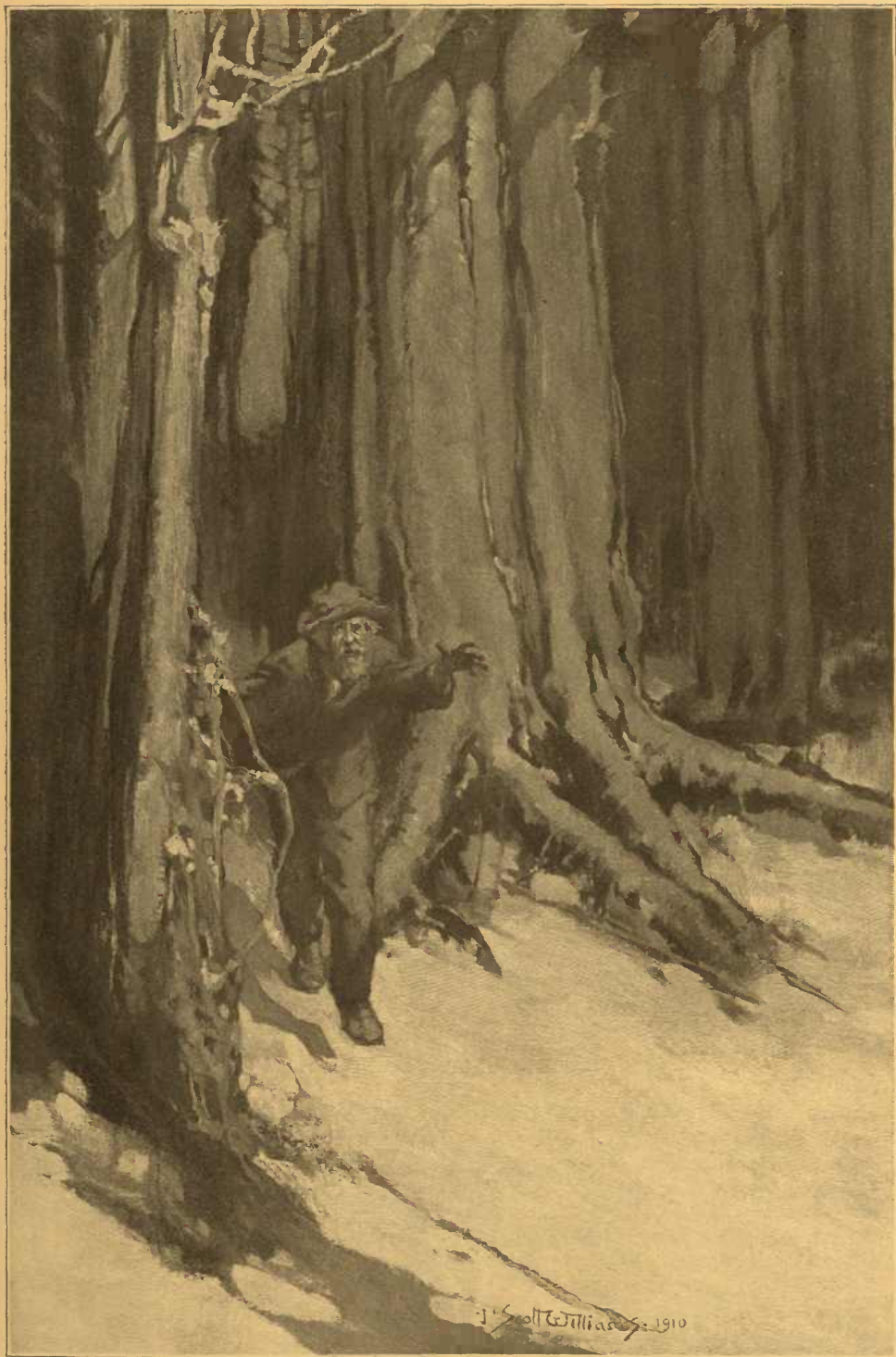
With that he tossed the pack high in the air and the wind caught the cards and whirled them away like leaves down the village street. He watched till the last of them was lost in the gray light, and then turned with hands stretched out in pleading.

"Henery," he said in a low voice, "I'm playin' you fair now, and you won't let me leave the valley without hearing the Pettingbird bell, will you? Why, man, I've often heard tell of the way you make that bell talk, and your tollin' is spoke of particular."

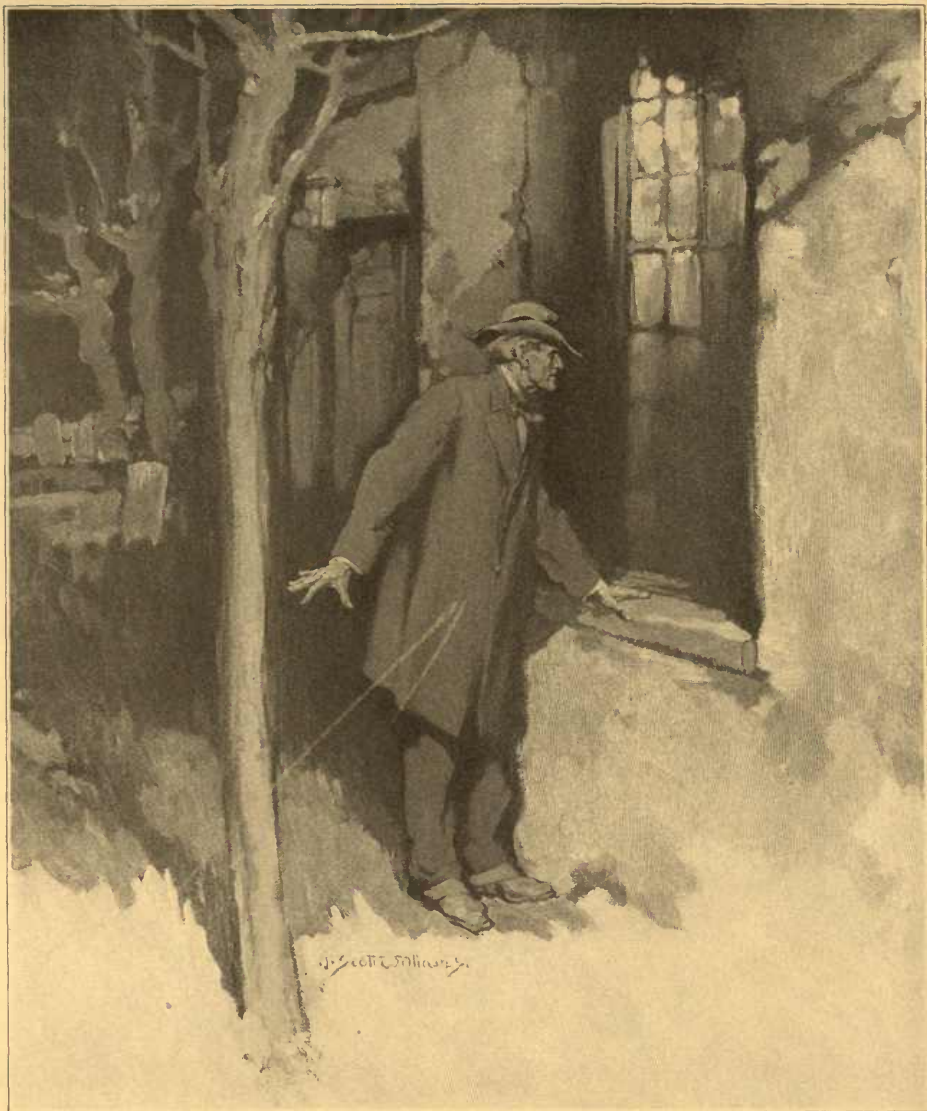
The sexton had rolled his head back to cushion itself against the humped shoulders, and his mouth opened wider and wider. "Have you?" he said. "Well, why didn't you say so instead of fussin' with them cards?" He looked at the cloudless sky. He wet his thumb with his lips and held it up to feel the wind. "It's a fine night for tollin'. They'll hear her

clean down to the big river, sure, and they'll set up all over the wallee in their sleep and say 'There goes Fergus Pettingbird's bell.' It's unregular—highly unregular—but such a man as him otter be kept in their minds. Still, I wouldn't ring her for no one else but you, stranger, and if I wasn't half-witted I wouldn't do it at all." He turned and began to hobble away. After a few steps he stopped and slowly screwed his head around to see the little figure motionless by the monument. "I'll give you something lively and cheerful at first, stranger, and then I'll show you how she tolls. And Mighty! but she can toll!"

How the bell tolled! Every note was a dirge, rising from a tremulous moan to a mighty boom that the wind caught up and swept away to die in faint echoes among the mountains. What must Fergus Pettingbird think, were this brazen croaker first to greet him on his home-coming? Mr. Hike seized his hat and cane and, forgetting his ministerial dignity, cleared the steps in two long strides. The dark figure by the monument rose and stood looking up the street, to see not alone the tall form of the pastor, but a great company bearing down on him, an army formed with the heavy phalanx in the centre and on the wings the lighter-footed cohorts. The bird flushed from its cover does not wait to inquire into the intentions and motives of the hunter, and the little man by the monument had learned through long experience that for him, at least, safety lay in flight rather than in reason. He mistrusted crowds. To run from them had become an instinct with him. And he fled now, as he had often fled before, straight for the open country. If after the first few strides he did begin to reason, it was too late, for by his irrational flight he had brought on a pursuit in earnest. In the man standing by the monument there was nothing unusual; in his turning and fleeing there was something sinister, something that demanded an investigation. The bell was forgotten. It boomed on, but its doleful tones fell dead on ears that were quickened only to the swelling chorus of a chase. Once he looked back, not at the oncoming host, but to the white soldier, standing erect, unmoved, as he will stand forever, a monument to the greatness and goodness



Dratton by J. Scott Williams.



He must first peer through the window to discover what lurked there.—Page 503.

of Fergus Pettingbird; he turned the corner of the mill and the iron bridge rang beneath his flying feet; the bell moaned overhead, and the broad road stretched straight before him, clear and white in the moonlight, until it plunged into the woods beyond the meadows. There was a refuge for him there, could he but reach it. His pursuers were gaining. Keen to solve the riddle of that dark flying figure, the fleet-footed wings had swept to the front, and his strength, sapped by many years, was

matched against the endurance of youth. When it seemed that he must fall, fear lifted him up and spurred him to the last plunge and the hiding of the shadows. This stranger was curiously at home here, even in the darkness, for, running on, he found the giant elm where the wood-path turns from the road, and when he was on that narrow way he followed its windings with the sure foot of one who had travelled it often. The voices sounding farther behind him, he dared to pause and listen.

The pursuit hesitated and he heard the clamor of a dispute. Then the crackle of branches and the rattle of dry leaves told him that they had found his track again. He staggered on. The creek drummed ahead of him, cheerful music to his ears, and now he was on its bank looking over to the dense bush, where massed fir and laurel called him to their warm refuge. Below him in the swirling water he saw the jutting rocks. Old friends they were, unmoved and unchanged in fifty years. How often had he measured his leap by them? It was a hop to the first, the stone with a filmy ripple playing over its flat back; a skip to the second, the big moss-covered boulder; a jump to the shore. He laughed, for he remembered having once made the other bank with his eyes closed. A sharp call sounded behind him. He answered it with a taunt of defiance, so safe he felt now, where every sound was an echo of his boyhood days, and every tree a trusty comrade come back to him from the past. He leaped to the first stone and it was like a steady friend, so solid it held against his weight. It needed all his strength to reach the second. His feet touched it. The old boulder shivered. It rolled and pitched him headlong into the stream.

The sexton hobbled back to the monument to see his strange friend and receive his commendation, so that Mr. Hike and Thompson Pettingbird, stopping on the homeward march, found the church closed. The chase was over; they had run the race, but they had not solved the riddle. Even as they stood by the stream looking in silence at the still black figure that lay among the rocks, the dull boom of the bell

came to them. This incident was closed, very lamentably indeed, but they had yet to find the cause of all the ill-timed clamor on the night when Fergus Pettingbird was coming home. So with boldness Mr. Hike laid his hand upon the church door. He drew back. It was curiously still within. He must first peer through the window to discover what lurked there. Ghostly shadows played over the gray walls. He could not forget; the tolling of the bell still echoed in his ears, and he seemed to see a white hand swinging up and down, listlessly, on the turbulent water. The night was strangely cold.

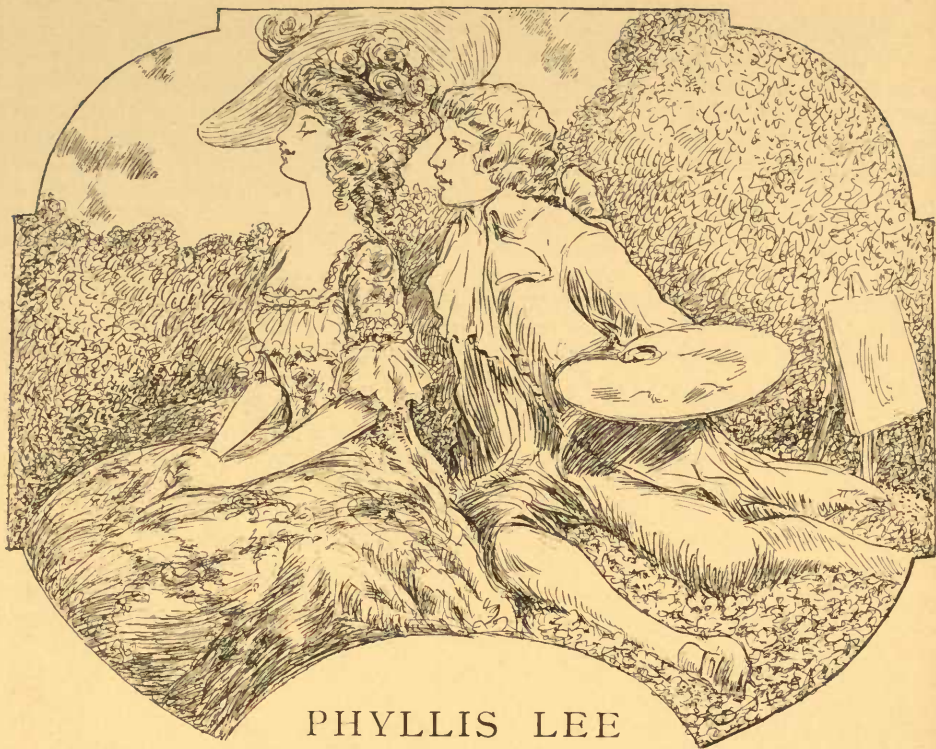
"Come," said his companion, drawing him away, "let us go back to the infare where it is more cheerful; let us find some refreshments."

Mr. Hike looked over his shoulder, down the road, and saw a dark company of men and boys emerging from the woods. What they were carrying he did not see, save through his vivid fancy, and he quickened his pace. At the monument he halted, for it was a habit of his to pause at the feet of the white soldier and utter useful, helpful thoughts as though through him the oracle were speaking. The pity was that at a time like this there was no one to hear him but the man on his arm and the half-witted sexton, crouching in hiding behind the pedestal.

"My friend," he said, pointing his cane at the white soldier, "what a contrast—what a contrast between a life like that, the vagrant's life which finds its end, unregretted, in the rocky torrent, and the splendid, the inspiring career of such a man as Fergus Pettingbird. What a——"

"Come, come," said his companion, tugging at his sleeve; "while we are talking Fergus may be home."





PHYLLIS LEE

By Oliver Herford

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

BESIDE a Primrose 'broider'd Rill
 Sat Phyllis Lee in Silken Dress
 Whilst Lucius limn'd with loving skill
 Her Likeness, as a Shepherdess.
 Yet tho' he strove with loving skill
 His Brush refused to work his Will.

"Dear Maid, unless you close your Eyes
 I can not paint to-day," he said;
 "Their Brightness shames the very Skies
 And turns their Turquoise into Lead."
 Quoth Phyllis, then, "To save the Skies
 And speed your Brush, I'll shut my Eyes."

Now when her Eyes were closed, the Dear,
 Not dreaming of such Treachery,
 Felt a Soft Whisper in her Ear,
 "Without the Light, how can one See?"
 "If you are *sure* that none can see
 I'll keep them shut," said Phyllis Lee.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

I THINK it is Henry James who speaks somewhere of a young lady so plainly dressed that she must either have been a lady's maid or a princess. One is reminded of this in reading what Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has again had to say about the difference between the luxury of the rich here and the luxury of the rich in the European countries. In

drawing further upon his favorite parallel of the austerer days of republican Rome and our present stage of American civilization, he intimates that we exaggerate the pre-eminence of our multimillionaires as money-spenders, because we are still living in the Puritan traditions of our forefathers, and see with a distorted vision when we contemplate the spectacle of any luxury whatever. It is certain that some false notions prevail, not so much with respect to the amount of money that Americans spend, but as to what they mostly spend it for. Some point has been made, of late, of the frequently unoccupied condition of the American "great houses," the houses of the very rich, it being understood that the protracted keeping up of such establishments, under the standards that obtain in these matters in America, is often beyond comfortable attainment even by the wealthiest. But the greatest houses in America are not palaces, as Signor Ferrero has elsewhere reminded us, in the sense that the great European houses are, and those are supposed to be kept up with some regularity, except in the case of perceptibly impaired fortunes. The doing it is often accomplished, of course, by the practice of certain personal economies, which opinion would never look for in an American millionaire. He himself, to be sure, might not object to—might indeed take very kindly to—the shabby clothes of an occasional English peer. But his daughters would surely not care for the little lady's-maid frock of the daughter of a princess on the Continent. And the thing goes down through the varying social grades. The womankind of an English commoner,

going to London for the day, do their shopping with careful reference to their personal yearly budget, and lunch, not at a fashionable restaurant in a smart hotel on the Strand or Piccadilly, but possibly in a small vegetarian place, in a small street, off Trafalgar Square. American ladies so thrifty would not have left a home, in the morning, from whose windows could be seen long stretches of perfect lawn and pond and meadow, all their own. But in England it might be so.

Americans have a reputation concerning tips which, likewise, should possibly undergo some revision. Even abroad, where the invasion from the States has been supposed to have altered, and has altered, the scale of prices at so many points, it is probably the size of the average American tip, not the size of the tip of the very rich American, that has effected the change. The mass of Americans may give larger tips than the mass of Europeans, but it is doubtful if the tip of the American millionaire is larger than that of the genuine European *grand seigneur*, or the Eastern potentate, not to speak of the South American traveller. From those who should know, there have, in fact, come intimations that as they have fewer servants, as a rule, and move about with a less court-like retinue, the profits accruing from the visitations of six American millionaires do not equal those of a like number of Eastern potentates, Slavic princes, or Brazilian magnates, as aforesaid.

It is a loose generalization, but a common one, that Americans spend less than Europeans on the artistic satisfactions of life, and more on the material. The sums expended yearly in America for things artistic, from jewels and furniture to "old masters," and for the æsthetic joys of music and of travel, sufficiently disprove the assumption. Nor is it quite, as our Italian commentator would say, that we have still an ascetic fear of great luxury for its own sake. The luxuries on which we spend less than the rich European are those that aim to make the

How We
Spend Money

individual, the moment that it is possible, invulnerable to the roughnesses—or better, the flatnesses—of the common lot. Persons of consideration who can afford their own carriage, sometimes do without, in America; but in Europe, persons of consideration who cannot always afford it must have their carriage, inevitably. Ladies in France or Italy will endure unrenewed window-curtains, if need be, and meagre fare; but they will not endure the promiscuous clientèle of the tram-car. But it is possible for the opulent American—fastidious enough as to his bodily comfort, too—to find the public transportation afforded by his city rather enlivening and amusing than otherwise.

The attitude in which men and women touch life with the finger-tips—*du bout des doigts*—is not a class feeling; it is a state of mind. In Europe it is still held perfectly admissible. It exists in the French workman, in a way, as much as in his most aristocratic customer. The Parisian workman wishes to make the thing that is *distingué*, the thing apart, the thing for the few, not the many, to wear and to use. In his work, no one could be less democratic. And the French workman is still the best in the world. What we have not, in America, is this finger-tip attitude. The richest are not suffered to have it; have it not naturally, whether they be suffered or not. The raw material of life is still fresh to us, and abundantly stimulating and interesting. Everybody, more or less, is in touch with it; and everybody, more or less, wants to be. Even our multi-millionaires do not dwell in towers of ivory. And it is the super-refinements that go to the adorning of the towers of ivory, and to the æsthetic exaltation of the individuals within, that really, as we know, have at all epochs engendered luxury sybaritic, luxury barbaric.

MY friend writes: "The welcome will, in a measure, make up for the badness of the cooking. Rosie and Mary are still with us; ten years it will be next month that we have endured them and they have endured us." Wise friend! for, passing the depreciation of the cooking, hypercriticism of a super-sensitive palate, the virtues of these enduring handmaid-

ens far outweigh their faults. Men, and presumably women, are born free and equal; far be it from me to question the wisdom of the fathers; but in the allotment of the tasks by

which the machinery of the world is run, the master mechanician, after years of study to fit him for the direction of the intricate and delicate engine, finds it difficult to procure the efficient but necessarily submissive stoker; and with fire-pot empty and boilers chilled the good ship *Domestic Economy* drifts perilously near the rocks.

It is an old story, the limitation of ambition to the task one can best accomplish, one that the specious argument of universal equality continually tends to divert. The cost of a fallacious independence, that of the subsistence of the claim of being a "lady" to the average shop-girl, other profound statisticians have computed before the present writer; and it is rather the celebration of the virtues of the Rosies and the Marys, from the point of view of the employer, that he would now expound.

For the fragile edifice of domestic happiness they are the firm foundation. As we all serve, so are they bound to servitude, but in the degree to which their service is dutifully rendered the general life of the family, the health of the children, the serenity of the mother, and the efficiency of the father are served, and together they contribute to the success of the republic.

With the decrease of simple living and the passing of the provincial days, when our servants were "help"—the days when they walked on their "limbs"—the native-born have thrown off their previous condition of servitude, and even the native-born of darker hue have outgrown those qualities that endeared them to the families they served. In the great establishments where the mistress of the house delegates a part of her authority and her cares to a housekeeper, some mysterious agency of demand and supply fills the servants' hall with an array of foreign-born and more or less trained servants. But almost in direct ratio to their competency alien and subtle customs of percentages exacted from purveyors of household necessities and perquisites of ramifying extension, all tending to pillage from their employer, prevail. The class of gentlefolk whose claim to the title is not supported by great riches are economically debarred from buying such service; even if their principles would permit them to blink at robbery rather than see their household perish.

Consequently, by virtue of necessity the housewives of America in a large number of cases are obliged to train their own servants. Where the seed has fallen upon good ground, Rosies and Marys result, and such families

rightly esteem themselves fortunate. I know of one lady who, returning from the country, each autumn resolutely takes into her household a female of some one of the many foreign races that seek our shores with a minimum of acquirement which they desire to barter for the comfortable living that is denied them at home. With such an untutored specimen from Poland, Lithuania, Friesland, or Sicily she proceeds to organize her household for the winter. Ignorant of our language, unaccustomed to other work than that of the fields, unfamiliar with the most ordinary kitchen utensil or any of the duties of a house servant, this uncouth outlander finishes her six months' service possessing a trade which commands good wages, with enough English to make herself intelligible, and with more money in her purse than she has probably ever seen at one time in all her previous existence, having been comfortably housed and fed during all this period of gratuitous apprenticeship. With the coming of spring my friend seeks a summer boarding-place in the country, or goes to Europe to recuperate from the strenuous joys of housekeeping. Nor is this an isolated case, for many of the good women of our land are thus compelled to struggle with such material to keep together the precious elements of the home. Fortunate indeed when they turn out to be Rosies and Marys, for there is as much pathos as humor in the sad householder's direction to the departing maid: "Please keep to the left, incoming cooks keep to the right."

It is pleasanter to consider an exception to this rule, and to recall the advent of Adelaïde. In a stress of circumstance, the outgoing domestic burdening her freight with a choice selection from the linen closet, she came to us. Fresh from the steamer whence she had landed but two days before, brave in a hat, the first she had ever worn, overladen with a botanical growth that defies description—does Ellis Island furnish such accoutrements as first aid to the downtrodden?—she was otherwise dazed by her new surroundings. A kitchen range, hot and cold water on tap, one and all of the furnishings of a modest house were unfamiliar to her. She was "willing to learn," but of kitchen lore she knew not enough to boil a potato.

Three years have passed and to-day, through sickness and health, through joy and sorrow, she is as much a part of the household as any member of it. Her bovine expression of an earlier day has given way to one of placid

yet keen intelligence; she has developed a talent for household tasks that makes her work easy, and no intricacy of carefully prepared food is beyond her capacity, while her smile of cheerful service radiates joy throughout the house. Here the writer may be imagined to give way to common superstition and "knock wood" as he pens her praises, for, though her view of the family is simply patriarchal, and no thought of leaving what she considers her home disturbs her loyalty, yet a possible young man—who, thank heaven! has not yet appeared in the offing—might bring about such disaster.

Of well-trained servants Paris sends us the most sophisticated and the most vicious, but here is one of the same race who has brought from her native province all the antique virtues. We do much for our Rosies, Marys, and Adelaïdes, for we endow them with a capacity to earn an honest living in healthful and dignified surroundings, and with the possibility of putting by the greater part of their wage. But they do much for us, and from a peaceful household, grateful for their ministering, it is simple justice that this pæan of praise should go forth.

IF any doubt that the individual withers, let him travel. Especially let him travel off the beaten track, if any track can any longer be said to be unbeaten. As he journeys, let him eat, as indeed he must whether he will or no. And let him note the increasing lack of local flavor in either the substance or the preparation of his meals. Let

Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind inspecting one menu.

He may have heard, or his fathers may have told him, that the region he traverses produces some comestible in singular perfection. He will fail to verify the tradition either from the bill of fare or from the articles of food set before him. The bill of fare indeed is a cyclopædia of the food-products of the world. It is many a year since an already veteran Bohemian said to an entered apprentice of Bohemianism—it was, in fact, precisely at "Pfaff's": "Pay no attention to that printed matter on the bill of fare. That is purely historical. Look at the writing." Now one finds the same printed bill of fare confronting him at hotels the breadth of the Continent apart, and in all

Standardized
Eating

equally irrelevant to the things actually to eat. It seems to have been compiled from a collection of the bills of fare of all the world by some "laborious collator" in some central city, and thence distributed to subscribers throughout the land, in the manner of the "patent insides" of the old weekly rural press. And it adds insult to injury by entitling itself: "*Carte du Jour*," when it is, perceptibly to three senses,

... larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

Carte du jour, forsooth! *Carte de l'année*!!
Carte du siècle!!!

It is true that there is also a typewritten list of "specials," so-called. But the traveller whose eye is green enough to trust the word of promise is sure to find it broken to the hope. The "specials" of the "jour" and place were the specials of a week ago and a thousand miles away, and will be the specials of a week hence and a thousand miles beyond. As if hungry and variety-seeking man had also, like the rural weekly press, a "patent inside."

Here is the concrete instance: A generation ago there was a hotel in a place not so remote or slow, in New England, which let us call Yarrow. In those days it had a more than local fame for suppers. It is so long ago that only a few oldsters will identify the hostelry from the statement that "broiled chickens and waffles" were its "specials." Gastronomers looked forward to breaking their journeys and their fasts at this hotel. Certain of them have been known gladly to miss their trains for another helping. The present view-pointer

cherishing such fond recollections, his stomach was uplifted within him the other day when, after the lapse of nearly a generation, his occasions called upon him to revisit Yarrow. Alas! for his remembered "specials." There was that encyclopædiac catalogue of comestibles. There was that typewritten list of "specials" common to hotels from Bangor to San Diego. At Yarrow also had Procrustes set up his standardizing couch, and insisted upon transforming the withering individual into that average fellow-being which of course no man precisely is, an average fellow-being with a patent inside.

"The constitution of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price." Facilities of communication and improvements in "canning" are doubtless great blessings. But between them they have destroyed the distinctiveness of "markets," and gone far to destroy the "seasonableness" of the fruits of the earth. It is noticeable that while the Procrustean publican assumes to standardize the appetites and desires of his customer, he has unstandardized his own prices by abandoning the good old American plan whereby the frugal traveller could tell beforehand what he would have to pay, instead of making every meal a contest of skill between himself and the *carte du jour*. That is an additional aggravation to him. "But that is another story." "Something," as Dizzy said in the House of Commons when he was convicted of having left out the most important item from his speech on the budget—"something must be left for future statements of this nature."



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE ROMAN ART EXPOSITION OF 1911

SINCE 1900 Europe has not seen a national display of American art.

Unofficial efforts have been made to take collections, more or less full, to London, which proved abortive; and to Venice, where the conditions for installing pictures and the ridiculously small sum allowed for the purpose made the group sadly inadequate. To Berlin and Munich, Mr. Hugo Reisinger, with patriotic generosity, carried an excellent group of the old as well as new work, and for his pains and munificence was told that the United States had no art that was not derived.

The Europeans who travel are few, and, when they do travel, those who care for American art, are fewer; and hence there is really little knowledge on the other side concerning our art, or, indeed, any of our ideals. We have been branded with the dollar mark, and we shall have to struggle for a generation or more to cast it off. England once branded us with dishonor when a single State repudiated its debt, and it took an age and a war and many of our growing dollars to wipe out the unjust stain.

Therefore it is wise and even urgent for the United States Government to appropriate funds for an international display of American art whenever the opportunity, on a sufficiently large scale, occurs. And in Rome, from March

27th to November 1st, 1911, there is such an opportunity.

The Italian Government has authorized the celebration of its birth fifty years ago by two expositions: An international display of the

contemporary art of the world at Rome; and an industrial display at Turin, thus giving Northern and Southern Italy each a share in celebrating the new monarchy which made a nation half a century ago out of a cluster of separate kingdoms. To Turin rightfully belongs industrial business; to Rome, art; and Rome has put forth all her treasures of tradition and experience and will lay open all her irresistible allurements to make the world which will flock to her next spring acknowledge her enduring supremacy in art and her age-old fascinations.

Every European nation, with Japan and Egypt, have secured sites on the ground allotted for the exposition at Rome, and the pavilions are rising into architectural beauty around the central

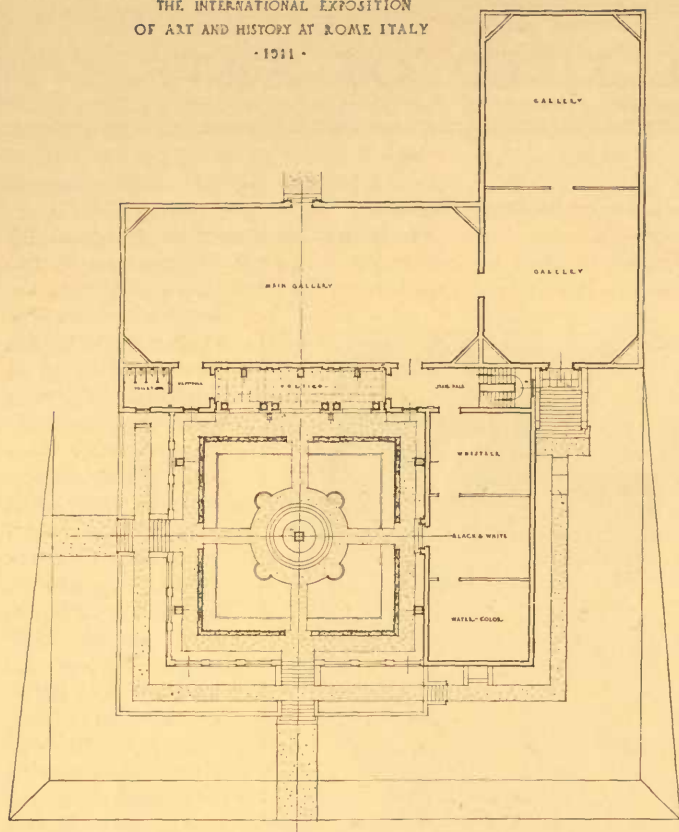
Palace of Art erected by Rome for Italian achievement. The ample grounds spread outside the Borghesi Garden-wall where the villa of Pope Giulio lies in its picturesque valley.

The main avenue to the exposition runs from this old villa to the Tiber, which it crosses on a new bridge, dedicated to the anniversary. On the other side there has risen, as if to the touch of a wand, a whole new miniature city



The poster for the exhibition, Rome.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
OF ART AND HISTORY AT ROME ITALY
• 1911 •



GROSVENOR FLOOR PLAN

By kind permission of Carrère and Hastings, Architects.

consisting of villas, each in the characteristic architecture of an Italian State. To enter here you will pass under a splendid arch, and you will find inside the enticements of the "Midway," so attractive at St. Louis and Chicago.

And what can America do to compete with the old and well-organized forces of art in Europe? Not only is each European country equipped with permanent bureaus of art which can be called out at will to prepare a national exhibit, but there is, in national galleries and under government control, a reserve of works that may be used without resorting to the costly and time-consuming process of individual solicitation. The people through their rulers have authorized the purchase of pictures because they assent to the theory that what uplifts the mind makes safe the State. When we have removed the brand of the dollar, we also shall awaken to the uses of art and find ways

to lead a wise government into the patronage of ideals of art and music and poetry and drama.

But we take ourselves as we find ourselves in this year of grace and our government has made one pace toward the better path. Congress granted one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the exhibitions in Italy, seventy thousand dollars of which has been assigned to Turin, and sixty thousand dollars to Rome. This is little enough for either, but with economy and the uses of experience an American pavilion is running up at Rome under the guidance of Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, which will be a revelation to many Europeans. If our pictorial and plastic art is unknown to Europe, how much more is our suburban architecture!

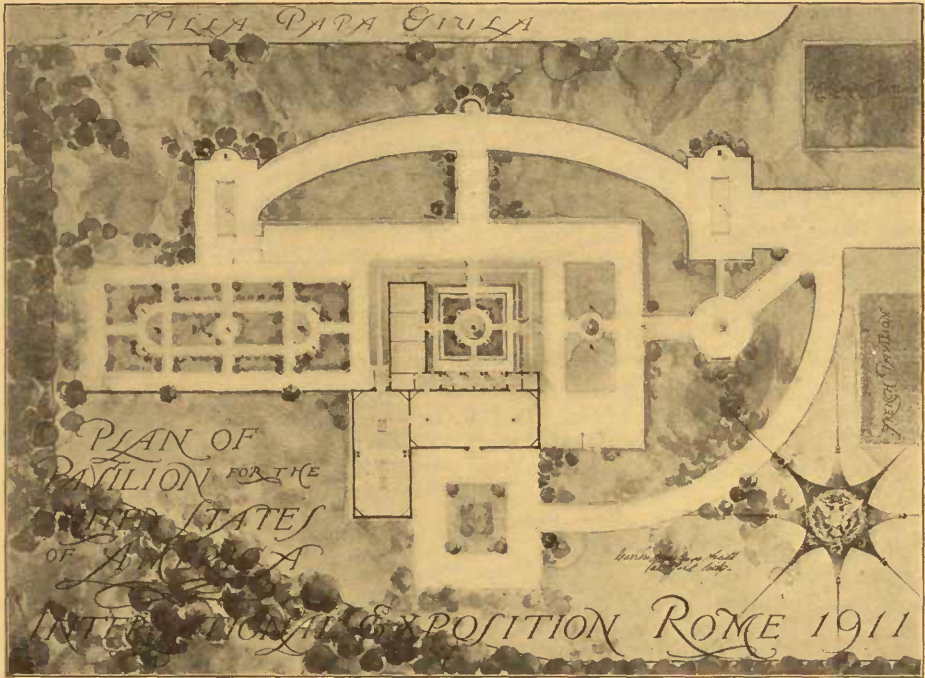
It has, therefore, been decided to put up a suburban façade, with all its domestic charm and comfort, with tapestry-brick of wide courses, and green shutters and white pillars, such as we all know; and behind it to provide two large galleries to hold about two hundred oils. To form the angle of a garden, another wing juts out with three smaller galleries in which will be installed water-color, black and white, and sculptures.

And this brings me back to the difference between Europe and America—a benign difference in some respects; because here we possess in latent potency all these qualities which are held in the reins of government abroad. Do we want men for a war—they spring up like Cadmean creations; do we want diplomats for a delicate negotiation—they appear and they achieve. Even our want of training is somehow a gain, because native ability gives freshness of motive and action, and with this it is

often easier to win. But it is harder, also, to compete, when the means are slender and the contestants strong.

Yet to our fine body of American painters, sculptors, and illustrators nothing is impossible. They take up the gage in joyous disregard of

past. The limitation is not that you derive, but that you derive from low ideals instead of high ones. If you are an artist with the love of the everlastingly beautiful Italian figures and their tender humanized landscapes, you cannot be condemned as a follower for leading



By kind permission of Carrère and Hastings, Architects.

convention and they rise as one man to the opportunity. It is refreshing, invigorating, to feel the pulsation of support which flows from the entire field of our native art when a chance comes to show what is in it. Sacrifices are needful and these are made; antagonisms prevail, and these are sunk. American art is at stake in a foreign land, and they are a unit in its defence.

It is thus that hope is entertained that we shall prevail at Rome; that our art will have recognition for originality, as well as technical skill; that new aims will be seen to run through its fabric; that the expression of national life will be acknowledged to inform it, and that, at least, these United States will be perceived to have a native impulse toward ideals not wholly commercial, even if not yet wholly free from tutelage.

My own conception is that no art can afford to be wholly free from traces of the best in the

in the pathways of a glorious impulse of old. That you walk the road from Stratford to Shottery does not imply imitation of Shakespeare. The voice is the voice of the golden age of Italian art, but the hand is the hand of the present. You cannot mistake it.

So it is with our landscape painters. They have their roots back in those times of the early seventies, when all young Americans hurried to France, or Düsseldorf, or Munich; but you may see how far away from that imitative period they have gone by comparing a landscape by Ranger or Tryon of those days with the virile interpretations of the poetry in native out-doors which they put forth to-day. There are traces of the origins, to be sure, but why should there not be? It is false criticism which exacts a new plant without a seed. Keats rejected and failed to finish his noble "Hyperion," because, he said, "it had too many Miltonic inversions." Yet "Hyperion," frag-

ment as it is, is one of the jewels in the crown of English poetry.

Thus it has appeared wise to gather into the American pavilion at Rome types—the best and latest types—of all movements in American art that are alive to-day. Who knows which will be the determining influence in some future manifestation of native talent. Winslow Homer once wrote me: "Don't hang my picture where people can poke their noses into it. They can't understand it at that distance." Who can see, with noses poked as ours are into the very canvas of contemporary art, what that art actually values. We are too near—the European is too near—who will venture to accuse us of a lack of the flavor of the soil, of authentic expression of what is our own. All we can do is to admire genuinely what appeals to us as strong and beautiful, however made, by whatever recipe; all we can do is to be tolerant and receptive and open-minded and live and let live, and the result—well, the conception is Utopian to hope for; but the result would be so convincing that other peoples would say no more that America has no American art.

One lives in a whispering gallery and overhears many murmurs of disapprobation of this or that. There are intrigue and self-seeking; and misapplied motives and misunderstood aims. And there is criticism which deals out gold to one and base-metal to another without due valuation; or art-news that spends words too big for little art and too little for big art; and not until he is dead does the genuine artist ever get his due.

Therefore, it has seemed that, after all, American art as we know it, or as Europe should know it, is—American art. Not Somebody's personal notion of it; not a biassed, selfish estimate which excludes everybody but me and my friends; not one sort at the expense of all else, but the best in every impulse, and every impulse included.

The display at Rome was ordered by Congress at the people's expense. It is to represent and advance the people. It is the test of the people's cultivation in achievement and in the recognition of ideals to date. It is fitting, it is essential, that every movement in American painting and sculpture shall have

fair representation, and so far as it has been possible within physical and economical limits, they have.

But if the artists have flocked to the patriotic standards, there is another side of forming a great American collection which remains to touch upon. As the kindling interest in American art has crackled into a considerable flame there has been much judicious buying by individuals and institutions. Indeed, no home-exhibition nowadays is without eager patrons who quickly carry off the best work in painting and sculpture. This has resulted in competition, and hence in advancing values, and in a greater esteem for many artists whose prices are constantly stiffening. Their works are, therefore, in both senses, held dearer, and owners sometimes hesitate to lend them for the prolonged period of an international show. Institutions have their obligations to audiences who expect to find on the walls the familiar or announced objects.

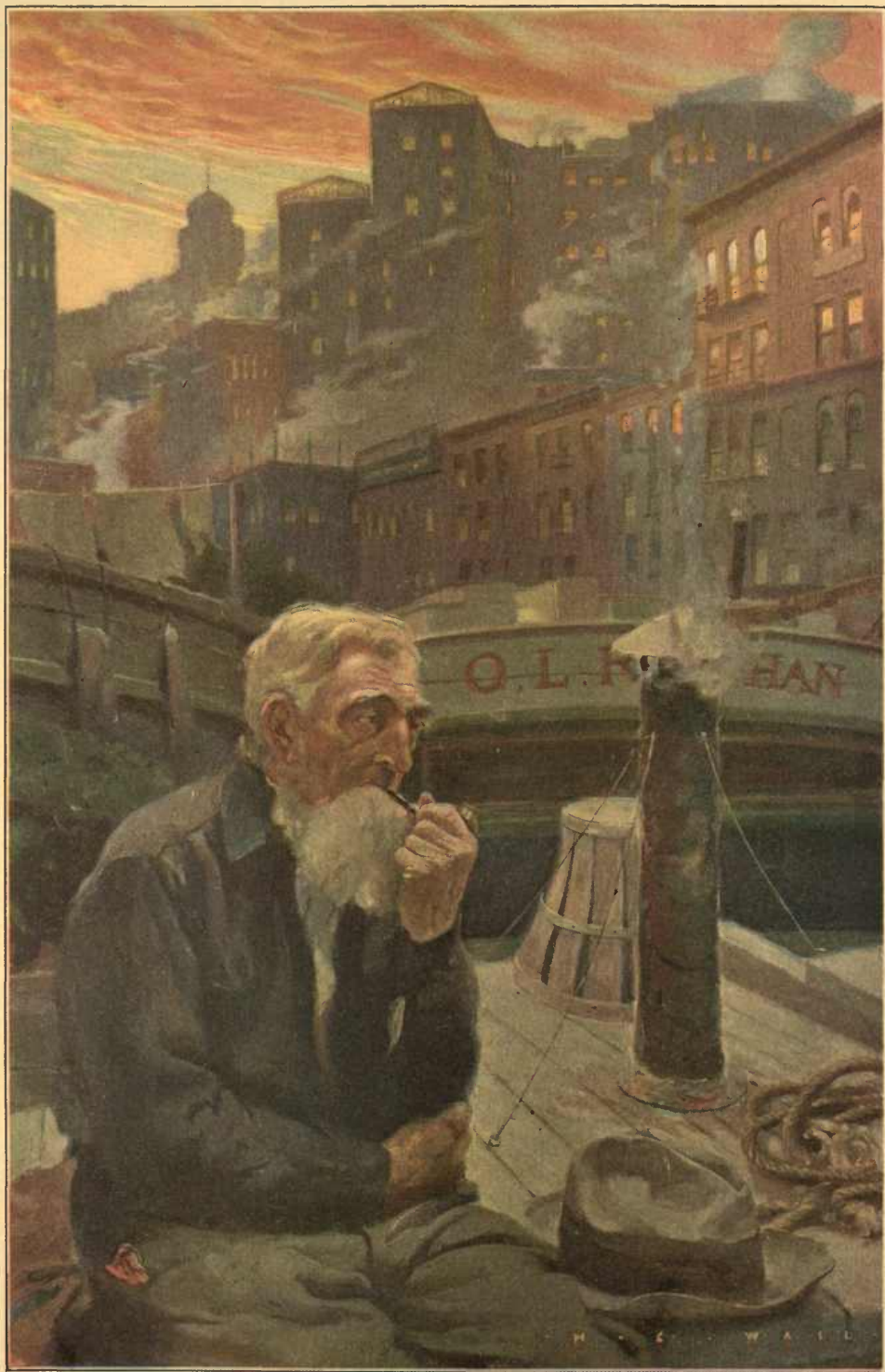
But in spite of all the motives that may be conjectured for withholding loans of precious works there is little selfishness, little churlishness, and almost always either a frank wish to uphold the art which buying it implies a love for, or support in other ways that denotes belief in our artists and a wish to rally to their support. As Brush once well said: "After all, an owner of a work of art is only a trustee for it. In the last analysis it belongs always to the artist." And though Whistler sometimes interpreted this literally, the owner, whether he be amateur or professional, not seldom takes the same view and he is to be applauded for his great share in forwarding the art he has had the courage and judgment to patronize.

All roads lead to Rome. It was the ambition of the American painter and sculptor of the fifties to dwell there and to imbibe the delights of a cosmopolitan intercourse more memorable than some of the artistic offspring. What was near and native and home-staying was condemned in the house of art.

All roads lead still to Rome; but the artist of to-day will succeed not thither unless his offspring are saturated with the American soil, and stamped with the impress of his nationality.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.





Drawn by H. C. Wail.

EVENING.

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NO. 5

THE WEST IN THE EAST
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY MAJOR EDWARD MOLYNEUX



INDIA is governed by the British, but only part of it is governed directly by them. Of the 1,766,642 square miles of India, 690,000 square miles are under the rule of the native princes, as are 66,000,000 out of the 300,000,000 inhabitants. There are some 6,000 native chiefs, big and little, from the Nizam, the ruler of Hyderabad, with its population of 11,000,000, its territory of 82,698 square miles, and its revenues of \$12,000,000, down to a petty chief, with a few square miles of territory, and a few thousands a year of revenue.

There is as much variety in their breeding, and bearing, and ability as in their territories and revenues. Some of them trace their ancestry straight back to the first conquerors from the north; others are descended from Arab, Tartar, or Afghan invaders; others are the descendants of court favorites, and their ancestral right to rank is as illegitimate as some of the proud names in England and France; while others are heirs of rough soldiers who grabbed what they could and held it when the Mughal Empire went to pieces. Some are highly educated, others ignorant; some are Anglicized, some Parisized, devoting much time, those to cricket, racing, polo; and these to such European travel as they are permitted, and lazy licentiousness both at

home and abroad. There are fine gentlemen among them, as chivalrous and as proud as any noble in Europe, and there are others who are mere naughty school-boys. There are not a few who spend their money on schools and colleges and museums, on irrigation works and tramways, on roads and bridges and model prisons, and who pride themselves on the efficiency and smartness of their Imperial Service troops; and others who throw thousands about on motor-cars, jewels, dancing-girls, or favorite wives, and hideous Brummagem furniture and pictures. There are burly, heavy-shouldered, big-hipped, gross-featured princes, who look like brown caricatures of some of Rubens's women; and there are lithe, muscular, fine-featured fellows, who look fit for a tussel with a tiger, and show their breeding even to their finger-tips.

"The control which the supreme government exercises over the native states varies in degree; but they are all governed by the native princes, ministers, or councils with the help and under the advice of a resident or agent, in political charge either of a single state or a group of states. The chiefs have no right to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to each other or to external states; they are not permitted to maintain a military force above a certain specified limit; no European is allowed to reside at any of their courts without special

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sanction; and the supreme government can exercise any degree of control in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important chiefs are autonomous in their own territories. Some, but not all of them, are required to pay an annual fixed tribute."

It can be no easy task to govern these semi-independent princes; not to hurt their pride; not to offend their sensibilities, for they are very touchy people indeed; not to restrict their liberty too much and yet to keep the less self-respecting among them within bounds; not to interfere in social and religious matters, or between them and their subjects and neighbors, and yet to exert a constant influence for rational government; to shoot and ride and play games with them, and yet to keep well aloof from familiarity; to keep constantly informed of their doings at home and abroad, and yet not to appear to pry, or to be suspicious; to be called upon for advice in the most delicate family affairs, as well as in matters of state, and to keep a detached mind and maintain a just neutrality; this calls for a very unusual type of man.

I wish I were not debarred by my own rule of not mentioning names, from giving here and now a picture of one of my English hosts, who is an ideal servant of his country, in a position of this kind. He is the resident or political agent who has under his supervision a number of the native princes, one or two of them of great importance, and it was my good fortune to be his guest, when, by reason of a meeting of the chiefs, I

saw him in personal contact with them. It was a revelation of what one quiet man's influence can do, and of the control that can be won without apparent effort, by a man possessing the rare qualities I have de-

scribed as necessary to cope with such a problem. I sometimes wonder if England knows the value of some of her servants out here.

Many Englishmen, whose fate and fortune are dependent upon the success of their rule in India, seem to be interested in India as sympathetically and as intelligently as the Irishman in the funeral procession. The long line of carriages was obliged to halt at a certain street-crossing. A passer-by near one of the carriages asked an Irishman sitting inside whose funeral it was.

"Shure an' I dunno," was the reply, "I'm only in for the roide."

However, my host and others like him are not looking for sympathy and not stopping to think often whether their work is appreciated or not, so long as the British Babus in Parliament do not interfere with them. They probably realize, as do all men who do the hard work of the world, that the ladder on which the angels descend is usually set up in a stony place, as it was in the time of Jacob. I have no brief for this civil service of the British in India, and my praise will probably never reach their ears, but I cannot forbear the expression of my admiration for some of the residents, political agents, judges, commissioners, and deputy commissioners I met and saw at work



His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

there. They are doing delicate, difficult, and dangerous work, with a coolness, devotion, and uprightness unequalled and unapproached by anything I have ever seen elsewhere in the world, and withal without the slightest attempt to advertise themselves. If I were in such a position, I should be made cynical indeed, by some of the snap criticism from travellers and politicians, and from the Oxford and Cambridge Babus from England and elsewhere.

We Westerners are not the sole progeny of light. Our civilization is only dawning, and big with possible disasters; but some critics from the East assume that our social, political, and ethical weights and measures have been tested and stamped with approval in heaven; and the more crude and unkempt the civilization they represent, the more categorical are the prophets thereof.

I was honored by invitations from about a dozen of the native princes, and the story of some of these visits it will be a pleasure to tell, and I regret that I have not space for all.

The journey from Bombay to the native state of Baroda was our first experience of railway travel in India. The train was to leave a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and the railway station was at some distance away. The bearer with bullock-carts piled high with luggage got off before dawn. We had ordered cabs for the early start to the station, but when we appeared there were no conveyances of

any kind, no knowledge on the part of any one at the hotel that we were to leave, or that cabs were wanted, and no inclination to solve the problem. It seemed to strike the hotel servants as preposterous that we should be excited, and determined to catch the train we had planned to go by.

We discovered after some months in India, that the Oriental way is to make a pilgrimage to the railway station, settle down quietly on the platform, or at some convenient place near by, cook, eat, bathe, enjoy the excitement of incoming and outgoing trains, not infrequently to try to bargain with the ticket-seller as to the price of tickets, on the assumption that by holding off for some hours they may be had cheaper, and thus to get away

gradually somewhere within twenty-four hours of the time one arrives at the station. To pull out your watch, call a cab, and get to the train you intend to go by, and all within an hour, seems to them like rushing to the theatre to see the curtain go up, and then leaving.

It may be impossible to hurry the East along large administrative lines, but it is a mistake to suppose that at a pinch the determined traveller with some power of imperative gesture, and a comprehensive vocabulary of the monosyllabic expletives which England has taught the meaning of to all the tribes of earth, cannot prick this inertia into obedient and rapid motion. At any rate I claim to have done so, not once but many times. The climate is ill adapted



Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda.



My luggage at the railway station.

to sudden violent expenditures of heat, whether in the form of rhetoric or gesticulation, and the consequent opening of the pores may lead to catching cold, but with a cholera-belt, without which no one should travel in these climates, this danger is largely minimized, and one may undertake to hurry the East, on a small scale, without undue risk.

The cars, or carriages, in the Indian trains are divided into compartments for four persons with the seats facing the sides, and not the end of the train. We usually had one of these to ourselves, and with your folding-table and chair, spirit-lamp, supply of mineral water, and some food, I found the travelling very comfortable. At night these long seats are widened by drawing them out slightly, your bedding is put on them, and I have travelled many nights in this way, and in spite of stifling heat sometimes, and bitter cold sometimes, and the most amazingly penetrating powdery dust—our alkali plains, or Mexican dust are nothing in comparison—I must admit that there was little to grumble at. This is not the verdict of many travellers, I know, and though I believe a man ought to claim comfort when it is his right, I may be, these days, rather an easy-going traveller whose experiences ought not to tempt the finical and the fussy to repeat them.

When your belongings are all in the carriage, hat-boxes, helmet-cases, medicine-cases, gun-cases, bedding, table, chair, bags of all sorts and sizes, food and water, spirit-lamp and night-lantern, cameras, sticks and

umbrellas, hold-alls, pillows, etc., etc., you feel prepared to go on, or stop, or to cope with any emergency. These various impedimenta accumulate gradually. If you deviate at all from the main lines of travel you discover that there is no sending out to buy a pen, or ink, or a chair, or a hot-water bottle, or medicine, or a white-tie, or what not that you have forgotten; and not infrequently medicine, or hot-water, or a lantern, or towels makes the difference between discomfort, and even illness, and comfort. And moreover the man or woman who takes any risk of being ill in India, and it is a trying place, will be fully recompensed and severely punished. It is expected that you will travel in this caravan fashion. There are coolies innumerable everywhere, and the more you have the more autocratic and authoritative is your bearer, and the more consideration he receives.

When we were later the guests of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur, I saw a number of tents pitched near the palace, and asked what they were. I was told that the daughter of the prince was visiting him, she being the wife of the Maharaja of Jodhpur whose capital was not very far away. For her ten days' visit to her father she was accompanied by a retinue of five hundred people! So although our carriage looked rather full when we entered it to start for Baroda, it was really a trifling supply of necessities compared with the usages of polite society in this land. In most of the carriages is a small compartment for native servants next to the first-



quarters is easy and means no hardship.

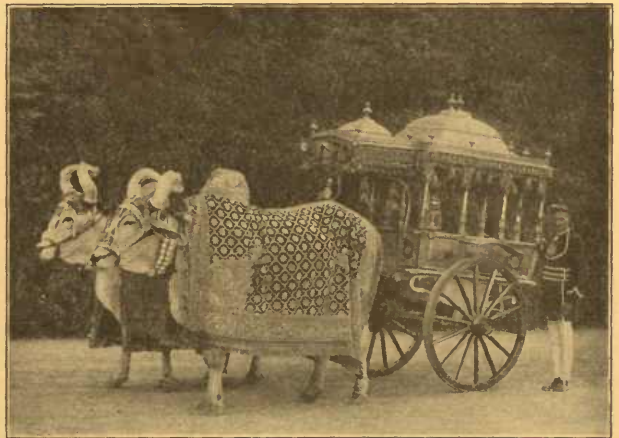
The railway fares both for native servants and for the natives are cheap, and in this land of pilgrimages, these cheap train journeys are very popular. Here at any rate the rigidity of caste prejudices is softened, and one sees carriage after carriage jammed full of men, women, and chil-

Golden state carriage of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.



Gold gun and a pair of the famous white bullocks of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

class compartment and opening into it. As your bearer is not only servant but interpreter, who must be ever at hand to act as go-between when you want fruit or tea or water, and to ask questions for you in regard to time-tables, tickets, eating-stations, and other matters incident to travel, it is recognized by the railway companies, as by everybody else in India, that he must be provided with accommodation close at hand. At the hotels he sleeps outside your door, when you visit he finds a place within reach of the noise of clapping hands, and as he has never known the luxury of chairs, beds, or tables, and would not know what to do with them if they were his, his choice of



State bullock-cart of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

dren, their bedding, their pots and pans, and all that is theirs, and the more that can crowd into one carriage the happier they seem to be. Many times I have seen carriages only half full while others were

overcrowded, and I have asked if all the carriages were for the same destination, merely to satisfy myself that these people were really crowding themselves voluntarily.

This question of the treatment of the natives in railway trains is often referred to, and many are the anecdotes one hears of the bad manners and roughness both of English travellers and English railway management. My experience of travel was comparatively limited, though I covered between seven and eight thousand miles, and journeyed from end to end, and twice clean across India. Once or twice native gentlemen travelled in the same carriage, when I was alone, and I never saw any rudeness except on the part of the minor native railway officials to travellers of their own race. Once, sometime after midnight, I saw an English officer pile out of his carriage in his pajamas and slippers and soundly berate a native official who was bullying a third-class native woman passenger.

The manners and habits of even the better class Indians are not as ours, and one would naturally avoid travelling in the same carriage with them. It is to be remembered in this connection that it is of all tests the severest to travel together, and that the Englishman is both shy and selfish. Even in his own country, his reception of a stranger who enters the railway carriage in which he has made himself comfortable is of the most frigid, the most erinaceous. On the whole I think he behaves better in India than at home, when he travels. All great travellers, from Gulliver to Cook, prefer to travel alone.

We arrived at Baroda in the early evening. Late in the afternoon as I was looking out I saw a picture that many times since I have regretted that I could not imprison with brush or pencil and keep as typical of East and West. On the roof of a lightly built staging in the middle of a distant field, where she was standing no doubt

to keep the birds from the grain, stood a woman draped in her deep red *sari*, one hand on her hip, the other shading her eyes as she watched the passing train. The sun was setting, the glow of the sky behind her made her stand out like a statue, and I wondered what she thought; whether she liked it, hated it, feared it, despised it, longed to be in it, or wished it away.

When the interpreter comes who can make that statue of India talk, we shall know many things that no one has told us.

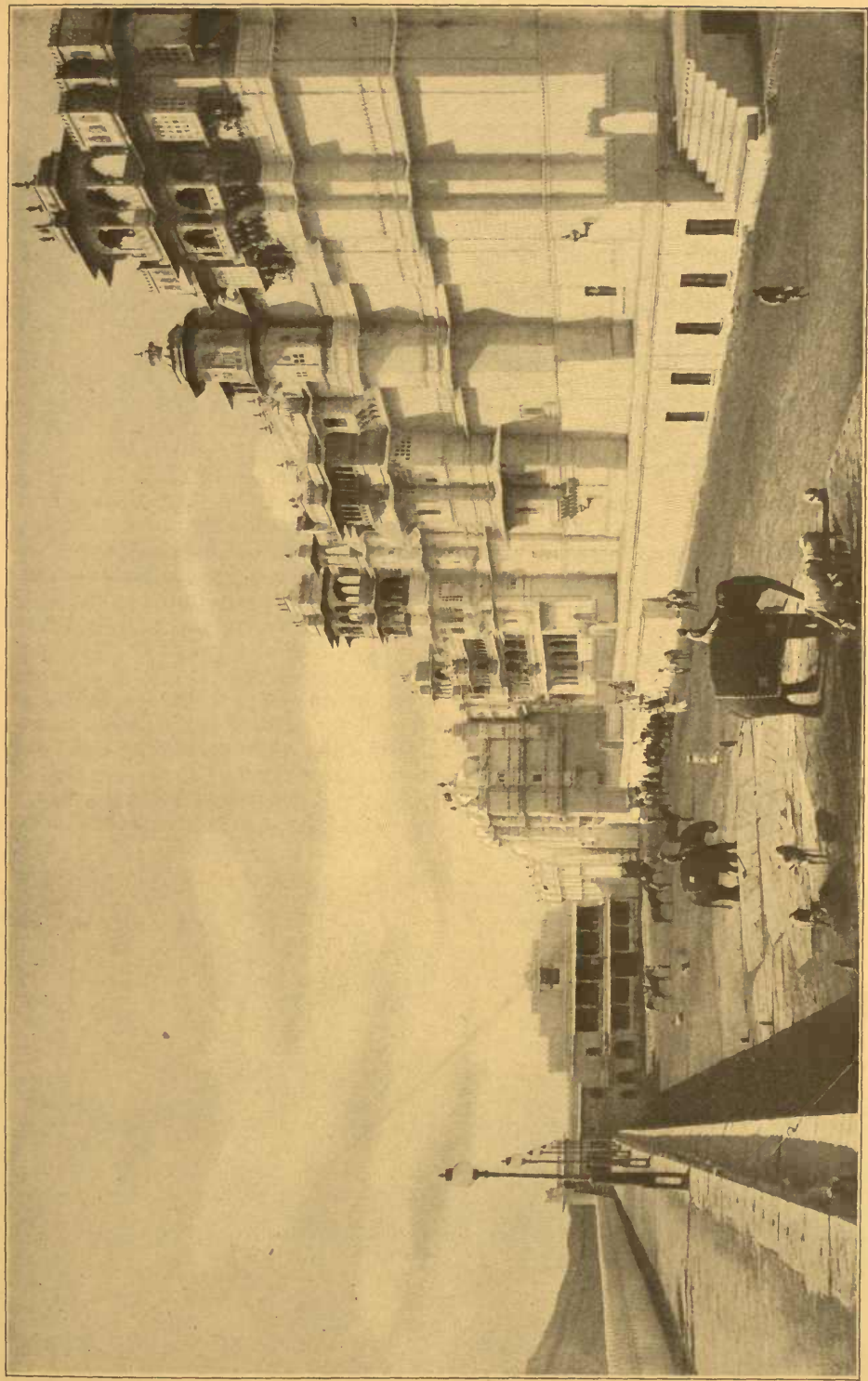
When we left our carriage at the station at Baroda, we were instantly swallowed up in a pushing, haggling, gesticulating mass of brown arms and legs, with turbans bouncing about on top of them, whom our bearer dealt with as though they were troublesome insects; shortly there was silence and order, and several emissaries from His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda greeted us on his behalf, showed us to our carriage, and we were driven away; later a procession of bullock-carts followed with the luggage, Heera Tall making himself felt as was his wont when our importance and our comfort were to be explained, no doubt



Steward of guest-house of Maharana of Udaipur.

with help from his imagination, to those who were to serve us.

We all have our idiosyncrasies as guests no doubt. Personally I care very little what kind of a bed I am given because I can sleep anywhere and on almost anything; I have more than once nodded in a dentist's chair and on horseback; but an open fire in my room delights me, a good tub and plenty of water and towels, a well-furnished writing-table, these seem to me indispensable; and if in addition I find a book or two worth reading that I have not read, my happiness is complete and I consider my host an accomplished provider. But these are trifles to your Oriental host. He takes you from the station in a carriage with two turbaned servants on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind; he puts a whole



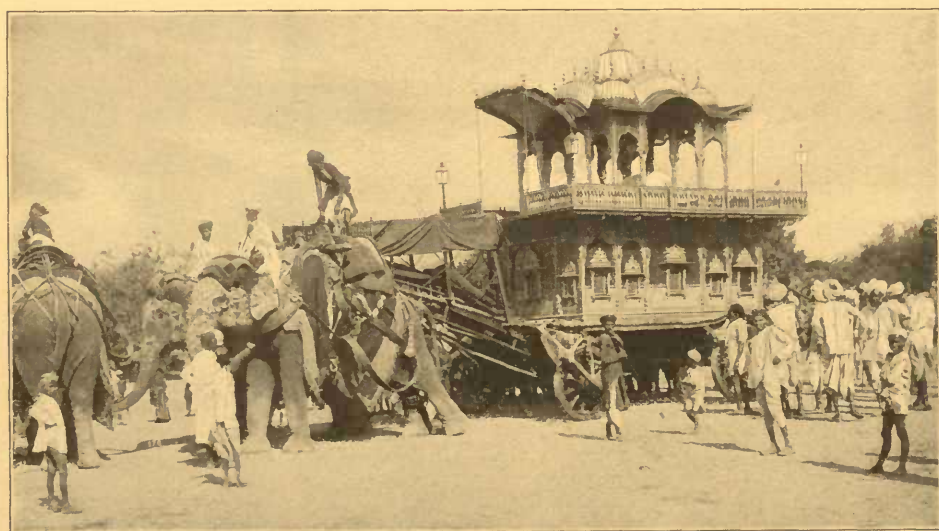
The courtyard of the old palace, Udaipur.

house at your disposal with a steward and a staff of servants; you have but to order your carriage or a saddle-horse when they are wanted; and one of your host's own officers or secretaries is at your beck and call as guide and interpreter. He does not take you to the play, but he sends his whole troop of musicians and singers and dancing-girls to give you an entertainment in your own drawing-room; he orders his athletes and wrestlers, and there were a score or more of them, to perform for you alone; temples, palaces, schools, hospitals are open and ready for you to inspect; his army is called out for you to review; his cheetahs and an army of beaters are there to give you a day's hunting of the deer; his elephants, his wonderful white bullocks, his stable of horses, all these are at your disposal. If you are interested in any or all of these things, he is the more delighted to have you for a guest, and the more willing to show you everything, and the more eager that you should prolong your visit. What puzzles him and those about him, is that you should have fixed dates for other visits, that you should consider time as a factor, permit time to tyrannize over your inclinations. Why not stay on a month with him, and let these other matters regulate and adjust themselves? This is a much to be desired characteristic in a host to be sure, but one sometimes wonders if it does not prove an

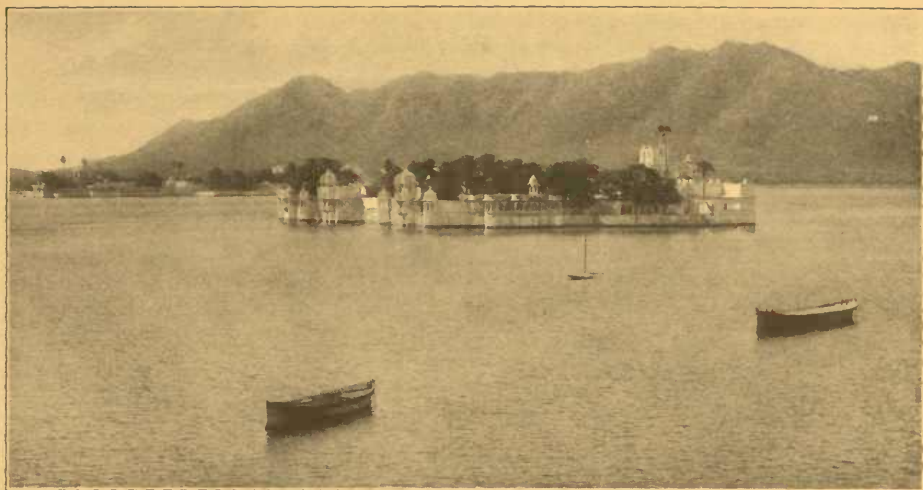
awkward thing when matters of business, of diplomacy, of administration are to the fore.

The Maharaja of Baroda, or to give him his official title, His Highness Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda, G. C. S. I., governs a state of some eight thousand five hundred square miles, an area slightly larger than Massachusetts, with a population of two millions and revenues of something over four million dollars. My first meeting with him in his summer palace revealed a man about five feet six in height, heavily built, but light on his feet and graceful of movement, and dressed in fine white muslin. He speaks both English and French, has been twice around the world, knows Europe and the United States well, and is educating his sons, one in England, and one at Harvard University. He is, or assumed that mental attitude for my benefit, a frank admirer of American institutions and the American people, and hinted guardedly that if ever a change came in the government of India it might be somewhat along American lines, of a federation of states under a central government.

He is inclined to believe, as do practically all the educated and intelligent Indians, that the exclusive, aloof, and unsympathetic attitude of the British is responsible for the strained relations, so far as they are strained, claiming that distrust breeds dis-



Family carriage, drawn by elephants of the Maharaja of Jaipur.



Palace in the lake, Udaipur.

trust. Of his own reforms, and no native prince in India has attempted more intelligently and persistently to better the condition of his people, he said that they were disliked by his people largely through ignorance, and that once they were understood they were appreciated. He said, and profound and true it is, that an autocrat was possible and permissible so long as the people were left largely to themselves, and to their own social and political devices; but that once you introduced social reforms, interfered in their daily lives, tried to change their customs, insisted upon attendance at school, vaccination, hygienic regulations, entered, in short, upon a detailed regulation of their intercourse with one another and the outside world, then autocracy was unbearable and impossible, and that the people must be given a voice in their own government, when their immediate and personal concerns were thus investigated and dealt with. He spoke freely of the ignorance of the people he governed, and said that even his own relatives disapproved of his travelling and of his eating with strangers. He admitted, owing to religious views, daily habits of eating, drinking, and bathing, the fine web of custom and tradition which holds the Hindus in its meshes every hour of the day, that intercourse and sympathy with foreigners was not easy. He thought political autonomy to be a long way off, but again reverted to an expression of the feeling, that progress

might be faster if the British were more sympathetic, more trusting.

That is always the master thought, the irritant factor, the beginning and the end of all the scores of conversations I have had with the educated Indians—this criticism of the cold, stolid, self-sufficiency of the British. The Indians do not realize that they are not alone in this feeling, that Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Americans all say the same, that it is the major defect of their great qualities. One can hardly expect the Oriental to hold the balance true in these matters when so few of the Occidental critics have been able to do so. Few of us are big enough to judge others by their superiorities rather than by their weaknesses and littlenesses. Poke fun at the weaknesses if you like, that is the salt of life, that sense that we are all of us, even the best of us, slightly ridiculous when looked at in certain lights, but never forget that it is the power that drives the engine that counts, not the smoke from the escape-pipe. Most criticism seems to devote itself to the bad smells at the mouth of the vent-pipe, hence its slight value. "They but rub the sore, when they should bring the plaster."

Our days were full at Baroda. The Aide assigned to us turned out to be a Brahman gentleman recently returned from the United States, where he had been the companion of the young prince; and his English speech and courteous manners and intelli-

gence, smoothed the way for my ardent curiosity, which began with a review of the Baroda army on horseback at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and continued through the day with visits to schools, libraries, hospitals, wrestling-schools, elephant stables, armories, state jewels, and ended at eleven at night, with a performance in our drawing-room by His Highness's musicians and dancing-girls.

In the guide-book under the heading *Baroda* it reads: "Good refreshment and waiting rooms and sleeping accommodation." These words, and my experience in Baroda, mark emphatically the difference between seeing India as a tourist and seeing India as a guest.

Baroda is policed and lighted, the streets are watered, there is a good supply of water brought into this city, which has a population of over one hundred thousand, from a lake eighteen miles away, the schools are well attended, the hospitals clean, and the jail governed in most humane fashion, the prisoners being all kept at work at carpet, or rug, or basket, or rope making. I visited a model farm where experiments are being made in cotton growing, tobacco growing, breeding of silk-worms, and where I saw a guava orchard, and English vegetables, cabbage, cauliflower, and tomatoes growing.

Next to my gallop with Captain Pathak's cavalry, the visit to a native village at some distance from Baroda gave me as much pleasure as anything. Part of the way we went in a carriage, and the last part of the way over the rougher roads, in a bullock-cart drawn by a pair of the famous white bullocks. We were greeted on our arrival by the whole village, with the important men at their head. They conducted me to a covered-in space with a table and chair, and the fathers of the village sat cross-legged on the floor in front of me. The head men of these villages are often office-holders by heredity; in this particular case no one could remember when a representative of this man's family had not been head man. The village seemed to be governed by seven, three appointed by the government, three elected, and the head man. There was a town clerk who explained to me the method of election, the way the accounts were kept, and so on. It should be recalled to the reader in this connection that in India, with few commercial towns and a huge agricult-

ural population, self-government was highly developed in these villages centuries ago. The kings or emperors had absolute power in the empire, but they left the villages with a free hand to govern themselves. The Indians of those days enjoyed more civic rights, more control over their village affairs, than did the villagers of Europe, who in many places were little better than serfs. When British rule came, with its strong central government, village government naturally declined. The villagers became less interested in the police, schools, charities, roads, wells, tanks, small civil and criminal cases, and learned to lean upon the central government. In Baroda, the Gaekwar is attempting to make the villagers more interested in their own affairs, and is putting more and more the control of small concerns in their hands. Compulsory education, among other things, had been introduced, and I asked the assembly in front of me their opinion about it; with the exception of two elders who seemed unenthusiastic, the others thought it wise. When I arose to go out, to walk about in the village, wreaths of flowers were hung about my neck, two bouquets were presented to me, and I was given betel leaf and cardamom seed, which are not bad chewing, by the way. I visited the boys' school and the girls' school, and in both places they were drawn up in line to sing to me. I was allowed to enter two or three dwellings, rough square mud huts they were, with cows, chickens, ducks walking about in the compound, and all with cakes of cow-dung drying on the walls and on the ground, this being their fuel, and consequently a robbery of the land of its natural fertilizer, but there seems to be no remedy for this in a land of no natural fuel.

At the well, which seems to be a sort of village meeting-place, like the railway station at train-time, or a popular corner-grocery in a small New England town, or the Indian trader's store on one of our Indian reservations, the women were coming and going, filling their earthen or brass or bell-metal jars. Each one lets down the rope, each one draws it up, fills her receptacle and walks away balancing her burden on her head. It is a picturesque sight, these scenes at the wells in India, whether it be these face-concealing women with their statuesque poses, or the men with a pair

of oxen letting down and drawing up the great leather bag and droning their song, as the oxen pull the rope up and the bag is emptied into the narrow channels, which serve as tiny viaducts through the fields.

people in many of the villages in India. Life is hard, to be sure, but life everywhere is hard, if it is not soft, and as for that, I have never seen people anywhere so unhappy, so little to be envied, as those who



Tower of Victory at Chitorgarh. Ancient fortress of the rulers of Udaipur.

I have watched these people at the wells in India by the hour; these people and the soldiers are the people you like, feel sorry for perhaps, until you discover that they do not feel sorry for themselves; then you realize that you are pumping up the fantastic sympathies of the West which are not binding here at all, and all too often artificial even at home, a way of making the child cry by so much sympathy over his small bruise that he begins to think it important himself. What a lot of that there is, and how the demagogues of our Western world are making the children cry over hurts that they did not even know were painful, until the political boss discovered that they have a vote value, and the advertising philanthropist discovered what good posters they make!

If appearances count for anything, I have never seen happier people than some of the Gurka and Sikh soldiers, and the

belong to the soft tribe, whether in India or in New York. I left this little village of Gora with garlands of flowers around my neck, with bouquets in my hands, my mouth full of seeds, attempting to reply to the many and profound salaams with the courtesy and dignity they merited.

Another day we were shown His Highness's jewels. One diamond, a pendant to the great necklace, is the sixth largest in the world, and at one time belonged to Napoleon III. There are three pearls said to be valued at one hundred thousand dollars and a pearl necklace well known all over the world to those interested in precious stones. These were merely the choicest things in a collection comprising sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other jewels. There were inlaid sword and dagger hilts, and scabbards incrusting with precious stones, aigrettes that were showers of diamonds, and richly embroidered coats and mantles.

At the stables we saw the gold and silver gun-carriages and cannon, which contain each two hundred and eighty pounds of gold, and which are drawn on state occasions by white bullocks, each of which had its own covering embroidered with gold and silver, and even silver cases for their horns.

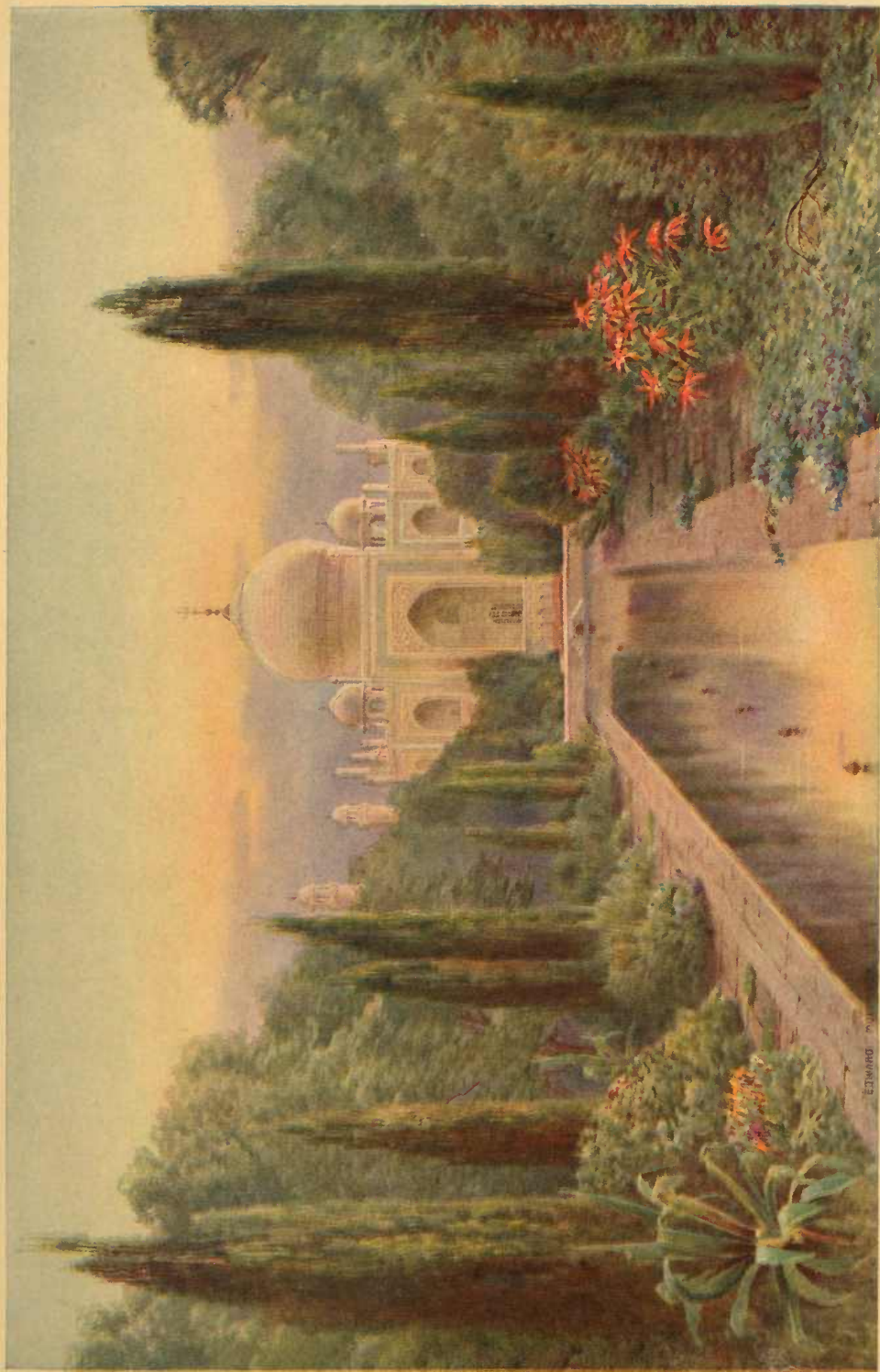
India has ever hoarded wealth in this form. In a land where securities are unknown, where wealth must be easily portable, where there are no savings-banks and trust companies, the old methods still survive and prevail; and not one, but many of these princes, and other rich men in India, still count their wealth as most secure when it is in precious stones, jewelry, and bullion. Even the poor carry in their ears and noses, on their fingers, toes, arms, and legs, and around their necks and waists, practically all they possess of any marketable value. What else can they do, in a country where there are no doors to the houses, and no locks and keys, and where a brass toe-stud, a gun-metal nose-ring, or a thin silver anklet represents months of saving, and taken all together comprise the total wealth of the family. The princes merely do in a big way what the peasants do in a small way.

Another day was devoted to the college, high-school, and primary schools, with their dormitories, library of thousands of volumes, play-grounds, and class-rooms; and to what interested me very much, a so-called national school. This school had some sixty boys who were being brought up quite apart from the state system and without state aid. The boys live at the school, and their teachers are patriotic volunteers who devote themselves to this work for little or no recompense. The idea is to bring up the boys in their own religion, in their own traditions, and to make and keep them Indian. They are taught swimming, wrestling, club-swinging, and other ancient forms of exercise, some of which I saw in practice. A curious ascetic idealism forms part of their working creed. They have their own temple, study their own literature, and are taught their own history. The head of this establishment was a gentle-spoken, highly educated enthusiast, who would have these Indian youths prepared to work as missionaries to keep India, India; and the Indians, Indians, instead of brown Britishers with bowler-hats, bad manners, a tincture of Western knowl-

edge, and hybrid patriotism. It was pathetic, but no man who loves his own can help lending a little love to the fellow who loves his. It struck me as a forlorn hope, but I sent a small subscription when I left. There was no greed, no gain, no personal ambition in it. Here was a John the Baptist out in this wilderness, with little more to work with than he had, and a dream of converting three hundred millions to piety and patriotism; who could avoid lending a hand!

Some miles away geographically, but latitudes away spiritually, was His Highness's wrestling school. There I found a group of athletes that opened my eyes to the possibilities of muscular development in this climate. The Indians as a whole, except in the north-west, are physically a feeble folk, whose working days are over at fifty, and whose women are haggard and unlovely at thirty. These wrestlers went through their exercises for me, and to my surprise I found the medicine-ball, the sparring-bag, the Indian-clubs, and the catch-as-catch-can bouts of wrestling of my youth. They also showed me wrestling in the Japanese fashion, with the leg and arm-breaking holds that we associate with the Japanese, but which, I was assured, were as old as Buddhism, and must therefore have filtered into Japan by way of China, Burma, and Korea. When these wrestlers lined up that I might photograph them, I thought how an American foot-ball coach's mouth would water at the sight of such material. If I was surprised, they were surprised too that I could swing clubs, play with the medicine-ball, and enjoy a bout of wrestling. How colossally ignorant we all are of one another!

No other town in India, I believe, has a learned Indian musician, with an English degree in music, who conducts a school of native music and devotes himself entirely to a revival of the old instruments and the old music. Baroda is thus fortunate. As a result the musical instruments, and the music and singing at the entertainment given for us, were classic. I admit that the music itself gave me little pleasure, though one feature made me see what I had never seen before. An old, gray-bearded man accompanied by three or four instruments, including a small drum, recited a long tale with sobs and shrieks and violent gestures.



Drawn by Major Edward Molyneux.

The Taj Mahal at sunset.

There and then I am sure I saw the bard of Greece. Thus were handed down the tales of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and this particular old man was capable of going on for hours, without a break and without hesitation. But when you have reviewed cavalry at 5.30 A. M. even a Greek bard telling of Achilles is wearisome after three-quarters of an hour, and the listener has been out of bed seventeen hours. Even at more ambitious performances I have regretted that the author or translator of Psalm XCV has made it appear that "singing" and "making a joyful noise" are equally pleasing. Following the music the dancing-girls, one of them both in face and figure beautiful, gave two or three short dances and one long one, the last being the story of two children kite-flying, a very popular sport all through the East; one loses her kite, is in despair; it is recaptured, and so on. It is a graceful form of pantomime, and might be given before a Sunday-school. Strange to say, in these Eastern lands, where nakedness, or partial nakedness, are universal, the theatrical and terpsichorean performers are clothed from neck to heel. I have seen much dancing in India, Korea, and Japan, but it is always the same as to propriety. Such lascivious and suggestive performances as are given are for the benefit of the puritan-bred libertine, whose diet demands more brutal revelations for its satisfaction. I suppose it is largely a question of rice and red meat, and it would be interesting in this connection to have trustworthy statistics as to vegetarian morals.

We were honored one afternoon before we left by an audience with Her Highness, the Maharani, the wife of the Gaekwar. She was the most beautiful woman I saw in India, and talked to us of her children and their education in England and in America, and broke the rule of receiving men in her palace when she learned that I had been at Harvard. She was much interested in the local schools and hospitals, and the reforms of her husband, and seemed to be, in spite of her soft eyes and gentle speech, a masterful person with a mind of her own, and far, far away, from the type of secluded, uneducated women which is the rule in India. The surprise of her visit to America had been our women. She thought them bold and noisy and lacking in gentleness. Even her evident leaning toward our many other

radical departures in politics and in society did not pardon, in her estimation, what seemed to her the vulgar shrillness and ostentatious independence of our wives and daughters. As we were leaving she showed me a mounted tiger she had shot. When I expressed my admiration, perhaps with a little surprise, she said: "Oh, you think we Hindu women cannot be sportsmen!" I knew better than that. He who knows anything of Indian history knows that India has had her Joan of Arc, not once but many times, and that the Indian women have sacrificed themselves not in twos and threes, but in hecatombs for their country.

His Highness's Aide, who was unwearying in his intelligent attentions, and who even prepared us a dinner with his own hands, such as a Brahman might eat, and sent it over to our bungalow, was a type of Indian very puzzling to deal with, I should think. He was a man of strong religious feeling and high ideals, far more thoroughly educated than the average Englishman or American of his years, and revealing what I had not seen before, but what I saw often before I left India, a sort of yearning for sympathy for his own case and that of his people. He too noted the lack of sympathy with, and the lack of recognition of, the best class of natives; the refusal of office either civil or military above a certain grade; the smaller salary paid to the Indian than to the Englishman holding the same office, all of which created a sore and sour feeling. He was only just returned from America, and the contrasts leave the shadows of sadness upon him thicker than they are upon other men. He was, as are all the Indians of his type, moderate in manner, soft of speech, gentle even in indignation. They are pathetic figures, cut off from opportunity, with no exercise for their real powers, and feeling that they are only allowed to play at life, that the real control is in alien hands, and they chafe at the situation. He was much amused at the ignorance of India he met with in America. He mentioned the parochial orthodoxy which looked upon him as a heathen and as a worshiper of idols. The difference between an educated Brahman and a Hindu peasant, he said, was as great in religious matters as the difference between the Unitarianism of Channing and the Catholicism of a Spanish peasant, and yet both claim to be Christians!

It is Sunday. Two green lizards dart back and forth on the wall before me. On a tree outside the window a monkey is watching me with interest and with occasional gestures and waggings of the head, that might easily be interpreted as indicating contempt for my sedentary occupation, and an invitation to join him in his brisker and healthier arboreal athletics. What a difference between us: I am wondering if my ancestors had tails, while he is enjoying his. My thoughts are far away from Baroda and the lizards and the monkey.

I see John P. Shorter, who is, let us say, a stove and hardware merchant in Kansas City. He has breakfasted on fried beef-steak, fried potatoes, hot bread and coffee, and also fish-balls, for his wife has a strain of the Brahman blood of New England in her veins. He has on his uncomfortable Sunday clothes. His wife is overdressed, and wears a hat which has cost a disproportionate amount of the monthly income. The children look stiffened and starched. Their clothes and their food, and what will be thrown away of the latter by the Irish servant-girl, represent the revenue of a whole Indian village for a month. They are grumbling at the high cost of living, and John P. mitigates the cost of his wife's hat by denouncing the trusts. They go to church, where John P. has a pew in the centre aisle. A small silver-plated name-plate with "John P. Shorter" on it, marks his possession of a pew in the sanctuary. He knows everybody, everybody knows him. There are few or no strangers, and all belong to much the same social stratum as at a club. There are no poor or friendless or unkempt persons present. They would be as out of place here, as the rabble off the street would be in the front ranks of a military parade.

This Occidental arrangement for the worship of God is financially and socially much the same arrangement as obtains at a theatre of the better class. It reminds one of the stranger who joined in the anthem at a service at Magdalen College, Oxford. The verger promptly spoke to him and told him he was not to sing. "This is the house of God," he replied, "and I am only joining in the worship." "House of God!" repeated the agitated verger, "House of God, sir! Why, this is Magdalen Chapel!" Should John the Baptist

appear at the portals of the Second Church of Christ in Kansas City, the sexton would be mortified.

The Second Church is the result of a quarrel over who should be superintendent of the Sunday-school in the First Church, and the seceders now have a church of the same faith, but to themselves. The separation has left both the congregations, and the revenues of these two bodies, who worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, rather lean, but the religious rivalry adds piquancy to the social life of the town, and nobody is offended apparently, much less shocked, by this open rent in the garment of charity.

This is Foreign Missions Sunday. John P. has given each of the children ten cents, and his wife fifty cents, and has provided himself, in a convenient pocket, with the amount which he considers his position in the church and in the community demands.

Four strikingly and modishly dressed persons, two men and two women, in a gallery behind the pulpit, where their latest discoveries in collars, ties, hats, feathers, and blouses are ostentatiously, and perhaps provocatively displayed, and who are paid handsome salaries to outdo a similar quartette in the First Church, and at the same time to voice John P.'s praise of God for him, arise, adjust themselves for the inspection of the audience, and strike up:

"From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand

They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

They go on to proclaim further, do these ladies in corsets, in open-work blouses, and wearing high heels, false curls and earrings, and gold in their teeth, that:

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,"

and later ask with due emphasis the question:

"Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

John P. rises, sets his glasses on his nose, and follows the words in his hymn-book. Mrs. John P. inspects the fashions in the

choir and about her, and by a natural concatenation of thoughts drifts away to that alley-way in the Waldorf Hotel where she saw, on her one visit there, sartorial visions that have never been forgotten. After this full-throated invitation to Greenland, and to India, and to Ceylon, voiced mainly by the quartette of hirelings, to come into the fold and be like Mr. and Mrs. John P., the missionary pleader is presented to "my people" by "our beloved pastor," whose salary, by the way, is two months in arrears.

I may appear, way out here in Baroda, to that monkey in the tree to be looking at him, but I am not. I see that preacher as though I were seated in the Second Church in Kansas City. I hear his exaggerated accounts of the work done, and of its ever increasing success. I hear the anecdotes picked for the occasion, of misery and want, and a longing for better things *à la* John P. Shorter; of the rich rulers "bowing down to wood and stone," men of many wives and many pleasures, while the peasants are bowed down and bent, and burnt brown with the toil and heat.

I have described something of the actual situation here where I am a guest. Only yesterday afternoon I saw a Muhammadan standing at sunset on a block of stone on which he had placed his carpet, in a busy street filled with Hindus coming and going, saying his prayers and making repeated obeisance toward Mecca. His religion is not only different, but antagonistic to the creed and the customs of the Hindus, but in Baroda the Gaekwar, a Hindu himself, imposes absolute religious tolerance. I ask myself what would happen if mass were said daily in the open street in Kansas City.

The missionary in his frock-coat and white tie gets hotter and hotter in this furnace-heated atmosphere—the furnace man is a negro. John P., despite his too heavy breakfast of fried beef, smiles benignly as he hears that the cow is sacred in India, and almost winks at the superintendent of the stock yards whose pew is across the aisle. Mrs. John P., somewhat anæmic, for the climate is trying in Kansas City, is glad she married John P., as she listens to the account of the position of women in India. As for me, I shiver to think what the consensus of the competent, granting even that they are a jury of Christians, would say if

they were called upon to decide between John P. and the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda. If there is any such heaven as John P. sings about, and hears preached about, when he gets there he will be surprised to find how bright is the halo, how tuneful the harp, and how elevated the position of some of these heathen princes, for whose conversion he, John P. Shorter, of the Second Church of Christ, in Kansas City, has condescendingly contributed one dollar!

I know of no place in the world so far away from New York as Udaipur. Udaipur is the capital of the native State of Me-war, ruled over by His Highness, the Maharana Dhiraj Sir Fatch Singh, G.C.S.I., and has some twelve thousand square miles of territory, a population of a little more than one million, and revenues of about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its ruler is the premier prince, and the proudest, in all India. His authentic ancestry reaches back two thousand years, and stretches on beyond that in Indian mythology, to the progenitor of the solar race, the deified hero Rama. This prince, bears to the world of Hinduism, a relation, unique either in the East or the West. He is part Pope, part High Priest, part King. He may even interfere with Brahmanical ex-communication; and at his death, men who would die rather than submit to an insult to their beards, shave their faces clean.

There is no suspicion of representative government, no dreams even, of the rights of man, no complications of electricity, or steam, or compulsory education, no politics, no fantastic hygiene, no patent foods, no fear of microbes, no fashions or etiquette of a date later than 728 A. D., when the history of the present State under the present family began by the taking of the fortress of Chitor by Bappa; no newspapers, no news, except the lazy gossip of the bazaars; no hurry except when news is brought from one of the stations in the hills, where men are kept day and night the year round for this purpose, that a black panther or a tiger has been seen, then the Maharana and a retinue hasten away; no daily excitement about an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in Portugal, a change of government in England, a panic in New York, a strike in Paris, or a rhetorical outburst in Berlin;

no jealousy of other countries, no envy of progress elsewhere. Why should there be, since their ruler is little less than a god to hundreds of millions of Hindus, and to criticise his home, his habits, and his decrees is unthinkable. Therefore I repeat Udaipur is farther from the Bowery than any other place in the world.

It was a happy accident of travel that our next visit after that to Baroda was to this prince, who will have nothing to do with modern inventions whether of mind or matter.

We left the guest house at Baroda to take a train leaving at 5.18 A. M. The train was late and we drove back to wait. We returned to the station an hour and a half later; the train was still late, and we finally got away three hours and a half after getting out of bed, and twenty-nine hours of continuous railway travel brought us to Udaipur. This is one example—there were many, though I shall not cite them—which bids me again warn travellers who lack enthusiasm, a stout heart, and a strong constitution, and the best of introductions, that a visit to India may prove as disappointing to them as it was delightful to us.

Udaipur is worth all the fatigue of getting there. We were driven to a large stone bungalow, of which we were the sole occupants. A splendid old fellow, gray-bearded, with medals on his breast and a hunting-knife in his belt, greeted us at the entrance, and put himself and the household at our service. The food, the wines, the tobacco, and the service are of the best, and hearing me complain of lack of exercise, the steward provides me with a pony for a ride before breakfast each morning. At each meal he stands in the dining-room, with an eye to everything, and from morning till night he watches over our comfort as though we were his children.

In the afternoon we are driven to the lake, where we take a boat and are rowed to its southern end. We walk up a path to find ourselves on a high terrace looking down upon a dusty plain where hundreds of wild pigs are grunting, squealing, quarrelling as they are fed. Here we make our bow to our host. He had just come in from a panther-hunt. Every afternoon when he is at home he is present at the feeding of these wild boars. He was standing with a circle of his courtiers behind him,

and a mediæval looking figure he was, a sword in his left hand, a long hunting-knife in his belt, and those about him all in hunting tunics and boots. He was a slender, wiry-looking man of about sixty, well-preserved and athletic, with nothing of the pallid hue of the puzzled thinker in his look, and a deep scar over his right eye due to a fall from his horse while pig-sticking.

We bowed and shook hands, and through the interpreter I thanked him for his hospitality to us. I was somewhat taken aback when the interpreter repeated: "His Highness says you have no hospitality to thank him for since you have only just arrived." This seemed an attempt to put me on my mettle, so I turned and pointed to the lake with its marble palaces, and to the gleaming white towers of the huge palace overhanging the lake, and said: "Tell His Highness that one glimpse of this is a thousand years of hospitality." We had some further talk about horses and hunting and then turned to go. As we were leaving, one of the suite came after us, and we returned, when the interpreter was bidden to tell me that His Highness hoped I would enjoy my stay, that I was to stay as long as I liked, and that he, the interpreter, was commanded to see to it that we had everything we wanted.

He is a conservative of the conservatives, this prince. He speaks no English, lives his own life, never leaves India, will have nothing to do with the new-fangled notions of the day, is an enthusiastic hunter of big game, has killed fifty tigers, besides panthers and other game, and has never been photographed while doing it, and is simple and dignified in his demeanor. There was an atmosphere of far-off, by-gone times on the terrace that afternoon. It was as though I had dreamed myself back into the Middle Ages. He and his customs and habits and opinions are passing away, leaving him a lonely figure in a fussy world, but he remains unmoved, unchanged, disdainful. Now as I look back and remember India, he stands out easily as the first gentleman there, and upon the whole the most impressive figure I saw in all the East.

When he heard that at the great Durbar, the Viceroy was to ride in front, and on the elephant beside him was to ride a woman, his wife, he declined to ride behind a woman, and sent his elephant, gorgeously ca-

parisoned, but with an empty howdah. In these days when every man is either nursing or courting a constituency of some sort; when books are written, and newspapers are printed, and speeches are made, and sermons are preached ever with an eye to circulation or popularity; when weighing down the words and thoughts of every man's brain, except the tiniest minority, is the dull dead weight of its possible effect upon a selfish and superficial mediocrity; when both men and women trim their sails shiveringly at the bare thought of being blacklisted socially or politically or morally, it is refreshing, it is even awesome, to meet a man whose only constituency is his own soul! I am not sure that we may not take steps backward toward Udaipur ere long, before we take many more along the path we are following. We may have better sewers, but I doubt if we have more moral courage, for it takes some moral courage to stand up to the empire which governs one in every five of the human race, and more than one in every five square miles of the habitable globe, and to stand alone. But the British like this man far better, I make no doubt, than those, whether from India or from any other country, who bend to them, agree with them, flatter them, and who mutilate their pride to become eunuchs of patriotism whose capital is Paris and whose creed is cosmopolitanism.

As we were rowed back the length of the lake, the sun was going down, leaving a great curtain of dark purple as a background for the palace. This building stands on the crest of a ridge running parallel to the lake, and a hundred feet above it, its granite and marble are all of one whiteness, and with this royal background it looked like a palace of alabaster with carved turrets of old ivory. There is only one other picture in India, the Taj, which bears comparison with this lake and its surroundings.

The city, of some fifty thousand inhabitants, is entirely surrounded by a bastioned wall, and the palaces old and new within make a town of themselves. On the great terrace running the length of the old palace, where the Maharana still keeps his own apartments, there is room to parade the whole army, cavalry, elephants, and all. From his windows this mediæval prince can look out into this colossal court-yard,

where he insists upon the old ways, and so we saw the afternoon we were there, as you may see any other afternoon, bullocks, pigeons, chickens, elephants, camels, geese, all sunning themselves in lazy contentment. As we drove out of the palace, a magnate of this small kingdom rode in, mounted on a fine horse, the saddle and stirrup-straps of red velvet, and the bridle and reins of some red stuff as well. He himself was in brilliant-colored garments, a sword by his side, pistols in his belt, and there followed and surrounded him a retinue of fifty or more, mounted on foot, with runners on ahead to clear the way for them through the crowded streets.

These were delicious days we spent roaming over the palaces and gardens, in and out of the temples, and through the sunny streets of Udaipur. The only sad spot in the picture was our reception by the son and heir in his apartments. He is a cripple, shrunk and thin, but with pleasant manners, a pathetic smile, and a little English at his command. He was surrounded by the officers of his household, who looked stalwart indeed beside him, and it was evidently a real pleasure to him, as it was probably a rare one, to receive strangers.

I remember particularly the garden palace so-called, which forms a part of the old palace, and is a hanging garden, filled with flowers and ferns, and palms and fountains, and with exquisitely carved pillars, and marble walls and floors all perched on a part of the flat roof; the wonderful carving of the marble around doors and windows; the garden of the court ladies, surrounded by a high wall, with a great marble swimming-bath in the center and filled with flowers and shrubs; the Hindu temple of Jagannath with an elephant on each side of the long flight of marble steps leading up to it, and every inch of it carved; the great gate-ways of the city, the Elephant gate, the Delhi gate, the Moon gate; the cenotaphs of the royal family for generations back, enclosed by a high wall and with many fine trees, and on more than one of these tombs mention of the number of the wives who burned themselves when their masters died; the groups, on foot or on horseback, of the bewhiskered gentry, for even in a land where the beard is everywhere a mark of manly dignity, the Rajput is conspicuous for his care of his

beard, and by tying a scarf around his head and neck he curls out the ends of his whiskers, till sometimes they are twisted over behind his ears, lending him a dashing appearance, which his soldierly bearing emphasizes; the startling appearance of gentlemen in the process of dying their beards black with henna, for during the interim their beards are a bright orange color, which gives a particularly fierce frame for the dark faces and eyes; and then the return to our own little palace with its superb view of lakes and hills, and our cosy diners by candle-light, with the steward watching with jealous eye every movement of the barefooted and turbaned servants who attended us; and well I remember one morning the shrieks and cries in our courtyard when the steward, well over the age when most men enjoy a bout at fisticuffs, was seen giving a sound beating to a rascal, who had maltreated the buffalo that brought us the skins full of water for our baths.

Where could a man go for a holiday where he would escape more completely from modernity, and be able to look out of a casement set in the Middle Ages, and see his own environment in perspective; where better than to Udaipur as the guest of the Maharana? The setting is there in these bewilderingly beautiful surroundings, and surely the prince is there as a seal to stamp it as genuine. He is a direct descendant of the Rajputs of Chitor. They were conquered by the Mughals as were the other Rajput clans, but they fled and found shelter among the mountains and deserts of the Indus, and, unlike the others, refused to mingle their high-caste Hindu blood even with that of a Muhammadan emperor. They still boast that they alone among the great Rajput clans have never given a daughter in marriage to a Mughal emperor. Their motto is a fine one: "Who steadfast keeps the faith, him the Creator keeps." Certainly the present ruler is putting it to the test. Long life and success to him, say I!

The Maharana's hospitality guarded us even when we had left his capital. Four hours by train brought us to Chitorgarh. There at the station an elephant and a tonga, a kind of two-wheeled cart drawn by ponies, awaited us and we were taken to

see the citadel city where this family have ruled and fought ever since the beginning of the eighth century. On a rocky hill over five hundred feet high is the great fort over three miles in length. In the old tumultuous days the capital city of Mewar was Chitor, situated in this fort. On one occasion after a siege in which eleven royal princes were killed, all the women entered an underground cave, and were there burned to death, and as the smoke and flames arose the men rushed out to throw themselves upon the swords of their Muhammadan enemies.

The whole of the enclosure at the top is covered with the ruins of palaces and temples. The two towers of Fame and Victory, the one eighty feet high, the other in nine stories and one hundred and thirty feet high, are still well preserved. This so-called fortress could stow away the hill of the Acropolis in one corner and the Roman Forum in another, and impresses you with the magnificent scale upon which these people carried out their building operations. How this place was ever captured, with its sides of sheer rock reaching up five hundred feet from the plain below, and crowned by walls so thick that one may drive along the tops of them, and this before the days of cannon, is a mystery, a mystery even to one who has seen Quebec and knows its story.

When we arrived at the station at Chitorgarh, the carriage was detached from the train and left on a siding. When we returned to it from the excursion to the fort, we found a kitchen established outside the carriage-door, with pots and pans and dishes, and charcoal fires and a dinner of several courses was there and then prepared and handed in to us. I was asked to sign a "chit" or voucher for it, for the Maharana's treasurer, but that I refused to do. It was Rajput gallantry indeed to extend hospitality to guests so long as they remained in Rajput territory, but we drank His Highness's health instead in our own brew, and at eleven o'clock the carriage was attached to another train and we were off for Jaipur; with an abiding assurance that our Indian hosts, so far, had nothing to learn in the West, of fine manners and generous hospitality.

THE LITTLE DREAM

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Characters

SEELCHEN *A mountain girl.* LAMOND . . . *A climber.* FELSMAN . . . *A guide.*

Characters in the Dream

THE GREAT HORN	} Mountains.	THE EDELWEISS	} . . . Flowers.
THE COW HORN		THE ALPENROSE	
THE WINE HORN		THE GENTIAN	
	THE MOUNTAIN DANDELION		

Voices and Figures in the Dream

COWBELLS.	MOETH CHILDREN.	THE FORM OF WHAT IS	GOATHERD.
MOUNTAIN AIR.	THREE DANCING YOUTHS.	MADE BY WORK.	GOAT BOYS.
FAR VIEW OF ITALY.	THREE DANCING GIRLS.	DEATH BY SLUMBER.	GOAT GOD.
DISTANT PLUME OF STEAM.	THE FORMS OF WORKERS.	DEATH BY DROWNING.	THE FORMS OF SLEEP.
THINGS IN BOOKS.		FLOWER CHILDREN.	

SCENE I

It is just after sunset of an August evening.

The scene is a room in a mountain hut, furnished only with a table, benches, and a low, broad window seat. Through this window three rocky peaks are seen by the light of the moon, which is slowly whitening the last hues of sunset. An oil lamp is burning. Seelchen, a mountain girl, eighteen years old, is humming a folk-song and putting away in a cupboard freshly washed soup-bowls and glasses. She is dressed in a tight-fitting black velvet bodice, square-cut at the neck, and partly filled in with a gay handkerchief, colored rose-pink, blue, and golden, like the Alpenrose, the gentian, and the mountain dandelion; alabaster beads, pale as edelweiss, are round her throat; her stiffened, white linen sleeves finish at the elbow; and her full, well-worn skirt is of gentian blue. The two thick plaits of her hair are crossed, and turned round her head. As she puts away the last bowl, there is a knock; and Lamond opens the outer door. He is young, tanned, and good-looking, dressed like a climber, and carries a plaid, a ruck-sack, and an ice-axe.

Lamond. Good-evening!

Seelchen. Good-evening, gentle Sir!

Lamond. My name is Lamond. I'm very late, I fear.

Seelchen. Do you wish to sleep here?

Lamond. Please.

Seelchen. All the beds are full—it is a pity. I will call mother.

Lamond. I've come to go up the Great Horn at sunrise.

Seelchen. (*Awed.*) The Great Horn! But he is impossible.

Lamond. I am going to try that.

Seelchen. There is the Wine Horn, and the Cow Horn.

Lamond. I have climbed them.

Seelchen. But he is so dangerous—it is perhaps—death.

Lamond. Oh! that's all right! One must take one's chance.

Seelchen. And father has hurt his foot. For guide, there is only Hans Felsman.

Lamond. The celebrated Felsman?

Seelchen. (*Nodding; then looking at him with admiration.*) Are you that Herr Lamond who has climbed all our little mountains this year?

Lamond. All but that big fellow.

Seelchen. We have heard of you. Will you not wait a day for father's foot?

Lamond. Ah! no. I must go back home to-morrow.

Seelchen. The gracious Sir is in a hurry.

Lamond. (*Looking at her intently.*) Alas!

Seelchen. Are you from London! Is it very big?

Lamond. Six million souls.

Seelchen. Oh! (*After a little pause.*) I have seen Cortina twice.

Lamond. Do you live here all the year?

Seelchen. In winter in the valley.

Lamond. And don't you want to see the world?

Seelchen. Sometimes. (*Going to a door she calls softly.*) Hans! (*Then pointing to another door.*) There are seven German gentlemen asleep in there! *

Lamond. Oh, God!

Seelchen. Please? They are here to see the sun rise. (*She picks up a little book that has dropped from Lamond's pocket.*) I have read several books.

Lamond. This is by the great English poet. Do you never make poetry here, and dream dreams, among your mountains.

Seelchen. (*Slowly shaking her head.*) See! It is the full moon.

(*While they stand at the window looking at the moon, there enters, a lean, well-built, taciturn young man dressed in Loden.*)

Seelchen. Hans!

Felsman. (*In a deep voice.*) The gentleman wishes me?

Seelchen. (*Awed.*) The Great Horn for to-morrow! (*Whispering to him.*) It is the celebrated London one.

Felsman. The Great Horn is not possible.

Lamond. You say that? And you're the famous Felsman?

Felsman. (*Grimly.*) We start at dawn.

Seelchen. It is the first time for years!

Lamond. (*Placing his plaid and rucksack on the window bench.*) Can I sleep here?

Seelchen. I will see; perhaps—

(*She runs out up the stairs.*)

Felsman. (*Taking blankets from the cupboard and spreading them on the window seat.*) So!

(*As he goes out into the air, Seelchen comes slipping in again with a lighted candle.*)

Seelchen. There is still one bed. This is too hard for you.

Lamond. Oh! thanks; but that's all right.

Seelchen. To please me!

Lamond. May I ask your name?

Seelchen. Seelchen.

Lamond. Little soul, that means—doesn't it? To please you I would sleep with seven German gentlemen.

Seelchen. Oh! no; it is not necessary.

Lamond. (*With a grave bow.*) At your service, then. (*He prepares to go.*)

Seelchen. It is very nice in towns, in the World, where you come from?

Lamond. When I'm there I would be here; but when I'm here I would be there.

Seelchen. (*Clasping her hands.*) That is like me—but I am always here.

Lamond. Ah! yes; there is no one like you in towns.

Seelchen. In two places one cannot be. (*Suddenly.*) In the towns there are theatres, and there is beautiful fine work, and—dancing, and—churches—and trains—and all the things in books—and—

Lamond. Misery.

Seelchen. But there is life.

Lamond. And there is death.

Seelchen. To-morrow, when you have climbed—will you not come back?

Lamond. No.

Seelchen. You have all the world; and I have nothing.

Lamond. Except Felsman, and the mountains.

Seelchen. It is not good to eat only bread.

Lamond. (*Looking at her hard.*) I would like to eat you!

Seelchen. But I am not nice; I am full of big wants—like the cheese with holes.

Lamond. I shall come again.

Seelchen. There will be no more hard mountains left to climb. And if it is not exciting, you do not care.

Lamond. O wise little soul!

Seelchen. No. I am not wise. In here it is always aching.

Lamond. For the moon?

Seelchen. Yes. (*Then suddenly.*) From the big world you will remember?

Lamond. (*Taking her hand.*) There is nothing in the big world so sweet as this.

Seelchen. (*Wisely.*) But there is the big world itself.

Lamond. May I kiss you, for good-night?

(*She puts her face forward; and he kisses her cheek, and, suddenly, her lips. Then as she draws away.*)

Lamond. I am sorry, little soul.

Seelchen. That's all right!

*The nationality of these gentlemen should be English when the play is given in Germany; and Lamond should be German.

Lamond. (Taking the candle.) Dream well! Good-night!

Seelchen. (Softly.) Good-night!

Felsman. (Coming in from the air, and eying them.) It is cold—it will be fine.

(*Lamond, still looking back, goes up the stairs; and Felsman waits for him to pass.*)

Seelchen. (From the window seat.) It was hard for him here, I thought.

(*He goes up to her, stays a moment looking down, then bends and kisses her violently.*)

Seelchen. Art thou angry?

(*He does not answer, but turning out the lamp, goes into an inner room.*)

(*Seelchen sits gazing through the window at the peaks bathed in full moonlight. Then drawing the blankets about her, she snuggles down on the window seat.*)

Seelchen. (In a sleepy voice.) They kissed me—both. (*She sleeps.*)

(*The scene falls quite dark.*)

SCENE II

The scene is slowly illumined as by dawn.

Seelchen is still lying on the window seat. She sits up, frees her face and hands from the blankets, changing the swathings of deep sleep for the filmy coverings of a dream. The wall of the hut has vanished; there is nothing between her and the three mountains, veiled in mist, save a trough of darkness. Then as the peaks of the mountains brighten, they are seen to have great faces.

Seelchen. Oh! They have faces!

(*The face of The Wine Horn is the profile of a beardless youth. The face of The Cow Horn is that of a mountain shepherd, solemn and brown, with fierce black eyes and a black beard. Between them The Great Horn, whose hair is of snow, has a high, beardless visage, as of carved bronze, like a male sphinx, serene, without cruelty. Far down below the faces of the peaks, above the trough of darkness, are peeping out the four little heads of the flowers of Edelweiss, and Gentian, Mountain Dandelion, and Alpenrose; on their heads are crowns, made of their several flowers, all powdered with dewdrops; and when The Flowers lift their child-faces little tinkling bells ring.*)

(*All around the peaks there is nothing but blue sky.*)

Edelweiss. (In a tiny voice.) Would you? Would you? Would you? Ah! ha!

Gentian, M. Dandelion, Alpenrose. (With their bells ringing enviously.) Oo-oo-oo!

(*From behind The Cow Horn are heard the voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air:*

“Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!”

“Mountain air! Mountain air!”

(*From behind The Wine Horn rise the rival voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books:*)

“I am Italy! Italy!”

“See me—steam in the distance!”

“O remember the things in books!”

(*And all call out together, very softly, with The Flowers ringing their bells. Then far away like an echo comes a-sighing:*)

“Mountain air! Mountain air!”

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Cow Horn speaks in a voice as of one unaccustomed.*)

The Cow Horn. Amongst kine and my black-brown sheep I live; I am silence, and monotony; I am the solemn hills. I am fierceness, and the mountain wind; clean pasture, and wild rest. Look in my eyes, love me alone!

Seelchen. (Breathless.) The Cow Horn! He is speaking—for Felsman and the mountains. It is the half of my heart!

(*The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Cow Horn. I stalk the eternal hills—I drink the mountain snows. My eyes are the color of burned wine; in them lives melancholy. The lowing of the kine, the wind, the sound of falling rocks, the running of the torrents; no other talk know I. Thoughts simple, and blood hot, strength huge—the cloak of gravity.

Seelchen. Yes, yes! I want him. He is strong!

(*The voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air cry out together:*)

“Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!”

“Mountain air! Mountain air!”

The Cow Horn. Little soul! Hold to me! Love me! Live with me under the stars!

Seelchen. (Below her breath.) I am afraid.

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Wine Horn speaks in a youth's voice.*

The Wine Horn. I am the will o' the wisp that dances thro' the streets; I am the cooing dove of Towns, from the plane trees and the chestnuts' shade. From day to day all changes, where I burn my incense to my thousand little gods. In white palaces I dwell, and passionate dark alleys. The life of men in crowds is mine—of lamplight in the streets at dawn. (*Softly.*) I have a thousand loves, and never one too long; for I am nimbler than your heifers playing in the sunshine.

(*The Flowers, ringing in alarm, cry:*)

"We know them!"

The Wine Horn. I hear the rustlings of the birth and death of pleasure; and the rattling of swift wheels. I hear the hungry oaths of men; and love kisses in the airless night. Without me, little soul, you starve and die.

Seelchen. He is speaking for the gentle Sir, and the big world of the Town. It pulls my heart.

The Wine Horn. My thoughts surpass in number the flowers in your meadows; they fly more swiftly than your eagles on the wind. I drink the wine of aspiration, and the drug of disillusion. Thus am I never dull!

(*The voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books are heard calling out together:*)

"I am Italy, Italy!"

"See me—steam in the distance!"

"O remember, remember!"

The Wine Horn. Love me, little soul! I paint life fifty colors. I make a thousand pretty things! I twine about your heart!

Seelchen. He is honey!

(*The Flowers ring their bells jealously and cry:*)

"Bitter! Bitter!"

The Cow Horn. Stay with me, Seelchen! I wake thee with the crystal air.

(*The voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air sing out far away:*)

"Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!"

"Mountain air! Mountain air!"

(*And The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Wine Horn. Come with me, Seelchen! My fan, Variety, shall wake you!

(*The voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books chant softly:*)

"I am Italy! Italy!"

"See me—steam in the distance!"

"O remember, remember!"

(*And The Flowers moan.*)

Seelchen. (*In grief.*) My heart! It is torn!

The Wine Horn. With me, little soul, you shall race in the streets, and peep at all secrets. We will hold hands, and fly like the thistle-down.

M. Dandelion. My puff-balls fly faster!

The Wine Horn. I will show you the sea.

Gentian. My blue is deeper!

The Wine Horn. I will shower on you blushes.

Alpenrose. I can blush redder!

The Wine Horn. Little soul, listen! My Jewels! Silk! Velvet!

Edelweiss. I am softer than velvet!

The Wine Horn. (*Proudly.*) My wonderful rags!

The Flowers. (*Moaning.*) Of those we have none.

Seelchen. He has all things.

The Cow Horn. Mine are the clouds with the dark silvered wings; mine are the rocks on fire with the sun; and the dew-drops cooler than pearls. Away from my breath of snow and sweet grass, thou wilt droop, little soul.

The Wine Horn. The dark Clove is my fragrance!

(*The Flowers ring eagerly, and turning up their faces, cry:*)

"We too, smell sweet."

(*But the voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books cry out:*)

"I am Italy! Italy!"

"See me—steam in the distance!"

"O remember, remember!"

Seelchen. (*Distracted.*) Oh! it is hard!
The Cow Horn. I will never desert thee.

The Wine Horn. A hundred times I will desert you, a hundred times come back, and kiss you.

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) Peace for my heart!

The Cow Horn. With me thou shalt lie
on the warm wild thyme.

(*The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Wine Horn. With me you shall lie
on a bed of dove's feathers.

(*The Flowers moan.*)

The Wine Horn. I will give you old wine.

The Cow Horn. I will give thee new milk.

The Wine Horn. Hear my song!

(*From far away comes a sound as of mandolins.*)

Seelchen. (*Clasping her breast.*) My
heart—it is leaving me!

The Cow Horn. Hear my song!

(*From the distance floats the piping of a
Shepherd's reed.*)

Seelchen. (*Curving her hand at her
ears.*) Ah!

The Cow Horn. Stay with me, Seel-
chen!

The Wine Horn. Come with me, Seel-
chen!

The Cow Horn. I give thee certainty!

The Wine Horn. I give you chance!

The Cow Horn. I give thee peace!

The Wine Horn. I give you change.

The Cow Horn. I give thee stillness.

The Wine Horn. I give you voice.

The Cow Horn. I give thee one love.

The Wine Horn. I give you many.

Seelchen. (*As if the words were torn from
her heart.*) Both, both—I will love!

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Great Horn
speaks:*)

The Great Horn. And both thou shalt
love, little soul! Thou shalt lie on the hills
with Silence; and dance in the cities with
Knowledge. Both shall possess thee! The
sun and the moon on the mountains shall
burn thee; the lamps of the town singe thy
wings, small Moth! Each shall seem all
the world to thee, each shall seem as thy
grave! Thy heart is a feather blown from
one mouth to the other. But be not afraid!
For the life of a man is for all loves in turn.
'Tis a little raft moored, then sailing out
into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then
whispering on; a new-born babe, half
courage and half sleep. There is a hidden
rhythm. Change, Quietude. Chance, Cer-
tainty. The One, The Many, Burn on—

thou pretty flame, trying to eat the world!
Thou shalt come to me at last, my little
soul!

(*The Voices and The Flower bells peal out.
Seelchen enraptured, stretches her arms
to embrace the sight and sound, but all
fades slowly into dark sleep.*)

SCENE III

*The dark scene again becomes glamorous.
Seelchen is seen with her hand stretched
out toward the Piazza of a little town,
with a plane tree on one side, a wall on
the other, and from the open doorway of
an Inn a pale path of light. Over the
Inn hangs a full golden moon. Against
the wall, under the glimmer of a lamp,
leans a youth with the face of The Wine
Horn, in a crimson cloak, thrumming
a mandolin, and singing:*

"Little star soul
Through the frost fields of night
Roaming alone, disconsolate—
From out the cold
I call thee in—
Striking my dark mandolin—
Beneath this moon of gold."

(*From the Inn comes a burst of laughter, and
the sound of dancing.*)

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) It is the big
world!

(*The youth of The Wine Horn sings on:*)

"Pretty gray moth,
Where the strange candles shine,
Seeking for warmth, so desperate—
Ah! fluttering dove
I bid thee win—
Striking my dark mandolin—
The crimson flame of love."

Seelchen. (*Gazing enraptured at the
Inn.*) They are dancing!

(*As she speaks, from either side come moth-
children, meeting and fluttering up the
path of light to the Inn doorway; then
wheeling aside, they form again, and
again flutter forward.*)

Seelchen. (*Holding out her hands.*)
They are real—Their wings are windy.

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn sings on:*)

"Lips of my song,
To the white maiden's heart

Go ye, and whisper, passionate,
 These words that burn—
 'O listening one!
 Love that flieth past is gone
 Nor ever may return!'"

(*Seelchen runs toward him—but the light above him fades, he has become shadow. She turns bewildered to the dancing moth-children—but they vanish before her. At the door of the Inn stands Lamond in a dark cloak.*)

Seelchen. It is you!

Lamond. Without my little soul I am cold. Come! (*He holds out his arms to her.*)

Seelchen. Shall I be safe?

Lamond. What is safety? Are you safe in your mountains?

Seelchen. Where am I, here?

Lamond. The Town.

(*Smiling he points to the doorway. And silent as shadows there come dancing out, two by two, two girls and two youths. The first girl is dressed in white satin and jewels; and the first youth in black velvet. The second girl is in rags, and a shawl; and the second youth in shirt and corduroys. They dance gravely, each couple as if in a world apart.*)

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) In the mountains all dance together. Do they never change partners?

Lamond. How could they, little one? Those are rich, these poor. But see!

(*A Corybantic Couple come dancing forth. The girl has bare limbs, a flame-colored shift, and hair bound with red flowers; the youth is Pierroesque. They pursue not only each other, but the other girls and youths. For a moment all is a furious medley. Then the Corybantic Couple vanish into the Inn, and the first two couples are left, slowly, solemnly dancing, apart from each other as before.*)

Seelchen. (*Shuddering.*) Shall I one day dance like that?

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn appears again beneath the lamp. He strikes a loud chord; then as Seelchen moves toward that sound the lamp goes out; there is again only blue shadow; but the couples have disappeared into the Inn, and the doorway has grown dark.*)

Seelchen. Ah! What I do not like, he will not let me see.

Lamond. Will you not come, then, little soul?

Seelchen. Always to dance?

Lamond. Not-so!

(*The shutters of the houses are suddenly thrown wide. In a lighted room on one side of the Inn are seen two pale men and a woman, amongst many clicking machines. On the other side of the Inn, in a forge, are visible two women and a man, but half clothed, making chains.*)

Seelchen. (*Recoiling from both sights in turn.*) How sad they look—all! What are they making?

(*In the dark doorway of the Inn a light shines out, and in it is seen a figure, visible only from the waist up, clad in gold-cloth studded with jewels, with a flushed complacent face, holding in one hand a glass of golden wine.*)

Seelchen. It is beautiful. What is it?

Lamond. Luxury.

Seelchen. What is it standing on? I cannot see.

(*Unseen, The Wine Horn's mandolin twangs out.*)

Lamond. For that do not look, little soul.

Seelchen. Can it not walk? (*He shakes his head.*) Is that all they make here with their sadness?

(*But again the mandolin twangs out; the shutters fall over the houses; the door of the Inn grows dark.*)

Lamond. What is it, then, you would have? Is it learning? There are books here, that, piled on each other, would reach to the stars! (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) There is religion so deep that no man knows what it means. (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) There is religion so shallow, you may have it by turning a handle. We have everything.

Seelchen. Is God here?

Lamond. Who knows? Is God with your goats? (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) What then do you want?

Seelchen. Life.

(*The mandolin twangs out.*)

Lamond. (*Pointing to his breast.*) There is but one road to life—

Seelchen. Ah! but I do not love.

Lamond. When a feather flies, is it not loving the wind—the unknown? When the day brings not new things, we are children of sorrow. If darkness and light

did not change, could we breathe? Child!
To live is to love, to love is to live—seeking
for wonder. (*And as she draws nearer.*)
See! To love is to peer over the edge, and,
spying the little gray flower, to climb down!
It has wings; it has flown—again you must
climb; it shivers, 'tis but air in your hand
—you must crawl, you must cling, you
must leap, and still it is there and not there
—for the gray flower flits like a moth, and
the wind of its wings is all you shall catch.
But your eyes shall be shining, your cheeks
shall be burning, your breast shall be pant-
ing—Ah! little heart! (*The scene falls
darker.*) And when the night comes—
there it is still, thistledown blown on the
dark, and your white hands will reach for
it, and your honey breath waft it, and never,
never, shall you grasp that wanton thing—
but life shall be lovely. (*His voice dies to a
whisper. He stretches out his arms.*)

Seelchen. (*Touching his breast.*) I will
come.

Lamond. (*Drawing her to the dark door-
way.*) Love me!

Seelchen. I love!

(*The mandolin twangs out, the doorway for
a moment is all glamorous; and they
pass through. Illumined by the glim-
mer of the lamp the Youth of The Wine
Horn is seen again. And slowly to
the chords of his mandolin he begins to
sing:*)

"The windy hours through darkness fly—
Canst hear them, little heart?
New loves are born, and old loves die,
And kissing lips must part.
The dusky bees of passing years—
Canst see them, soul of mine—
From flower and flower supping tears,
And pale sweet honey wine?"

(*His voice grows strange and passionate.*)

'O flame that treads the marsh of time
Flitting forever low,
Where through the black enchanted slime
We, desperate, following go—
Untimely fire, we bid thee stay!
Into dark air above,
The golden gypsy thins away—
So has it been with love!"

(*While he is singing, the moon grows pale,
and dies. It falls dark, save for the
glimmer of the lamp beneath which he
stands. But as his song ends, the
dawn breaks over the houses; the lamp*

*goes out—The Wine Horn becomes
shadow. Then from the doorway of
the Inn, in the chill gray light Seel-
chen comes forth. She is pale, as if
wan with living; her eyes like pitch
against the powdery whiteness of her
face.*)

Seelchen. My heart is old.

(*But as she speaks, from far away is heard
a faint chiming of Cowbells; and while
she stands listening, Lamond appears
in the doorway of the Inn.*)

Lamond. Little soul!

Seelchen. You! Always you!

Lamond. I have new wonders.

Seelchen. (*Mournfully.*) No.

Lamond. I swear it! You are not
tired? It cannot be. I am never the
same.

Seelchen. Listen!

(*The chime of The Cowbells is heard again.*)

Lamond. (*Jealously.*) The music of
dull sleep! Has life, then, with me been
sorrow?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

Lamond. Come.

Seelchen. (*Pointing to her breast.*) The
bird is tired with flying. (*Touching her
lips.*) The flowers have no dew.

Lamond. Would you leave me?

Seelchen. See!

(*There, in a streak of the dawn, against the
plane tree is seen the Shepherd of The Cow
Horn, standing wrapped in his mountain
cloak.*)

Lamond. What is it?

Seelchen. He!

Lamond. There is nothing. (*He holds
her fast.*) I have shown you the marvels
of my town—the gay, the bitter wonders.
We have known life. Do not leave me
now! If I may no longer live, let me die
with you! See! Here are sweet Deaths
by Slumber and by Drowning!

(*The mandolin twangs out, and from the
dim doorway of the Inn come forth the
shadowy forms, Death by Slumber and
Death by Drowning, who to a ghostly
twanging of mandolins dance slowly
toward Seelchen, stand smiling at her,
and as slowly dance away.*)

Seelchen. (*Following.*) Yes, They are
good and sweet.

(*While she moves toward the Inn, La-
mond's face becomes transfigured with
joy. But just as she reaches the door-*

way, there is a distant chiming of bells and blowing of pipes, and the Shepherd of The Cow Horn sings:)

*"To the wild grass come, and the dull far roar
Of the falling rock; to the flowery meads
Of thymountain home, where the eagles soar,
And the grizzled flock in the sunshine feeds.
To the Alp, where I, in the pale light
crowned*

*With the moon's thin horns, to my pasture
roam;*

*To the silent sky, and the wistful sound
Of the rosy dawns—my daughter, come!"*

*(While he sings, the sun has risen; and
Seelchen has turned, with parted lips,
and hands stretched out; and the forms
of death have vanished.)*

Seelchen. I come.

Lamond. *(Clasping her knees.)* Little soul! Must I then die, like a gnat when the sun goes down? Without you I am nothing.

Seelchen. *(Releasing herself.)* Poor heart—I am gone!

Lamond. It is dark. *(He covers his face with his cloak.)*

(Then as Seelchen reaches the Shepherd of The Cow Horn, there is blown a long note of a pipe; the scene falls black; and there rises a far, continual, mingled sound of Cowbells, and Flower Bells, and Pipes.)

SCENE IV

The scene slowly brightens with the misty flush of dawn. Seelchen stands on a green alp under the Horn mountains, swathed in mist. A slip of a moon, over the peaks, is lying on her back. On a low rock sits a brown-faced Goatherd blowing on a pipe, and the four Flower-children are dancing in their shifts of gray-white, and blue, rose-pink, and burnt-gold. Their bells are ringing, as they pelt each other with flowers of their own colors; and each in turn, wheeling, flings one flower at Seelchen, who puts them to her lips and eyes.

Seelchen. The dew! *(She moves toward the rock.)* Goatherd!

(But The Flowers encircle him; and when they wheel away he has vanished. She turns to The Flowers, but they too vanish. The veils of mist are rising.)

Seelchen. Gone! *(She rubs her eyes; then turning once more to the rock, sees Fels-*

man standing there, with his arms folded.) Thou!

Felsman. So thou hast come—like a sick heifer to be healed. Was it good in the Town—that kept thee so long?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

Felsman. Why then return?

Seelchen. I was tired.

Felsman. Never again shalt thou go from me!

Seelchen. *(Mocking.)* With what wilt thou keep me?

Felsman. *(Grasping her.)* Thus.

Seelchen. I have known Change—I am no timid maid.

Felsman. *(Moodily.)* Aye, thou art different. Thine eyes are hollow—thou art white-faced.

Seelchen. *(Still mocking.)* Then what hast thou here that shall keep me?

Felsman. The sun.

Seelchen. To burn me.

Felsman. The air.

(There is a faint wailing of a wind.)

Seelchen. To freeze me.

Felsman. The silence.

(The noise of the wind dies away.)

Seelchen. Yes, it is lonely.

Felsman. Wait! And the flowers shall dance to thee.

(And to a ringing of their bells, The Flowers come dancing; till, one by one, they cease, and sink down, nodding, falling asleep.)

Seelchen. See! Even they grow sleepy here!

Felsman. I will call the goats to wake them.

(The Goatherd is seen again sitting upright on his rock and piping. And there come four little brown, wild-eyed, naked Boys, with Goat's legs and feet, who dance gravely in and out of The Sleeping Flowers; and The Flowers wake, spring up, and fly. Till each Goat, catching his flower, has vanished, and The Goatherd has ceased to pipe, and lies motionless again on his rock.)

Felsman. Love me!

Seelchen. Thou art rude!

Felsman. Love me!

Seelchen. Thou art grim!

Felsman. Ay, I have no silver tongue. Listen! This is my voice! *(Sweeping his arm round all the still alp.)* It is quiet.

From dawn to the first star all is fast.
(*Laying his hand on her heart.*) And the
wings of the bird shall be still.

Seelchen. (*Touching his eyes.*) Thine
eyes are fierce. In them I see the wild
beasts crouching. In them I see the dis-
tance. Are they always fierce?

Felsman. Never to look on thee—my
flower.

Seelchen. (*Touching his hands.*) Thy
hands are rough to pluck flowers. (*She
breaks away from him to the rock where The
Goatherd is lying.*) See! Nothing moves!
The very day stands still. Boy! (*But The
Goatherd neither stirs nor answers.*) He is
lost in the blue. (*Passionately.*) Boy!
He will not answer me. No one will an-
swer me here.

Felsman. (*With fierce longing.*) Am I
then no one?

Seelchen. Thou?

(*The scene darkens with evening.*)

See! Sleep has stolen the day! It is
night already.

(*There come the female shadow forms of
Sleep, in blue-star-sewn garments, wav-
ing their arms drowsily, wheeling
round her.*)

Seelchen. Are you Sleep? Dear Sleep!

(*Smiling, she holds her arms to Felsman.
He takes her swaying form. They
vanish into the shadow of the rock, en-
circled by the forms of Sleep. It is quite
dark, save for the light of the thin-
horned moon suddenly grown bright.
Then on his rock, to a faint piping The
Goatherd sings:*)

"My goat, my little speckled one,
My yellow-eyed, sweet-smelling,
Let moon and wind and golden sun
And stars beyond all telling
Make, every day, a sweeter grass,
And multiply thy leaping!
And may the mountain foxes pass
And never scent thee sleeping!
Oh! Let my pipe be clear and far,
And let me find sweet water!
No hawk, nor udder-seeking jar
Come near thee, little daughter!
May fiery rocks defend, at noon,
Thy tender feet from slipping!
Ah! hear my prayer beneath the moon—
Great Master, Goat-God—skipping!"

(*There passes in the thin moonlight the
Goat-God Pan; and with a long wail
of the pipe The Goatherd Boy is silent.*)

*Then the moon fades, and all is black;
till in the faint gristly light of the false
dawn creeping up, Seelchen is seen ris-
ing from the side of the sleeping Fels-
man. The Goatherd Boy has gone; but
by the rock stands the Shepherd of The
Cow Horn in his cloak.)*

Seelchen. Years, years I have slept. My
spirit is hungry. (*Then as she sees the Shep-
herd of The Cow Horn standing there.*) I
know thee now—Life of the earth—the
smell of thee, the sight of thee, the taste of
thee, and all thy music. I have passed
thee and gone by.

(*She moves away.*)

Felsman. (*Waking.*) Where wouldst
thou go?

Seelchen. To the edge of the world.

Felsman. (*Rising and trying to stay her.*
Thou shalt not leave me!

(*But against her smiling gesture he strug-
gles as though against solidity.*)

Seelchen. Friend! The time is on me.

Felsman. Were my kisses, then, too
rude? Was I too dull?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn is seen sud-
denly standing opposite the motionless
Shepherd of The Cow Horn; his man-
dolin twangs out.*)

Felsman. The cursed music of the
Town! Is it back to him thou wilt go?
(*Groping for sight of the hated figure.*) I
cannot see.

Seelchen. Fear not! I go ever onward.

Felsman. Do not leave me to the wind
in the rocks! Without thee love is dead,
and I must die.

Seelchen. Poor heart! I am gone.

Felsman. (*Crouching against the rock*
It is cold.

(*At the blowing of the Shepherd's pipe The
Cow Horn stretches forth his hand to
her. The mandolin twangs out, and
The Wine Horn bends toward her.
She stands unmoving.*)

Seelchen. Companions, I must go. In
a moment it will be dawn.

(*In silence The Cow Horn and The Wine
Horn cover their faces. The false
dawn dies. It falls quite dark.*)

SCENE V

*Then a faint glow stealing up, lights the
snowy head of The Great Horn, and*

streams forth on Seelchen. To either side of that path of light, like shadows, The Cow Horn, and The Wine Horn stand with cloaked heads.

Seelchen. Great One! I come!

(The Peak of The Great Horn speaks in a far-away voice, growing, with the light, clearer and stronger.)

*Wandering flame, thou restless fever
Burning all things, regretting none;
The winds of fate are stilled forever—
Thy little generous life is done,
And all its wistful wonderings cease.
Thou traveller to the tideless sea,
Where light and dark, and change and peace,
Are One—Come, little soul, to Mystery!*

(Seelchen, falling on her knees, bows her head to the ground. The glow slowly fades till the scene is black.)

SCENE VI

Then as the blackness lifts, in the dim light of the false dawn, filtering through the

window of the mountain hut, Lamond and Felsman are seen standing beside Seelchen looking down at her asleep on the window seat.

Felsman. *(Putting out his hand to wake her.)* In a moment it will be dawn.

(She stirs, and her lips move, murmuring.)

Lamond. Let her sleep. She's dreaming.

(Felsman raises a lantern, till its light falls on her face. Then the two men move stealthily toward the door, and, as she speaks, pass out.)

Seelchen. *(Rising to her knees, and stretching out her hands with ecstasy.)* Great One, I come! *(Waking, she looks around, and struggles to her feet.)* My little dream!

(Through the open door, the first flush of dawn shows in the sky. There is a sound of goat bells passing.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.



IN THE CITY CROWD

By Rhoda Hero Dunn

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN

WITH hurried feet or feet more slow,
But ever with regardless eye
The friends whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.

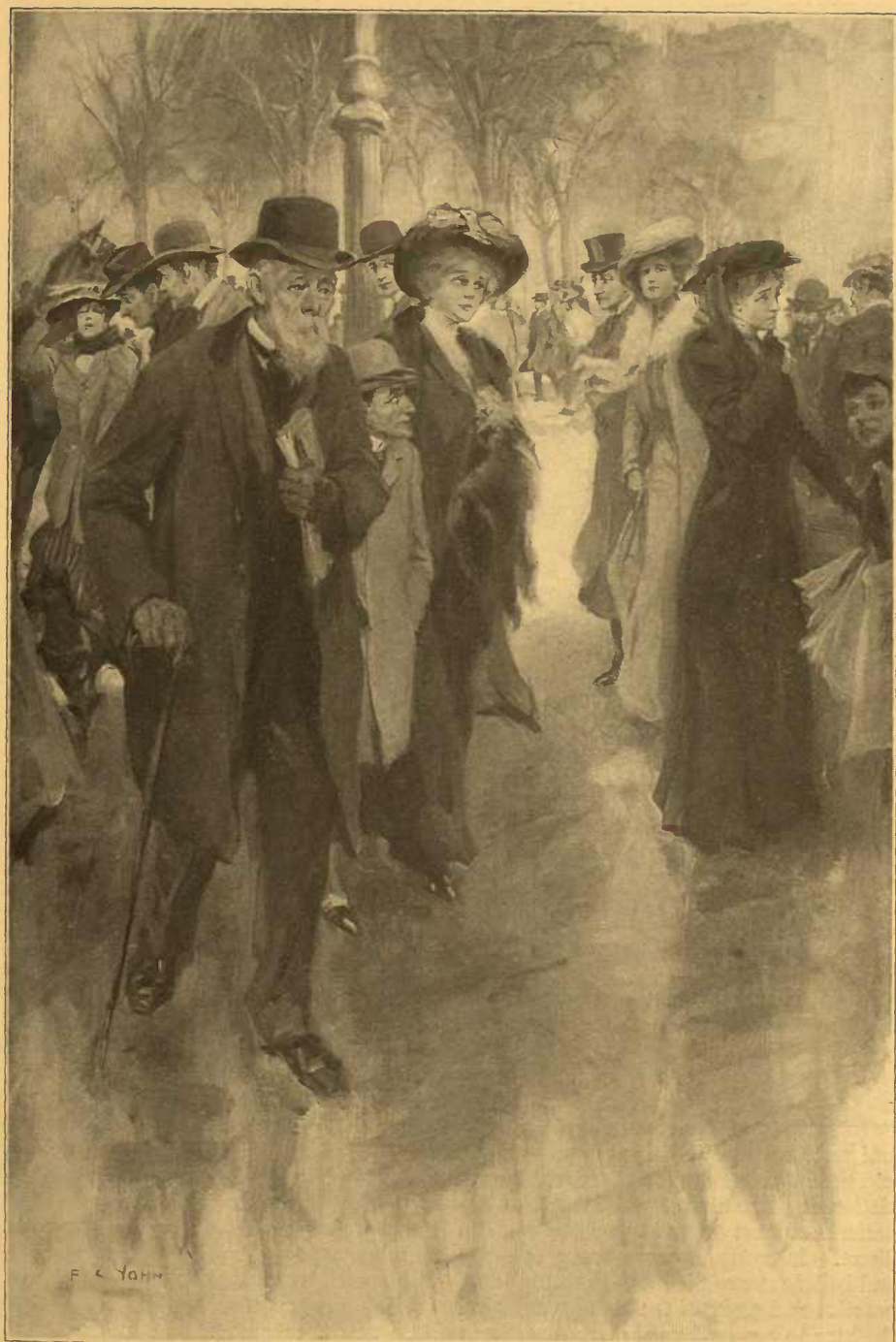
Oh, sad-eyed father gray from years
Of bitter, sharp ungratefulness,
Cordelia, orphaned and in tears,
Is near you in the press.

Unrealized, my brother, we
Now step a little side by side.
A Hamlet lost in misery;
Horatio, friend denied.

Miranda fair! that blush which ran
A moment in your cheek was fanned
Not by attendant Caliban
But passing Ferdinand!

And you, white-lipped Antonio,
Who go to pay your debt with death,
Against you Portia's ribbons blow,
And on your face, her breath.

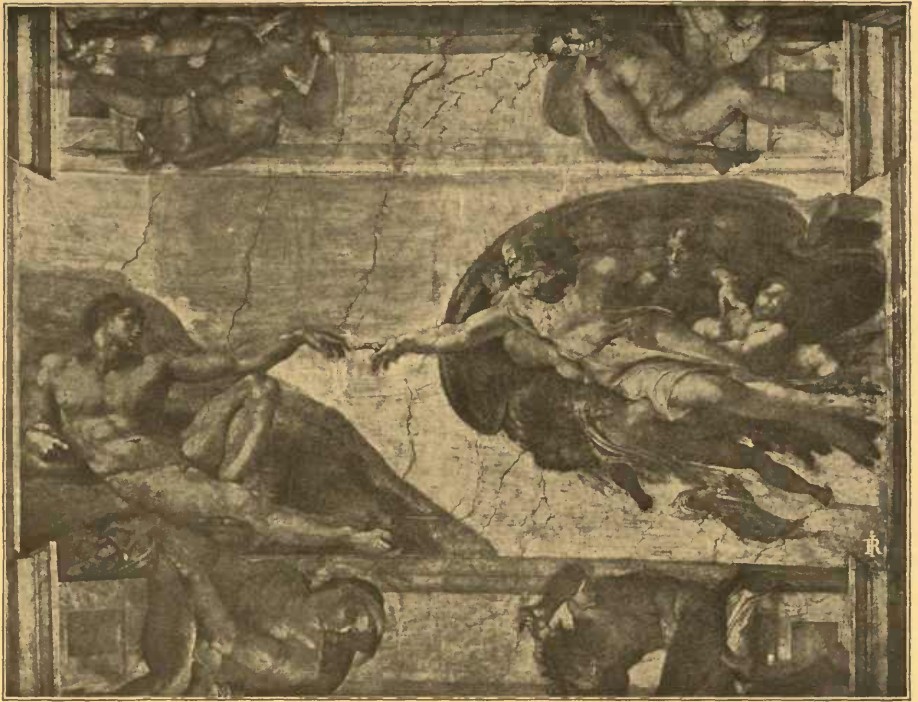
And yet with hurried feet, or slow,
But ever with regardless eye
These friends, whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.



F. C. JOHN

Drawn by F. C. John.

In the City Crowd.—Page 540.



The Creation of Adam. By Michelangelo.
In the Sistine Chapel.

THE CLASSIC SPIRIT IN PAINTING

By Kenyon Cox



THE audience I hope to reach is made up of two parts: of those young artists who have, to some extent, the future of American art in their hands, and of that general public whose influence upon our art, exercised through its patronage and appreciation or its refusal of patronage and appreciation, must be no less real though less direct. In trying to express such opinions and beliefs as are the result of thirty years' practice and study of the art of painting, I shall try to remember the general public in the manner of what I have to say, avoiding technical jargon and striving to speak in the language of all the world. But it is to the young artists that I would especially ap-

peal; first, because it is more important that they should be right; second, because there is more danger that they will go wrong.

The public is in little danger. In general, it is too conservative rather than the reverse. It listens, in a bewildered way, to the hurly-burly of conflicting schools and movements, tries to believe in the latest discovery of the newest newspaper critic, shrugs its shoulders, and buys an old-fashioned picture that it can understand. It may neglect true genius but it gives little active encouragement to the sham. The young artist is more easily led astray by false lights. He sees countless experiments, hears countless doctrines and theories, listens to the exaltation of incompe-

tence or eccentricity and to the pooh-poohing of all quiet attainment. The more ardent he is the more difficult he finds it to keep his head. Why should he toil and

That there are serious students, however, the existence of a few of our schools of art sufficiently testifies; and it is to the serious students of to-day, the serious artists of to-



Dr. Faustus

From the etching by Rembrandt.

make slow progress toward an unattainable goal when so many short cuts to notoriety, if not to fame, are opened before him? Quick! let him get something before the public. It is much easier to find a new way of being bad than to master the old way of being good, and the new bad thing is, at any rate, sure to be noticed. I protest, it is wonderful to me that there should any longer be such a thing as a student of art, it has become so easy to be hailed a master.

morrow, that I especially make my plea for the Classic Spirit.

The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion but to express disciplined emotion and in-

dividuality restrained by law. It strives for the essential rather than the accidental, the eternal rather than the momentary—loves impersonality more than personality,

to add link by link to the chain of tradition, but it does not wish to break the chain.

The Classic Spirit, as I understand it, and wish to present it to you, has little to do



The Daughters of Leucippus. By Rubens.

In the old Pinakothek at Munich.

and feels more power in the orderly succession of the hours and the seasons than in the violence of earthquake or of storm. And it loves to steep itself in tradition. It would have each new work connect itself in the mind of him who sees it with all the noble and lovely works of the past, bringing them to his memory and making their beauty and charm a part of the beauty and charm of the work before him. It does not deny originality and individuality—they are as welcome as inevitable. It does not consider tradition as immutable or set rigid bounds to invention. But it desires that each new presentation of truth and beauty shall show us the old truth and the old beauty, seen only from a different angle and colored by a different medium. It wishes

with the so-called "classic school" founded by Jacques Louis David. Indeed this spirit seldom was lacking in the art of the world before his advent. Until the end of the eighteenth century the stream of tradition in the art of painting was continuous, and even the most powerful individualities and the most romantic temperaments stood but little aside from it. Michelangelo himself, the greatest of romanticists, was a classic by one side of his nature, and it was only that side that was understood by his contemporaries or was effective with them; and even Rembrandt, strangely and imperiously as he modified what he found there, searched the art of the past for the foundations of his own. These were the exceptions. The others, even the greatest, were

content to modify slightly the tradition they had received and to hand it down to their successors. Giorgione and Titian enriched and broadened the tradition they had received from Bellini; Rubens studied their method, founded his own upon it, and in his turn passed it on to Watteau and the eighteenth century.

Then came the French Revolution, and among the many things, good and bad, for which it is responsible, one is the breaking short off of the traditions of painting. David, a revolutionary in art as in politics, influenced by the imagined revival of Roman ideals, invented an art founded on antique sculpture—an art which contemned color, neglected light and shade, destroyed technical beauty, and reduced even drawing to a kind of mechanical correctness without life or accent—and by his powerful character and great influence imposed this art upon all continental Europe. When the storm was over it was only in the one country which had continuously stood out against the revolution—it was only in

England—that any vestiges of the art of painting remained. Prudhon, who had remained a real painter in spite of David, died in 1823, and Gros, who would have been a real painter if he could, committed suicide. France was given over to the Guérins and Girodets, and in Germany they were producing cartoons. Lawrence, with his clever but meretricious echoes of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Constable, the preserver of the landscape tradition, were the only painters left.

Then began the long confusion of cross currents and opposing forces which is the history of modern art. For the first time since art began there was no accepted tradition, no authoritative guide; it was every man for himself. The System of apprenticeship, by which a painter learned to practise his art in a recognized and approved manner before making such changes in that manner as his own temperament and his own needs might suggest, was gone; and if it could have been revived there were no longer any masters to take apprentices.



From a photograph by G. Girardon.

The Bathers. By Fragonard.

In the Louvre.

The school, which had succeeded to this system, taught only a little drawing, and that of a purely naturalistic kind. Before each individual artist, for the last hundred years, there has been the impossible and heart-breaking task of creating his art again from the beginning; of finding out both what he wanted to do and how he should do it; of discovering and piecing together from the study of nature and of the art of the past, composition and drawing, light and shade and color, even the nature of his materials and the method of handling them. Is it any wonder that modern art has produced great talents but very few masters? Is it any wonder that we can show nothing like the assured and abundant production of the giants of the past? Is it any wonder that the record of modern artists is so often that of failure and despair; of modern art that of inconclusive gropings, leading nowhere but into the bog?

What has been generally known as the Romantic Revolution in art was, so far at least as painting is concerned, essentially an effort to get back the traditions which had been lost, to renew the connection with the past, to rediscover the art. Its great leader, Delacroix, was a man of ardent and romantic temperament, but he had a great respect for the past and for tradition, and it was a sound instinct that led him to found his art upon that of Rubens, the heir of the Venetians and the modifier of their manner to suit more modern requirements. From Rubens, through Watteau, was descended the whole of the French eighteenth century, and from Rubens, through Van Dyck, the whole English School, then still subsisting, though its greatest days were past. If the old conditions could be restored at all it would be by beginning again with the great Fleming as the nearest source of authentic tradition. In a splendid effort to do this Delacroix spent his life, and he produced many noble works in the course of it, but in spite of such personal successes, that life was, in the main, a failure. He was praised and admired and made a member of the Institute, but he could not found a school with a stable tradition.

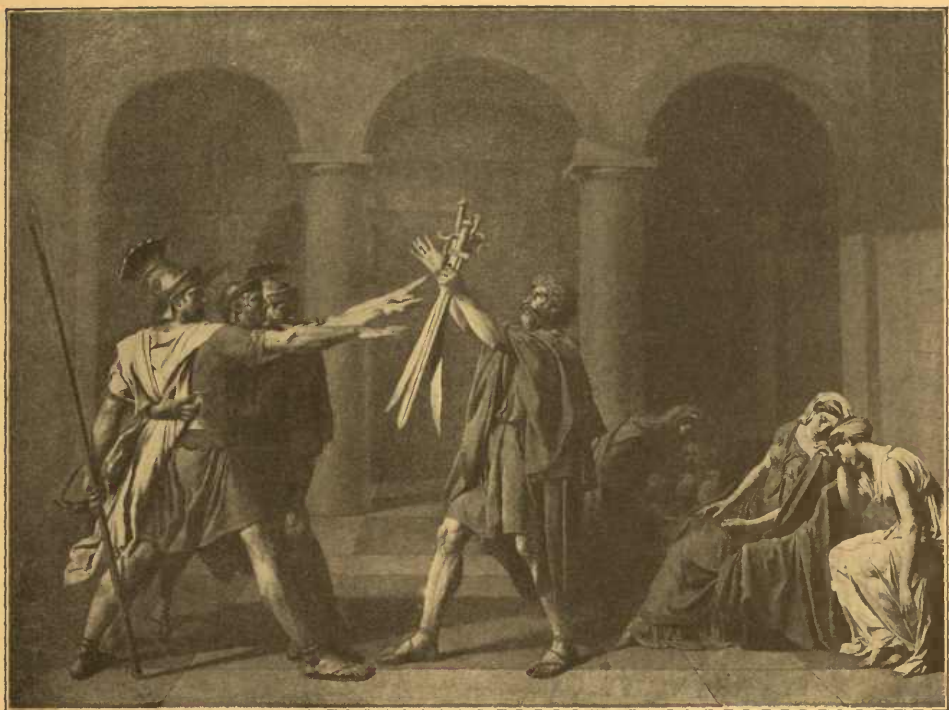
A similar attempt was made by the great landscape painters, Rousseau and Corot. They were both profound students of nature, and the addition they made to the world's stock of knowledge of natural as-

pects was so great that we are apt to think of them as naturalists first of all. In reality they were both of classic temper. Rousseau founded his art upon Ruysdael and Hobbema, Corot founded his upon Claude and Poussin. Their effort was to vitalize tradition and turn it to new uses; to gain new knowledge but to crystallize it in forms reminiscent of the past. Look at any of their characteristic works and you will feel, underlying the detailed study of natural forms in Rousseau, underlying the atmospheric mystery of Corot, a something which connects these modern pictures with everything fine that had been done before them. Modern as they are, they are pervaded with the Classic Spirit.

But of all these "revolutionaries" the most classically minded was precisely that one who was considered the most revolutionary of all, Jean François Millet. This "man of the woods," as his fellow-pupils in Delaroche's studio called him, this painter of peasants whom the critics of the day thought a socialist and almost a bomb-thrower, was a conservative of conservatives, a worshipper of that stern old classicist Poussin, the last practitioner of "the grand style." So essentially classic was he that, in the pages to follow, you will find me citing him more often, in illustration of my meaning, than any other modern painter, unless it be that greatest of the upholders of the official school—Ingres.

For, during all the changes that have passed over the art of France, the "school" has subsisted, and still subsists, modifying slowly its regimen, producing many respectable painters if very few great ones, supplying a training most imperfect, indeed, but the only thing resembling a training of any kind that is to be had. To the school the very men who have revolted against it owe a great part of their effective force, and to the school, as a restraining influence, we probably owe it that the present state of the art is not more chaotic and more hopeless than it actually is.

Of the destructive and disintegrating influences that have been brought to bear on modern art, the most damaging was probably the invention of photography. In the old days the young artist learned his art first, accepting the methods and the formulæ of his master, before he went to nature that he might add his own observations to



The Oath of the Horatii. By David.
In the Louvre.

the inherited stock. Nowadays he is set to study nature in the beginning, being left to find his own conventions as best he may. The result of this has been greatly to increase the tendency of the young artist to consider the exact imitation of nature as the primary problem of art. Photography seemed to show him, all at once, what nature actually looks like, and painting embarked on a long and ruinous emulation of the camera. What had been a natural and, in some respects, a healthy and necessary preoccupation of the student became the guiding principle of a lifetime, and men thought not of how to produce a beautiful picture, but of what were the exact facts of the world about them.

In England the result was the Pre-Raphaelite movement, which finally transformed itself into the æsthetic movement of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but not before it had destroyed what was left of the older English school. Some part of the old tradition still lingered there, and Etty, though an artist of limited range, was a sound and brilliant technician. He has had no suc-

cessor, and English art, since the days of the Brotherhood, has been drifting rudderless, like that of other countries.

In France the same desire for realism influenced a long line of men, from Courbet, who, fortunately for us, was not so realistic as he thought himself, to Bastien-Le Page. I was myself a student in Paris when Bastien was making some of his first great successes, and can look back now, with a certain amusement, at the exaggerated estimation in which we held him. Here, it seemed to us, was the last word of art—the consummation to which everything had been tending. All progress in art had been, we thought, a nearer approximation to the truth of nature—here was the truth itself, as literal and as like as the image at the back of a camera. The exact portraiture of a particular peasant woman in a particular hay-field under the nearly unchanging light of a cloudy sky—that being the only out-door light in which such detailed portraiture is possible—what more could one ask? Well, somehow, one did ask more. Composition and line and color

and beauty of workmanship continued to assert themselves as desirable qualities, and by this time all the world is pretty well agreed that pure naturalism is a failure.

nature or validity of these means, or the measure of success attained. The impressionists managed, at least, to call attention to the existence of light and color and to



L'Enlèvement de Psyché. By Prudhon.

In the Louvre.

Now that some artists and some critics are trying to prove that photography may be an art we are ready for the definite conclusion that art should not be photographic.

Another manifestation of the naturalistic tendency is what has usually been called the impressionistic movement—that which people are now beginning to call luminism. What is essential in it is an investigation of the laws of light and an effort to invent means of rendering the effects of natural light upon objects. It is not necessary, here, to go deeply into the question of the

enliven the palette even of the schoolmen. But the movement was scientific rather than artistic, and the pictures of its strongest man, Claude Monet, often seem like a series of demonstrations rather than things of beauty created for human delight. It is, really, only in this country that the impressionistic formula has been seized upon for its capabilities of beauty and, in the hands of Hassam and others, bent to the ends of decoration.

While all this intensive study of natural fact and natural aspect was going on, there

were artists who revolted from it; artists who cared more for art than for nature and whose effort was for self-expression rather than for the recording of observations. I shall mention but two of them, men of widely differing temperaments and achievements, because the nature and the degree of their success and failure seem to me symptomatic of the disease of nineteenth-century art—Gustave Moreau and James McNeill Whistler. Moreau was a man of intellect, a poet and a dreamer; Whistler was pure painter, caring only for the material beauty of his production, and despising any literary implication. Both were entirely out of sympathy with the art that was practised about them and with the public to whom they must appeal. Moreau shut himself up and produced in loneliness and isolation a series of strange works, often of great beauty but with a taint of morbidity in them. Whistler fought the world instead of flying from it, and wasted in brilliant but futile controversy half the strength that should have gone to the creation of masterpieces. The weakness of the one

was a lack of balance, of the other a lack of training; of both, the absence of any normal and right relation to their public. How pitifully slight is the production of either compared to the magnificent fecundity of those old masters who, secure in the possession of a sound tradition and assured of a constant demand for what they could do, poured forth masterpiece after masterpiece with the ease of a fruit tree bearing good fruit. For it is only in our modern time that the unpopularity of the greatest artists has become so proverbial that we are tempted to think unpopularity a proof of greatness. In the great days of art the artist understood his public and his public understood him, and together they produced those works which we still admire. It is not till the time of Rembrandt that we hear of unappreciated genius, and even then Rembrandt is the exception, not the rule.

It is this lack of relation between the artist and the public that has created the modern exhibition, and the exhibition, necessary as it has become, is a necessary evil. It has made art, what it should never



Dance of the Nymphs. By Corot.

In the Louvre.

be, competitive, and has set each artist to outshriek his rivals in the bid for public notice. First it created those bastard forms of art, the "gallery picture" and the "machine du Salon." Then it begat the sensational subject, and we had blood and horror as our daily diet. When these became too common to attract attention there was nothing left for it but eccentricity of method; and that eccentricity has become more and more extreme until it has seemed that modern art is bent upon emulation of the Gadarene swine and is rushing down a steep place into the sea.

Of some of the phases of ultra-modern art I find it difficult to speak with fairness or with any patience. I should wish to believe in a certain element of honest conviction in it and to accept the explanation of its adherents that it is a revolt against naturalism and an effort to get back the abstract quality and expressiveness of lines and colors, independently of their representative character. If so, the pendulum has swung as far to one side as it had swung to the other. But there seems to me, also, to be a vast amount of mere charlatanism among the Neo-Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists, and an even larger amount of sheer madness. Van Gogh cut off his own ear when he failed to kill his friend Gauguin with a razor; Toulouse-Lautrec had a keeper; several others committed suicide or died in asylums. And still the game goes on, until we have men painting and exhibiting things made up of outlines that look like the drawings of a bad boy on the walls of an out-house and of flat masses of primary colors arranged with no conceivable relation to nature. We have even had compositions in which the human figure is represented by a series of triangles and a portrait is symbolized by an arrangement of cubes, and we have critics writing books and articles to prove that this is the real and vital art, the "art of the future."

It seems to me quite evident that any further "progress" in this direction is impossible. We have reached the edge of the cliff and must turn back or fall into the abyss. It may be that such a turning back is impossible. It may be that there is never again to be a sane and vigorous art, firmly based on a sound tradition, appealing to and understood by its public and producing naturally and without convulsion something

for which that public has a use. But if such an art *is* to exist again it can only be by the reversal of those tendencies that brought us to the present pass. The scientific spirit, the contempt of tradition, the lack of discipline, and the exaltation of the individual have very nearly made an end of art. It can only be restored by the love of beauty, the reverence for tradition, the submission to discipline, and the rigor of self-control. We must get back to the permanent and the eternal—we must regain the Classic Spirit.

This spirit has much more in common with modern naturalism than with modern emotionalism and modern individualism, though it is apart from either. It can make room—has always made room—for the study of nature. It recognizes that painting is essentially an imitative art, and that its raw material is the aspect of the external world. It can use any amount of knowledge of this aspect, and it has no toleration of ignorance or indolence; but it also recognizes that painting is an art, not a science, and that knowledge unassimilated and unsubdued to the ruling purpose of art is useless and obstructive. The primary business of painting is to create a beautiful surface, beautifully divided into interesting shapes, enlivened with noble lines, varied with lovely and harmonious colors. Its secondary business is to remind the spectator of things he has seen and admired in nature, and to create the illusion of truth. The amount of actual truth it shall contain will vary with the purpose and the situation. Very little will do for the ornamentation of a vase, but an easel-picture may contain so much as to seem—not to be—an exact record of observed facts. If it break the connection altogether and cease to suggest nature it may still be art, but it will cease to be the art of painting. On the other hand, the amount of art it shall contain is constant. The artistic intention must dominate everything, control everything, mould everything to its purpose. Its sovereignty must be absolute and complete.

But so to control facts, and to bend them to one's purpose, one must know them, and know them vastly better than he who merely copies them. There is a certain kind of naturalism that is only less indolent than the ignoring of nature. With a good eye and a



Peasant with Wheelbarrow.
From the etching by Millet.

good deal of practice you may copy a head or an arm, pretty well, without much intellectual strain. To *learn* that head or that arm, so that you shall be able to distinguish the essential from the accidental; so that you shall know what is important in it, and to your purpose, and what is not; to master it, in a word—that is a man's work and takes the whole of the man.

But if it is difficult to learn nature, as a classicist should know it, it is even more difficult to learn art. It is not merely that we have, to-day, no authoritative tradition, and must build one for ourselves. If we, in this country, were entirely shut off from the rest of the world and from all the art that has been produced, we should, quite naturally, set to work to produce an art of

our own, and we should produce it. It might take a long time in the doing, but we should do it, as every other people has done. That sort of natural production has, however, become forever impossible. Photography and modern means of communication have brought the ends of the earth together and rendered all ages contemporary. We have become as familiar with the art of Egypt and of Assyria as with that of the nineteenth century, and the art of Japan is no more strange to us than that of England. We know all art, superficially—we know no art thoroughly. We have all the traditions to study, and we have none of our own. We can but pick and choose, trying to disentangle the important and the universal from the unimportant and the

local or temporary, to decide what is proper and useful for us and to neglect the rest. We can only hope to make a tradition for ourselves out of many traditions by a series of eliminations.

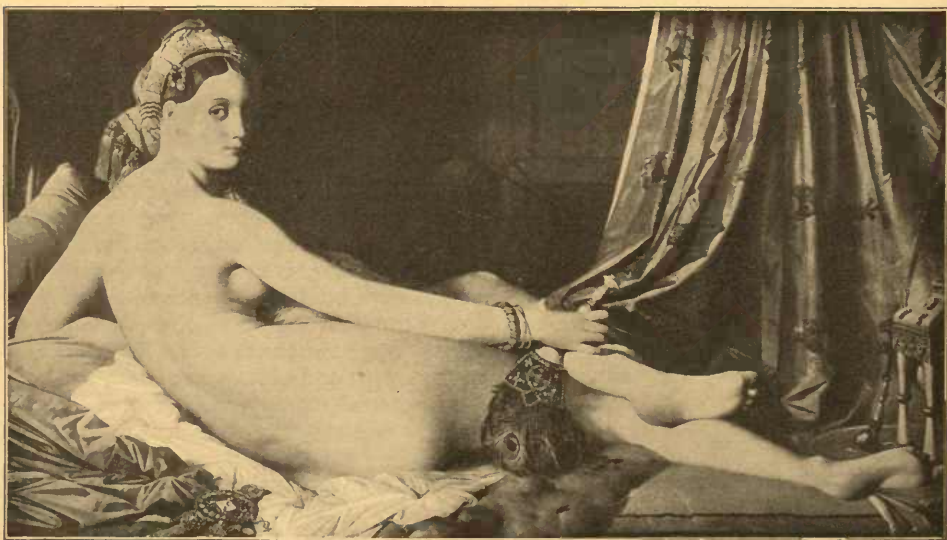
The task is a tremendous one and, as I have said, I do not know whether it is possible of performance. But there are reasons which lead me to believe that if the thing can be done at all it is more likely to be done here in America than anywhere else.

Because we are a new people the world seems to expect of us a new art, radically different in some strange way from the art of older countries, and to be disappointed at our conservatism. It seems to me that precisely because we are a new people our art might have been expected to be conservative. We have not yet had enough of the old and fine things to be wearied of them. We do not find it necessary to strain our invention in the effort to discover some new spice for a jaded appetite. In this country it is only a few critics who suffer from artistic indigestion—the rest of the world is not yet tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. We are, in all things, at bottom, a conservative people, but in nothing are we so much so as in all matters concerning art. Our literature, our architecture, our painting and sculpture are more

conservative and less influenced by fads and fashions than any now going in the world. Of our great public buildings it may be said, and it has been made a reproach to them, that there is nothing distinctively American about them. Yet such buildings are produced nowhere else, to-day, because everywhere else, architects are striving to produce something new. Here they are willing to do the obvious—the classic—thing because the classic thing has not yet become obvious to us. If we go on doing the classic thing in architecture until its language has become natural and easy to us, there is a possibility that we may begin to use it originally, and to produce, almost without knowing it, a national style. If we strive for originality now, there is little hope of anything better than the architectural chaos that we have had so much of.

As with our architecture, so it is with our painting. There is, already, something like an "American School" of painting, and the most notable characteristic of that school is its conservatism. It is by no means so conservative as I would have it, or so free from the dangers which threaten all modern art, but it is, on the whole, the sanest and soundest school existing.

I have heard this conservatism of our American artists attributed to a mere desire of popularity, rather than to anything



Odalisque Couchée. By Ingres.

In the Louvre.

like a respect for law and for tradition on the part of the artists themselves. If this were true there would still be something to be said in favor of it. The public is entirely right if it demands sanity and sobriety of the artist; and the artist is entirely right if, without compromising his artistic ideal, he strives to produce something which the public wants. After all, why should not art be popular? The greatest art always has been so. The art of Phidias was popular in Athens; the art of Titian was popular in Venice; the art of Raphael was popular in Rome, and everywhere else, and has remained popular to this day. Under proper conditions art would always be popular, for the artist would be one of the people, having the same ideals and thoughts and feelings as the public he served, and would, quite naturally, express the mind of his public as his public would have it expressed. I do not say that all great art is popular—still less that all popular art is great. But I do say that when art is not popular something is wrong, either with the art or with the public—or with both. And when inferior art is popular it is because of the good in it, not because of the evil.

But it is not true that the mere desire of popularity—the commercial consideration of what will sell—is at the bottom of the comparative conservatism of American painting. American painters are as sincere and as earnest as any in the world, but their sincerity and their earnestness are not leading them to the search for novelty. In all countries the ordinary painter, like the ordinary man of any kind, takes the easiest way. The mass of the painters of this country, as of all countries, practise the current methods of the time; but the exceptional men, instead of striving for something new, are trying to get back to something old. They are trying to get back composition and the monumental style; they are trying to get back the expressiveness of the line; they are attempting purity and beauty of color; they are even trying to revive old technical methods, underpainting in tempera and using glazes again, which modern art had almost tabooed.

I would not have you think there is little to be done—if it were so I should not be making this plea for the Classic Spirit. There is very much to be done. Our art is not only far below what an art should be;

not only far below what the art of the Renaissance was; it is still far below what the art of France was in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. But just as certainly, I believe, is it the best art now being produced in the world, and the art, of all now being produced in the world, that has the most in common with the great art of the past and the largest promise for the art of the future.

In the course of a trip to Europe, taken last summer, the truth of this statement was strongly impressed upon me. It is true I saw little of modern painting, and it was the study of older art that made me feel the kinship to it of the art we are making here. The more I saw of the great masterpieces of the Renaissance the more encouraged I felt as to the validity of the best work I had seen at home, and the more I found myself saying, "This is what we, in America, have been trying to do." For the other end of the comparison I must call another witness—one out of many. Last spring a very distinguished American painter who had resided for many years in France was temporarily in this country, and was taken by a brother artist to see the exhibitions of the Ten American Painters and of the National Academy of Design. The exhibition of the Academy was, as it always is, crowded and ill-displayed from lack of adequate galleries, and this lack of space and crowding had kept, as it always does, some of our best artists from exhibiting at all. It was a fair average display of current work, not a selection of the best. Yet in the opinion of this artist, fresh from years of foreign residence, it was of an extraordinarily high average of merit, which it would be impossible to parallel, to-day, in Paris. He was quite as enthusiastic as to the smaller exhibition, saying, again, that such a showing of ten men would be impossible in Paris; to which the not too boastful answer was: "We have twenty others as good, here in America."

There is plenty of such testimony, if it were necessary to cite it. We do not know how good our art really is. We are, naturally enough, afraid of our own judgment and unable to believe that anything can be really good until the world has said so in unmistakable terms. To such of the general public as will listen to me I would say: patronize our own art. Patronize it as dis-

RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

VI



CHARLES GODFREY LE-
LAND has said that "every
brain is like a monastery of
the Middle Ages, or a bee-
hive. It is thought that no
man, however learned or ex-
perienced he might be, ever contrived dur-
ing all his life to so much as even half fill
the cells of his memory. Yes, they are all
there—every image of the past, every face
which has ever smiled on us—every line
read in print, every picture, every face and
house, is there——"

It is certain that since I began to write
these pages, memory has summoned up for
me many names, persons, and circum-
stances of my early youth that had been
overlaid by a thousand succeeding impres-
sions, and apparently forgotten.

I will try to extract from my honeycomb
some of the personalities of the war. But as
I am writing *currente calamo*, with but a few
old letters and jottings of a girl's diary to
draw upon, I must take them as they come.

Our most illustrious caller that spring
was the commander-in-chief of the Army
of Northern Virginia. General Lee came
one evening, and after a pleasant talk with
my mother and me, arose to go, we escort-
ing him to the front door. It was broad
moonlight, and I recall as if it were yester-
day, the superb figure of our hero standing
in the little porch without, saying a few last
words as he swung his military cape around
his shoulders. It did not need my fervid
imagination to think him the most noble-
looking mortal I had ever seen. As he
swept off his hat for a second and final fare-
well, he bent down and kissed me, as he
often did the girls he had known from their
childhood. At that time General Lee was
literally the idol of the Confederacy. His
moral grandeur, recognized by all, lifted
him into the region where "envy, nor cal-
umny, nor hate, nor pain" ventured not

to assail him. We felt, as he left us and
walked off up the quiet leafy street in the
moonlight, that we had been honored as by
more than royalty.

We went often to Mrs. Davis's receptions,
where the president never failed to say kind
words in passing, and sometimes to tarry
for a pleasant chat. Always grave, always
looking as if he bore the sorrows of a world,
he was invariably courteous, and sometimes
playful in his talk with very young women.
These entertainments of Mrs. Davis, held in
the evening between limited hours, were at-
tended by every one not in deep mourning.
The lady of the Confederate White House,
while not always sparing of witty sarcasms
upon those who had affronted her, could be
depended upon to conduct her salon with
extreme grace and conventional ease. Her
sister, Margaret Howell, aided to lend it
brilliancy. I have always regretted that my
path in life and that of Mme. de Stoeurs
have diverged so widely since.

To one of these receptions, Hetty and I
had accepted the escort of a captain, conva-
lescent after the loss of a leg in service, who,
poor fellow, was rejoicing in the possession
of a new artificial leg of the latest pattern
with all modern improvements, sent to
him through the blockade. We had all
three walked together through the dimly lit
streets for but a short distance, when our
escort gave signs of distress—halted, begged
our pardon, stammered, then declared he
could go no further, as his leg had "come
unstrapped." The street was empty of
passers, and we, filled with dismay at our
inability to serve, could but aid him to back
up against a house wall and, one on either
side of him, stand there almost crying
through sympathy, to await the arrival of
assistance. After a long delay some officers
came up by whom we were relieved of our
charge and finally convoyed to the presi-
dent's house.

Mrs. Semmes, wife of the Louisiana Sen-
ator, a handsome woman with a gift for

tragic acting that might have carried her far upon any stage, gave an evening of charades in pantomime. Mrs. Chestnut had asked to call and take me there "in a carriage"—a great event, as we usually walked everywhere! Until I read her diary published long after her death, I had no idea of the marital discussion that had gone on between her husband and her lively self about the price of that carriage—"twenty-five dollars for the evening." When she arrived at our house, we had just been hearing from Von Borcke about the compliment paid him by Congress the day before, a vote of "thanks of the country to Major Héros Von Borcke." He blushed tremendously, as always when we praised him. I think he and young Preston Hampton were also asked by Mrs. Chestnut to share in the transit to the party in that twenty-five-dollar carriage. She was so delightful we did not care if we never got there. In her diary, she says she sent it back for her husband, who brought Hetty Cary and Mr. Tucker, so it certainly did duty as an omnibus.

When we reached the Semmes's, the drawing-rooms were crowded with smart people, the president and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Benjamin the silver-tongued secretary of state, Mr. and Mrs. Mallory and their sparkling little Ruby, with all the high world of the government. When it came my turn to perform (in something forgotten, where I wore a cap and apron and carried a duster) they had to wrench me away from a lively and pleasant conversation with the president, whom I was trying to amuse between the acts.

Of that performance, easily the best feature was the strong realistic acting of the hostess; and we considered it an achievement that she had induced the hitherto haughty and unyielding secretary of the president not only to appear in such things at all, but to cut off his mustache in order to be an Indian chief, and also Eleazar to her Rebecca at the Well. Long after, when my husband consented to put on an Arab sheik's costume to please us, in Jerusalem, I was reminded of his attire in the Semmes's tableaux, made up by Mrs. Davis and Miss Howell from Oriental shreds and patches found about the house.

General Stuart was, I think, one of their performers; a tremendous card for the man-

agement when induced to stalk through a pilgrimage scene and lay his sword at the foot of a votive cross; then, Mr. Cooper de Leon, in gloom and chains, represented so thrillingly a condemned prisoner in Bridewell, as to leave the audience inconsolable till the lights were turned up again. And lastly, the evening was made memorable by a supper from the hands of a chef; not a supper of make-shifts and dire disappointments to the palate, but a genuine old-time banquet.

One of the most picturesque and royally remembered figures of our war was that same Prussian baron, Lieut.-Col. Héros Von Borcke, serving as a volunteer on Stuart's staff. When he first appeared among us, in the spring of '63, he was a giant in stature, blond and virile, with great curling golden mustaches, and the expression in his wide-open blue eyes of a singularly modest boy. It was said that he rode on the biggest horse and wielded the heaviest sabre in the army, making his appearance in skirmish or battle a living terror to his enemy. Holding, from the first, high place in the esteem of his fellow-officers and superiors, Von Borcke, whom the troopers styled "Major Bandbox," won brilliant renown in service, and was equally popular in society in Richmond. To dance with him in the swift-circling, never-reversing German fashion was a breathless experience, and his method of avoiding obstacles in the ball-room was simply to lift his partner off her feet without altering his step, and deposit her in safety farther on. Poor Von Borcke received a dangerous wound in the throat in battle, and was nursed back to life again by the family of the late Prof. Thomas R. Price, of Columbia, then resident near Richmond. He went back into service, despite the fact that "my bullet," as he always called it, was never removed and became liable upon any unusual exertion to move its position and threaten to choke him. Once, when sitting in our drawing-room, he insisted upon leaning over the back of a sofa to pick up a wandering thimble from the floor, the effort bringing on a frightful fit of coughing and struggling for breath, which my dear mother dealt with skilfully, while we girls assisted with tears streaming from our eyes. I have two photographs of Von Borcke before and after his wound, the first, of the Athos, Por-

thos, and Aramis variety of manly hero, the last, painfully thin and emaciated. It was some consolation to his friends in the South, when after having fought with distinction in the Franco-Prussian War, married and settled upon his ancestral estates in Pomerania, Colonel Von Borcke returned to visit America, displaying far more than his original supply of avoirdupois. An absence in Europe at this time prevented our claiming the pleasure of receiving him at our home. His own account of his adventures in our war was published soon after it, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died some years since, and it is certain that no hero of our side has been more treasured in memory both for his dashing feats at arms and his lovable qualities of mind and heart than he.

Prince Camille de Polignac, who as readily adapted himself to our simple ways in Richmond as he had done to the courts of Europe, was much liked in our society. I can still remember his look of sudden dismay when a guileless Richmond hostess, at the end of an evening party, asked him if he would "mind seeing" a certain young lady "home." This meant a sufficiently long walk without chaperon, through the dim streets, but the prince acquiesced gravely, and wrapping his Napoleonic cloak around him strode majestically beside his charge, hardly speaking till he deposited her at the parental door.

I do not remember any other distinguished leader of his race among us, since the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres—greeted, we are told on the authority of Dr. "Bull Run" Russell, by a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet when a little the worse for wine, as "Captain Chatters" and "Captain Paris"—did not pursue their army investigations on the Southern side.

A very handsome and plucky young Englishman, Lord Edward St. Maur, of the Duke of Somerset's family, who had come to America with the Marquis of Hartington, appeared in Richmond in the spring of 1862, and bore himself with gallantry under hot fire with Longstreet at the battle known as "Frayser's Farm" or "Glendale"; soon afterward going by flag of truce into the Union lines, and returning to England, to the regret of Richmond people who had hoped to see more of him. General Moxley Sorrel records that Lord Edward met

the sad fate of being mauled and eaten by a tiger while hunting big game in India.

Col. Garnet Wolseley, of the British Army, now Viscount Wolseley, who had endeared himself to all Southerners of the true faith by his splendid eulogies of Lee—ranking him with Marlborough and Wellington—made a flying visit to the Confederacy, coming through from Canada where he was then stationed. "Praise from Sir Hubert" are Lord Wolseley's words of the Southern leaders, since he himself climbed to the pinnacle of the ladder of fame in military service, to become field marshal and commander-in-chief of the British Army.

The Hon. Francis Lawley, correspondent in the Confederacy for the *London Times*, is cordially remembered among the survivors of the Southern friends whose cause he so generously espoused.

Frank Vizetelly, correspondent and artist for the *London Illustrated News*, could hardly have been called a "ladies' man," but we met him several times, and were immensely entertained by his varied accomplishments. He was a big, florid, red-bearded Bohemian—of a type totally unfamiliar to us Virginians—who could and would do anything to entertain a circle. In our theatricals, tableaux, and charades, he was a treasure trove. Everything he proposed was according to what they had done in London in the theatrical club of which Charles Dickens was the shining light, and we of course bowed before his superior knowledge. He painted our scenery, and faces, made wigs and armor, and was a mine of suggestion in stage device. He sang songs, told stories, danced *pas seuls*, and was generally most kind and amusing. The men said he was very plucky in the saddle and on the battle-field. Later in life, we heard of him in wars here, there, and everywhere, in the service of the *London Illustrated News*. To our sincere regret, we learned of his death under Hicks Pasha, in the Soudan, and were glad to find his name inscribed with honor on a memorial tablet set in the wall of grand old St. Paul's in London.

At the time of which I am now writing, Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle of the British Coldstream Guards had not yet come to Richmond, where he afterward joined General Lee's army and went with it in the disastrous invasion of Pennsylvania. No one ever heard Colonel Freemantle spoken

of by his Southern comrades save in terms of enthusiastic praise. When he went back to England after this campaign his book, "Three Months in the Southern States," was published, making its way to the Confederacy, where its charming spirit and interesting presentment of the situation were greatly welcomed. By the next season we were all eagerly reading this little *brochure* reprinted in Mobile for circulation in the army. During the remainder of his life Sir Arthur Lyon-Freemantle, K.C.M.G., held distinguished place in the British army and was during four years governor of Malta, a place of highest honor in his Majesty's service.

VII

DARK days were in store for Richmond. An incipient bread-riot occurred in her streets in April, when a large number of women and children of the poorer class met and marched through Main and Cary Streets, attacking and sacking several stores kept by known speculators. President Davis, Governor Letcher, General Elzey, and General Winder, with Mr. Seddon, secretary of war, met the painful situation by prompt but kind measures, and personal appeal. Rations of rice issued by the government aided to calm the disturbance, which left, however, a distressing impression upon all minds.

A thrilling day for us was the Sunday of Stoneman's raid, when, as usual, a large congregation met at St. Paul's Church, remaining for the communion service. We knew that a big and terrible fight was on at Chancellorsville, in which sons, husbands, brothers of many of the people present were engaged. Outside in the soft spring air, a tumult of war sounds continually distracted our thoughts and racked our nerves. The marching of armed men, the wheels of wagons containing shot and shell, the clash of iron gates in the Capitol Square opposite, went on without ceasing, while repeatedly messengers came up the aisle touching some kneeling or sitting worshipper on the shoulder, a summons responded to by an electric start, and the hurried departure of shocked, pallid people from the church. These were the calls to come and receive some beloved one brought in dead or wounded from the field. To the rector

of the church, Dr. Minnegerode, in the act of administering the sacrament with another clergyman, the sexton carried and delivered at the altar rails one of these dread messages, at once obeyed by the father, whose son was reported dead and awaiting him at the railway station. A great weight was lifted from the congregation when the rector, looking dreadfully shaken, but relieved, came back to resume his interrupted service. It was the corpse of another volunteer whom they had mistaken for his boy.

Nothing in the war, perhaps, excepting the surrender, ever struck Richmond with such stunning force as the announcement of Stonewall Jackson's fall, of the amputation of his arm, and finally of his death, following the battle of Chancellorsville. Even the brilliant victory of our arms was placed in total eclipse by this irreparable loss. From the first, when the shy Puritan professor of the Virginia Military Institute had startled the armies by his extraordinary daring and military skill, Jackson had taken hold of the popular mind as a supreme favorite. "Old Stonewall," "Old Jack," or "Old Blue Light," was by the soldiers held in the reverence bestowed by Napoleon's grenadiers upon the person of their sacred emperor. With Lee and Jackson to the fore, quiet people sitting in their homes felt themselves as behind two massive towers of strength, facing and meeting every adverse wind.

And now, Stonewall Jackson, Lee's right arm, was dead of his wounds received, by the awful irony of Fate, at the hands of his own men! Dead? He, the stern Puritan leader, who when he rose up from wrestling in prayer, launched himself like a destroying thunderbolt against the foe! He, whose sword never lay idle in its scabbard, whose iron frame had not once sought repose during all those months of fighting—who saved the day at Manassas by standing like a stone wall, and won himself a deathless sobriquet; who had fought and won so many desperate fights, independently, in the valley; who had smitten McClellan's flank with fury at Seven Pines—Jackson, to follow whom the flower of our Southern youths were proud to suffer all things—this indeed was a blow under which his country staggered.

When they brought his body from the place of his death to Richmond, all citizens

were in the streets, standing uncovered, silent or weeping bitterly, to see the funeral train pass to the Capitol.

We were admitted privately late at night into the hall where the great leader lay in state. Two guards pacing to and fro in the moonlight streaming through high windows, alone kept watch over the hero whose name had been a terror to his foes. A lamp burned dimly in one end of the hall, but we saw distinctly the regular white outline of the quiet face in its dreamless slumber.

How still he lay, the iron chieftain, the fierce, untiring rider of valley raids! The Confederate flag that covered him was snowed under by the masses of white blossoms left that day by all the fair hands of Richmond, together with laurel wreaths and palms.

And then, Gettysburg! Mourning fell like a pall of crape over the entire South, even though beneath it, hearts still thrilled with deathless pride in the charge of Pickett's Virginians.

VIII

Now came the winter's lull before the new fury of the storm should break forth with the spring. It was evident to all older and graver people that the iron belt surrounding the Southern country was being gradually drawn closer and her vitality in mortal peril of exhaustion. Our armies were dwindling, those of the North increasing with every draft and the payment of liberal bounties. Starved, nearly bankrupt, thousands of our best soldiers killed in battle, their places filled by boys and old men, the Federal Government refusing to exchange prisoners; our exports useless because of armed ships closing in our ports all along the coast, our prospects were of the gloomiest, even though Lee had won victory for our banners in the east. We young ones, who knew nothing and refused to believe in "croakers," kept on with our valiant boasting about our invincible army and the like; but the end was beginning to be in sight.

Christmas in the Confederacy offered as a rule little suggestion of the festival known to plum-pudding-and-Robin-redbreast stories in annuals. Every crumb of food better than the ordinary, every orange, apple, or banana, every drop of wine and cordial procurable, went straightway to the

hospitals, public or private. Many of the residents had set aside at least one room of their stately old houses as a hospital, maintaining at their own expense as many sick or wounded soldiers as they could accommodate. On Christmas Eve, all the girls and women turned out in the streets, carrying baskets with sprigs of holly, luckily plentiful, since the woods around Richmond still held its ruddy glow in spots where bullets had not despoiled the trees beyond recall.

Our little household had been gladdened by the return of our midshipman from Charleston, where he had been again on duty, and his re-establishment on board the *Old Pat*, as their school-ship was called by the youngsters. Just here opened a delightful vision. We were all invited to spend Christmas at "The Retreat" in King William County, the way being then open and without danger of interruption, save by overfull rivers. The postscript to this agreeable epistle was brief, but to the point: "Bring your own gentlemen!" After much merriment in deciding whom this would include, the matter settled down into finding out who could be got to go. General Fitz Lee, who gallantly offered himself to the united family as an escort, decided that a possible accident to a then lame ankle might result in serious menace to his return to his command. Of the limited supply of men who could get off for the jaunt, our friends Lee Tucker, naval paymaster C. S., and Capt. Joseph Denegre, of the ordnance department, with my small brother, were happily found available, and in the gray dawn of a December morning, we set off by train from Richmond. At the last minute it was discovered that Midshipman Cary had forgotten his passport, he and Mr. Tucker remaining behind to secure it, thus necessitating a walk next day of half the distance from the terminus of their railway journey, the rest of the way by a hired buggy.

At our stopping-place, reached about 9 A. M., after a cold and joggling run by train, finding Uncle Nebuchadnezzar, a Retreat darkey, in waiting in a covered wagon lined with straw, we inquired of him the distance to the house.

"Well, mistis," he answered, beamingly, "it mout be ten miles, and then agin it mout be twenty; some says one, some says

t'other, but it's a right smart little bit; mebbe it's more, mebbe it's less, but sure as yer bawn, I disremember."

And "Sure as yer bawn, I disremember," was incorporated in our *coterie-sprache* from that moment. Whatever were the facts, evening found us still in the wagon, less buoyant than at the start. Our Confederate ideas of pleasuring were on a limited scale compared with those of to-day, when parties of young people must have motors, fur coats, foot-warmers, and Thermos Vacuum flasks to facilitate their winter jaunts. When, toward sunset, we finally turned in at the Retreat gate, amid the barkings of dogs and the rush outdoors of our glad hosts and their children, attended by scarcely less welcoming negroes, all woes were forgotten. Two minutes later we were in enjoyment of intense physical relief, seated around a fire of generous logs sending out a glow that wrapped us in its warmth; and in half an hour we sat down to a table heaped with old-time luxuries. Partridges, a sugar-cured ham, spare-ribs, and sausage—for those who knew what pork at the Retreat could be—corn pone, biscuits, fresh delicious butter, pitchers of mantling cream, and coffee, hot, rich, fragrant, *tasting* of the bean—we had literally no words!

Dear, cheery little "Cousin Nannie," our hostess, despairing because Nebuchadnezzar had taken the wrong ford, thereby causing our delay and suffering, did not stop lamenting over us till we had eaten a disgraceful amount of supper. As soon as possible, she insisted that we girls should go to our rooms, and there, sinking into lavender-scented, linen-spread feather beds, with a fire dancing itself out upon the hearth, and a smiling negro woman waiting to extinguish the candles, elysium was attained. Was it true—could such home comforts still be for us war-worn children of the Confederacy? The last sounds in my waking ears were the patter of childish feet upon the landing, and a merry little golden-haired elf putting her head in at the door to cry, "I'll catch you Christmas gift!" Then the strong delicious aroma of forest greens from the hall below was wafted in as some one in authority captured the tiny invader and bore her off—and so—oblivion.

Next day, a quiet cosey morning on a sofa wheeled up before the fire, with winter sun-

beams glancing through crimson curtains into a room bowered in Christmas garlands. At midday, a ramble through a forest heavy with pine odors, where a carpet of brown needles and dry twigs crackled musically underfoot, amid currents of warm perfumed air stirring strangely; across denuded fields, where morning rime still glittered in fence corners upon the skeletons of last summer's wild-flowers, and in the wide blue sky overhead, crows wheeled and cawed—peace everywhere, peace infinite, no evil sight or sound to break the spell—and best of all, on our return to the house to find our two lost sheep of yesterday arrived and safe in the fold! To have had our boy miss that dinner would have robbed it of all savor.

Such a dinner! Served at 3 o'clock P. M. (after a luncheon at 12, of cordials and cakes), the host at his end of the long table, dispensing an emperor among turkeys, "Cousin Nannie" at hers engaged in carving another ham (that of the night before having already gone to its long rest among the house servants)—a ham befrilled with white paper, its pink slices cut thin as shavings, the fat having a nutty flavor—with cloves stuck into a crest of sugar. I remember a course of game, and then the plum pudding, with a berg of vanilla ice cream, and a mould of calves-foot jelly, together with many little iced cakes and rosy apples in pyramids. This for us who had been for months living on salt pork and rice, beans and dried apples, who were to live on that fare (and in short rations too) until poor old Richmond fell! The deeds done with fork and spoon that day, are they not written in the annals of the Retreat?

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Our holiday was over. Again packed in the wagon, this time with the warmth of kindly good-byes and the memory of a royal welcome, forming a shield around our hearts against cold and all Pandora's box of ills. "And just look here!" said Joe Denegre as we started, designating a large split basket of luncheon hidden in the straw. "Then, don't any of you say there's such a word as trouble in this world."

We creaked along. We sank into deep ruts, and dragged through miry reaches. The drive seemed endless. The cork came out of our persimmon-beer and it filled Lee Tucker's shoe, but nobody complained.

The victim, possessing a very nice voice of his own, started "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," in which every one chimed. Other songs followed, and catches—"Frère Jacques!" "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and "White sand and gray sand." At two o'clock, we had luncheon, and a happy silence fell.

More songs; then "muggins" was proposed, a game of cards I thought detestable; but they played it as earnestly as people nowadays play bridge. Next, Mr. Tucker got out "Elsie Venner" and gave us an example of his elocution in the tea-party of "Mrs. Marilla Rowens." And so we arrived at a ford that, of course, we couldn't cross.

To crown all, it was raining. Captains Denegre and Tucker went off in the gathering darkness through mud ankle-deep, actually reappearing alive and with news of a house somewhere, into which we might be taken. Whatever failed us in those days, it was not Virginian hospitality. The good people whose home we invaded seemed more than pleased to receive us, and next morning betimes, started us again "On to Richmond." By that time all Christmas cheer had gone out of us. To reach a ferry, where there was no ferry-boat proper, only a tiny makeshift of a skiff, we and the mules wearily took up the burden of life again, plodding five miles through sloughs of hopeless mud, up perpendicular hills and down again, till every bone ached and philosophy ceased to be a virtue.

Once more on the shores of classic Pamunkey, liquid mud flowing everywhere, in prospect a crossing, two by two, in a miserable egg-shell made of slimy planks, the bottom quite under water. The crowning feat of our expedition was, on reaching the other shore, all vehicles failing, to take heart of grace and walk six miles in a downpour, to the nearest station of the railway. Old Uncle Nebuchadnezzar, an ebon shade, smiling broadly over his coat-pocket full of Confederate bluebacks administered as tips, remaining with his mules on the far bank of the Stygian river, alone told the tale of our perfect holiday. If it is asked what were our notions of perfection, I would answer that in those days we were sustained by what Cervantes styled "the bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, and the quicksilver of the five senses."

As all chronicles of our war-time must of necessity drop often into melancholy detail, I am trying to assemble some of the more cheerful aspects of Richmond life. One day in January, Mrs. George Wythe Randolph, the beautiful Oriental-looking wife of our cousin, the secretary of war, appealed to me to arrange for her an entertainment for an evening party which it devolved upon her to give to social and official Richmond. So I "thought up" a series of charades in pantomime, called in the players I could depend upon, and with the aid of Vizetelly, who not only painted a reversible drop-scene but the faces of all the actors, the affair came off successfully.

The ready muse of Mr. John R. Thompson bubbled over in a set of verses, read with spirit between each word, by Miss Mary Preston in the costume of a Greek chorus. I have them now, in the author's beautiful distinct calligraphy. "Knighthood" was the first word, and when the stanza I shall quote was read, the allusion it contained to General Hood, sitting well to the front in our audience, was a complete surprise. The object of the eulogy, looking like the hero of a Wagner opera, was compelled by a tumult of hand-clappings to arise and bow, blushing to the roots of his hair, and it was several minutes before the performance could go on.

"*Knight* is my first, my Second is a name

That's doubly linked unto enduring fame:

The gentle poet of the Bridge of Sighs,

The hero, cynosure of tenderest eyes,

Hood, whose keen sword has never known a stain

Whose valour brightened Chickamauga's plain,

Well might he stand on glory's blazing roll

To represent to future times my Whole;

For goodlier Knighthood surely never shone

'Round fair Queen Bess upon her stately throne

Than his, whose lofty deeds we proudly call our own."

General Hood, who had recently lost a leg in battle, was generally supposed to be engaged to marry the fair and regal being near whom he sat at our entertainment. His staff-surgeon going abroad through the blockade about this time, was reported to carry as his chief's direction for purchase in Paris, this order: "Mem: Three cork legs, and a diamond ring."

The love-affair attributed to him did not materialize. It was some time after the war, when General Hood, married to a beautiful girl in New Orleans, and subsequently possessed of an unusually liberal allowance of young children, was said upon his travels over the Southern country where he had once wired orders deploying conquering armies, to telegraph ahead for fresh milk at the ensuing station.

From a stray leaf of my working-copy of the programme, I find our *dramatis personæ* in "Pen" were Miss Josephine Chestney as a quaint and pretty *Fanny Squeers*, cajoling Major Ward as *Nicholas Nickleby*, to sharpen her quill pen.

In "Eye" Miss Herndon as the *Widow Wadman*, displayed her ailing orb to Mr. Forbes as *Uncle Toby*.

In "Tent," we had one of those Eastern scenes dear to amateurs, with all the jewels, spangles, and scarfs of friends and family united on the persons of young ladies who loll upon sofa cushions. In this, Mrs. Russell Robinson was a lovely "Light of the Harem." The only harem I ever penetrated in my journeys in Eastern countries was utterly unlike our representation, but we were all quite satisfied.

The word "Penitent" was exquisitely posed by Miss Lizzie Giles in the garb of a novice with what seemed real tears upon her roseate cheeks.

Our next was time-honored "Matrimony." In "Mat" Mr. Robert Dobbin lost his lady-love by too great anxiety in looking for a mat to kneel upon before Miss Pollard.

"Rye" revealed Vizetelly's painted fields as a background for my cousin Hetty Cary's appearance in the guise of a Scotch lassie far too good-looking to be true, a picture several times re-demanded while the piano industriously repeated "Comin' Thro' the Rye." After this scene my cousin was about to go around to sit among the audience, when her presence became necessary to quell an incipient strike among my supers behind the scenes. These volunteers being none other than Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and Fitz Lee, the former declared he wouldn't stay by himself in that stuffy place next the butler's pantry and hold up a step-ladder, unless Miss Hetty Cary would come and talk to him.

The result of this arrangement was that as the curtain was about to rise upon "Money"—where I as a rustic maiden was to divide my smiles between Col. John Saunders, a humble swain of my own estate, and Vizetelly, a plumed cavalier with a purse of gold to offer—a fiasco occurred that nearly wrecked me and the syllable. My scene, charmingly painted as an English thatched cottage wreathed in roses, with a glimpse of the Thames in the background, had a garden fence, on the stile of which I was supposed to be perched coquettishly. Just as I had seated myself upon the stile held up by General Stuart in the rear, and Vizetelly was prepared to make his swaggering entrance from the side while Colonel Saunders began enacting whole volumes of jealousy, my perch gave way and I slid to the ground! Instantly the heroine was transformed into an irate stage-manager, darting behind the scenes to scold an offending super. In vain General Stuart protested abject penitence for having forgotten for a moment and let go, and promised better behavior. Accused of gross neglect while on duty, he was sentenced to lose his position and sit among the audience for the remainder of the show. General Fitz Lee, virtuously declaring that no young lady could make *him* forget his responsibility as a step-ladder, took and held General Stuart's post.

Poor Stuart, gallant and joyous Stuart! Lee's right arm, the meteor cavalryman whose men gloried in following him to the death! In a few short months after this brief dalliance with fun in Richmond, he was to ride his last ride, and be shot down by a bullet from the outpost, after the battle of the Yellow Tavern. In all our parties and pleasuring, there seemed to lurk a foreshadowing of tragedy as in the Greek plays where the gloomy end is ever kept in sight.

For those of this generation less familiar than were we with Stuart's fame, I quote a striking description from a book called the "Crisis of the Confederacy," written by an English officer, Capt. Cecil Battine, of the 15th King's Hussars:

"James Stuart, or Jeb, as he was called in the army, from his first initials, proved himself in his short career the greatest warrior amongst the great men who have been

so called. Whether or not he was really descended from Robert the Bruce, he certainly inherited the kingly talent for leading men and making war. He won the great battle of May 3, which was decisive in this campaign, by skilful and gallant leading. He was but twenty-eight years old when he took Jackson's place at the head of the Second Corps." And again, in describing Chancellorsville: "The signal was then given for an assault right along the line. While the guns swept the road and the clearing on either side of it, Stuart led his infantry once more across the ravine, singing at the top of his voice, and waving his sword. His blonde beard, blue eyes, and noble figure on horseback recalled the Norman hero who led the van at Hastings, singing the songs of Roland."

The finale of our performance at General Randolph's (given before the president, the cabinet, and as many more official people as the spacious rooms could hold) was very satisfying to our pride, although that is a condition rarely missing from the efforts of amateur actors. The whole word "Matrimony" was embodied in the quarrel-scene from the "School for Scandal," beginning with the peevish protest of *Sir Peter*: "Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it," in which the protean Mr. Lee Tucker and the writer of these lines took the parts of the ill-matched pair. My costume that night was like a New England minister's donation party, a combination of unrelated parts, contributed by friends. Miss Maria Freeland, our neighbor, had at the last moment sent over the white ostrich plume sought wildly among my friends without success, that crowned the superstructure of my powdered locks, and I wore dear knows whose pearl necklace, in mortal fear of losing it. Everybody borrowed, everybody lent, we had not the least reserve in seeking.

That winter, also, was given at Colonel Ives's residence the amateur performance of which several accounts have recently gone into print. Mrs. Clement Clay as *Mrs. Malaprop* was astonishingly good, dominating our little stage with the ease of a veteran actress. Mr. John Randolph as *Sir Anthony*, Paymaster L. M. Tucker as *Jack Absolute*, Maj. R. W. Brown as *Sir Lucius*, Maj. Frank Ward as *Bob Acres*,

Mr. George Robinson as *David*, and Mr. R. Dobbin as *Coachman*, with my little brother as *Fag*, carried off their parts with a dash that made me often long in the after days when I conducted so many amateur theatricals for charity in New York, for such admirable material with which to cast my plays. The drollest incident was when General Hood, new to "The Rivals," said about *Bob Acres*: "By Jove, I believe the man's afraid!"

The witty, rattling old comedy went, from beginning to end, without a lagging moment. I had the uninspiring part of *Lydia Languish*, serving as a foil for the real brilliancy of Mrs. Clay's performance. We played it two nights successively, before large audiences of our friends. I find in a scrap of old diary, without a date, these entries: "My first dress was white muslin, lace negligée cap, blue ribbons; second dress, petticoat and bodice of pale-blue brocade (once worn by somebody else at a White House levee), train of pale-pink moiré antique, powdered hair, wreath of pink roses, fichu of old Mechlin lace. . . .

"Clarence had an especial permit from the secretary of the navy (Mr. Mallory) to leave the school-ship for these occasions. Mamma patched up his livery with much zeal and skill, and at the first performance had the pride of hearing an old general, doubled with laughter on the seat next to her, say: 'By George, that *Fag* beats all the rest of 'em! It's the best bit of acting I ever saw.' . . .

"Tired as we were, next morning I went with Hetty, General Fitz Lee, and Colonel Von Borcke for a long ride in brilliant winter sunshine, our hearts bounding with our horses. Hetty looked so beautiful in her habit, none of us could keep our eyes off her. (The only girl I ever thought compared with her in the saddle was Sally Preston, whose habit, made in England, fitted her noble figure like a glove. She rode in London park style, and when mounted on her fine bay, "Fairfax," was a glowing picture of vigorous beauty.) I made them laugh by telling behind-the-scenes anecdotes, and complaining of the black-and-blue spot left on my shoulder by *Mrs. Malaprop's* real pinch. I also confided to them that I should love to go upon the real stage, but knew, if I did, all the grandfathers and great-aunts would rise from

their graves in horror." It was not so long before that a member of the Episcopal Church in Virginia was forbidden to go to the theatre, and to races, or threatened with excommunication for waltzing. This was during the period when the spirit of valiant old Bishop Meade still controlled our church, in reaction from the days of the card-playing, fox-hunting clergy and resident chaplains, who read the service in surplices worn over pink coats, keeping their hunters saddled and tethered at the vestry door.

The battle of the Wilderness on May 6, 1864, and its terrible sequel, of musketry setting fire to brush and undergrowth on the field where dead and wounded were alike wrapped in flame and smoke during one long appalling night; the serious wounding of Lieutenant-General Longstreet; the battles of Spottsylvania Court House on May 10 and 12, with the death of Stuart near the Yellow Tavern on the later date, renewed all the old strain of continual yearning over the fortunes of our army. The horrors of the slaughter at Cold Harbor, on June 3, in which the Union army lost over thirteen thousand men—the result, it was said, of little over one hour's fighting—and the beginning of the siege of Petersburg, focussed emotion. It did not seem we could stand more of these "bludgeonings of Fate."

My mother, for some time inactive in her nursing, declared she could rest no longer. She had been out to visit the hospital at Camp Winder, in a barren suburb of the town, where the need of nurses was crying. My aunt Mrs. Hyde deciding to accompany her, they were soon installed there, my mother as division matron in charge of a number of rude sheds serving as shelter for the patients, my aunt controlling a dispensary of food for the sufferers. It had been proposed that I should remain in town with friends, but my first glance at my mother's accommodations in the camp made me resolve to share them and try to do my part. To the nurses and matrons was allotted one end of a huge Noah's Ark, built of unpainted pine, divided by a partition, the surgeons occupying the other end. Near by were the diet kitchens and store-rooms, around which were gathered wards and tents; the whole camp occupying an arid, shadeless, sun-

baked plain, without grass or water, encircled by a noxious trench too often used to receive the nameless débris of the wards. To my mother, and myself as a volunteer aid to her, was assigned a large bare room with rough boarded walls and one window, a cot in each corner, two chairs, a table, and washing apparatus. Then, a kind lady coming to see us and declaring she was about to remove to the country and had nowhere to store a roomful of furniture, we fell heir to some nice old bits of mahogany, a folding screen, a matting rug, a mirror, and a pair of white muslin curtains. While my mother was absent one day upon her rounds, I invoked the aid of a nice old colored man, and presto! our room was changed into a bower, bed- and sitting-room combined. When the curtain was hung up at the window looking to the west—where each evening the sun sank sending up a fountain of radiance behind a belt of inky pines—and tied back with my one blue sash, I had a bright idea. We would have a box of growing flowers nailed to the outside of the sill. Enlisting the services of my friendly darkey to secure a box for me, he soon returned with what seemed exactly the right thing. When he told me it had been given him by the surgeons and had contained artificial legs, my zeal decreased—but we covered it with bark from the wood-shed, I bought somewhere plants of ivy, geranium, and sweet alyssum, and, in the end, my window-garden was the envy of the camp. Just when I had finished arranging my new bailiwick, a couple of rosy Irish sisters, good loving souls employed in the hospital, came in to bring me linen sheets and pillow-cases spun by their mother in the old country and given to them for their weddings in the New World—"an' seein' the Yankees don't seem of a mind to spare us husbands anyhow, we'd be proud for you to use 'em, miss, in your be-youtiful room that's like a palace beside the rest."

Alas! the heat, the smell of the wounds, and close confinement to her rounds, brought upon my mother the only illness I could remember, for her muscles and nerves always seemed to me made of iron. It was fortunately brief, and I then took my turn at the same trouble. But our initiation to Camp Winder over, we soon found forgetfulness of discomfort in the awful realities of brave men's suffering on every hand. I

followed my mother in her rounds, aiding and supplementing her. Erelong I found certain patients who in due course were relegated entirely to my care, with a ward helper in attendance. My whole heart passed into the work. I could hardly sleep for wishing to be back in those miserable, cheerless wards, where dim eyes would kindle feebly at sight of me, and trembling lips gave me last messages to transmit to those they would never see again. Once, going into one of my mother's wards, I found my way blocked by an arm lying on the floor, and the surgeons who had just amputated it still at work on Cavanagh, one of our favorite patients, a big, gentle Irishman, always courteous and considerate. The blood was gushing profusely from the flaps they were sewing together, and for a moment I paused uncertain. "Can you stand it?" asked one of the doctors, kindly. "If so, there's a little help needed, as we're short-handed this morning." I stayed, and in a moment I saw clear and all seemed easier. When they hurried off leaving Cavanagh to me, he came out of chloroform looking me full in the eyes, as I stood sponging his forehead. "So it's gone at last, the poor old arm we worked so hard to save," I said, trying to speak lightly. "Yes, miss, but it's not meself you should be thinkin' about," he answered, "an' you standin' by dirtyin' your dress with the blood o' me." Cavanagh, I am glad to say, got well and left the hospital, swearing eternal fealty to his nurse.

One night, following a day when the cannon had not ceased till sunset, we were awakened by an orderly coming to tell my mother that a lot of new wounded had been brought in from the field and were still coming. They were putting them in a new ward just built at the far end of the camp, but had actually no food or stimulant to give them. Did Mrs. Cary think she could possibly spare a little from her store-room, since many of these poor fellows had been in the ambulance since the day before, some without a mouthful passing their lips?

We sprang up, hurried into our clothes, and were outside in a few minutes. My mother, unlocking her stores with a sinking heart, found she had but one bucket of milk, a small bottle of brandy, a piece of cold boiled pork, and a pile of cold corn-bread. With our arms full, we stumbled in the

darkness over the rough ground, following the orderly and his lantern. If we had spilt that precious milk, our hearts would have broken, then and there.

The Southern night had spent its early heat, and a wandering breeze laden with wood odors came up from the river, and smote our foreheads gratefully. At the door of the new ward, a long pine shed, ambulances were disgorging their ghastly contents, some of the wounded uttering pitiful prayers to be left to die in peace; some mercifully in stupor, while other forms were lifted out already stiffened in their last sleep. Those for whom the jolting ride from the battle-field had not finished the work of the enemy's bullets, were carried in and laid on the cots, and by the insufficient glimmer of oil-lanterns and tallow dips the surgeons began their rounds. Before they were half finished, a streak of saffron came into the sky seen through the open windows, and in the sparse trees on the outskirts of the camp, birds had begun to stir and chirp. We placed our supplies on a table near the door, and my mother telling me the surgeons needed her assistance, bade me find out the exact number to be fed, and "make it go around." Ah! that division of meagre portions! Never since have I been able to endure with complacency seeing the waste of food in peace times. When, aided by the ward helpers, I began to distribute it, some were past swallowing, and their more vigorous neighbors looked with covetous eyes upon the poor rejected bits. To hurry by carrying off these morsels, to take cups away from thirsty lips before they were satisfied, was a keen sorrow.

At length when I had nearly finished the task and almost exhausted my resources, I came upon a cot where lay, upon his face, a mere boy apparently dying. There was no time to call a doctor. I mixed milk and brandy and after forcing his body over, poured it by teaspoonfuls down his throat, keeping on till I had the joy of seeing the vital spark creep back. Little by little he reached the point of opening his eyes, and telling me he didn't exactly know what was the matter with him, but that he felt "so tired." As soon as I could capture my favorite doctor, I brought him to my patient. A wound was found, but a slight one. The lad was simply dying from exhaustion, the joggling of hours in the ambulance, and

want of food. "He may thank his stars you kept on trying," said my doctor, "or he'd have been a dead one before now. Think of children like this put into the ranks to fill the places of the seasoned men they've killed for us."

This patient also recovered on our hands, and in due time went back to his "old woman" in North Carolina, whose poor scrawling letters to her son I had to read and answer for him. While at Camp Winder he was indulged by me to an extent that caused some jealousy and cutting comment from his neighbors in the ward. For him were reserved all the tid-bits I could lay my hands upon, but fortunately he went home before he was too badly spoiled.

If we had visitors, there was nowhere to receive them, so the few I allowed to come appeared during my off time in the afternoon, and mercifully took me out to walk. With the private secretary of the president, who never came save with some welcome book in hand, I oftenest wandered out of the grim precincts of Camp Winder into the woods above the canal and river bank, where we would sit under the shelving boughs and watch the silent boats steal by below, reading, talking, and trying to forget the incubus of war. Here, the air knew no taint, wild flowers sprung profusely, there was no sound save that of the chafing river. Sometimes, on the canal-boats gliding past, the negro deck-hands would sing in plaintive chorus, or play an obligato upon some wind instrument, dying in the distance like horns of elfland. Walking back in the evening, we carried bouquets and sprays of foliage arranged while we sat; some for my own quarters, most of them for patients lying alone in the tents where they put infected wounds. These last had my deepest sympathy, so childlike they were in their terror of being shut out of the wards and left day and night alone save for the rare visits possible where there were so many needing attention. We generally timed ourselves to reach camp at sunset, just as the one-armed and one-legged soldier on duty at the head-quarters flagstaff lowered the stars and bars to their evening rest, afterward performing upon his asthmatic bugle a melancholy strain. Then I had an hour of duty in feeding the patients in our ward who could not help themselves, and after that, my mother and aunt and I

repaired to a bare refectory on the ground floor of our Noah's Ark, where we shared with innumerable flies a coarse and insufficient evening meal.

To multiply instances of our work among the heroic sufferers, that long, long summer, would be monotonous. I depict it as an example of a life led by hundreds of women of the South; women who had mostly come out of beautiful and luxurious homes. My mother, previously a volunteer, was now a paid servant of government, and of what she received, spent the greater part in amplifying the conveniences and supplies of her diet kitchen. We were then in straits for everything considered indispensable in the outfit of modern hospitals. Our surgeons, working with pure devotion, were at their wits' end to renew needful appliances. Without going into painful detail, I can say that our experience was continually shocking and distressing, as were the burials of our dead in a field by Hollywood, six or seven coffins dropped into one yawning pit, and hurriedly covered in, all that a grateful country could render in return for precious lives. All told, that Camp Winder episode was the most ghastly I ever knew. If we had possessed enough of any one hospital requisite, it would have been less grim.

In June, 1864, my brother, who had been under fire repeatedly that spring aboard the iron-clad *Virginia*, in the campaign against Butler below Drury's Bluff, was ordered back to the school-ship for examination, becoming passed midshipman. Thence, he was sent to the *Chickamauga*, at Wilmington, then fitting out for a destructive cruise which she was to watch her opportunity of making. Often when my mother and I returned from the hospital rounds, to our pine barracks heated red-hot by the torrid Southern sun, we would sit down to rest weary bones, and speculate about our wanderer—whether he was yet out upon the deep that tells no tales, his ship to be shattered perhaps by a broadside from the blockading fleet, and he to go down in her, without a chance to send us a last message or farewell; less happy in that regard than the young fellows from whose brows we had that day wiped the death damps, whilst charging ourselves with letters to their beloved ones in far Southern homes.

It is a long lane that has no turning, and my holiday came at last. Late in the sum-

mer of 1864, a small house-party, consisting of two men and two girls, was made welcome at the Retreat. Spite of all drawbacks and darkest prospects, youth and happiness emerged triumphant from the shadows, making the week one of immemorial incident. After the male guests went back to duty, one of them, returning for a "week-end" visit, left Richmond on horseback late Saturday evening, rode all night, his horse swimming a river wherever the ferryman was absent, spent Sunday with us, and rode back through the night, just arriving in time for a certain official breakfast table on Monday, where the mystery of his absence created endless humorous speculations, even from his stately chief.

A year later, the gay rider was in rigorous confinement in the casemate of a Northern fortress, fighting Fate hourly within his valiant soul. The other—true knight, true lover, tried and proved leader of armies in the field—lay in his hero's grave in Hollywood; his radiant bride a stricken widow, whose story passed into tradition as among the saddest of the war.

My cousin Hetty and I lingered on at the Retreat, until my holiday ended disastrously. A sudden sharp illness—"Pamunkey fever," they called it, following the long stretch of hospital work in summer heat—summoned my mother from Richmond to attend me. She arrived in an ambulance, finding me, however, so much on the mend that I was able to drive back with her in comfort, through the crimson and golden glories of the Pamunkey swamps.

Things, as I recall them, seem to have rushed onward with the speed of lightning during the last winter of the war. We had again settled ourselves in quarters in town. I had recovered my full strength, and was almost always hungry. We had

little money, little food. It was impossible to draw upon our funds in Washington, and my mother, with a number of ladies of her own estate in life, took situations to sign bank-notes in the treasury department. In what they called "Mr. Memminger's reception-room," she daily met a number of highly bred gentlewomen, in whose veins ran the purest currents of Cavalier and Huguenot blood. The names written upon those bank-notes might have served to illustrate the genesis of Southern aristocracy.

This time, we had been able to secure only one room in a friend's house, with the use of her drawing-room and dining-room and service of her cook, the latter being a nominal one only; our breakfast at 8 A. M. consisting of cornbread with the drippings of fried bacon instead of butter, and coffee made of dried beans and peanuts without milk or sugar. For luncheon we had, day in and day out, bacon, rice, and dried apples sweetened with sorghum. For our evening repast were served cakes made of cornmeal and water, eaten with sorghum molasses, and more of that unspeakable coffee. I cannot remember getting up from any meal that winter without wishing there were more of it. I went once to call upon a family antecedently wealthy, and found father, mother, and children making their dinner upon soup-plates filled with that cheerless compound known as "Benjamin"—hard-tack, soaked in hot water, sprinkled with salt or brown sugar. It is to be said, however, there was in our community no discussion of diets, fads, or cures, and the health chase of modern society was an unknown quantity. People in better physical condition than the besieged dwellers of Richmond, when their cause was beginning to feel the death-clutch at its throat, were certainly not to be found.

(To be continued.)



HELEN

By Sara Teasdale

WILD flight on flight against the fading dawn
The flames' red wings soar upward duskily.
This is the funeral pyre and Troy is dead
That sparkled so the day I saw it first,
And darkened slowly after. I am she
Who loves all beauty—yet I wither it.
Why have the high gods made me wreak their wrath—
Forever since my maidenhood to sow
Sorrow and blood about me? Lo they keep
Their bitter care above me even now.
It was the gods who led me to this lair,
That though the burning winds should make me weak,
They should not snatch the life from out my lips.
Olympus let the other women die.
They shall be quiet when the day is done
And have no care to-morrow. Yet for me
There is no rest. The gods are not so kind
To her made half immortal like themselves.
It is to you I owe the cruel gift,
Leda, my mother, and the swan, my sire.—
To you the beauty and to you the bale;
For never woman born of man and maid
Had wrought such havoc on the earth as I,
Or troubled heaven with a sea of flame
That climbed to touch the silent whirling stars
And blotted out their brightness ere the dawn.
Have I not made the world to weep enough?
Give death to me.

Yet life is more than death;
How could I leave the sound of singing winds,
The strong sweet scent that breathes from off the sea,
Or shut my eyes forever to the spring?
I will not give the grave my hands to hold,
My shining hair to light oblivion.
Have those who wander through the ways of death,
The still wan fields Elysian, any love
To lift their breasts with longing, any lips
To thirst against the quiver of a kiss?

Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again,
To make the people love, who hate me now.
My dreams are over. I have ceased to cry
Against the fate that made men love my mouth
And left their spirits all too deaf to hear
The little songs that echoed through my soul.
I have no anger now. The dreams are done,
Yet since the Greeks and Trojans would not see
Aught but my body's fairness, till the end,
In all the islands set in all the seas,
And all the lands that lie beneath the sun,
Till light turn darkness, and till time shall sleep,
Men's lives shall waste with longing after me.
For I shall be the sum of their desire,
The whole of beauty, never seen again.
And they shall stretch their arms and starting, wake
With "Helen!" on their lips, and in their eyes
The vision of me. Always I shall be
Limned on the darkness like a shaft of light
That glimmers and is gone. They shall behold
Each one his dream that fashions me anew:—
With hair like lakes that glint beneath the stars,
Dark as sweet midnight—or with hair aglow
Like burnished gold that still retains the fire.
Yea, I shall haunt until the dusk of time
The heavy eyelids filled with fleeting dreams.

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I wait for one who comes with sword to slay—
The king I wronged who searches for me now;
And yet he shall not slay me. I shall stand
With lifted head and look within his eyes,
Baring my breast to him and to the sun.
He shall not have the power to stain with blood
That whiteness—for the angry sword shall fall
And he shall cry and catch me in his arms,
Bearing me back to Sparta on his breast.
Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again!

"OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL!"

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

I



HE persuasive agent sought old Miss Abigail out among her flower-beds and held up to her a tiny chair with roses painted on the back. "I was told to see you about these. They're only four dollars a dozen, and the smallest school children love 'em." Miss Abigail straightened herself with difficulty. She had been weeding the gladiolus bed. "Four dollars," she mused, "I was going to put four dollars into rose-bushes this fall." She put out a strong, earth-stained old hand and took the chair. Her affection for her native Greenford began to rise through her life-long thrift, a mental ferment not unusual with her. Finally, "All right," she said; "send 'em to the school-house, and say they're in memory of all my grandfathers and grandmothers that learned their letters in that school-house."

She went back to her digging and the agent clicked the gate back of his retreat. Suddenly she stood up without remembering to ease her back. She heard the first shot from the enemy who was to advance so rapidly upon her thereafter. "Wait a minute," she called to the agent. As he paused, she made a swift calculation. "I don't believe I want a dozen," she said, much surprised. "I can't think of that many little ones." The agent took out his note-book. "How many?" he asked.

The ponderous old woman stared at him absently while she made a mental canvass of the town. She spoke with a gasp. "We don't need any!" she cried. "There ain't a child in school under eleven."

"Take some now and have them handy," urged the agent.

Miss Abigail's gaze again narrowed in silent calculation. When she spoke her exclamation was not for her listener. She had forgotten him. "Good Lord of Love!" she

cried. "There ain't a single one comin' up to sit on those chairs if I should buy 'em!"

The agent was utterly blotted from her mind. She did not know when he left her garden. She only knew that there were no children in Greenford. There were no children in her town! "Why, what's comin' to Greenford!" she cried.

And yet, even as she cried out, she was aware that she had a warning, definite, ominous, a few months before, from the lips of Molly Leonard. At that time she had put away her startled uneasiness with a masterful hand, burying it resolutely where she had laid away all the other emotions of her life, under the brown loam of her garden. But it all came back to her now.

Her thin, fluttering, little old friend had begun with tragic emphasis, "The roof to the library leaks!"

Miss Abigail had laughed as usual at Molly's habit of taking small events with bated breath. "What of it?" she asked. "That roof never was good, even back in the days when 'twas a private house and my great-uncle lived in it."

Miss Molly fluttered still more before the awfulness of her next announcement.

"Well, the talk is that the town won't vote a cent toward repairs."

"They'll have to! You can't get along without a library!"

"No, they won't. The talk is that the men won't vote to have the town give a bit of money for shingles. No, nor to pay somebody to take the place of Ellen Monroe as librarian. She's got work in the print mill at Johnsonville and is going to move down there to be near her brother's family."

"Oh, talk!" said Miss Abigail with the easy contempt she had for things outside her garden hedge. "Haven't you heard men talk before?"

"But they say really they *won't*! They say nobody ever goes into it any more when the summer folks go away."

Miss Abigail's gesture indicated that the thing was unthinkable. "What's the matter with young folks nowadays, anyhow? They always used to run there and chatter till you couldn't hear yourself think."

Miss Molly lowered her voice like a person coming to the frightening climax of a ghost story. "Miss Abigail, they *ain't* any young folks here any more!"

"What do you call the Pitkin girls!" demanded the other.

"They were the very last ones and they and their mother have decided they'll move to Johnsonville this fall."

Miss Abigail cried out in energetic disapproval, "What in the Lord's world are the Pitkinse going to move away from Greenford for! They belong here!"

Miss Molly marshalled the reasons with a sad swiftness, "There aren't any music pupils left for the oldest one, the two next have got positions in the print mills, and little Sarah is too old for the school here any more."

Miss Abigail shook her head impatiently as though to brush away a troublesome gnat. "How about the Leavitts? There ought to be enough young ones in that one family to——!"

"They moved to Johnsonville last week, going to rent their house to city folks in the summer, the way all the rest here in the street do. They didn't want to go a bit. Eliza felt dreadful about it, but what can they do? Ezra hasn't had enough carpentering to do in the last six months to pay their grocery bill, and down in Johnsonville they can't get carpenters enough. Besides, all the children's friends are there, and they got so lonesome here winters."

Miss Abigail quailed a little, but rallying, she brought out, "What's the matter with the Bennetts? The whole kit and b'iling of them came in here the other day to pester me asking about how I grew my lilies."

"Why, Miss Abigail! You don't pay any more attention to village news! They've been working in the mills for two years now, and only come home for two weeks in the summer like everybody else."

The old woman stirred her weighty person wrathfully. "Like everybody else! Molly, you talk like a fool! As if there was nobody lived here all the year around!"

"But it's *so*! I don't know what's coming to Greenford!"

An imperative gesture from the older woman cut her short. "Don't chatter so, Molly! If it's true, that about the library, we've got to do something!"

The interview had ended in an agreement from her, after a struggle with the two passions of her life, to give up the tulip bulbs for which she had been saving so long, and spend the money for repairing the roof. Miss Molly, having no money to give, since she was already much poorer than she could possibly be and live, agreed according to Miss Abigail's peremptory suggestion, to give her time, and keep the library open at least during the afternoons.

"You can do it, Molly, as well as not, for you don't seem to have half the sewing you used to."

"There's nobody here any more to sew *for*—" began the seamstress despairingly, but Miss Abigail would not listen, bundling her out of the garden gate and sending her trotting home, cheered unreasonably by the old woman's jovial, blustering, "No such kind of talk allowed in *my* garden!"

But now, after the second warning, Miss Abigail felt the need of some cheer for herself as she toiled among the hollyhocks and larkspurs, her heart in a leaden lethargy. She would not let herself think of the significance of the visit of the agent for the chairs, and she could not force herself to think of anything else. For several wretched weeks she hung in this limbo. Then, one morning as she stood gazing at her *Speciosums Rubrums* without seeing them, she received her summons to the front. She had a call from her neighbor, Mr. Edward Horton, whom the rest of the world knows as a sculptor, but whom Miss Abigail esteemed only because of his orthodox ideas on rose culture. He came in to ask some information about a blight on his *Red Ramblers*, although after Miss Abigail had finished her strong recommendation to use whale oil soap sprayed, and not hellebore, he still lingered, crushing a leaf of lemon verbena between his fingers and sniffing the resultant perfume with thoughtful appreciation. He was almost as enthusiastic a horticulturist as Miss Abigail, and stood high in her good graces as one of

the few individuals of sense among the summer colony. She faced him therefore in a peaceable, friendly mood, glad of the diversion from her thoughts, and quite unprepared for the shock he was about to give her.

"I'm on my way to interview the trustees of the church," he remarked. "It is curious that all but one of them now really live in Johnsonville, although they still keep their nominal residence here."

"What do you want to see *them* for?" asked Miss Abigail with a bluntness caused in part by her wincing at his casual statement of an unwelcome fact.

"Why, I've had what I flatter myself is an inspiration for every one concerned. I've got a big commission for part of the decorations of the new State House in Montana, and I need a very large studio. It occurred to me the other day that instead of building, I'd save time by buying the old church here and using that."

Miss Abigail leaned against the palings. "*Buy our church!*" she said, and every letter was a capital.

"I didn't know you were a member," said the sculptor, a little surprised. "You don't often go."

Miss Abigail shouted out, "Why, my grandfather was minister in that church!" Mr. Horton received this as a statement of fact. "Indeed? I didn't realize the building was so old. I wonder if the foundations are still in good shape." He went on, explanatorily, "I really don't know why I hadn't thought of the plan before. The number who attend church in that great barn of a place could easily be put into some one's parlor, and save the trustees the expense of heating. One of them whom I saw the other day seemed quite pleased with the notion—said they'd been at a loss to know what to do about conditions here." He glanced at his watch. "Well, I must be going or I shall miss the train to Johnsonville. Thank you very much for the hint about the blight."

He went down the street, humming a cheerful little tune.

To Miss Abigail it was the bugle call of "Forward, charge!" She had been, for the last few weeks, a little paler than usual. Now her powerful old face flushed to an angry red. She dashed her trowel to the garden path and clenched her fists.

"What's coming to Greenford!" she shouted. It was no longer a wail of despair. It was a battle cry of defiance.

II

SHE had no time to organize a campaign, forced as she was to begin fighting at once. Reaching wildly for any weapon at hand, she rushed to the front, as grim-visaged a warrior as ever frightened a peaceable, shiftless non-combatant. "Joel Barney!" she cried, storming up his front steps. "You're a trustee of the church, aren't you? Well, if you don't vote against selling the church, I'll foreclose the mortgage on your house so quick you can't wink. And you tell 'Lias Bennett that if he doesn't do the same, I'll pile manure all over that field of mine near his place, and stink out his summer renters so they'll never set foot here again."

She shifted tactics as she encountered different adversaries and tried no black-mail on stubborn Miles Benton, whom she took pains to see the next time he came back to Greenford for a visit. Him she hailed as the Native-Born. "How would you like to have brazen models and nasty statutes made in the building where your own folks had always gone to church?"

But when the skirmish was over, she realized ruefully that the argument which had brought her her hard-won victory had been the one which, for a person of such very moderate means as hers, reflected the least hope for future battles. At the last, in desperation, she had guaranteed in the name of the Ladies' Aid Society that the church, except for the minister's salary, should thereafter be no expense to the trustees. She had invented that source of authority, remembering that Molly Leonard had said she belonged to the Ladies' Aid Society, "and I can make Molly do anything," she thought, trusting Providence for the management of the others.

As a matter of fact, when she came to investigate the matter, she found that Molly was now the sole remaining member. Her dismay was acute, Molly's finances being only too well known to her, but she rallied bravely. "They don't do much to a church that costs money," she thought, and, when Molly went away, she made out her budget unflinchingly. Wood for the furnace, ker-

osene for the lamps, wages to the janitor, repairs when needed—"Well, Abigail Warner," she told herself, "it means nothing new bought for the garden, and no new microscope—the roof to the library costing more than they said 'twould and all."

But the joy of triumphant battle was still swelling her doughty old heart, so that even these considerations did not damp her exultation over her artist neighbor the next time he came to see her. He listened to her boasting with his pleasant, philosophic smile, and, when she finished, delivered himself of a quiet little disquisition on the nature of things which was like ice-water in the face of the hot-blooded old fighter.

"My dear Miss Abigail, your zeal does your heart credit, and your management of the trustees proves you an unsuspected diplomat; but as a friend, and, believe me, a disinterested friend, let me warn you that you are contending against irresistible forces. You can no more resuscitate your old Greenford than you can any other dead body. You have kept the church from my clutches, it is true, though for that matter I wouldn't have offered to buy it if I hadn't thought no one cared about it—but what do you mean to do with it now you have it? You cannot bring back the old Greenford families from their well-paid work in Johnsonville to sit in those rescued pews, or read in your deserted library, or send their children to your empty schoolhouse. You tell me they are loyal to their old home, and love to come back here for visits. Is that strange? Greenford is a charming village set in the midst of beautiful mountains, and Johnsonville is a raw, new mill town. But they cannot live on picturesque scenery or old associations. The laws of economics are like all other laws of nature, inevitable in their action and and irresistible in——"

Miss Abigail gave the grampus snort which had been her great-grandfather's war-cry. "Hoo! You're like all other book folks! You give things such long names you scare yourselves! I haven't got anything to do with economics, nor it with me. It's a plain question as to whether the church my ancestors built and worshipped in, is to be sold. There's nothing so inevitable in *that*, let me tell you. Laws of nature—fiddlesticks! How about the law of gravity? Don't I break that every

time I get up gumption enough to raise my hand to my head!"

Mr. Horton looked at the belligerent old woman with the kindest smile of comprehension. "Ah, I know how hard it is for you. In another way I have been through the same bitter experience. My home, my real home, where my own people are, is out in a wind-swept little town on the Nebraska prairies. But I cannot live there because it is too far from my world of artists and art patrons. I tried it once, but the laws of supply and demand work for all alike. I gave it up. Here I am, you see. You can't help such things. You'd better follow on to Johnsonville now and not embitter the last of your life with a hopeless struggle."

Miss Abigail fairly shouted at him her repudiation of his ideas. "Not while there is a breath in me! My folks were all soldiers."

"But even soldiers surrender to overpowering forces."

"Hoo! Hoo! How do they know they're overpowering till they're overpowered! How do they dare surrender till they're dead! How do they know that if they hold out just a little longer they won't get reinforcements!"

Mr. Horton was a little impatient of his old friend's unreason. "My dear Miss Abigail you have brains. *Use them!* What possible reinforcements can you expect?"

The old woman opposed to his arguments nothing but a passionately bare denial. "No! No! No! We're different! It's in your blood to give up because you can reason it all out that you're beaten." She stood up, shaking with her vehemence. "It's in my blood to fight and fight and fight——"

"And then what?" asked the sculptor, as she hesitated.

"Go on fighting!" she cried.

III

SHE was seventy-one years old when she first flew this flag, and for the next four years she battled unceasingly under its bold motto against odds that rapidly grew more overwhelming as the process that had been imperceptibly draining Greenford of its population gained impetus with its own action. In the beginning people moved to

Johnsonville because they could get work in the print mill, but after a time they went because the others had gone. Before long there was no cobbler in Greenford because there was so little cobbling to do. After that the butcher went away, then the carpenter, and finally the grocery store was shut up and deserted by the man whose father and grandfather had kept store in the same building for sixty years. It was the old story. He had a large family of children who needed education and "a chance."

The well-kept old village still preserved its outer shell of quaintness and had a constantly increasing charm for summering strangers who rejoiced with a shameless egotism in the death-like quiet of the moribund place, and pointed out to visiting friends from the city the tufts of grass beginning to grow in the main street as delightful proofs of the tranquillity of their summer retreat.

Miss Abigail overheard a conversation to this effect one day between some self-invited visitors to her wonderful garden. Her heart burned and her face blackened. "You might as well," she told them, "laugh at the funny faces of a person who's choking to death!"

The urbane city people turned amused and inquiring faces upon her. "How so?"

"Roads aren't for grass to grow in!" she fulminated. "They're for folks to use, for men and women and little children to go over to and from their homes."

"Ah, economic conditions," they began to murmur. "The inevitable laws of supply and demand—"

"Get out of my garden!" Miss Abigail raged at them. "Get out!"

They had scuttled before her, laughing at her quaint ferocity, and she had sworn wrathfully never to let another city dweller inside her gate—a resolution which she was forced to forego as time passed on and she became more and more hard pressed for ammunition.

Up to this time she had lived in perfect satisfaction on seven hundred dollars a year, but now she began to feel straitened. She no longer dared afford even the tiniest expenditure for her garden. She spaded the beds herself, drew leaf mould from the woods in repeated trips with a child's express wagon, and cut the poles

for her sweet-peas with her own hands. When Miss Molly Leonard declared herself on the verge of starvation from lack of sewing to do, and threatened to move to Johnsonville to be near her sister Annie, Miss Abigail gave up her "help" and paid Miss Molly for the time spent in the empty reading-room of the library. But the campaign soon called for more than economy, even the most rigid. When the minister had a call elsewhere, and the trustees of the church seized the opportunity to declare it impossible to appoint his successor, Miss Abigail sold her woodlot and arranged through the Home Missionary Board for some one to hold services at least once a fortnight. Later the "big meadow" so long coveted by a New York City family as a building site was sacrificed to fill the empty war chest, and, temporarily in funds, she hired a boy to drive her about the country drumming up a congregation.

Christmas time was the hardest for her. The traditions of old Greenford were for much decorating of the church with ropes of hemlock, and a huge Christmas tree in the Town Hall with presents for the best of the Sunday-school scholars. Winding the ropes had been, of old, work for the young unmarried people, laughing and flirting cheerfully. By the promise of a hot supper, which she furnished herself, Miss Abigail succeeded in getting a few stragglers from the back hills, but the number grew steadily smaller year by year. She and Miss Molly always trimmed the Christmas tree themselves. Indeed it soon became a struggle to pick out any child a regular enough attendant at Sunday-school to be eligible for a present. The time came when Miss Abigail found it difficult to secure any children at all for the annual Christmas party.

The school authorities began to murmur at keeping up the large old school-house for a handful of pupils. Miss Abigail, at her wits' end, guaranteed the fuel for warming the house, and half the pay of a teacher. Examining, after this, her shrunk and meagre resources, she discovered she had promised far beyond her means. She was then seventy-three years old, but an ageless valor sprang up in her to meet the new emergency. She focussed her acumen to the burning point and saw that the only way out of her situation was to earn some money—an impossible thing at her age. Without an

instant's pause, "How shall I do it?" she asked herself, and sat frowning into space for a long time.

When she rose up, the next development in her campaign was planned. Not in vain had she listened scornfully to the sickening talk of city folks about the picturesqueness of her old house and garden. It was all grist to her mill, she perceived, and during the next summer it was a grimly amused old miller who watched the antics of Abigail Warner, arrayed in a pseudo-old-fashioned gown of green-flowered muslin, with a quaintly ruffled cap confining her rebellious white hair, talking the most correct book-brand of down-east jargon, and selling flowers at twenty times their value to automobile and carriage folk. She did not mind sacrificing her personal dignity, but she did blush for her garden, reduced to the most obvious commonplaces of flowers that any child could grow. But by September she had saved the school-teacher's pay, and the Martins and the Allens, who had been wavering on account of their children, decided to stay another winter at least.

That was *something*, Miss Abigail thought, that Christmas, as she and Miss Molly tortured their rheumatic limbs to play games with the six children around the tree. She had held rigorously to the old tradition of having the Christmas tree party in the Town Hall, and she had heartened Miss Molly through the long lonely hours they had spent in trimming it; but as the tiny handful of forlorn celebrants gathered about the tall tree, glittering in all the tinsel finery which was left over from the days when the big hall had rung to the laughter of a hundred children and as many more young people, even Miss Abigail felt a catch in her throat as she quavered through "King Willyum was King *James's* son!"

When the games were over and the children sat about soberly, eating their ice-cream and cake, she looked over her shoulder into the big empty room and shivered. The children went away and she and Miss Molly put out the lights in silence. When they came out into the moonlight and looked up and down the deserted street, lined with darkened houses, the face of the younger woman was frankly tear-stained. "Oh Miss Abigail," she said; "let's give it up!"

Miss Abigail waited an instant, a perceptible instant before answering, but, when

she did, her voice was full and harsh with its usual vigor. "Fiddlesticks! You must ha' been losing your sleep. Go tuck yourself up and get a good night's rest and you won't talk such kind of talk!"

But she herself sat up late into the night with a pencil and paper, figuring out sums that had impossible answers.

That March she had a slight stroke of paralysis, and was in an agony of apprehension lest she should not recover enough to plant the flowers for the summer's market. By May, flatly against the doctor's orders, she was dragging herself around the garden on crutches, and she stuck to her post, smiling and making prearranged rustic speeches all the summer. She earned enough to pay the school-teacher another winter and to buy the fuel for the school-house, and again the Martins and the Allens stayed over; though they announced with a callous indifference to Miss Abigail's ideas that they were going down to Johnsonville at Christmas to visit their relatives there, and have the children go to the tree the ex-Greenfordites always trimmed.

When she heard this Miss Abigail set off to the Allen farm on the lower slope of Pine Mountain. "Wa'n't our tree good enough?" she demanded hotly.

"The *tree* was all right," they answered, "but the children were so mortal lonesome. Little Katie Ann came home crying."

Miss Abigail turned away without answering and hobbled off up the road toward the mountain. Things were black before her eyes and in her heart as she went blindly forward where the road led her. She still fought off any acknowledgment of the bitterness that filled her, but when the road, after dwindling to a wood trail and then to a path, finally stopped, she sat down with a great swelling breath. "Well, I guess this is the end," she said aloud, instantly thereafter making a pretence to herself that she meant the road. She looked about her with a brave show of interest in the bare November woods, unroofed and open to the sunlight, and was rewarded by a throb of real interest to observe that she was where she had not been for forty years, when she used to clamber over the spur of Pine Mountain to hunt for lady's-slippers in the marshy ground at the head of the gorge. A few steps more and she would be on her own property, a steep, rocky tract of brush-



"I was going to put four dollars into rose-bushes this fall."—Page 571.

land left her by her great-uncle. She had a throb as she realized that, besides her house and garden, this unsalable bit of the mountain-side was her only remaining possession. She had indeed come to the end.

With the thought came her old dogged defiance to despair. She shut her hands on her crutches, pulled herself heavily up to her feet, and toiled forward through the brush. She would not allow herself to think if thoughts were like that. Soon she came out into a little clearing beside the Winthrop Branch, swirling and fuming in

its headlong descent. The remains of a stone wall and a blackened beam or two showed her that she had hit upon the ruins of the old saw-mill her great-grandfather had owned. This forgotten and abandoned decay, a symbol of the future of the whole region, struck a last blow at the remnants of her courage. She sank down on the wall and set herself to a losing struggle with the blackness that was closing in about her. All her effort had been in vain. The fight was over. She had not a weapon left.

A last spark of valor flickered into flame within her. She stood up, lifting her head high and summoning with a loudly beating heart every scattered energy. She was alive; her fight could not be over while she still breathed.

For an instant she stood, self-hypnotized by the intensity of her resolution. Then there burst upon her ear, as though she had not heard it before, the roar of the water rushing past her. It sounded like a loud voice calling to her. She shivered and turned a little giddy as though passing into a trance, and then, with one bound, the gigantic forces of subconscious self, wrought by her long struggle to a white heat of concentration on one aim, arose and mastered her. For a time—hours perhaps—she never knew how long, old Miss Abigail was a genius, with the brain of an engineer and the prophetic vision of a seer.

IV

THE next months were the hardest of her life. The long dreary battle against insurmountable obstacles she had been able to bear with a stoical front, but the sickening alternations of emotions which now filled her days wore upon her until she was fairly suffocated. About mail time each day she became of an unendurable irritability, so that poor Miss Molly was quite afraid to go near her. For the first time in her life there was no living thing growing in her house.

"Don't you mean to have any service this Christmas?" asked Miss Molly one day.

Miss Abigail shouted at her so fiercely that she retreated in a panic. "Why not? Why shouldn't we? What makes you think such a thing!"

"Why, I didn't know of anybody to go but just you and me, and I noticed that you hadn't any flowers started for decorations the way you always do."

Miss Abigail flamed and fulminated as though her timid little friend had offered her an insult. "I've been to service in that church every Christmas since I was born and I shall till I die. And as for my not growing any flowers, that's *my* business, ain't it!" Her voice cracked under the outraged emphasis she put on it.

Her companion fled away without a word, and Miss Abigail sank into a chair

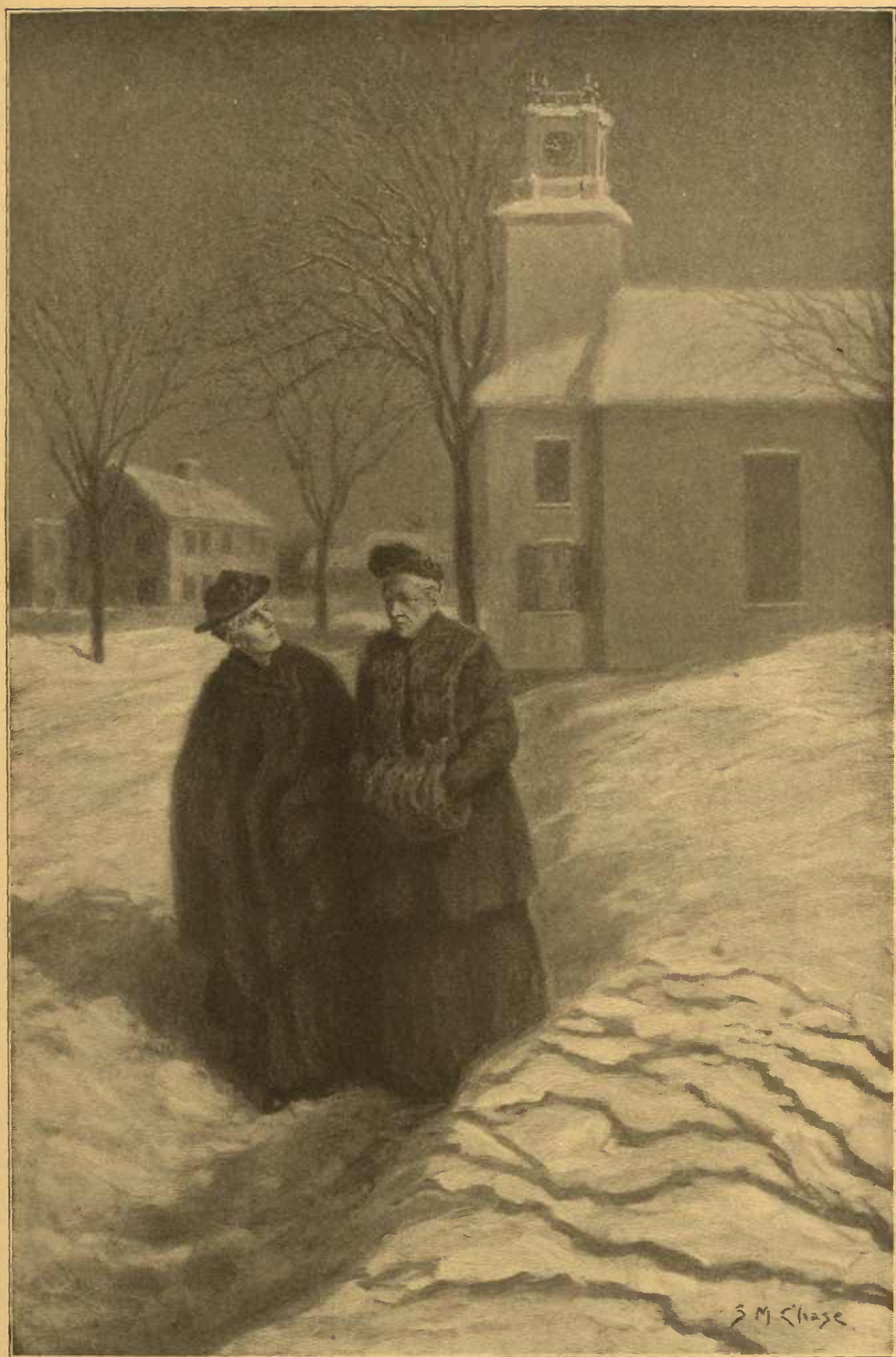
trembling. It came over her with a shock that her preoccupation had been so great that she had *forgotten* about her winter flowers.

The fortnight before Christmas was interminable to her. Every morning she broke a hobbling path through the snow to the post-office, where she waited with a haggard face for the postmaster's verdict of "nothing." The rest of the day she wandered desolately about her house, from one window to another, always staring, staring up at Pine Mountain.

She disposed of the problem of the Christmas service with the absent competence of a person engrossed in greater matters. Miss Molly had declared it impossible—there was no money for a minister, there was no congregation, there was no fuel for the furnace. Miss Abigail wrote so urgently to the Theological Seminary of the next State that they promised one of their seniors for the service; and she loaded a hand sled with wood from her own wood shed and, harnessing herself and Miss Molly to it, drew it with painful difficulty through the empty village street. There was not enough of this fuel to fill even once the great furnace in the cellar, so she decreed that the service should be in the vestibule where a stove stood. The last few days before Christmas she spent in sending out desperate appeals to remote families to come. But when the morning arrived, she and Miss Molly were the only ones there.

The young theologian appeared a little before the appointed time, brought in the motor car of a wealthy friend of his own age. They were trying to make a record winter trip, and were impatient at the delay occasioned by the service. When they saw that two shabby old women constituted the congregation, they laughed as they stood warming their hands by the stove and waiting for the hour. They ignored the two women, chatting lightly of their own affairs. It seemed that they were on their way to a winter house party to which the young clergyman-to-be was invited on account of his fine voice—an operetta by amateurs being one of the gayeties to which they looked forward.

Miss Abigail and Miss Molly were silent in their rusty black, Miss Molly's soft eyes red with restrained tears, Miss Abigail's face like a flint.



Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

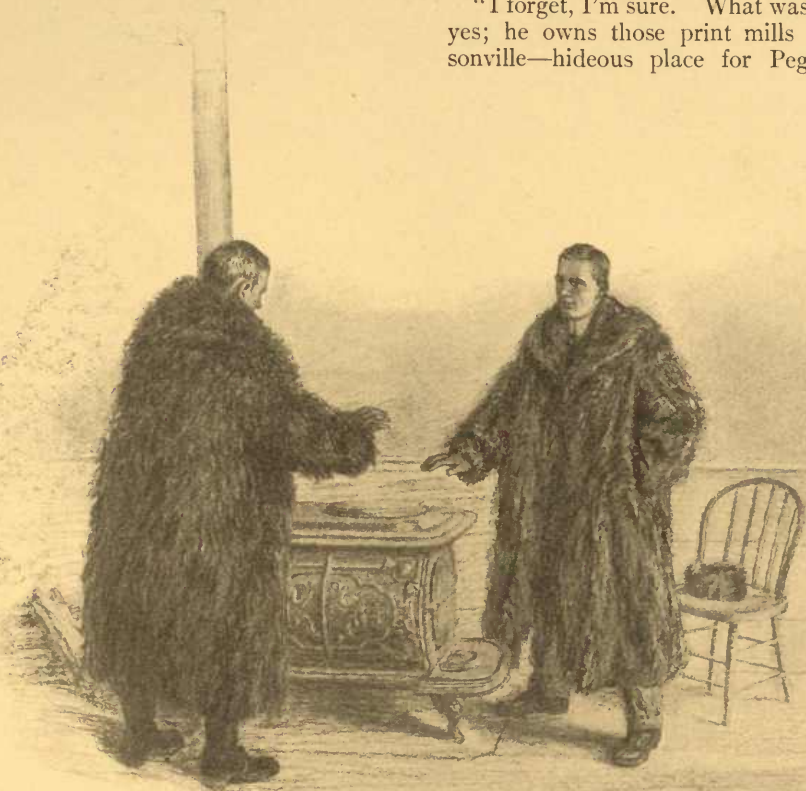
"Oh Miss Abigail," she said; "let's give it up!"—Page 576.

"A pretty place, this village is," said the motorist to the minister. "I have visited the Ellerys here. Really charming

sang so fearfully flat in—" He was off on a reminiscence over which both men laughed loudly.

Finally, "But what did you start to tell me about him?" asked the minister.

"I forget, I'm sure. What was it? Oh yes; he owns those print mills in John-sonville—hideous place for Peg to live,



*He isn't going to carry the power to John-

in summer-time—so utterly deserted and peaceful." He looked out of the window speculatively. "Rather odd we should be passing through it to-day. There's been a lot of talk about it in our family lately."

"How so?" asked the minister, beginning cautiously to unwind the wrapping from around his throat.

"Why my brother-in-law—Peg's husband—don't you remember, the one who

that town!—and of late he's been awfully put out by the failure of his water-power. There's not much fall there at the best, and when the river's low—and it's low most all the time nowadays—he doesn't get power enough, so he says, to run a churn! He's been wondering what he could do about it, when doesn't he get a tip from some old Rube up here that, above this village, there's a whopping water-power—

the Winthrop Branch. I know it—fished it lots of times. He didn't take any stock in it of course at first, but, just on the chance, he sent his engineer up here to look it over, and, by Jove, it's true. It'll furnish twice the power he's had in Johnsonville lately."

"Seems queer," said the minister a little

"He isn't going to carry the power to Johnsonville. He's going to bring his mill here. A lot of his operators come from around here and most of 'em have kept their old homes, so there won't be any trouble about keeping his help. Besides, it seems the old hayseed who wrote him about it, owned the land, and offered him

land, water-power, right of way—anything!—free, just to 'help the town' by getting the mill up here. That bespeaks the materialistic Yankee, doesn't it?—to want to spoil a quiet little Paradise like this village with a lot of greasy mill-hands."

The minister looked at his watch. "I think I'll begin the service now. There's no use waiting for a congregation to turn up." He felt in one pocket after the other with increasing irritation. "Pshaw! I've left my eyeglasses out in the car." The two disappeared, leaving the vestibule echoing and empty.

For a moment the two women did not speak.

Then Miss Molly cast herself upon her old friend's bosom. "They're coming back!" she cried. "Annie and her children!"

Miss Abigail stared over her head. "They are *all* coming back," she said, "and—we are ready for them. The library's ready—the school is ready—" she got up and opened the door into the great, cold, lofty church, "and—" They looked in silence at the empty pews.



sonville. He's going to bring his mill here."

skeptically, "that nobody's ever thought of it before."

"Well, I said that, but Pete says that his engineer tells him that there are lots of such unknown water-powers in the East. Nobody but farmers live near 'em, you see."

The minister was but mildly interested. "I thought the cost of transmitting power was so great it didn't pay for any water-force but Niagara."

"Next Christmas!" said Miss Molly.
"Next Christmas—"

The young minister bustled in, announcing as he came "We will open the service by singing hymn number forty-nine."

He sat down before the little old organ and struck a resonant chord.

"Oh come, all ye faithful!"

his full rich voice proclaimed, and then he stopped short, startled by a great cry from Miss Abigail. Looking over his shoulder,

he saw that the tears were streaming down her face. He smiled to himself at the sentimentality of old women and turned again to the organ, relieved that his performance of a favorite hymn was not to be marred by cracked trebles. He sang with much taste and expression.

"Oh come, all ye faithful!"

he chanted lustily,

"Joyful and triumphant!"



She opened the door into the great, cold, lofty church, "and—" They looked in silence at the empty pews.—Page 581.

FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS ETCHINGS

By Walter Shaw Sparrow

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. BRANGWYN'S ETCHINGS



EIGHT years have gone by since Brangwyn, in 1902, exhibited his earliest work as a painter-etcher. In this little span of time he has done nearly two hundred plates, and their success in many parts of Europe has been so great that I need not hesitate to give their author the rank to which he is now entitled. Not only is he the most original of all the younger etchers, but his finest prints are so varied and so adult in character that their authority is not weakened when they are put among the etched masterpieces in historic print-rooms.

This fact is already well known to foreign connoisseurs, and Brangwyn etchings are to be found to-day in many great public collections. There are some at Barcelona, Berlin, Bremen, Brussels, Budapesth, and Buenos Ayres; at Christiania, Dresden, Elberfeld, Frankfort, Gothenburg, Hamburg, and Lugano; at Malmö, Milan, Mühlhausen, Munich, Naples, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Vienna, and Zürich. To this list I could add several public galleries in Great Britain, though Brangwyn has never been a favorite among his own countrymen. His devotees in England are numerous, no doubt, but the great public does not try to understand him, and only a few critics show in their written opinions a manly spirit in keeping with his versatile and virile gifts.

From the first Brangwyn has been a fearless man in his ambitions, scornful of dilettante conventions, and fascinated by the great drama of events presented to his vision by nature and by human realities. This, of course, from the first, has been resented in England as a rebellion against the national liking for an art which is nothing more than a toy. Through every stage of his evolution he has been opposed with bitterness by critics who draw their opinions from old museums and who shiver and

complain when a rude gust of air comes to them from the outside welter of human strife. But it does not matter. Turner outlived his enemies, so did Furse, so did Alfred Stevens, so did Whistler; and Brangwyn also, thanks to his friends, who gain in number and in importance year by year, can afford to bide his time with patience.

It will be understood, I hope, that when I speak of the manliness of Frank Brangwyn, I am thinking not of the manliness of a soldier or of an athlete, but of the manliness of a man of genius, which is a very different thing, for genius has a double sex, its qualities being partly masculine and partly feminine, as Goethe and Coleridge observed long ago. But, often, especially in modern England, the female qualities of genius are more active and more assertive than the male attributes.

If you compare Brangwyn with George Mason, for example, you will soon grasp the significance of this criticism. George Mason won for himself a lasting reputation, and his art tries to bring us near to field life and to industrial labor; but his "Harvest Moon" and "Evening Hymn" are gracious idylls only, quite femininely sweet in their elaborated sentiment. The woman in his genius was active as a gentle philanthropist, while the man was timid and effete. Yet Mason belonged to a race of soldiers and athletes. Born in 1818, and dying in 1872, he inherited the traditions of Waterloo, lived through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, saw tragic and immense events of many kinds; and yet, somehow, he preferred the feminine attributes of art to the militant and masculine. It is the reverse of this that we encounter in Brangwyn, who hates easy sentiment, and scorns the kickshaws of idealism.

This said, we can pass on to a quiet review of his etched work, beginning with a general characteristic. The prints are unusually large, like those of Piranesi, and like many by Legros. To a strong man, there

is inspiration in big difficulties, and Brangwyn has never been quite at ease when working on small canvases and on little metal plates. His style needs abundant space in which to develop his chosen subjects. Invention is a thing that grows, and

Italian writers on art like to believe that Brangwyn owes much to Piranesi, and there is certainly a kinship of temperament between them. Also it is true that as many tributaries make a noble river, so many borrowings stir the imagination and enrich the

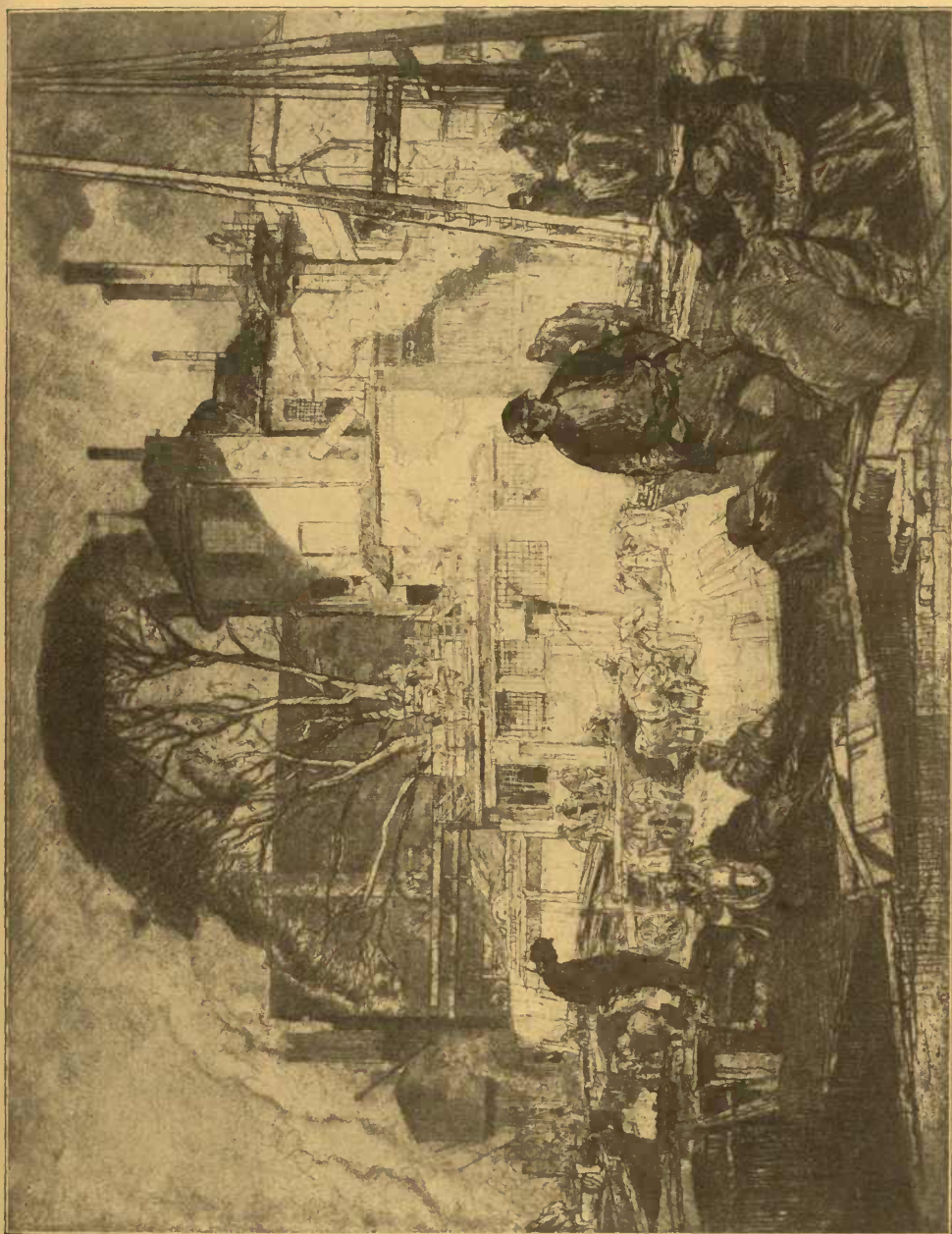


The Storm.

vigorous painters with quick emotions have ever been at their best when creating within ample boundaries. It is a necessity of their temperaments to be long-distance runners in art. But very few persons think of temperament when they look at works of imagination. "Whistler and Méryon believed in small etchings," we are told, for example. "Why does Brangwyn break away from that tradition and etch these huge prints?" This question has been asked a thousand times in English newspapers, while connoisseurs in France, in Germany, in Italy, have understood that the natural scale of Brangwyn's art would be a weakening affectation with other etchers. Whistler did well to use small plates because his genius was not in sympathy with larger ones, and it is from each man's best that we wish to glean our masterpieces.

style of a great artist. But I do not know to what extent Brangwyn is indebted to Piranesi, because the influences which have helped him are so fused in his style and welded together that they cannot be separated from his originality. Even the influence of Legros, which dates from Brangwyn's childhood, is not to be detected in any trick of hand or in any surface likeness of method. The very first etchings that Brangwyn noticed and loved were by Legros, and he remembers with gratitude the prints that moved him most of all, notably "La Mort du Vagabond," and "Men Felling Trees," and other subjects from peasant life and from wayfaring adventure.

He was a lad of about fourteen when these memorable dramas from the toil and suffering of the poor made Legros a guide whom Brangwyn did not know personally.



Old Hammersmith.

But at a much earlier age, when a child of eight living in old sleepy Bruges, Brangwyn had shown an instinctive liking for the art of Degroux, an art that presented, always with pathos and with manly character, the grim battleside of poverty and human ef-

often find what a prejudiced mind directs them to see; and since, as I have said, Brangwyn's originality absorbs and transforms the borrowed inspirations by which it is enriched, we must not pretend to know the extent of his indebtedness to predeces-



A Butcher's Shop.

fort. And so, when Legros came into his ken, to be followed by Millet and Meunier, Brangwyn was well prepared to understand the pioneership of his elders.

You will note that I use the word "understand," because Brangwyn has never played the sedulous ape to any artist. Influences have come to him as rain comes to thirsty corn-lands, stimulating, nourishing, but without altering the harvests which he had to grow. It is only in the inner essence and the life of his work that you see what he has assimilated from his modern forerunners, Degroux, Meunier, Millet, Legros. And even here you must be careful in your judgments, else you will imagine that you see things that don't really exist, like a recent critic in *The Times*, who assured his readers that Brangwyn was greatly indebted to Tiepolo. The eyes

sors. What has he gained from Millet? His reverence for this great master of peasant life has had some effect, but I cannot put a name to it by referring you to some definite trait in his methods.

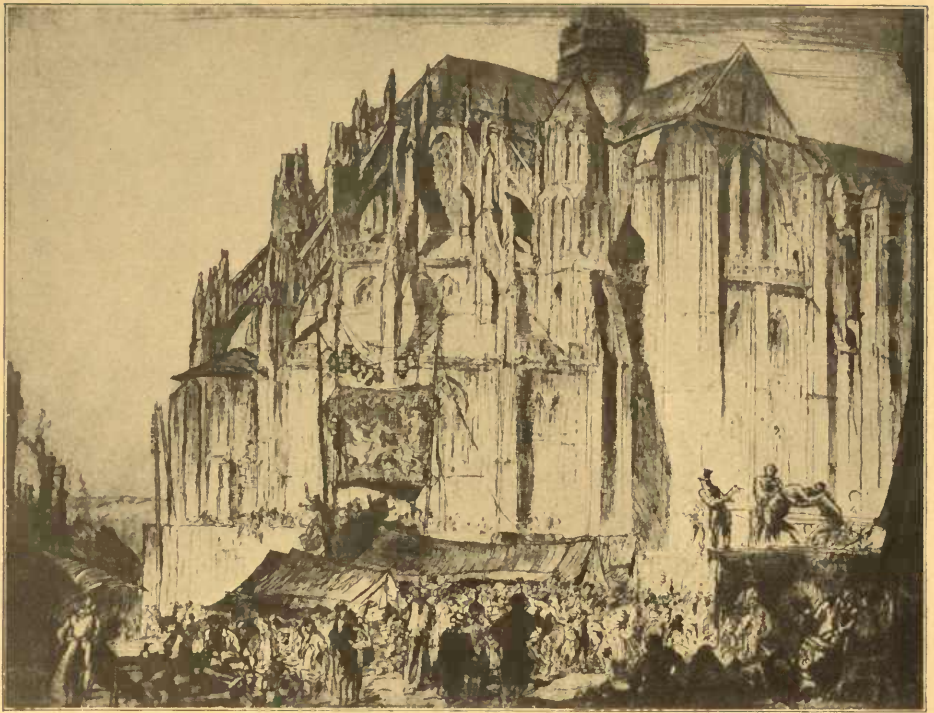
On the other hand, I see clearly what he did *not* assimilate from Millet. The Frenchman, in his outlook, was deeply self-conscious; and the care he took in finding words in which to express his emotions proved that the art of painting did not satisfy him all in all. Millet, by nature, was a man of letters as well as a painter. Words and their music were fascinations that charmed him even in childhood; and throughout his life he passed a great deal of time in dreaming over his ideas and impressions. Also, and this is important, his self-criticisms when at work were not feelings akin to those that we call instincts



The Return from Work.



Windmill at Dixmude.



The Cathedral Church of Eu.

among animals; they were verbal directions, clear-cut and definite, and ready to be spoken to a pupil like Wainwright or written to his friend Sensier. Now Brangwyn differs from Millet in all these points. Impulse governs him. His emotions are very strong, often vehement, and he loses himself entirely during his creative hours. Very seldom has he thought it worth his while to reply to his detractors or to waste his inventive energy on explanations of his own aims and convictions. He expresses himself in paint or in etching, and if you fail to understand them there he does not help you with a literary interpretation of his purpose. When he talks it is not about himself but about other artists, and he perceives good wherever he sees life and sincerity.

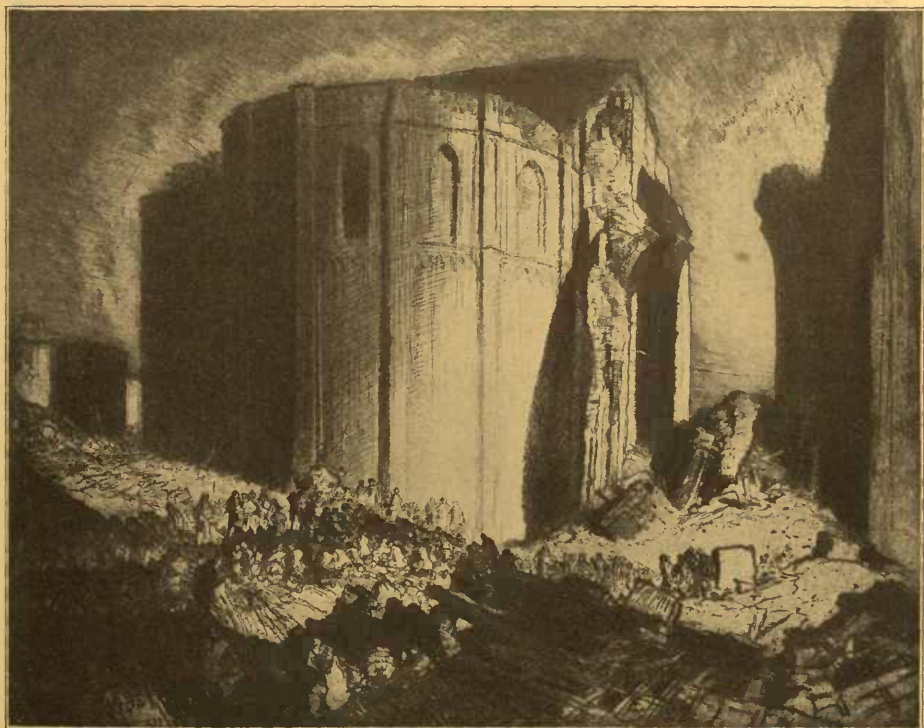
This being his nature, you will not find in a Brangwyn etching any parade of that old and acquired knowledge that gives a Grecian air to the peasants in the finest etched plates by Millet. Jean François was himself *plus* several others, and the others are often quite easy to recognize. The antique swayed his mind, so did Mantegna and Michael Angelo; and of these in-

fluences he was not only conscious, but conscious in that literary fashion that takes a pride in the making of sentences. He seldom knew the joy that Brangwyn feels when a subject possesses the mind entirely and the day's work is like a happy dream with a pleasant awakening.

It is my belief, then, that ingenuousness and a sort of rapt concentration hold a high place among the natural characteristics of Frank Brangwyn. And another natural trait is what I may call a dramatic vision; that is to say, his compositions have action of a dramatic kind. Enemies say that his effects are stage-managed, but this little sneer is aimed also at Victor Hugo, and at other great men who impart the significance of an ordered action and growth to the presentation of a chosen subject. Brangwyn's themes are taken from the great human drama and from the strife of nature; his poetry is a battle, now between trees and the winds, as in the lofty realism of "The Storm," now between men and the circumstances of their lot, as in "Old Hammer-smith," and "The Return from Work," and "Beggars."

The illustrations in this article show variously the truth of this analysis. There is not among them the slightest trace of virtuosity. And however humble the scene may be, as in "A Boat-Yard, Venice," or in "A Butcher's Shop," there is magic in the massed light and shade, and there is also a peculiar romance in the forthright treatment of common familiar things. Note the architectural short-hand in the sunny old houses of "A Boat-Yard, Venice," and see how the warm air stirs gently around the newly washed clothes hanging outside the shuttered windows. The dark foreground, splashed here and there with sunlight, and animated with men at work, is constructed with nervous vigor and ease, right accents distributed ably, and a firm and varied rhythm giving life to the linear composition. These qualities are seen again, with a higher distinction, in "Old Hammersmith," where the houses silhouetted against the smoke-laden sky have a rare charm, showing that humble factories in the sunlight may vie with cathedral architecture when a true artist looks up at them and sees them

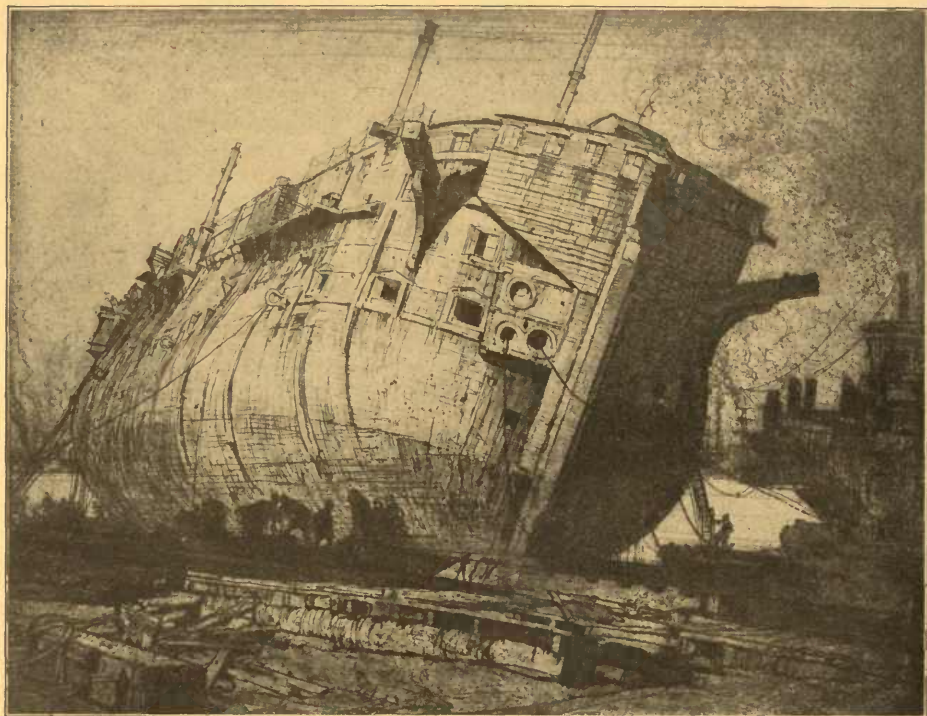
with imaginative sympathy. Then, as to the "Butcher's Shop," a subject found in Wormwood Scrubbs, London, I cannot improve the description which I have given of it in my book on Brangwyn. In this etching a low shed is flanked by two immense tree trunks upon which the sunlight plays, so that their age and decrepitude look spectral. One tree is leafless, while the other still keeps a mass of foliage that hangs over the timber shed. From trunk to trunk stretches a pole with two pigs' heads fastened to it as a trade sign. Under them, dressed in a smock, the butcher stands, in sunlight, looking toward his right with expectation; and behind him, dimly, from a chaos of transparent dark shadows flecked with sunny patches, several things emerge—a sheep's carcass hanging from the pole, and some human figures. What does he expect, that butcher? For whom does he wait? Is he to be met with on Wormwood Scrubbs? If Edgar Poe had seen this etching, could he have failed to write a story about its peculiar loneliness? As one looks, the sunlight turns into moonlight, and those



The Duomo—Ruined Messina.

huge old trees—contrasted with the little trivial foolish shed, and suggesting life in hundreds of years—become almost supernatural. One never knows precisely why a great artist chose a given subject; he was moved by something in its aspect, and his emotion did not awaken the brain-centre of speech, it found expression for itself in the pattern-work of light and shade and form. This we know; but I have an idea in my

lieved, from time to time, by humor and irony. He portrays the difference between the real down-at-heel and the professional scamp and loafer. Any man who cannot work because he is disabled by disease or by long privation is taken into the hospital of Brangwyn's sympathetic regard; but when a man does the work that he is fit to do, Brangwyn wastes no pity on inevitable hardships. For every form of toil is a form



Breaking up the *Hannibal*.

mind that this etching belongs to the superstition that Welshmen, from time immemorial, have nursed in their rugged hills and valleys. For Brangwyn, remember, is not a pure Anglo-Saxon, his mother being a descendant of those dark and short Iberians whose lineage is probably as ancient as the Neolithic inhabitants of Britain.

There is no need for me to linger here over the deep and austere affection that Brangwyn has always shown toward industrial labor and toward the outcasts of society. Mendicants appeal to him strongly, and his realization of their dragged wretchedness has a wide diversity of character, re-

of war, and we must accept without repining the perils or the risks that belong to its daily duties. Millet pitied farm laborers and Meunier gave much commiseration to colliers. Brangwyn does not. The world needs their labor, and if a few of them lose their lives in an occasional disaster, so do foot-ball players and gallant airmen. Pleasures as well as pains have thus their battle-tolls of killed, or wounded, or maimed. And since the ideal we call Peace has never existed either in nature or in human civilizations, Brangwyn faces the hazards of life as a sportsman encounters the dangers of games, expecting fortitude and pluck from



Beggars.



The Boat-Yard, Venice.



The Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

everybody, because these qualities alone have an abiding hope when hope is most necessary.

This attitude toward the relentless competition between men and between nations gives to the industrial phases of Brangwyn's art a rugged cheerfulness very much at odds with the many discontents which our modern democracy tries to establish as ideals of progress. But there is one point, and that a very important point, where Brangwyn's manly optimism drifts away at times from its downright faith in the value of work and

of uncomplaining courage. He is tremendously impressed by the gigantic machines by which men are now dwarfed and enslaved. There is nobility in all handicraft, but when a man is nothing more than a menial servant to a machine, what measure of self-respect can he retain? The machine is the skilled laborer while its human attendant is little more than a mere automatic drudge. Man is becoming a new Gulliver in a new Brobdingnag, a vast civilization of Titanic mechanisms. And Brangwyn is the first artist of genius who has

called up this fact into pictorial presence. One distinguished critic, M. Henri Marcel, is inclined to find gentle fault with him on this account, saying that while lifeless things, like machines, receive from his needle the most striking color and character, the human figures depicted often lack what is necessary to represent the power of their effort—intensity of accent, expressive synthesis. But art is a commentary on life, and Brangwyn has obtained very impressive poetry by showing the absence of a common scale between man and the immense beauty and strength of modern machinery. Here, for instance, is a great old battle-ship, the *Hannibal*, lying stranded, while workmen—mere pygmies in comparison with her bulk—break up the frame of her body, which has passed through a thousand storms unharmed.

For the rest, this article is a brief study, for the illustrations are so numerous and so excellent that they do not need a long introduction. But I wish to say just a few words on another attribute of the artist's style. It is a just feeling for weight in solid things. We cannot say with truth of

Brangwyn's works that the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. On the contrary, he represents a great variety of substance in the component parts of his etchings. His trees are much heavier than the sky behind them, but they are not weighty like his buildings and his ships. And note the skill with which he suggests the wear and tear of old age in beautiful stone-work, like that in "The Bridge of Sighs," to which the Emperor of Austria granted a gold medal of honor in 1910. From the days when the French Impressionists began their crusade against old customs, and traditions, we have listened to a great deal of talk about values in color, while only an artist here and there, like Brangwyn, has shown a discriminating regard for values of lightness in delicate things and of weight in solidity. This you will be able to study in the etchings, where, amid strong contrasts of light and shade, we find that black and white, nobly orchestrated, are really what Tintoretto pronounced them to be—the most beautiful of all colors.

THE CONVALESCENT

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

FROM where I sit and watch, she looks
So feather-light upon her bed.

Her breast so delicate and small,
It scarcely seems to rise and fall
Beneath the lightly woven shawl.

Yet they have brought her back to life,
Almost they brought her from the dead.

Her fingers, slim and fluttering,
Pluck softly at the covering,
Pluck at my heart past uttering.

From where I sit and watch, she looks
So little, gentle, so betrayed.

Will she call out for that wee thing
That slipped into the enshadowing,
That could not stay for mothering?

LEADERSHIP IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

By George B. McClellan



THE government of the United States is predicated upon the theory that the majority shall rule. This does not mean that the minority shall be reduced to serfdom, that it shall be exploited materially and politically for the profit of the majority, but that the majority shall be charged with the powers of government and with all the duties and responsibilities that such powers may imply. When the framers of the Constitution provided that the Electoral College by a majority vote should elect the President, and that a majority of each House of Congress should constitute a quorum to do business, they not only intended to prevent government by less than a majority, but to give to the majority full power for the administration of public affairs; an administration consistent of course with our racial ideas of justice and fair-play; consistent with the preservation intact of the so-called rights of the minority, carefully enumerated in the Constitution.

The vehicle by means of which the majority expresses its will and by means of which the minority defends its rights, is party. Whatever may be the weaknesses and shortcomings of party government, it is the only method yet devised by human intelligence for the successful administration of a democracy. Where party lines are loosely drawn the tendency is in the direction of the group system, when government can only be carried on by a combination of two or more groups "en bloc," as in France, to the great loss of efficiency. With us third party movements have thus far been ephemeral, the people, almost all of them, arranging themselves in one or other of two great parties.

The business of the party in power is to govern, that of the party out of power to act as a check upon the government by discussion, by criticism, and by opposition.

In the House of Representatives the majority is charged with the responsibility of

legislation, and is answerable to the people for the faithful performance of its duty, biennially and directly through the election of its members, and quadrennially and indirectly through the election of the President of the United States.

In discussing the House of Representatives it must never be lost sight of that its management is in the hands of the majority, and that in the eyes of the House and in the eyes of the country the majority is held responsible, not only for carrying out the party programme, but also for the despatch of the ordinary public business, essential to the smooth working of the national government.

In countries where respect for the law is slight and orderly debate unknown, popular government exists, if at all, almost by a miracle. We English-speaking peoples have evolved, as a part of our racial development, a firm adherence to a certain procedure which, while designed to facilitate debate and protect the minority in the exercise of its rights, permits of the transaction of legislative business by the party charged with the responsibility of government. We in this country have inherited our system of parliamentary procedure from the House of Commons, the mother of parliaments, and have developed and adapted it to meet our requirements. It is an excellent example of our racial genius for self-government that we are willing to submit ourselves to the rules of parliamentary law. What in a Latin country might drive the minority into privy conspiracy and rebellion, with us has no other result than to fill the *Congressional Record* with many impassioned speeches directed against King Caucus, the Czar in the Chair, or whatever or whoever, under the practice of the day, is clothed with the power of the majority.

Speaker Reed's suggestion that "the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God"

has been even better expressed by Speaker Cannon who said that "Since the days of Jeremiah the lamentations of a minority have touched the hearts of the people more than the hosannas of the majority." Yet despite this fact, whenever the balance of power has shifted and the minority of yesterday has become the majority of to-day, that majority has enforced its will not only quite as arbitrarily, but often by the same means as did its predecessor.

The House of Representatives consists of 391 members besides the territorial delegates and resident commissioners from the Philippines and Porto Rico who by courtesy are given voices but not votes. These 391 members introduced during the Sixtieth Congress 29,394 bills and resolutions. This in addition to the 10,111 bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate, many of which found their way to the House. It is obvious that if even a very small part of this enormous amount of possible business is to be considered by the House, some means must be provided for the separation of the grain from the chaff. This has been accomplished in a way peculiar to our Congress, by means of the standing committees. Of these there are 62, varying in membership from 3 to 20, and furnishing a total of 817 committee places. Every member of the House except the Speaker is a member of one or more committees, while each committee is charged with one or more subjects of legislation.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives is not only the presiding officer of the House but he is the official head of his party. He has been described as "the mouth-piece of the majority, the responsible agent of party government." While his election is for the life of a Congress, it has always been assumed that a motion to declare the Speakership vacant would be in order at any time, and Mr. Cannon has so ruled and entertained such a motion during the last Congress. In other words, the Speaker holds only at the pleasure of the majority, who may by resolution depose him "at any hour on any day."

The management of the majority, and therefore of the House, is not, as often erroneously stated, in the hands of the chairmen of the leading committees, but in those of a little group of men who may or may not be all committee chairmen, and

who have found their way to the top by a process of natural selection. This group derives its authority from the expressed or unexpressed support of the party caucus, which speaks officially through the Committee on Rules. Of the House oligarchy the Speaker is of course a member and the most important of all, not necessarily because of his office, but because the Speakership has usually been given to the strongest member of the majority. The Speaker never takes any important political action except after consultation with this unofficial cabinet.

The outcry against the oppression of the Speaker is no new thing. It has endured almost as long as the Speakership itself.

Speaker Cannon once said: "Yes, I know I am a Czar in Democratic platforms and in some of the moral-uplift magazines, but only just so long as I have a majority behind me who like a Czar. There has been much said about Tom Reed and his rules, and he was the first Czar. Tom Reed led, but he would have stood naked before the minority if he hadn't been clothed with a majority. That is what makes a Czar in this House, a majority, and it makes no difference whether it is on the Republican or Democratic side."

The power of the Speaker is primarily based upon the fact that he is the political leader of his party, chosen by his party and holding office only during his party's pleasure. Upon this foundation has been erected a superstructure of rules, customs, and precedents, all designed for the one and only purpose of enabling the majority to have its will.

The Speaker never has been at any time an impartial presiding officer. The debates of the Constitutional Convention contain no discussion whatever upon the clause giving the House of Representatives power to elect its Speaker. The only debate in which the word Speaker occurs was upon a section offered but not agreed to, for the establishment of a Council of State "to consist of the President, the President of the Senate, the Speaker, the Chief Justice, and the heads of departments." There is nothing to show that the inventors of this council intended the Speaker to be other than a political official.

Miss Follett calls attention to the fact that few of the members of the constitu-

tional convention had ever been in England, and there is no ground for the assumption that their model was the Speaker of the House of Commons. On the contrary, it is a fair statement that they expected the Speaker of the House of Representatives to be a political leader. It may be assumed that the Speaker would be the kind of Speaker with which they were familiar. Nor was this by any means an impartial presiding officer. "They knew a presiding officer of the Continental Congress who was both a political leader and the official head of the State with important administrative functions. They knew a president of the Constitutional Convention who to his power as chairman added all the influence to be expected of one acknowledged as the foremost man of the nation." And lastly, "they knew the Speaker of the Colonial Assemblies who was at the same time a political leader."—"The Speaker" by M. P. Follett.)

As early as in the Third Congress partisanship had begun to develop, while in the Fourth Congress the line of cleavage between Federalists and Democrats was clearly marked.

It was not, however, until 1811 that Henry Clay upon his election began the development of the force of the Speakership. During his extraordinarily long service of six terms Clay accomplished three main objects: "he increased the Speaker's parliamentary power; he strengthened his personal influence; and he established beyond cavil his position as a legislative leader." No man who preceded him, no man who has followed him, was or has been more partisan, more arbitrary, more of a Czar than Henry Clay. He ruled the House not so much by the brute force of the rules as by the force of his personality, and made it possible that the Speaker should possess the power which he now wields.

Since the time of Clay three important modifications have occurred in the method of applying the Speaker's power, modifications which, while all tending toward the expedition of business, have all been hailed as evidences of oppression. In their chronological order they are: 1st, Speaker Carlisle's exploitation of the right of recognition; 2d, Speaker Reed's counting of a quorum, and 3d, Speaker Crisp's exaltation of the Committee on Rules. It will be

observed that two of the principal grievances of the Democrats of to-day are inventions of Democratic Speakers.

Up to the Speakership of Mr. Carlisle the constant increase in the Speaker's power was due to the personal force of the individual in the chair, rather than to any change in the method of making that force felt. Mr. Colfax and Mr. Blaine, like Mr. Winthrop twenty years earlier, made the influence of the Speakership felt as that of the second office in the government because they were able to apply a profound knowledge of parliamentary law with a tact that glossed their partisanship and masked their arbitrariness. Mr. Carlisle, who was an intense partisan, conceived it to be his function to force through the House the party programme, without much regard to either the rights of the minority or the forms of law. A well-disciplined majority, ready to come to heel when he whistled, was essential for his purpose.

Speaker Randall in 1881 was the first to deny the right of appeal on the question of recognition, holding that the Chair had the final decision as to who should have the floor. This ruling Mr. Carlisle extended and amplified in its scope. He openly and as a matter of course declined to recognize a member for any purpose unless that member had first called upon him in the Speaker's room and obtained his permission to address the Chair.

The second great change in the expression of the Speaker's power was due to Mr. Reed, one of the ablest parliamentarians who has ever occupied the Chair and one of the greatest men our country has produced.

During Mr. Carlisle's last term as Speaker in the Fiftieth Congress, despite his arbitrary use of the power of recognition and of the other powers of his office, a minority, sometimes large, more often extremely small, by a misuse of the rules, brought public business almost to a standstill.

It had always been the practice in the House to require a quorum to vote on every proposition, and this practice presented one of the most effective and at the same time one of the easiest means of blocking public business, for, as Mr. Reed put it, "men by simply sitting still could produce more effect on the legislation of the country than by any amount of effort."

Both parties were responsible for the reduction of legislative obstruction to a fine art. Speakers Colfax, Blaine, and Carlisle had considered and rejected the suggestion of ruling that if a quorum is present, even though it does not vote, it nevertheless by its silence consents to the passage of the bill.

"Speaker Reed took the Chair on December 2, 1889, with the determination that neither unnecessary delays in formal proceedings, individual claims, nor the obstruction of an organized minority should prevent a majority of the House from transacting business." "His two important parliamentary decisions were: first, that a vote is valid if a quorum be actually present, though the quorum may not vote; and secondly, that motions obviously and purely dilatory, designed only to block the doing of business, need not be entertained."—(Follett.)

For his first decision he had the precedent of the British House of Commons where the rule has been practically always in force, and in this country the decisions of Speaker John E. Sanford in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1874, of Lieutenant-Governor David B. Hill in the Senate of New York in 1883, and of the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Tennessee in 1885; in other words, of two Democratic and one Republican presiding officers.

For his refusal to entertain dilatory motions he was supported not only by the precedent of the House of Commons, but also by the rulings of Speakers Colfax, Blaine, Randall, and Kiefer. Both of these rulings were incorporated in the rules, and the quorum counting decision was subsequently sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The so-called Reed Rules were merely the rules as they had been developed gradually from the beginning, finally revised under Speaker Randall in 1880, with four modifications: 1, the prevention of dilatory motions; 2, the counting of a quorum; 3, making one hundred the quorum in Committee of the Whole, and 4, revising the daily order of business.

The Democratic outcry against "Czar Reed and his rules" was directed chiefly against the prevention of dilatory motions and the counting of a quorum. The Dem-

ocratic party being in the minority and being human, sought to pose before the country as the victims of oppression and ill usage.

As Mr. Crisp had been one of the loudest in denouncing the "tyranny" of the Reed rules, he was obliged on taking the Chair, if he wished to preserve even the semblance of consistency, to find some other method of asserting his power. Accordingly the rule that no dilatory motion should be entertained was omitted, but Mr. Crisp in conferring upon the Committee on Rules the power to prevent obstruction, endorsed the course followed by his predecessor.

While the Fifty-second Congress had no quorum rule, the Fifty-third Congress, because of Republican obstruction, was obliged to provide that before every roll-call the Speaker should appoint two members, "one from each of the pending question, who should take their places at the Clerk's desk and note those members present not responding to their names in order to make a quorum."

In other words Speaker Crisp indirectly endorsed Speaker Reed's most criticised decision. Both parties are therefore on record in their rules as favoring the counting of a quorum, and being opposed to the use of dilatory motions.

When the Fifty-fourth Congress met, the House having again elected Mr. Reed Speaker, readopted the rules which bear his name. These rules have been in force ever since, modified during the last two years by the addition of clauses creating Calendar Wednesday and the Unanimous Consent Calendar, both changes designed to facilitate the consideration of bills in which individual members are interested.

If Democratic platform utterances on the subject of the House rules mean anything they mean that the Democratic party not only denounces the last eight Republican Congresses, but includes in its denunciations the last two Democratic Congresses as well.

There is, however, a widely diffused sentiment that Speaker Cannon has so misused his powers that he has governed the House in defiance of the majority, in that he has prevented the majority from enacting legislation which it has desired. The charge is not that Mr. Cannon has forced the House to do what it has not wanted to

do, but that he has prevented it doing its will. In other words, the charge against Mr. Cannon is that he has curtailed the activity of the House and silenced its members, despite the fact that the last Congress enacted some seven thousand bills and the members of the House filled some fifteen thousand pages of the *Record* with debate.

Speaker Cannon has been charged with two principal offences; first, with refusing to recognize members for Unanimous Consent, so that they might pass their bills, and second, with misusing the Committee on Rules by constantly bringing in reports, intended to thwart the wishes of the majority.

Although nearly five thousand private bills were passed during the Sixtieth Congress, many of them under recognition by unanimous consent, the first charge continued until the invention of the Unanimous Consent Calendar and the creation of Calendar Wednesday took from the Speaker his power of recognizing for unanimous consent. There then remained only one against Cannonism—the misuse of the Committee on Rules.

The Committee on Rules is the creature of the majority. It merely recommends to the House, its recommendations to be effective requiring confirmation by a majority, for its orders are only an indirect method of applying the caucus rule.

During the first session of the Sixtieth Congress the Committee on Rules made thirteen reports, of which five were in reference to investigations by committees or commissions, one was to admit the Philippine commissioners to the floor, six were in reference to parliamentary procedure, and one was for the consideration of a bill for the codification of the penal laws. During the second session the committee reported five times only; twice in reference to the salary of Secretary of State so as to make Mr. Knox eligible to the office, and once each in reference to the Brownsville soldiers, Calendar Wednesday, and the suspension of the rules by a majority vote, during the last six days of the session.

Despite the fact that the Committee on Rules reported only eighteen times during the entire life of the Sixtieth Congress, the sentiment continued that it was the active engine of the Speaker's oppression and ought to be abolished. Accordingly a majority, composed of the Democrats and a

score or more of so-called insurgents or Republicans who for one reason or another had bolted the Republican caucus, took from the Speaker his power to appoint the Committee on Rules, excluded him from membership on that committee, and lodged its appointment in the House itself, the committee consisting of ten members, six from the majority and four from the minority, chosen by the respective caucuses.

Immediately after the creation of the new committee the members of the coalition that had brought about the victory, proudly announced that Cannonism had been killed past hope of resurrection. Yet as soon as the congressional campaign had begun Cannonism was once more brought forward as an issue.

Whether Cannonism is dead or not, it is perfectly safe to assume that as long as our country retains its freedom any bill that a majority of the members wishes to pass will be passed, and that it will receive just as much or as little consideration, and will be debated for just as long or as short a time as the majority may wish. The majority always has had its will and always will have its will. No man nor set of men, no Speaker nor Committee on Rules has ever succeeded in thwarting it.

As able and as resourceful a man as Speaker Reed, for a moment stood in its way and was swept aside, while the majority marched triumphantly to its goal. Mr. Reed, with all the sincerity and earnestness of his great nature, believed that the then new doctrine of Imperialism meant the ruin of our institutions and the end of our liberties. He fought the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands as the first step toward destruction. He labored unceasingly, he opposed, he struggled, he pleaded, and yet he scarcely delayed the will of the majority a day. Hawaii was annexed despite his efforts, and at the end of the Congress the one time so-called Czar, disheartened and dispirited, retired into private life. Mr. Reed was just as strong and as able and far greater in defeat than at the summit of his glory, but he had ceased to be a possible servant of the majority, and so the majority turned from him to a much smaller man who, because he was in sympathy with his party, was ready to obey its will.

So far as Cannonism means the personal influence of Mr. Cannon as Speaker, it has

probably passed forever. Mr. Cannon is nearly seventy-five years of age, it is improbable that he will ever again occupy the Chair, and gallant fearless old fighter that he is, his fighting days must be nearly over. Yet he has left his mark upon the Speakership and his impress upon the House, and neither his enemies nor his calumniators can detract from what he has accomplished. He will leave behind him the record of an honest and a brave man who, believing in party government and charged with great power, used that power to work his party's will, who strove unceasingly with resource and ability and courage to do what he deemed to be his duty.

But if Cannonism means the power of the Speakership, it is a very rash man who will say that it has gone.

It is perfectly possible that the House may shift its leadership from the Chair to the floor, by depriving the Speaker of the political powers now connected with the office. If the House shall so decree, the impartial presiding officer, so much desired by many, may come to life, but the powers once centred in the Chair will naturally focus in the floor leader. Were the House to be led from the floor the same outcry that is made to-day against the Speaker would be raised against the tyrant at the head of rules or whatever chairmanship might carry the leadership, and were the leadership to be in commission, the steering committee would be abused with equal fervor. Those who object to any leadership whatever, and they are many, would only be satisfied

under a condition of legislative lawlessness horrible of contemplation and impossible of realization.

The power of the Speakership has weathered so many storms in the past that it will doubtless survive that which now threatens it. Almost every extension of the Speaker's influence that has taken place has been greeted with loud cries by the minority. Judging the future by the past, it is altogether probable that the next Speaker, deprived of his control of the Committee on Rules and his right of making appointments to the other committees, will nevertheless find some new way of increasing his power and making that power felt. But whether he does or not, whether he continues to lead the House or whether the leadership is transferred to the floor, one thing is certain, and that is that the majority will continue to govern and will continue to express its will through its chosen mouthpiece, be he Speaker, or be he floor leader.

The rule of the House is the rule of the majority. Its procedure, its rules, its customs, all have that one end in view. One party may come, and another may go, Speakers may preside feebly or with a hand of iron, minorities may grow strong and violent, denouncing King Caucus to-day, the Committee on Rules to-morrow, and the Speaker the day after, but as long as our institutions remain as they are, as long as we remain a self-governing Democratic Republic, the majority will continue to govern, and no thoughtful or patriotic American would have it otherwise.



THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S

By Elizabeth Moorhead

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON



LUCY BIRCHFIELD took her stand before the massive chimney-piece with a determined air of possession. As the new mistress of the house entered she turned sharply, not caring to conceal the assertive spark in her eye. Electa let fall the out-stretched hand that offered a timid hospitality.

"Please be seated," she said. "You must be tired. It's a long trip out from town."

"A trip I'm used to, thank you!" Lucy replied, the glow of ownership deepening as she settled herself in a chair which was not the one Electa had softly pushed forward. "You seem to forget that my people lived at Thorndale long before you ever saw or heard of it."

"Oh, I understand how dear the old place must be to you, and I do hope you will always feel——"

"Dear to me! Why, it's *home*! My father was born here, and my grandfather left it to Aunt Rachel because she loved it and had always lived here. How could she let it go out of the family? How could she?" Lucy's voice shook as she threw a loyal glance around the dim wainscoted room lined with books collected by generations of Thornburys.

Electa paused. She wanted to be patient with this irritated soul who knew nothing of the peace that made the present atmosphere of the old house.

"It *is* hard," she said at last. "But there's a larger view. We don't feel as you do about property. In our work there's no mine and thine."

"That's easy, after you've got it all! I'd like to know how long this 'work,' as you call it, would go on, or what you'd be doing with yourself, if it weren't for Thornbury money!"

"I'm not helpless," flashed the girl, with sudden spirit, her calm beauty kindling in so unexpected a way that Mrs. Birchfield

felt her self-erected pedestal tremble beneath her.

"Surely you know," Electa went on, "that I'll never use the money for personal ends. I will use it as she used it. I mean to carry out all her wishes. I am bound by the most sacred obligation—her trust in me."

"Her trust in you! It's incredible—putting a fortune into your hands like that, away from her natural heirs forever!"

"Why not? The house where she carried on a great work——"

"Pauperizing a set of lazy men and women who ought to be out in the world making a living!"

Electa's faith in her work made her careless of the sneer, but she longed to justify the dear old friend who had trusted her. "You know," she said, "how strongly Miss Thornbury felt about the right and wrong use of money."

"Oh, I suppose she told you that my husband was a gambler," the other interrupted hardily, "because he took risks and lost money on the Stock Exchange! Well, it's true. But that was only her point of view. I don't blame him—not a bit."

"She thought that he should have been content. You had enough——"

"What did she know about enough, or you either? Does one ever have enough when there are five children? Oh, it's too much; I can't bear it!" Lucy sprang up, passionately striking her little hands together. "You shut yourselves away from the world, you see nothing as it really is, and then you attempt to judge the rest of us; to decide what we need or don't need. I'm not afraid to tell you what I believe! I believe a family is the best thing on God's earth, and family claims come first, every time. I want my children to take the place my father and grandfather had before them, I want them to be well-educated, well-dressed, well-established, to live with their own sort, to be proper figures in the world they belong to. That's their birthright, and

you've robbed them of it; you've schemed to get it away from them. It takes money, and lots of it too, to keep one's place in the world; there's no use pretending anything different. *I'm* not a hypocrite; I say what I think. I want my children to have

"They may be small, they may be worthless—the things I want. But, such as they are, *I mean to get them!*"

Six months later the case of Birchfield versus Cragin was under way.



"Don't worry, mother; it'll come out all right sure," he said, as he threw his arm about her shoulders.—Page 606.

their place. That's my duty, and it's my religion too!"

Electa had risen and stood looking down at the little hard, hot face and trembling hands. How could she feel anything but love and pity for this blind, striving soul? Her arms went out in a movement of tenderness.

"Oh, my dear, how unhappy you must be! Don't you see how small they are, how worthless, these things that you are living for, that you want for your children?"

Lucy drew back, ignoring the reaching hands. Perhaps beneath the tenderness she felt a touch of that unconscious spiritual arrogance that can see no way but its own. She faced Electa with an unflinching eye.

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"Single women aren't fit to handle property," declared Mr. Sheldon, of the law firm of Sheldon and Hollister, as he and his young partner went up the courthouse steps together. "They're the natural prey of the fakir, and the better they are the quicker they get fooled. Women seem to lose all their common-sense unless they are tied down by a husband and babies of their own. Now this Miss Rachel Thornbury, she was the salt of the earth——"

"Oh, it's a perfectly clear case," John Hollister assented; "the sort of thing that happens all the time. But I confess I'm puzzled by the other woman, this Miss Cragin. I can't quite make her out. A fanatic, of course——"

"Fanatic fiddlesticks! An adventuress—after the money from the start. Don't be fooled by her Fra Angelico face and skimpy dress."

"Not an adventuress," said Hollister. "I can't believe that."

"Well, wait till we get her on the stand. We'll find out what she's made of when you begin to cross-examine her, my boy. Don't be afraid of pricking her heart. She hasn't any. A heart means fire, and if it's there a flicker will get up to the face occasionally. These cold people who sit on the snow-bank side of life—they are the schemers, John, who get away with the goods. But we'll pull up this one all right."

It was the second day of the trial. After calling as witnesses the family physician, and a few relatives and friends who had been frequent visitors at Thorndale, the plaintiff had rested her case. She had alleged that Electa Cragin, a beneficiary and dependent of Miss Thornbury, had taken advantage of her situation by exercising undue influence upon the testatrix at a time when she was not of sound and disposing mind by reason of advanced age and failing health, thereby inducing her to destroy an earlier will in favor of her niece and heir-at-law, Lucy Birchfield, and to devise and bequeath her entire estate to the said Electa Cragin.

Mrs. Birchfield's witnesses had produced a marked effect by their distinction and straightforward testimony. Electa had listened with a failing heart, cut by every word—for it was all true, yet true in a way that made the words themselves seem false. True that she had never left Miss Thornbury alone, even with the physician. How should she leave one who was so touchingly dependent upon her, who clung to her even more wistfully when others were present? And true that she had assumed control at Thorndale as the work dropped from her friend's weakened hands. She had thrown herself wholly into the cause of her benefactress, sure of her own motive, oblivious to possible imputations. And now! It was an outrage that these worldly, goods-burdened people should think her bent on personal gain—she who, with all the Thornbury estate in her name, felt no sense of possession. She had gone from court in dismay. Could she ever explain? Could she make them see?

"No," she told herself. "My own words will be used against me. They can not understand."

So on this second day she walked into court as to an ordeal of which she alone guessed. Lucy Birchfield—very trig in a black cloth suit, calculated to delight the eye of the most exacting tailor, and touched with youth and prettiness by the unailing cosmetic, excitement—dropped her eyes as Electa took her place at the other side of the counsel table. The two women had not met since their interview six months before.

Visitors were gathering expectantly, and Electa, with a chill of apprehension, suddenly realized that it was she whom their curious eyes were seeking. But she gave no sign of disquiet, and when her name was called moved forward to the witness stand with the usual modest composure that made part of her quaint charm. The nun-like brown dress which she wore failed to obscure the youth of her figure, and the little round hat which rested on the coils of her copper-gleaming hair seemed innocently to disavow its own primness.

"It is very effective to be different," Mrs. Birchfield cynically whispered to Hollister; then flushed with annoyance at the warmth of his assent.

But calm as Electa appeared, she found it hard to breathe in this atmosphere of antagonism and resentment. Yet she had never once doubted her right to fight for her inheritance. All her life she had flamed with a longing to help and save, and she accepted the fortune as a mysterious fulfilment. She had the martyr's ardent moments when she felt herself chosen to uphold the life of faith before a mocking world, to fling the divine challenge to the forces of evil, and her eager imagination transformed even her attorney to an appointed instrument in this high warfare,—though to the uninitiated he would seem but imperfectly adapted to spiritual ends. This ramble-jointed personage now walked back and forth in front of his client as he questioned her, his hands in his pockets, his manner a mingling of jocularity and assurance.

But he soon proved his adroitness. Quickly and easily he drew forth Electa's story. The girl told how, some six years earlier, she had given up teaching in a public school that she might devote herself to evangelistic work. She had always meant

to be a missionary. Her very name, bestowed upon her by a Scotch father who had brought the deep religion of his rugged hills to a Pennsylvania farm, had set her apart for a life of service. She spoke very

aware of the court-room and of the favorable impression made by her testimony. Once she began an eager explanation in reply to a question concerning the nature of her teaching when a sudden "I object"



"Oh, don't you know that I'm in the right? Please say you believe in me!"—Page 606.

simply; one could see that she was too inexperienced to realize what her own courage had been in throwing aside a bread-winning occupation for the sake of a conviction and facing the world with faith as her only asset. She told of her meeting with Miss Thornbury, who had immediately urged her to help in the establishment of a mission at Thorndale. At first she had hesitated. "I had to wait for a leading," she said, and on her lips the worn phrase had no flavor of cant. Pollock, the lawyer, dexterously showed her throughout as the trusted adviser of her old friend, careful never to abuse this confidence, never to take the initiative. Intent only upon the truth of her answers, she was scarcely

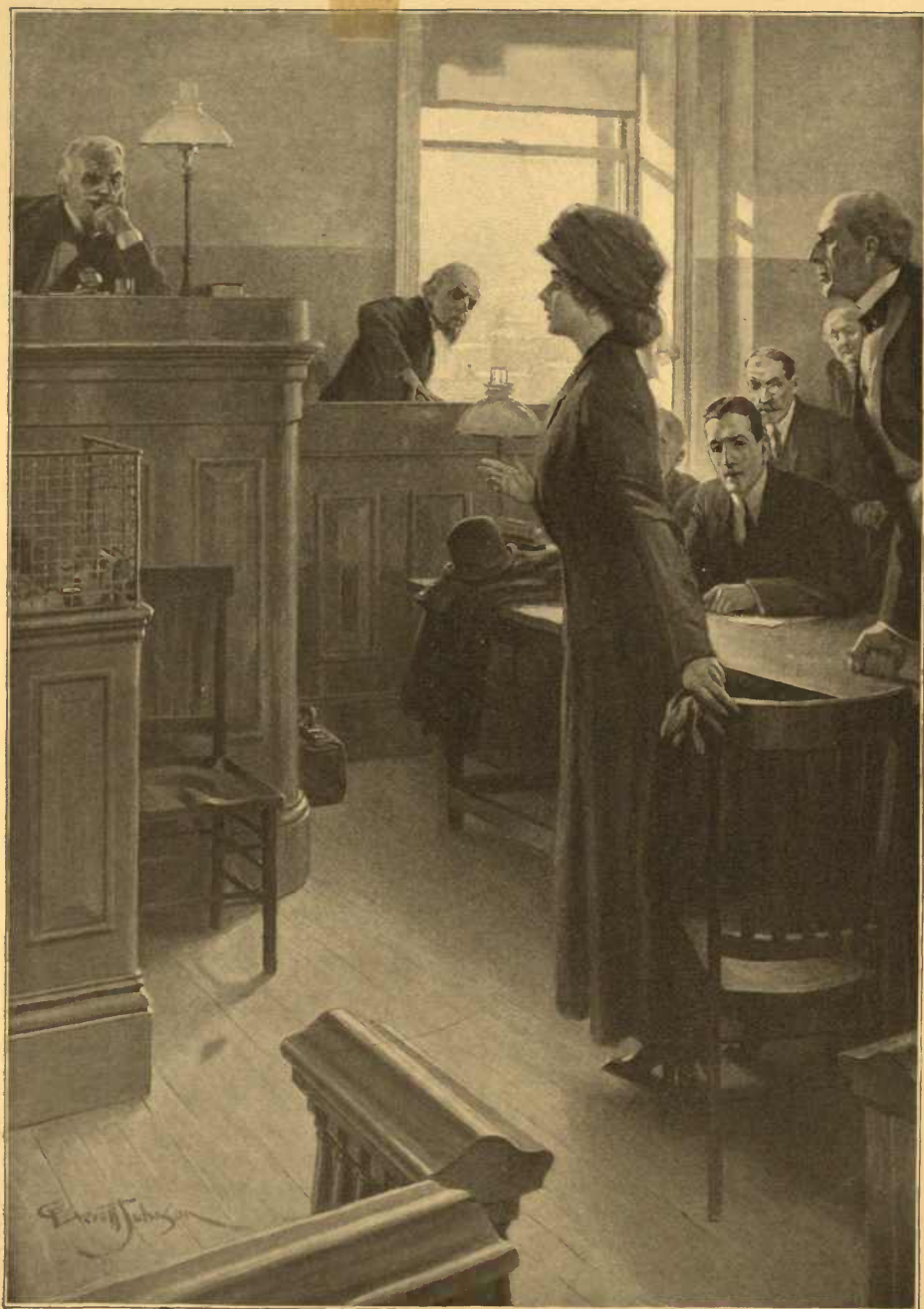
from the counsel for the plaintiff cut sharply across her eloquence.

"Irrelevant and immaterial," said John Hollister.

Electa fell back, her cheeks helplessly aflame.

"There's fire there — and a heart," thought Hollister in an unprofessional instant.

Electa finally testified as to the clearness of Miss Thornbury's mind when her last will was drawn, stating that she had not been present and had been told nothing whatever in regard to it. Mr. Pollock then yielded to the counsel for the plaintiff. Electa had a wild impulse to run. She felt that a relentless machine was opening to entrap her.



Drawn by C. Everett Johnson.

"Your honor, please, I must be heard."—Page 607.

John Hollister drew his chair forward for the cross-examination. Their eyes met, and his were as steady and candid as her own. Instantly she felt a soul in the machine. This man cared for something more than the winning or losing of a case. The spirit of justice in her sprang to meet the spirit of justice in him.

He was very unlike the men she had known—the missionaries, itinerant preachers, and reformed drunkards of her little sphere. His strong figure and well-made clothes implied attention to corporeal things, but there was a clear hint of idealism in the face, marked as it was with early lines of decision and purpose.

There was nothing terrifying in his deliberate manner, but the pertinence of his queries and his intimate knowledge of her life astonished Electa. Gradually she began to see that she was again revealing herself, but how differently! It was *not* herself! Or was it? The tone and wording of each question determined the significance of the answer. The same story—but so different! She sat tingling, pilloried, blindly awaiting the questions. Again and again her lawyer thrust an objection to the rescue. Arguing, wrangling, the opposing attorneys seemed to be playing a game in which she was only a passive pawn. She had thought it so easy to speak the truth. Now she saw truth as double-faced, elusive, fleeing before her.

But this grave, clear-eyed young man pursued his tactics unruffled.

"You knew that there had been an earlier will in favor of Miss Thornbury's relative, Mrs. Birchfield?"

"Yes."

"You knew also that she had made a later will?"

"N-no, I didn't know," she answered very low.

"You did not know? You had no suspicion that you were the beneficiary under a new will?"

"I did not *know* it. No one ever told me." Electa's face whitened. "But"—she stopped a moment, then broke out suddenly—"yes, I did suspect, I *did* know, I was sure!"

The court-room rippled with surprise.

"You knew and you did not know. Please be more definite."

"No one told me," she repeated.

"You mean then that you were morally certain?"

"Yes."

"And why had you this moral certainty?"

"I knew her feeling about the work—about money—that her money was not her own to spend or bequeath—it was dedicated."

"Giving this money to you she was, so to speak, carrying out her purposes?"

"She believed so—yes!" Electa lifted her head.

"You shared her feeling about the use of money?"

"I shared it."

"Was her conviction on this point fully settled before you went to live with her?"

"I don't know—how can I tell?" she faltered. "Her convictions grew—we talked things over——"

"Her religious convictions were partly the result of her association and conversations with you?"

"She would always ask me what I thought and believed—yes!"

"And your thought and belief always had weight with her?"

She hardly heard her own answer, given blindly, stammeringly, for she was very tired. The air of the sunny court-room had grown stifling, steamy with needless heat, and she seemed to be trying to push her way through a substance invisible and baffling. A window had been opened, letting in clanging, jerky sounds from the street which hurt her like blows. The white-haired, quizzical-eyed judge rocked in his chair with singular indifference. On her left sat the jury, their faces like twelve plates in a row; the court stenographer wrote scratchily, and she felt every stroke of his imperturbable pen; out of the assembly, which swam before her, she could detach Lucy Birchfield's face alone, looking back at her with narrowed eyes and remote smile.

People began to move. It was the noon recess and the room emptied quickly. Electa stumbled a little as she stepped down from the witness stand and Pollock put out a steadying hand.

"Good, Miss Cragin, good!" he said in a loud whisper. "You held your own; you're a first-rate witness." And Lucy Birchfield's smile became less sure as she

overheard. Her son, a lad of seventeen, was standing beside her. "Don't worry, mother; it'll come out all right sure," he said as he threw his arm about her shoulders and led her from the room.

Electa suddenly felt alone. No sympathy was to be expected just then from her disciples, that was plain. Having brought lunch baskets to court, they were actively concerned with hard-boiled eggs and piles of thick sandwiches. Electa turned from their homely banquet with a shiver of distaste.

Struggling in the swirl of new impressions, she crossed to the open window and stood gazing out over the roofs at the ragged crest of hills beyond the river. Then earth and sky grew black and she dropped to a chair, her eyes closed.

Instantly some one was at her side, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Drink this," said the voice that had pilloried her, and she obeyed. The giddiness over, she looked up at John Hollister, and flung a quick little cry.

"Oh, don't you know that I'm in the right? Please say you believe in me!"

He set the glass carefully down on the window-sill before he replied.

"I can't discuss the case with you—you must see that it isn't possible. And I can't say that you are in the right. But I do believe in you."

Electa lay awake that night. Something was happening, something that she didn't understand. Never before had she experienced this creeping, chilly self-distrust. She had always been sure. And what did this other thing mean? This aching sense of the common life of the world with its warmth of human ties? Strong, real, compelling, the things she had always denied rose before her, and the traditions of her past, the pieties, austerities—yes, even the sacrifices and services—shrank back and dwindled like the Goode Deedes in the morality play she had once seen. She tossed until the November dawn began to glimmer through the bare apple boughs outside her window. Then, as she lay quiet, at last an answer seemed to shape itself out of the stillness in old familiar words: "Forego desire, and thou shalt find rest."

On the third day the pensioners of Thorndale were called to the stand, and one after another they offered the same tes-

timony: the mental competence and independence of Miss Thornbury up to the day of her death. The accumulation of evidence brought no comfort to Electa. For the first time she found herself trying to realize the event from Lucy Birchfield's point of view. What did it prove, this examination of witnesses? Gradually she lost consciousness of the progress of the case in her tense inward effort to find the soul of truth in the confusing array of facts.

An old negress, for years in the service of Miss Thornbury and now doggedly attached to Electa, was called to the stand. At sight of her Electa tried to arouse herself to outer things. "What can Auntie have to tell?" she wondered. "Why should Mr. Pollock summon her?"

Auntie smoothed out the folds of her best black dress and played consequentially with her bonnet strings. Her high cheekbones shone from the scrubbing they had received; cunning lurked in her lean, brown face, and her beady eyes suggested some primeval creature intent on self-preservation.

She was eager to speak, and Mr. Pollock's question, "Did you have any talk with Miss Thornbury after she was confined to her bed?" brought a ready answer:

"Oh, yas, sir!"

The lawyer seemed amused. "Well, tell us what conversation you had."

"It was this way. She was speakin' 'bout the home, yo' know, sir, an' she says to me lak this, 'Auntie, in case I die I want,' she says, 'to say this to yo',—yo' stay here right along, don' yo' never on no 'count go away fur to leave Miss 'Lecta.' After she talk that-a-way, I says, 'I never heerd nothin' 'bout the way the home work when yo' pass over Jordan, Miss Rachel,' an' she says, 'Why I thought yo' all knowed 'bout that. Ever'thing mus' go on jes the same lak it is now.'"

Electa listened in amazement. Was it possible that old Auntie, the gossip of Thorndale, should have heard such significant words from her benefactress and yet have kept silence? There had been much uneasy speculation in the little community during Miss Thornbury's illness, though Electa had honestly done her best to suppress it. Frightened, suspicious, she dared not raise her eyes during Auntie's cross-examination. The old woman showed a

guarded shrewdness in her grasp of the main issue. Bland and unconfused, never wavering, never contradicting herself, she stuck persistently to her statements. Even Hollister couldn't help joining in the general laugh when she foiled him two or three times by her blank reiterations. She had been thoroughly drilled. She left the stand, feeling her triumph, and halted for Electa's approval, but the girl sat drooping.

Humiliation wrapped her as in a flame. How could the lawyer think that she would descend to dodging and quibbling? And did Auntie know her so little after all these years of her teaching? A crumbling tremor shook the foundations of her life. Somewhere there had been a fatal flaw. The court adjourned, bustling. John Hollister was at her elbow gathering up some books from the counsel table, but she did not look at him. He made a movement as if to speak, then, respecting the silence of misery, he left the room with only a backward glance.

A hand fell familiarly on her shoulder, insensible to her recoil.

"Come, Miss Cragin," said Pollock, "don't be downhearted." He bent over her. She felt his breath on her cheek and sickened. "It's all going our way. The jury is with you to a man. I'm keeping back the best witnesses for the last."

At that she found words. "No more witnesses!" she cried. "This case must not go on. I don't know how to stop it, I don't know the legal method, but it must not go on!"

"You didn't like calling the old daky? Oh, I see! Well, perhaps that was a mistake. We didn't really need her. Our case is strong enough."

Her hands wrung a protest. "You don't understand. It's more than that. I'm wrong—I won't take the money! Now do you see?"

"Good God, girl, you are clean crazy—that's what I see! You won't take the money! I like that! What about *me*? Do you s'pose I've gone into this thing for charity?" He pounded his meaning into the table. "Why, we *can't* stop! Juggle with the law like that? Make a fool of the court? Besides, the other side's got no case. It's you who are in the right!" He ignored the dumb shake of her head. "Of course you are right. Undue influence! They've

proved nothing! It was kindness, care, attention—nothing that can invalidate a will. She meant you to have her property. You know it!"

"Because down in my heart I meant to have it!"

He shifted roughly. "S'pose you did? That's legitimate. We all get what we can. She wanted you to have it; that's the point that concerns us. It was her free will."

"My will was hers. She thought what I thought, believed as I believed. And the secret wish of my heart— Oh, God help me!" Her hands went up to hide her face.

He scowled down upon her, then tried persuasion.

"Come, come, you mustn't give way. We'll talk it over after you've had a bit of lunch. You're all tired out now. That's what's the matter—you're nervous!" And he believed he had the clew to all feminine caprice.

When the case was resumed at one o'clock there was a general impression that the defendant had vindicated her position. It was apparent, however, that Miss Cragin was not in triumphant mood. The contest had wearied her. But her attorney's swaggar betrayed his exultance. The Birchfields were losing hope. Tom whispered disgustedly to his wife: "Take a pretty red-headed girl with a go-to-the-spot voice and put her on the stand before twelve men, and you can bet on the verdict every time."

"Oh, you men! That's the worst of it." Lucy dejectedly admitted the perversities that sometimes control human affairs, but she was plucky and meant that no one should suspect what the loss of the suit would cost her in disappointment and actual financial worry.

"You're game, Lucy," murmured Tom with an appreciative eye for her brave front and deceptive vivacity.

Electa sat in a trance-like stillness while the remaining witnesses were called. A black-bearded apostle from Thorndale offered some conclusive evidence, and the case became so one-sided that it ceased to be interesting. People began to wonder why it had ever occurred to the Birchfields to try to set aside so unequivocal a document. The apostle acquitted himself neatly and was leaving the stand when Electa rose.

"Your honor, please, I must be heard." Her voice rang out through the court-room.

Every eye was turned toward her. Pollock was on his feet, interposing quickly.

"Your honor, I ask indulgence for my client. She is not well. May I have your permission to take her to the consultation room?"

"Your honor," said Electa, "can see that I am perfectly well. My attorney has refused to speak for me. I ask your leave to speak for myself."

The judge looked at her searchingly, then bowed assent.

"We will allow the defendant to be heard."

In the quivering, expectant hush of the court-room she spoke. It seemed quite simple. She had only to tell of what had passed in her own mind. Now that she knew her way and could speak in utter sincerity, not a presence embarrassed her—not the judge, preoccupied with the difficulties in legal procedure she had thrust upon him; not Pollock, balked and nonplussed; not the plaintiff, dumb in bewilderment, nor the jury straining forward; nor the spectators, assured at last of their full meed of sensation. In swift, sure words she laid bare her conflict of motive.

At the end she spoke more slowly. "Everything would have been different if I had been different," she said. "I can see that now. I'm not so sure that I've always been right. I don't know! I only know that I can never touch that money!"

Pollock cut in with apologies to the court for her conduct. "This is what comes, your honor, from dealing with religious cranks!"

Then old Mr. Sheldon arose and addressed the court.

"While compelled to admire this young woman for her candor and generosity, I suggest that we make sure she realizes the import of what she is saying and doing before we go further. I speak for my client, and in all equity, when I say that the defendant must not be permitted to yield her claim to a fortune on an impulse. She should let the law take its natural course, and should the verdict be in her favor she must be made to see that she has a legal right to every penny. She has, it appears

to me, a misconception of the legal significance of the word 'undue.'"

Electa faced the old lawyer unmoved from her purpose, though her clasped hands strained at each other. Her eyes had the large full look of one absorbed by the inner vision.

"That's only the letter of the law," she said softly.

John Hollister, sitting at the other side of the counsel table, lifted his head for the first time. His eyes met hers in a long clear look that was like the scattering of mists. The inner light seemed to come to her face in color, and with new courage she spoke in the voice that admits of no question:

"I am in the full possession of every faculty. I know what I am doing. I have thought and prayed. And I beg your honor, in the interest of justice, to instruct the jury to bring a verdict in favor of the plaintiff."

After the case had been dismissed Lucy Birchfield came swiftly across the room, her face broken and softened, and the two women clasped hands without a word. Mr. Sheldon held open the court-room door to let them pass out together. Then he turned to John Hollister.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat of an unusual obstacle, "I was wrong. But who would expect a *woman* to give up a fortune for an abstract principle of justice?"

"You'd have expected it of a man?" asked John.

"Oh, you know it's quixotic," bluffed Sheldon.

"I suppose it is—living up to one's principles—it's so seldom done."

"That girl's as clear as crystal," pursued Mr. Sheldon. "It's enough for her to see what's right, she does it. Well, she sha'n't suffer. We must keep an eye on her till she gets started at something; we must make it our business to look after her, eh, John?"

"Yes," said Hollister; "I really think we must."

He tried to speak carelessly, but even Sheldon knew that he was making a vow.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XVIII



AND their reception at Wesley, the ancestral home of the Costons, although it was late at night when they arrived, was none the less joyous. Peggy was the first to welcome the invalid, and Tom was not far behind.

"Give her to me, St. George," bubbled Peggy, enfolding the girl in her arms. "You blessed thing!—Oh, how glad I am to get hold of you! They told me you were ill, child—not a word of truth in it! No, Mr. Coston, you shan't even have one of her little fingers until I get through loving her. What's your mammy's name—Henny? Well, Henny, you take Miss Kate's things into her room—that one at the top of the stairs."

And then the Honorable Tom Coston said he'd be doggoned if he was going to wait another minute, and he didn't—for Kate kissed him on both cheeks and gave him her father's message, congratulating him on his appointment as judge, and thanking him in advance for all the kindness he would show his daughter.

But it was not until she woke next morning and looked out between the posts of her high bedstead through the small, wide-open window overlooking the bay, that her heart gave the first bound of real gladness. She loved the open and the dash of salt air, laden now with the perfume of budding fruit trees, that blew straight in from the sea. She loved, too, the stir and sough of the creaking pines and the cheery calls from the barnyard. Here she could get her mind settled; here too, she could forget all the little things that had bothered her—there would be no more invitations to accept or decline; no promises she must keep. She and her Uncle George would have one long holiday—she needed it and goodness knows—he needed it after all his troubles—and they would begin as soon as breakfast was over—and they did—the

dogs plunging ahead, the two hand in hand, St. George, guide and philosopher, pointing out this and that characteristic of the once famous estate and dilating on its past glory.

"Even in my father's day," he continued, his face lighting up, "it was one of the great show places of the county. The stables held twenty horses and a coach, besides no end of gigs and carryalls. This broad road on which we walk, was lined with flower-beds and shaded by live-oaks. Over there, near that little grove, were three great barns and lesser outbuildings, besides the negro quarters, smoke-houses, and hay-ricks. Really—a wonderful place in its day, Kate."

Then he went on to tell of how the verandas were shaded with honeysuckles—and the halls, drawing-rooms, and dining-room crowded with furniture; how there were yellow damask curtains, and screens, and haircloth sofas and a harmonicon of musical glasses which was played by wetting one's fingers in a bowl of water and passing them over the rims—he had played on it himself when a boy: and slaves galore—nearly one hundred of them, not to mention a thousand acres of tillable land to plough and harrow, as well as sheep, oxen, pigs, chickens, ducks—everything that a man of wealth and position might have had in the old days, and about every one of which St. George had a memory.

Then when Tom's father, who was the sole heir, took charge, dissolution proceedings set in—and more's the pity—here his voice dropped to a whisper—Tom finished them! and St. George sighed heavily as he pointed out the changes:—the quarters in ruins, the stables falling to pieces, the gates tied up with strings or swinging loose; and the flocks, herds, and live-stock things of the past. Nor had a negro been left—none Tom really owned: one by one they had been sold or hired out, or gone off nobody knew where, he being too lazy, or too indifferent, or too good-natured, to hunt them up. The house, as Kate had seen, was

equally neglected. Even what remained of the old furniture was on its last legs—the curtains patched, or in shreds—the carpets worn into holes.

Kate listened eagerly, but she did not sigh. It was all charming to her in the soft spring sunshine, the air a perfume, the birds singing, the blossoms bursting, the peach trees anthems of praise—and best of all her dear Uncle George strolling at her side. And then everything was so clean and fresh and sweet in every nook and corner of the tumble-down house. Peggy, as she soon discovered, looked after that—in fact Peggy looked after everything that required looking after—and everything did—including the judge. Mr. Coston was tired, Peggy would say or Mr. Coston had not been very well, so she just did it herself instead of bothering him. Since his promotion it was generally “the judge” who was too tired, being absorbed in his court duties, etc., etc. But it always came with a laugh, and it was always genuine, for to wait upon him and look after him and minister to him, was her highest happiness.

Good-for-nothing as her Tom would have been to some women—unpractical, lazy—a man few wives would have put up with—Peggy adored him; and so did his children adore him, and so, for that matter, did his neighbors, many of whom, although they ridiculed him behind his back, could never escape the charm of his personality whenever they sat beside his rocking chair.

This wide-armed, cane-bottomed comfort—the only comfortable chair in the house, by the way—had, in his less distinguished days, been his throne. In it he would sit all day long, cutting and whittling, filing and polishing curious trinkets of tortoise-shell for watchguards and tiny baskets made of cherry stones, cunningly wrought and finished. This was to be busy indeed! He was an expert too in corncob pipes, which he carved for all his friends; and pin-wheels for everybody's children. When it came, however, to such matters as a missing hinge to the front door, a brick under a tottering chimney, the straightening of a falling fence, the repairing of a loose lock on the smoke-house—or even the care of the family carryall, which despite its great age and infirmities was often left out in the

rain to rust and ruin—these things must, of course, wait until the overworked father of the house found time to look after them.

The children loved him the most. They asked for nothing better than to fix him in his big chair by the fender, throw upon the fire a basket of bark chips from the wood-yard, and enough light-wood knots to wake them up, and after filling his pipe and lighting it, snuggle close, every bend and curve of the easy comfort packed full, all waiting to hear him tell one of his stories. Sometimes it was the tale of the fish and the cuff-button—how he once dropped his sleeve-link overboard, and how a year afterward he was in a shallop on the Broadwater fishing for rockfish when he caught a splendid fellow, which when Aunt Patience cleaned—(here his voice would drop to a whisper)—“What do you think!—why out popped the sleeve-link that was in his cuff this minute!” And then for the hundredth time the bit of gold was examined by each child in turn. Or it was the witch story—about the Yahoo wild man with great horns and a lashing tail, who lived in the swamp and went howling and prowling about for plunder and prey. (This was always given with a low, prolonged growl, like a dog in pain—all the children shuddering.) And then followed the oft-told tale of how this same terrible Yahoo once came up with Hagar, who was riding a witch pony to get to the witches' dance in the cane-brake, and how he made off with her to the swamp where she had had to cook for him—ever—ever—ever since. (Long drawn breath, showing that all was over for that day at least.)

Todd got the true inwardness of the situation before he had been many days at Wesley: for the scene with the children was often repeated when court was not in session.

“Fo' Gawd, Marse George, hab you had time to watch dat gemman, de jedge? Dey do say he's sumpin great, but I tell ye he's dat lazy a fly stuck in 'lasses'd pass him on de road.”

St. George laughed heartily in reply, but he did not reprimand him.

“What makes you think so, Todd?”

“Can't help thinkin' so. I wuz standin' by de po'ch yisterday holdin' Miss Kate's mare, when I yere de mistis ask de jedge ter go out an' git 'er some kindlin' f'om de

wood-pile. He sot a-rockin' hisse'f in dat big cheer ob his'n an' I yered him say—'yes, in a minute,' but he didn't move. Den she holler agin at him an' still he rock hisse'f, sayin' he's comin'. Den, fust I knowed out she come to de wood-pile an' git it herse'f, an' den when she pass him wid 'er arms full o' wood he look up an' say—'Peggy come yere an' kiss me—I dunno what we would do widout ye—you'se de Lawd's anointed, sho'.'"

Kate got no end of amusement out of him, and would often walk with him to court that she might listen to his drolleries—especially his queer views of life—the simplest and most unaffected to which she had ever listened. Now and then, as time went on, despite her good-natured toleration of his want of independence—he being always dominated by his wife—she chanced, to her great surprise, upon some nuggets of hard common-sense of so high an assay that they might really be graded as wisdom—his analysis of men and women being particularly surprising. Those little twinkling, and sometimes sleepy, eyes of his, now that she began to study him the closer, reminded her of the unreadable eyes of an elephant she had once seen—eyes that presaged nothing but inertia, until whack went the trunk and over toppled the boy who had teased him.

And with this new discovery there developed at last a certain respect for the lazy, good-natured, droll old man. Opinions which she had heretofore laughed at suddenly became of value; criticisms which she had passed over in silence, seemed worthy of further consideration.

Peggy, however, fitted into all the tender places of her heart. She had never known her own mother; all she remembered was a face bending close and a soft hand that tucked in the coverlet one night when she couldn't sleep. The memory had haunted her from the days of her childhood—clear and distinct, with every detail in place. Had there been light enough in her mother's bed-room, she was sure she could have added the dear face itself to her recollection. The plump, full-bosomed, rosy-cheeked Peggy (fifteen years younger than Tom)—supplied the touch and voice, and all the tenderness as well, that these memories recalled, and all that the motherless girl had yearned for.

And the simple, uneventful life—one without restraints of any kind, greatly satisfied her: so different from her own at home with Prim as Chief Regulator. Everybody to her delight did as they pleased; each one following the bent of his or her inclination. St. George was out at daybreak in the duck blinds, or, breakfast over, roaming the fields with his dogs, Todd a close attendant. The judge would stroll over to court an hour or more late, only to find an equally careless and contented group blocking up the door—"po' white trash" most of them, each one with a grievance. Whenever St. George accompanied him, and he often did, his Honor would spend even less time on the bench—cutting short both ends of the session, his guest laughing himself sore over the judge's decisions.

"And he stole yo' shoat and never paid for him?" Temple heard him say one day in a hog case, where two farmers who had been waiting hours for Tom's coming, were plaintiff and defendant. "How did you know it was yo' shoat—did you mark him?"

"No, suh."

"Tie a tag around his neck?"

"No, suh."

"Well, you just keep yo' hogs inside yo' lot. Too many loose hogs runnin' 'round. Case is dismissed, and co't is adjourned for the day," which, while very poor law was good common-sense, stray hogs on the public highway having become a nuisance.

With these kindly examples before her, Kate soon fell into the ways of the house. If she did not wish to get up she lay abed and Peggy brought her breakfast with her own hands.

If, when she did leave her bed she went about in pussy-slippers and a loose gown of lace and frills without her stays, Peggy's only protest was against her wearing anything else—so adorable was she. When, however, this happy dreamy indolence began to pall upon her—and she could not stand it for long—she would be up at sunrise helping Peggy dress her frolicsome children or get them off to school, and this done would assist in the housework—even rolling the pastry with her own delicate palms, or sitting beside the bubbling, spontaneous woman, needle in hand, aiding with the family mending—while Peggy, glad of the companionship, would sit with

ears open, her mind alert, probing—probing—trying to read the heart of the girl whom she loved the better every day. And so there had crept into Kate's heart a new peace that was as fresh sap to a dying plant, bringing the blossoms to her cheeks and the spring of wind-blown branches to her step.

Then one fine morning, to the astonishment of every one, and greatly to Todd's disgust, no less a person than Mr. Langdon Willits of "Oak Hill" (distant three miles away) dismounted at Coston's front porch, and throwing the reins to the waiting dinky, stretched his convalescent, but still shaky, legs in the direction of the living room, there to await the arrival of "Miss Seymour of Kennedy Square," who, so he told Todd, "expected him."

Todd scraped a foot respectfully in answer, touched his cocoanut of a head with his monkey claw of a finger, waited until the broad back of the red-headed gentleman had been swallowed up by the open door, and then indulged in this soliloquy:

"Funny de way dem bullets hab o' missin' folks. Des a leetle funder down an' dere wouldn't a-been none o' dis yere foolishness. Pity Marse Harry hadn't practised some mo'. Ef he had ter do it agin I reckon he'd pink him so he neber be cavortin' 'roun' like he is now."

Willits's sudden appearance filled St. George with ill-concealed anxiety. He did not believe in this parade of invalidism, nor did he like Kate's encouraging smile when she met him—and there was no question that she did smile—and, more portentous still, that she enjoyed it. Other things too, she grew to enjoy, especially the long rides in the woods and over to the broad water. For Willits's health after a few days of the sunshine of Kate's companionship had undergone so renovating a process that the sorrel horse now arrived at the porch almost every day, whereupon Kate's Joan would be led out, and the smiled-upon gentleman in English riding boots and brown velvet jacket, and our gracious lady in Lincoln green habit with wide hat and sweeping plume, would mount their steeds and be lost among the pines.

Indeed, to be exact, half of Kate's time was now spent in the saddle, Willits riding beside her. And with each day's outing a new and, to St. George, a more disturbing

intimacy appeared to be growing between them. Now it was Willits's sister who had to be considered and especially invited to Wesley—a thin wisp of a woman with tortoise-shell sidecombs and bunches of dry curls, who always dressed in shiny black silk and whose only ornament was her mother's hair set in a breastpin; or it was his father by whom she must sit when he came over in his gig—a bluff, hearty man who generally wore a red waistcoat with big bone buttons and high boots with tassels in front.

This last confidential relation when the manners and bearing of the elder man came under his notice, seemed to St. George the most unaccountable of all. Departures from the established code always jarred upon him and the gentleman in the red waistcoat and tasselled boots often wandered so far afield that he invariably set St. George's teeth on edge. Although he had never met Kate before he called her by her first name after the first ten minutes of their acquaintance—his son, he explained, having done nothing but sound her praises for the past two years, an excuse which carried no weight in the thoroughbred's mind because of its additional familiarity. He had never dared, St. George knew, to extend that familiarity to Peggy—it had always been "Mrs. Coston" to her, and it had always been "Mr. Coston" to Tom, and was now "your Honor," or "judge" to the dispenser of justice. For though the owner of Oak Hill lived within a few miles of the tumble-down remnant that sheltered the Costons; and though he had fifty servants to their one, or half a one—and broad acres in proportion, to say nothing of flocks and herds, St. George had always been aware that he seldom crossed their porch steps, or they his. That little affair of some fifty or more years ago was still remembered, and the children of people who did that sort of thing, must, of course, pay the penalty. Even Peggy never failed to draw the line: "Very nice people, my dear," he had heard her say to Kate one day when the subject of the younger man's family had come up. "Mr. Willits senior is a fine, open-hearted man, and does a great deal of good in the county with his money—quite a politician, and they do say has a fair chance of sometime being governor of the State. But very few of us about

here would want to marry into the family, all the same. Oh no, my dear Kate—I do not mean— No, *of course* there was nothing against his grandmother. She was a very nice woman, I believe, and I've often heard my own mother speak of her. Her father came from Albemarle Sound, if I am right, and was old John Willits's overseer. The girl, of course, was his daughter."

Kate had made no answer. Who Langdon Willits's grandmother was; or whether he had any grandmother at all, did not concern her in the least. She rather admired the young Albemarle Sound girl for walking boldly into the Willits family—lowborn as she was—and making them respect her.

But none of Peggy's outspoken warnings nor any of St. George's silent acceptances of the several situations—always a mark of his disapproval—checked the game of love-making which was going on—the give and take stage of it, with the odds varying with each new shifting of the cards, and both Peggy and St. George grew the more nervous.

"She's going to accept him, St. George," she had said to him one morning as he stood behind her chair while she was shelling the peas for dinner. "I didn't think so when he first came, but I believe it now. I have said all I could to her. She has cuddled up in my arms and cried herself sick over it, but she won't hold out much longer. Young Rutter left her heart all torn and bleeding and this man has bound up the wounds. She will never love anybody that way again—and maybe it is just as well. He'd have kept her guessing all her life as to what he'd do next. I wish Willits's blood was better, for she's a dear, sweet child and proud as she can be, only she's proud over different things from what I would be. But you can make up your mind to it. She'll keep him dangling for a while yet, as she did last summer at the Red Sulphur, but she'll be his wife in a year or less—you mark my words. You haven't yet heard from the first one, have you?—as to when he's coming home?"

St. George hadn't heard—he sighed back in return—a habit of his lately. No, not for two months or more—not since the letter in which Harry said he had left the ship and had gone up into the interior. He had, he told her, mentioned the boy's silence to Kate in a casual way, watching the effect the news produced upon her—but

after the remark that the mails were always irregular from those far-away countries, she had turned the conversation into other channels, she having caught sight of Willits who had just dismounted from his horse.

As to St. George's own position in the affair he felt that his hands were firmly tied; he could do nothing one way or the other. His personal intercourse with Willits had been such as he would always have with a man with whom he was on speaking terms, but it never passed that border. He was courteous, careful of his speech, and mindful of the young man's devotion to Kate, whose guardian for the time being he was, but he neither encouraged nor thwarted his suit. Kate was of age and was fully competent to decide for herself—extremely competent for that matter.

How little this clear reader of women's hearts—and scores had been spread out before him—knew of Kate's, no one but the girl herself could have told. Not only was she adrift on an open sea of doubt without a rudder, but she had already begun to lose confidence both in her seamanship and in her compass. Nor was she even certain of her port. She had been sailing before the wind for some weeks past with everything flying loose and the time had now come for her either to "go about" or keep on her course. She had trimmed sails as best she could gaining time for delay, but even this must end.

Having looked the family over, and having studied as well her suitor's environment and the impression he made upon those who had known him longest and best, she must now focus her mental lenses on the man himself. He had, she knew, graduated with honors, being the valedictorian of his class; had risen rapidly in his profession, and from what her father said would soon reach a high place among his brother lawyers. There was even talk of sending him to the legislature, where her own father, the Honorable Prim, had achieved his title. She wished, of course, that Mr. Willits's hair was not quite so red and that the knuckles on his hands were not so large and bony—and that he was not always at her beck and call; but these were trifles, really, in the make-up of a fine man. There was, she was convinced, a sane mind under the carrot-colored hair and a warm palm inside the knotted knuckles, and that was infinitely more important than little physical peculiarities which one would forget as life went

on. Then again, she herself was partly responsible for his periods of ill health, all of which she could have prevented had she told him the whole truth that night on the stairs, or the day before when she had parried his direct proposal of marriage—a piece of stupidity for which she never failed to blame herself.

As to his future conduct that did not trouble her in the least. She had long since become convinced that Willits would never again become intemperate. He had kept his promise, and this meant more to her than his having given way to past temptations. The lesson he had learned at the ball had had, too, its full effect. He had never forgotten it. He had apologized over and over again to her for his brutal insolence in laying his profane hands on her dancing card and tearing it to bits before her eyes. He had, moreover, deeply regretted the duel and had sworn to her on his honor as a gentleman that he would never fight another.

She had listened quietly each time and had told him how much she was pleased and how grateful she was for his confidence and how such fine resolutions redounded to his credit, and yet in thinking it over the next day she could not help comparing his confession with Harry's blunt statement made to her the last time she saw him in the park, when, instead of expressing any regret for having shot Willits, he had boldly declared that he would do it again if any such insult were repeated. And strange to say—and this she could not understand in herself—in the comparison Harry came out best.

But!—and here she had to hold on to her rudder with all her might—she had already made one mistake, tumbling head over heels in love with a young fellow who had mortified her before the world when their engagement was less than a few months old; making her name and affections a by-word, and she could not and would not repeat the blunder. This had shattered her customary self-reliance, leaving her well-nigh helpless. Perhaps, after all—an unheard of thing in her experience—she had better seek advice of some older and wiser pilot. Two heads, or even three—(here her canny Scotch blood asserted itself)—were better than one in deciding so important a matter as the choosing of a mate for life. And yet—now she came to think it over—

it was not so much a question of heads as it was a question of shoulders on which the heads rested. To turn to St. George, or any of the Willits kin, was impossible. Peggy's views she understood: Counsel, however she must have, and at once.

Suddenly an inspiration came—one that went through her like an electric shock—tingling to the very roots of her hair. Of course! Why had she not thought of it—before! And it must be in the most casual way—quite as a matter of general conversation, he doing all the talking and she doing all the listening, for on no account must he suspect her purpose.

Within the hour she had tied the ribbons of her wide leghorn hat under her dimpled chin, picked up her shawl, and started off alone, following the lane to the main road. If the judge, by any chance, had adjourned court he would come straight home and she would meet him on the way. If he was still engaged in the dispensation of justice, she would wait for him outside.

She was not long in doubt. His Honor had already left the bench and was at the moment slowly making his way toward where she stood, hugging the sidewalk trees the better to shade him from the increasing heat. As the day had promised to be unusually warm, he had attired himself in a full suit of yellow nankeen, with palm-leaf fan and wide straw hat—a combination which so matched the color and texture of his placid, kindly face, that Kate could hardly keep from laughing outright. Instead she quickened her steps until she stood demurely beside him: she might have waited for days for some moment when he was neither on top of the bench nor underneath half a dozen children, and not found so favorable an opportunity.

"You are lookin' mighty cute, my Lady Kate, in yo' Paisley shawl and sarsanet pelisse," he called out in his hearty, cheery way. "Has Peggy seen 'em? I've been tryin' to get her some just like 'em, only my co't duties are so pressin'. Goodness, gracious me!—but it's gettin' hot!" Here he stopped and mopped his face, then his eyes fell upon her again: "Bless my soul, child!—you do look pretty this mornin'—jest like yo' mother! Where did you get all those pink and white apple blossoms in yo' cheeks?"

"Do you remember her, Mr. Coston?" she rejoined, ignoring his compliment.

"Do I remember her! The belle of fo' counties, my dear—eve'ybody at her feet; five or six gentlemen co'tin' her at once; old Captain Barkeley cross as a bear—wouldn't let her marry this one or that one—kep' her guessin' night and day, till one of 'em blew his brains out, and then she fainted dead away. Pretty soon yo' father co'ted her, and bein' Scotch, like the old captain and sober as an owl and about as cunnin', it wasn't long befo' everything was settled. Very nice man, yo' father—got to have things mighty particular; we young bucks used to say he slept in a bag of lavender and powdered his cheeks every mornin' to make him look fresh, while most of us were soakin' wet in the duck-blinds—but that was only our joke. That's long befo' you were born, child. But yo' mother didn't live long—they said her heart was broken 'bout the other fellow, but there wasn't a word of truth in that foolishness—couldn't be. I used to see her and yo' father together long after that, and she was mighty good to him, and he was to her. Yes—all comes back to me. Stand still, child, and let me look at you—yes—you're plumper than yo' mother and a good deal rosier, and you don't look so slender and white, as she did, like one of those pale Indian pipes she used to hunt in the woods. It's the Seymour in you that's done that I reckon."

Kate walked on in silence. It was not the first time that some of her mother's old friends had told her practically the same story—not so clearly, perhaps, because few had the simple, outspoken candor of the old fellow, but enough to let her know that her father was not her mother's first love.

"Don't be in a hurry, child, and don't let anybody choose for you," he ran on. "Peggy and I didn't make any mistakes—and don't you. Now this young son of Parker Willits's," here his wrinkled face tightened up into a pucker as if he had just bitten into an unripe persimmon—"good enough young man, maybe; goin' to be something great, I reckon—in Mr. Taney's office, I hear, or will be next winter. I 'spect he'll keep out of jail—most Willitses do—but keep an eye on him and watch him, and watch yo'self too. That's more important still. The cemetery is a long ways off when you marry the wrong man, child. And that other fellow that Peggy tells me has been courtin' you—Talbot Rutter's boy—He's a wild

one, isn't he—drunk half the time and fightin' everybody who don't agree with him. Come pretty nigh endin' young Willits, so they say. Now I hear he's run away to sea and left all his debts behind. Talbot turned him neck and heels out of doors when he found it out, so they tell me—and served the scapegrace right. Don't be in a hurry, child. Right man will come bime-by. Just the same with Peggy till I come along—there she is now, bless her sweet heart! Peggy, you darlin'—I got so lonely for you I just had to 'journ co't. I've been telling Lady Kate that she mustn't be in a hurry to get married till she finds somebody that will make her as happy as you and me." Here the judge slipped his arm around Peggy's capacious waist and the two crossed the pasture as the nearest way to the house.

Kate kept on her way alone. Her only reply to the garrulous judge had been one of her rippling laughs, but it was the laughter of bubbles with the sediment lying deep in the bottom of the glass.

XIX

BUT all outings must come to an end. And so when the marsh grass on the lowlands lay in serried waves of dappled satin, and the corn on the uplands was waist high and the roses a mob of beauty, Kate threw her arms around Peggy and kissed her over and over again, her whole heart flowing through her lips; and then the judge got his good-by on his wrinkled cheek, and the children on any clean spot which she found on their molasses-covered faces; and then the cavalcade took up its line of march for the boat landing, Willits going as far as the wharf, where he and Kate had a long talk in low tones, in which he seemed to be doing all the talking and she all the listening—"But nuthin' mo'n jes' a han'shake (so Todd told St. George) he lookin' like he wanter eat her up an' she kinder sayin' dat de cake ain't brown' nough yit fur tastin'—but one thing I know fo' sho'—an' dat is she didn't let 'im kiss 'er. I wuz leadin' his horse pas' whar dey wuz standin', an' de sorrel varmint got cuttin' up an' I kep' him prancin' till Mister Willits couldn't stay wid her no longer. Drat dat red-haired—"

"Stop, Todd—be careful—you mustn't speak that way of Mr. Willits."

"Well, Marse George, I won't—but I ain't neber like him f'om de fust. He ain't quality an' he neber kin be. How Miss Kate don' stan' him is mo'n I kin tell."

Kate drove up to her father's house in state, with Ben as special envoy to see that she and her belongings were properly cared for. St. George with Todd and the four dogs—six in all, arrived if the truth must be told, on foot.

Pawson met him at the door. He had given up his boarding-house and had transferred his traps and parcels to the floor above—into Harry's old room, really—in order that the additional rent—he had now taken entire charge of Temple's finances—might help in the payment of the interest on the mortgage. He had thought this all out while St. George was at Wesley and had moved in without notifying him, that being the best way to solve the problem—St. George still retaining his bedroom and dining-room and the use of the front door. Jemima, too, had gone. She wanted, so she had told her master the day he left, to take a holiday and visit some of her people who lived down by the Marsh Market in an old rookery near the Falls, and would come back when he sent for her; but Todd had settled all that the morning of his arrival.

"Ain't no use yo' comin' back," the darky blurted out. "I'm gwinter do de cookin' and de chamber wo'k. Dere ain't 'nough to eat fo' mo'n two. When dem white-livered, no-count, ornery gemmens dat stole Marse George's money git in de chain-gang whar dey b'longs den maybe we'll hab sumpin to go to market on, but dat ain't yit; an' don't ye tell Marse George I tol' yer or I'll ha'nt ye like dat witch I done heared 'bout down to Wesley—ha'nt ye so ye'll think de debble's got ye."

If St. George knew anything of the common talk going on around him no one was ever the wiser. He continued the even tenor of his life: visiting and receiving his friends—once Poe had spent an evening with him when he made a manly straightforward apology for his conduct the night of the dinner, and on another occasion Mr. Kennedy had made an especial point of missing a train to Washington to have an hour's chat with him. In the afternoons he would have a rubber of whist with the archdeacon who lived across the Square—a broad-minded ecclesiastic, who believed

in relaxation, although, of course, he was never seen at the club; or he might drop into the Chesapeake for a talk with Richard or sit beside him in his curious laboratory at the rear of his house where he worked out many of the problems that absorbed his mind and inspired his hopes. At night, however late or early—whenever he reached home—there was always a romp with his dogs. This last he rarely omitted. The click of the front door latch, followed by his firm step overhead, was their signal and up they would come, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach his cheeks—straight up, their paws scraping his clothes; then a swoop into the dining-room, when they would be "downed" to the floor, their eyes following his every movement.

Nor had his own financial situation begun as yet to trouble him. Todd, as excuse for Jemima's absence, had concocted a yarn about her being needed to look after her sister who was "took bad wid a mis-ry in her back," after which the darky and Pawson had put their heads together for some plan by which sufficient money could be raised for current expenses. In this praiseworthy effort to Todd's unbounded astonishment the greatly feared and much despised Gadgem was to hold first place. Indeed the very morning succeeding the receipt of Pawson's summons, and within a few minutes of the appointed hour,—a time when St. George would be absent at the club—there had come a brisk rat-a-tat on the front door awaking all the echoes of the bare hall, and Gadgem had sidled in, a furtive, anxious expression on his face that betokened both his surprise at being sent for and his curiosity to learn the cause.

Todd had not seen the collector since that eventful morning when he stood by ready to pick up the pieces when his master was about to throw him into the street for doubting his word, and after his customary polite good-morning followed close behind Gadgem the better to take him in. The first thing that struck the darky was the collector's clothes. As the summer was approaching he had changed his customary winter suit for a combination of brown linen bound with black—one size too small for him—(second hand, of course, its former owner having gone out of mourning) and at the moment was sporting a moth-eaten crape-encircled white beaver with a floppy,

two-inch brim, a rusty black stock that grabbed him close under the chin, completely submerging his collar, and a pair of congress gaiters very much run down at the heel. He was evidently master of himself and the situation, for he stood looking from Todd to the young lawyer, various interrogation marks stencilled on his face, although no word of inquiry passed his lips.

Pawson's opening remark calmed his fears—or suspicions—Gadgem's business making him subject to both sensations.

"Exactly," he answered in a relieved tone, dragging a mate of the red bandanna—a blue one—from his pocket and blowing his nose in an impressive manner. "Exactly—quite right—quite right—difficult perhaps—*enormously* difficult but—yes—quite right."

Whereupon there was a hurried consultation, during which the bullet-headed darky absorbed every word, his eyes rolling about in his head, his breath ending somewhere near his jugular vein. These details duly agreed upon, Gadgem bowed himself out of the dining-room, carrying with him a note-book filled with such data as:

2 fowling pieces made by Purdey, 1838.

3 heavy duck guns.

2 English saddles.

1 silver loving cup.

2 silver coasters, etc., etc.

the very list which Todd the night before had prompted and which Pawson, in his clear round hand, had transferred to a sheet of foolscap.

On reaching the front door the collector stopped and looked furtively up the stairs. He was wondering with professional caution whether St. George had returned, and was within hearing distance. Still in doubt he called out in his sharpest business voice:

"Yes, Mr. Pawson, please say to Mr. Temple that it is Gadgem, of Gadgem & Coombs—and say that I will be here at ten o'clock to-morrow—sharp—on the minute; I am always on the minute in matters of this kind. Only five minutes of his time—five minutes, remember—" and he passed out of hearing.

Todd opened the ball the next morning at breakfast. St. George had slept late, and the hands of the marble clock marked but a few minutes of the hour of Gadgem's

expected arrival, and not a moment could be lost.

"Dat Gadgem man done come yere yisterday," he began, drawing out his master's chair with an extra flourish to hide his nervousness, "an' he say he's comin' agin dis mornin' at ten o'clock. Clar to goodness it's dat now! I done forgot to tell ye."

"What does he want, Todd?" asked St. George dropping into his seat.

"I dunno, sah—said he was lookin' fo' sumpin fo' a frien' ob his—I think it was a gun—an' he wanted to know what kind to buy fer him— Yes, sah, dem waffles's jes, off de fire. He 'lowed he didn't know nuffin' 'bout guns—butter, sah?—an' den Mister Pawson spoke up an' said he'd better ask you. He's tame dis time—leastways he 'peared so."

"A fine gun is rather a difficult thing to get in these days, Todd," replied St. George opening his napkin. "I don't know but one good maker, and he has orders to last him five years, I hear. No, Todd—I'd rather have the toast."

"Yes, sah—I knowed ye couldn't do nuffin fer him— Take de top piece—dat's de brownest—but he seemed so cut up 'bout it dat I tol' him he might see ye fur a minute if he come long 'bout ten o'clock when you was fru' yo' brek'fus' fo' ye got tangled up wid yo' letters and de papers. Dat's him now, I spec's— Shall I show him in?"

"Yes, show him in, Todd. Gadgem isn't a bad sort of fellow after all. He only wants his pound of flesh like the others. Ah, good-morning, Mr. Gadgem." The front door had been purposely left open, and though the bill collector had knocked by way of warning, he had paused for no answer and was already in the room. The little man laid his battered hat silently on a chair near the door, pulled down his tight linen sleeves with the funereal binding, adjusted his high black stock, and with a half-creeping, half-cringing movement, advanced to where St. George sat.

"I said good-morning, Mr. Gadgem," repeated St. George in his most captivating tone of voice. He had been greatly amused at Gadgem's antics.

"I heard you, sir—I heard you *distinctly*, sir—I was only seeking a place on which to rest my hat, sir—not a very inspiring hat—quite the contrary—but all I have. Yes, sir—you are quite right—it is a *very* good morning—a most *delightful* morning. I

was convinced of that when I crossed the park, sir. The trees——”

“Never mind the trees, Gadgem. We will take those up later on. Tell me what I can do for you—what do you want?”

“A *gun*, sir—a plain, straightforward *gun*—one that can be relied upon. Not for myself, sir—I am not murderously inclined, but for a friend who has commissioned me—the exact word, sir—although the percentage is small—commissioned me to acquire for him a fowling piece of the pattern, weight, and build of those belonging to St. George W. Temple, Esquire, of Kennedy Square—and so I made bold, sir, to——”

“You won’t find it, Gadgem,” replied St. George, buttering the toast. “I have two that I have shot with for years that haven’t their match in the state. Todd, bring me one of those small bird guns—there, behind the door in the rack. Hand it to Mr. Gadgem— Now you can see by the shape of—take hold of it—but do you know anything about guns?”

“Only enough to keep away from their muzzles, sir.” He had it in his hand now—holding it by the end of the barrel, Todd instinctively dodging out of the way, although he knew it was not loaded. “No, sir, I don’t know anything—not the very *smallest* thing about guns. There is nothing, in fact, I know so little about as a gun—that is why I have come to you.”

St. George recovered the piece and laid it as gently on the table beside his plate, as if it had been a newly laid egg.

“No, I don’t think you do,” he laughed, “or you wouldn’t hold it upside down. Now go on and give me the rest.”

Gadgem emitted a chuckle—the nearest he ever came to a laugh: “To have it go *on*, sir, is infinitely preferable than to have it go *off*, sir. He-he! And you have, I believe you said, two of these highly valuable implements of death?”

“Yes, five altogether—two of this kind. Here, Todd——” and he picked up the gun, “put it back behind the door.”

Gadgem felt in his inside pocket, produced and consulted a memorandum with the air of a man who wanted to be entirely sure, and in a bland voice, said:

“I should think at your time of life—if you will permit me, sir—that one less gun would not seriously inconvenience you—would you permit me sir, to hope that——”

St. George looked up from his plate and a peculiar expression flitted across his face.

“You mean you want to buy it?”

The bill collector made a little movement forward and scrutinized St. George’s face with the eye of a hawk. For a man of Temple’s kidney to be without a fowling piece was like a king being without a crown. This was the crucial moment. Gadgem knew Temple’s class, and knew just how delicately he must be handled. If St. George’s pride, or his love for his favorite chattels—things personal to himself—should overcome him, the whole scheme would fall to the ground. That any gentleman of his standing had ever seen the inside of a pawn-shop in his life was unthinkable. This was what Gadgem faced. As for Todd, he had not drawn a full breath since Gadgem opened his case.

“Not *exactly* buy it, sir,” purred Gadgem, twisting his body into an obsequious spiral. “Men of your position do not traffic in such things—but if you would be persuaded, sir, for a money consideration which you would fix yourself—say the *original* cost of the gun—to spare one of your five—you would greatly delight—in fact, you would *overwhelm* with gratitude, a friend of mine.”

St. George hesitated, looked out of the window, and a brand-new thought forced its way into his mind—as if a closet had been suddenly opened, revealing a skeleton he had either forgotten or had put permanently out of sight. There *was* need of this “original cost”—instant need—something he had entirely forgotten. *Jemima* would soon need it—maybe needed it now. That he had often kept her waiting—as he had Todd’s master—was no excuse: that was when he could pay at his pleasure; now, perhaps, he couldn’t pay at all.

“All right, Gadgem,” he said slowly, a far-away, thoughtful look on his face—“come to think of it I don’t need two guns of this calibre, and I am quite willing to let this one go, if it will oblige your friend.” Here Todd breathed a sigh of relief so loud and deep that his master turned his head in inquiry. “As to the price—I’ll look that up. Come and see me again in a day or two. Better take the gun with you now.”

The fight had been won but the risk had been great. Even Pawson could hardly believe his ears when Gadgem five minutes later related the outcome of the interview.

"Well, then, it will be plain sailing so long as the rest of the things last," said Pawson, handling the piece with a covetous touch—he too liked a day off when he could get it. "Who will you sell the gun to, Gadgem?"

"God knows—I don't! I'll borrow the money on it somehow—but I can't see him suffer—no, sir—can't see him *suffer*. It's a pleasure to serve him—real gentleman—*real*—do you hear, Pawson? No veneer—no sham—no lies! Damn few such men, I tell you. Never met one before—never will meet one again. Gave up everything he had for a rattle-brain young scamp—*begged* himself to pay his debts—not a drop of the fellow's blood in his veins either—incredible—incredible! Got to handle him like gunpowder, or he'll blow everything into matchsticks. Find out the price and I'll bring the money to-morrow. Do you pay it to him—I can't. I'd feel too damn mean after lying to him the way I have. Feel that way now. Good-day."

The same scene was practically repeated the following month. It was an English saddle this time, St. George having two. And it was the same unknown gentleman who figured as "the much-obliged friend," Pawson conducting the negotiations and securing the owner's consent. On this occasion Gadgem sold the saddle outright to the keeper of a livery stable, whose bills he collected, paying the difference between the asking and the selling price out of his own pocket.

Gradually, however, St. George awoke to certain unsuspected features of what was going on around him. The discovery was made one morning when the go-between was closeted in Pawson's lower office, Pawson conducting the negotiations in St. George's dining-room. The young attorney, with Gadgem's assistance, had staved off some accounts until a legal ultimatum had been reached, and, having but few resources of his own left, had, with Todd's help, decided that the silver loving cup presented to his client's father by the Marquis de Castullux, could alone save the situation—a decision which brought an emphatic refusal from the owner. This and the discovery of Pawson's and Gadgem's treachery had greatly incensed him.

"And you tell me, Pawson, that that scoundrel, Gadgem, has—Todd go down and bring him up here immediately—has had the audacity to run a pawn-shop for my benefit without so much as asking my

leave?—peddling my things?—lying to me straight through?" Here the door opened and Gadgem's face peered in. He had as was his custom crept upstairs so as to be within instant call when wanted.

"Yes—I am speaking of you, sir. Come inside and shut that door behind you. You too, Todd. What the devil do you mean, Gadgem, by deceiving me in this way? Don't you know I would rather have starved to death than——"

Gadgem raised his hand in protest:

"Exactly so, sir. That's what we were afraid of, sir—such an uncomfortable thing to starve to death, sir—I couldn't permit it, sir—I'd rather walk my feet off than permit it. I did walk them off——"

"But who asked you to tramp the streets with my things under your arm? And you lied to me about it—you said you wanted to oblige a friend. There wasn't a word of truth in it, and you know it."

Again Gadgem's hand went out with a pleading—"Please don't," gesture. "More than a word, sir—a whole dictionary, sir, and *unabridged* at that, if I might be permitted to say it. My friend still has the implement of death, and not only does he still possess it, but he is *enormously* obliged. Indeed, I have never *seen* him so happy."

"You mean to tell me, Gadgem," St. George burst out, "that the money you paid me for the gun really came from a friend of yours?"

"I do, sir." Gadgem's gimlet eye was now boring into Temple's.

"What's his name?"

"Gadgem, sir—John Gadgem, of Gadgem & Coombs—Gadgem sole survivor, since Coombs is with the angels; the foreclosure having taken place last month: hence these weeds." And he lifted the tails of his black coat in evidence.

"Out of your own money?"

"Yes, sir—some I had laid away."

St. George wheeled suddenly and stood looking first at Gadgem, then at Pawson, and last at Todd, as if for confirmation. Then a light broke in upon him—one that played over his face in uncertain flashes.

"And you did this for me?" he asked thoughtfully, fixing his gaze on Gadgem.

"I did, sir," came the answer in a meek voice, as if he had been detected in filching an apple from a stand—"and I would do it again; do it over and over again. And it has been a great pleasure for me to do

it. I might say, sir, that it has been a kind of *extreme* bliss to do it."

"Why?" There was a tremor now in Temple's voice that even Todd had never noticed before.

Gadgem turned his head away: "I don't know, sir," he replied in a lower tone. "I couldn't explain it on oath; I don't care to explain it, sir." No lie could serve him now—better make a clean breast of the villainy.

"And you still own it?" Todd had never seen his master so gentle before—not under a provocation such as this.

"I do, sir." Gadgem's voice was barely audible.

"Then it means that you have locked up just that much of your own money for a thing you can never use yourself and can't sell. Am I right?"

Gadgem lowered his head and for a moment studied the carpet. His activities, now that the cat was out of the bag, were fair subjects for discussion, but not his charities.

"I prefer not to answer, sir, and—" the last words died in his throat.

"But it's true, isn't it?" persisted St. George—he had never once taken his eyes from Gadgem.

"Yes—it's true."

St. George turned on his heel, walked to the mantel, stood for an instant gazing into the empty fireplace, and then, with that same straightening of his shoulders and lift of his head which his friends knew so well when he was deeply stirred, confronted the collector again:

"Gadgem!" He stopped and caught his breath. For a moment it seemed as if something in his throat choked his utterance. "Gadgem—give me your hand! Do you know you are a gentleman and a thoroughbred! No—don't speak—don't explain. We understand each other. Todd, bring three glasses and hand me what is left of the old Port. And do you join us, Pawson."

Todd, whose eyes had been popping from his head during the entire interview and who was still amazed at the outcome, suddenly woke to the merits of the situation: on no account must his master's straits be further revealed. He raised his hand as a signal to St. George who was still looking into Gadgem's eyes, screwed his face into a tangle of puckers and in a husky

whisper muttered, so low that only his master could hear:

"Dat Port, Marse George"—one eye now went entirely out in a wink—"is gittin' a leetle mitelow—" (there hadn't been a drop of it in the house for six months)—"an' if——"

"Well, then, that Brown Sherry—get a fresh bottle, Todd—" St. George was quite honest, and so, for that matter, was Todd: the Brown Sherry had also seen its day.

"Yes, sah—but how would dat fine ol' peach brandy de judge gin ye, do? It's spilin' to be tasted, sah—" both eyes were now in eclipse in the effort to apprise his master that with the exception of some badly corked Madeira, Tom Coston's peach brandy was about the only beverage left in the cellar.

"Well, the old peach brandy, then—get it at once and serve it in the large glasses."

XX

ST. GEORGE had now reached the last stage of his poverty. The selling or pawning of the few valuables left him had been consummated and with the greatest delicacy, so as best to spare his feelings, and that he had been assisted by hitherto unknown friends, who had sacrificed their own balances in his behalf—did not lessen the gravity of the present situation. The fact remained that with the exception of a few possible assets he was practically penniless. Every old debt that could be collected—and Gadgem had been a scourge and a flaming sword as the weeks went on in their gathering—had been rounded up. Even his minor interests in two small ground rents had—thanks to Pawson, been cashed some years in advance. His available resources were now represented by some guns, old books, bridles, another saddle, his rare Chinese punch bowl and its teakwood stand, and a few remaining odds and ends.

He could hope for no payment from the Patapsco—certainly not for some years; nor could he raise money even on these hopes, the general opinion being that despite the efforts of John Gorsuch, Rutter, and Harding to punish the guilty and resuscitate the innocent, the bank would finally collapse without a cent being paid the depositors. As for that old family suit, it had been in the courts for forty odd years and it was likely to be there forty odd years more.

Had he been differently constructed—he a man with scores and scores of friends, many of whom would gladly have helped him—he might have made his wants known—but such was not his make-up. The men to whom he could apply—men like the archdeacon, Murdoch, and one or two others—had no money of their own to spare—and as for wealthier men—men like Rutter and Harding, starvation itself would be preferable to an indebtedness of that kind. Then again, he did not want his poverty known. He had defied Talbot Rutter, and had practically shown him the door when the colonel doubted his ability to pay Harry's debts and still live, and no humiliation would be greater than to see Rutter's satisfaction over his abject surrender. No—if the worst came to the worst, he could slip back to Wesley where he was always welcome and take up the practice of the law which he had abandoned since his father's death, and thus earn money enough not to be a burden to Peggy. In the meantime something might turn up. Perhaps another of Gadgem's thumb-screws could be fastened on some delinquent and thus extort a drop or two; or the bank might begin paying ten per cent.—or another prepayment might be squeezed out of a ground rent. If none of these things turned out to his advantage, then Gadgem and Pawson must continue their search for customers who would have the rare opportunity of purchasing direct "from the private collection of a gentleman," etc., etc., "one first-class English saddle," etc., etc.

"The meantime," however, brought no relief. Indeed so acute had the financial strain become that another and a greater sacrifice—one that fairly cut his heart in two faced him—the parting with his dogs. That four mouths besides his own and Todd's were too many to feed had of late become painfully evident. He might send them to Wesley of course but then he remembered that no one at Tom Coston's ever had a gun in their hands, and they would only be a charge and a nuisance to Peggy. Or he might send them up into Carroll County to a farmer friend, but in that case he would have to pay their keep and he needed the money for those at home. And so he waited and pondered.

A coachman from across the park solved the difficulty a day or two later with a whis-

pered word in Todd's ear, which set the boy's temper ablaze—for he dearly loved the dogs himself—until he had talked it over with Pawson and Gadgem, and had then broken the news to his master as best he could.

"Dem dogs is eatin' dere haids off," he began, fidgeting about the table, brushing the crumbs on to a tray only to spill half of them on the floor—"an' Mister Floyd's coachman done say dat his young marster's jes' adyin' for 'em an' don't cyar what he pay for 'em, dat is if ye—" but St. George cut him short.

"What did you say, Todd?"

"Why dat young marster dat's jes' come up f'om Ann'rundel—got mo' money den he kin th'ow 'way I yere."

"And they are eating their heads off, are they—and he wants to swap his dirty money for my— Yes—I know. Don't say another word. Send the dogs up one at a time—Floe first!"

The scene that followed always lingered in his mind. For days thereafter he could not mention their names—even to Todd—without the tears springing to his eyes.

Up the kitchen flight they tumbled—not one at a time, but all in a scramble, bounding straight at him, slobbering all over his face and hands, their paws scraping his clothes—each trying to climb into his lap—big Gordon setters, all four. He swept them off and ranged them in a row before his arm-chair with their noses flat to the carpet, their brown agate eyes following his every movement.

"Todd says you eat too much, you damned rascals!" he cried in enforced gayety, leaning forward, shaking his finger in their faces. "What the devil do you mean, coming into a gentleman's private apartments and eating him out of house and home—and that's what you're doing. I'm going to sell you!—do you hear that?—sell you to some stingy curmudgeon who'll starve you to death, and that's what you deserve! Come here, Floe—you dear old doggie, you—nice Floe! Here, Dandy—Rupert—Sue!" They were all in his arms again, their cold noses snuggled under his warm chin. But this time he didn't care what they did to his clothes—nor what he did to them. He was alone; Todd had gone down to the kitchen—only he and the four companions so dear to his heart. "Come here, you imp of the devil," he con-

tinued, rubbing Floe's ears—he loved her best—pinching her nose until her teeth showed; patting her flanks, crooning over her as a woman would over a child—talking to himself all the time—"I wonder if Floyd will be good to them, if I thought he wouldn't I'd rather starve than— No—I reckon it's all right—he's got plenty of room and plenty of people to look after them." Then he rose and drew his hand across his forehead. "Got to sell my dogs, eh? Turned traitor, have you, Mr. Temple, and gone back on your best friends? By God—I wonder what will come next?" He strode across the room, rang for Todd, and bending down loosened a collar from Dandy's neck, on which his own name was engraved, "St. George Wilmot Temple, Esquire. Esquire, eh? What a damned lie! Property of a pauper living on pawn-shops and a bill collector! Nice piece of business, St. George—fine record for your blood and breeding! Ah, Todd—that you? Well, take them downstairs and send word to Mr. Floyd's man to call for them to-night, and when you come back I'll have a letter ready for you. Come here, you rascals, and let me hug one or two of you. Good Floe—good doggie." Then the long-fought choke in his throat strangled him. "Take them away, Todd," he said in a husky voice, straightening his shoulders as if the better to get his breath, and with a deep indrawn sigh, bolted into his bedroom.

Half an hour later there followed a short note written on one of his few remaining sheets of English paper, addressed to the new owner, in which he informed that gentleman that he bespoke for his late companions the same care and attention which he had always given them himself, and which they so richly deserved, and which he felt sure they would continue to receive while in the service of his esteemed and honored correspondent. This he sealed in wax and stamped with his crest; and this was duly delivered by Todd—and so the painful incident had come to an end.

The dogs disposed of there still remained to him another issue to meet—the wages he owed Jemima. Although she had not allowed the subject to pass her lips—not even to Todd—St. George knew that she needed the money—she being a free woman and her earnings her own—not a master's. He had twice before determined to set aside enough money from former cash receipts to

liquidate Jemima's debt, once from the proceeds of Gadgem's gun and again from what Floyd paid him for the dogs, but Todd had insisted with such vehemence that he needed it for the marketing, that he had let it go over.

The one remaining object of real value was the famous loving cup. With this turned into money he would be able to pay Jemima in full. For days he debated the matter with himself putting the question in a dozen different lights: it was not really his cup, but belonged to the family—he being only its custodian; it would reflect on his personal honor if he traded so distinguished a gift—one marking the esteem in which his dead father had been held, etc. Then the round good-natured face and bent figure of his old stand-by and comfort—who had worked for him and for his father, almost all her life, rose before him—she bending over her tubs earning the bread to keep her alive, and with this picture in his mind all his fine-spun theories vanished into thin air. Todd was summoned and thus the last connecting link between the past and present was broken and the precious heirloom turned over to Kirk the silversmith who the next day found a purchaser with one of the French secretaries in Washington, a descendant of the marquis.

With the whole of the purchase money in his hands and his mind firmly made up he rang for his servant:

"Come along, Todd—show me where Aunt Jemima lives—it's somewhere down by the market, I hear—I'm going now."

The darky's face got as near white as his skin would allow: this was the last thing he had expected.

"Dat ain't no fit place for ye, Marse George," he stammered. "I'll go an' git her an' bring her up; she tol' me when I carried dat las' washin' down she wuz a-comin' dis week."

"No, her sister is sick and she is needed where she is—get your basket and come along—you can do your marketing down there. Bring me my hat and cane. What's the matter with her sister, do you know?"

Again the darky hedged: "Dunno, sah—some kin' o' mis'ry in her back I reckon. Las' time Aunt Jemima was yere she say de doctor 'lowed her kittens was 'fected." (It was another invalid limping past the front steps who had put that in his head.)

St. George roared: "Well, whatever she's

got I'm going to pay my respects to her; I've neglected Aunt Jemima too long. No—my best hat—don't forget that I'm going to call on a very distinguished colored lady. Come, out with it—how far does she live from the market?"

"Jes' 'bout's far's from yere to de church. Is you gwine now? I got a heap o' cleanin' ter do—dem steps is all gormed up dey's dat dirty—maybe we better go when——"

"Not another word out of you! I'm going now." He could feel the money in his pocket and he would not wait. "Get your basket."

Todd led the way and the two crossed the park and struck out for the lower part of the city near Jones Falls, into a district surrounded by one and two story houses inhabited by the poorer class of whites and the more well-to-do free negroes. Here the streets, especially those which ran to the wharves, were narrow and ill-paved, their rough cobbles being often obstructed by idle drays, heavy anchors, and rusting anchor chains; all on free storage. Up one of these crooked streets, screened from the brick sidewalk by a measly wooden fence, stood a two-story wooden house, its front yard decorated with clothes lines running criss-cross from thumbs of fence-posts to fingers of shutters—a sort of cats-cradle along whose meshes Aunt Jemima hung her wet clothes.

On this particular day what was left of St. George Temple's wardrobe and bed linen, with the exception of what that gentleman had on his back, was either waving in the cool air of the morning, or being clothes-pinned so that it might wave later on.

Todd's anxious face was the first to thrust itself from around the corner of a sagging, sloppy sheet—the two had entered the gate in the fence at the same moment, but St. George had been lost in the maze of dripping linen.

"Go way f'om dar, you fool nigger, muss-in' up my wash!—keep yo' haid off'er dem sheets I tell ye, fo' I smack ye! An' ye needn't come down yere a-sassin' me 'bout Marse George's clo'es, 'cause dey ain't done—" (here Temple's head came into view, his face in a broad smile)—"Well, fer de lan's sakes, Marse George. What ye come down yere fer? Here—lemme git dat basket outer yo' way— No, dem hands ain't fit fer nobody to shake— My!—but I's mighty glad to see ye! Don't tell me ye come fer dat wash—I been so pestered wid de weather—nothin' don't dry."

He had dodged a wet sheet and had the old woman by the hand now, his face wreathed in smiles at sight of her.

"No, aunty—I came down to pay you some money."

"You don't owe me no money," she cried indignantly, "leastwise you doan' owe me nothin' till ye kin pay it," and she darted an annihilating glance at Todd.

"Yes I do—but let me see where you live," and he looked about him. "What a fine place—plenty of room except on wash-days," and he smiled meaningly. "All those mine—I didn't know I had that many clothes left. Pick up that basket, Todd, and bring it in for aunty." The two made their way between the wet linen and found themselves in front of the dwelling. "And is this all yours?"

"De fust flo' front an' back is mine an' de top flo' I rents out. Got a white man in dere now dat works in de lumber yard. Jes' come up an' see how I fixed it up."

"And tell me about your sister—is she better?" he continued.

The old woman put her arms akimbo: "Lawd bress ye, Marse George!—who done tol' ye dat fool lie! I ain't got no sister—not yere!"

"Why, I thought you couldn't come back to me because you had to nurse some member of your family who had kittens, or some such misery in her spine—wasn't that it, Todd?" said St. George trying to conceal a smile.

Todd shot a beseeching look at Jemima to confirm his picturesque yarn, but the old woman would have none of it.

"Dere ain't been nobody to tek care of but des me. I come yere 'cause I knowed ye didn't hab no money to keep me, an' I got back de ol' furniture what I had fo' I come to lib wid ye, an' went to washin', an if dat yaller varmint's been tellin' any lies 'bout me I'm gwineter wring his neck."

"No, let Todd alone," laughed St. George, his heart warming to the old woman at this further proof of her love for him. "The Lord has already forgiven him that lie, and so have I. And now what have you got upstairs?"

They had mounted the steps by this time and St. George was peering into a clean, simply furnished room. "First rate, aunty—your lumber-yard man is in luck. And now put that in your pocket," and he handed her the package.

"What's dis?"

"Nearly half a year's wages."

"I ain't gwineter take it," she snapped back in a positive tone.

St. George laid his hand tenderly on the old woman's shoulder. She had served him faithfully for many years and he was very fond of her.

"Tuck it in your bosom, aunty—it should have been paid long ago."

She looked at him shrewdly: "Did de bank pay ye yit, Marse George?"

"No."

"Den I ain't gwineter tech it—I ain't gwineter tech a fip ob it!" she exploded. "How I know ye ain't a-sufferin' fer it! See dat wash?—an' I got an udder room to rent if I'm min' ter scrunch up a leetle mo'. I kin git 'long."

St. George's hand again tightened on her shoulder:

"Take it when you can get it, aunty," he said in a more serious tone, and turning on his heel joined Todd below, leaving the old woman in tears, the money lying in her limp outspread fingers.

All the way back to his home—they had stopped to replenish the larder at the market—St. George kept up his spirits. Absurd as it was—he a man tottering on the brink of dire poverty—the situation from his stand-point was far from perilous. He had discharged the one debt that had caused him the most anxiety—the money due the faithful old cook; he had a basket full of good things—among them half a dozen quail and three diamond-back terrapin—the cheapest food in the market—and he had funds left for his immediate wants.

With this feeling of contentment permeating his mind something of the old feeling of independence—with its indifference toward the dollar and what it meant and could bring him, welled up in his heart. For a time at least the bugbear of debt lay hidden. A certain old-time happiness began to show itself in his face and bearing. So evident was this that before many days had passed even Todd noticed the return of his old buoyancy, and so felt privileged to discuss his own feelings, now that the secret of their mode of earning a common livelihood was no longer a menace to his master.

"Dem taters what we got outter de ster-rups of dat ridin' saddle is mos' gone," he ventured one morning at breakfast, when the balance of the cup money had reached a low ebb. "Shall I tote de udder saddle

down to dat Gadgem man"—(he never called him anything else, although of late he had conceived a marked respect for the collector)—"or shall I keep it fer some mo' sugar?"

"What else is short, Todd?" said St. George, good-naturedly, helping himself to another piece of cornbread.

"Well, dere's plenty ob dose decanter crackers and de pair ob andirons is still holdin' out wid de mango pickles and de cheese, but dat pair ob ridin' boots is mos' gone. We got half barrel ob flour and a bag o' coffee, ye 'member wid dem boots. I done seen some smoked herrin' in de market yisterday mawnin' 'd go mighty good wid de buckwheat cakes and sugar-house 'lasses—only we ain't got no 'lasses. I was a-thinkin' dem two ol' cheers in de garret 'd come in handy; ain't nobody sot in 'em since I been yere; de bottoms is outen one o' dem, but de legs and backs is good 'nough fer a quart o' 'lasses. I kin take 'em down to de same place dat Gadgem man tol' me to take de big brass shovel an' tongs——"

"All right, Todd," rejoined St. George, highly amused at the boy's economic resources. "Anything that Mr. Gadgem recommends I agree to. Yes—take him the chairs—both of them."

Even the men at the club had noticed the change and congratulated him on his good spirits. None of them knew of his desperate straits, although many of them had remarked on the differences in his hospitality, while some of the younger gallants—men who made a study of the height and roll of the collars of their coats and the latest cut of waistcoats—especially the increased width of the frogs, on the lapels—had whispered to each other that Temple's clothes certainly needed overhauling; more particularly his shirts, which were much the worse for wear: one critic laying his seeming indifference to the carelessness of a man who was growing old; another shaking his head with the remark that it was Poole's bill which was growing old—older by a good deal than the clothes, and that it would have to be patched and darned with one of old George Brown's—(the banker's) scraps of paper before the wearer could regain his reputation of being the best dressed man in or out of the club.

None of these lapses from his former well-to-do estate made any difference, however, to St. George's intimates when it came

to the selection of important guests for places at table or to assist in the success of some unusual function. Almost every one in and around Kennedy Square had been crippled in their finances by the failure, not only of the Patapsco, but by kindred institutions during the preceding few years. Why then, they argued, should any one criticise such economies as Temple was practising—he was still living in his house with his servants—one or two less, perhaps—but still in comfort, and if he did not entertain as heretofore what of it? His old love of sport, as was shown by his frequent visits to his estates on the Eastern Shore, might account for some of the changes in his hospitable habits, there not being money enough to keep up establishments both in country and town. These changes, of course, could only be temporary. His properties on the peninsula—(almost everybody had “properties” in those days, whether imaginary or real)—would come up some day, and then all would be well again.

The House of Seymour was particularly in the dark. The Honorable Prim, in his dense ignorance, had even asked St. George to join in one of his commercial enterprises—the building of a new clipper ship—while Kate, who had never waited five minutes in all her life for anything that a dollar could buy, had begged a subscription for a charity she was managing, and which she received with a kiss and a laugh, and without a moment’s hesitation from a purse shrinking steadily by the hour.

Only when some idle jest or well-meant inquiry diverted his mind to the chain of events leading up to Harry’s exile was his insistent cheerfulness under his fast accumulating misfortunes ever disturbed.

Todd was the cruel disturber on this particular day, with a bit of information which, by reason of its source, St. George judged must be true, and which because of its import brought him infinite pain. “Purty soon we won’t hab ’nough spoons to stir a toddy wid,” Todd had begun. “I tell ye, Marse George, day ain’t none o’ dem gwine in dere pockets till de constable gits arter ’em. I jes’ wish Marse Harry was yere—he’d fix ’em. Fo’ dey knowed whar dey wuz he’d hab ’em full o’ holes; dat red-haided, no’-count gemman what’s a-makin’ up to Miss Kate is gwineter git her fo’ sho——”

It was here that St. George had raised his head, his heart in his mouth.

“How do you know, Todd?” he asked in a serious tone. He had long since ceased correcting Todd for his outspoken reflections on Kate’s suitor as a useless expenditure of time.

“‘Cause Mammy Henny done tol’ Aunt Jemima so—an’ she purty nigh cried her eyes out when she said it. Ye ain’t heard nothin’ ’bout Marse Harry comin’ home, is ye?”

“No—not a word—not for many months, Todd. He’s up in the mountains, so his mother tells me.”

Whereupon Todd had gulped down an imprecation expressive of his feelings and had gone about his duties, while St. George had buried himself in his easy-chair, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his soul all the more a-hungered for the boy he loved. He wondered where the lad was—why he hadn’t written. Whether the fever had overtaken him and he laid up in some filthy hospital? Almost every week his mother had either come herself or sent in for news, accompanied by messages expressing some new phase of her anxiety. Or had he grown and broadened out and become big and strong?—whom had he met, and how had they treated him?—and would he want to leave home again when once he came back? Then, as always, there came a feeling of intense relief. He thanked God that Harry *wasn’t* at home; a daily witness of the shrinkage of his resources and the shifts to which he was being put. This would be ten times worse for him to bear than the loss of the boy’s companionship. Harry would then upbraid him for the sacrifices he had made for him, as if he would not take every step over again. Take them!—of course he would take them!—so would any other gentleman. Not to have come to Harry’s rescue, in that, the most critical hour of his life, when he was disowned by his father, rejected by his sweetheart, and hounded by creditors, not one of whom did he justly owe—was unthinkable—absolutely unthinkable and not worth a moment’s consideration.

And so he would sit and muse, his head in his hand, his legs stretched toward the fire, his white shapely fingers tapping the arms of his chair—each click so many telegraphic records of the workings of his mind.

(To be continued.)

THE CONWAYS' BURGLAR

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

USUALLY all lights were out in the Conways' house long before the clock struck twelve. But Mr. Conway, the cartoonist, had a drawing to finish, and had promised the art editor of the *Weekly* to have it in on the following day. Just at one in the morning he put the finishing strokes with a sigh of self-appreciation and relief. The art editor had been pleased with the idea and so had Conway when his wife had suggested it. Mrs. Conway was a mine of suggestion; only Conway's intimate friends knew that he was part of a co-operative institution. Singly they were amusing, together they were irresistible.

Why it is that a well-built wooden house takes upon itself the attitude of an automatic burglar alarm during the small hours has never been explained; but certain it is that stairs, that never creak in the daytime, snap and pop like overstrained ropes when the lights are out, and doors, that generally behave as doors should, squeak interrogatively on their hinges, and groan and rattle for no cause that can be ascertained.

Mr. Conway blew out the "studio" lamp and stole quietly upstairs, intending to see if, for once, it were possible to escape the

alert ear of his better half. He tried every device—even pausing for a moment on the top landing—holding his breath until on the point of suffocation. If he had had a

guilty conscience he could not have used more precautions.

But they were fruitless—his wife's voice addressed him casually as he entered the bedroom, and she informed him that she had listened to every step of his stealthy approach. It had suggested an idea to her that they might work up some time, she added sleepily. She would remind him of it at breakfast.

Many of the cartoonist's brightest hits had been due to his helpmate's nocturnal inspirations.

It may have been three o'clock in the morning when Conway was awakened by a gentle shake of his shoulder. His wife was sitting bolt upright in the bed; as he roused himself she spoke in a low whisper.

"Hush! Henry," she said softly. "It's a burglar!"

Conway was about to reply that he thought they had about worked that theme threadbare, when Mrs. Conway again admonished him to be silent.

"Listen!" she said, and now he listened—peculiar little sensations gathering back



The door swung slowly open.—Page 627.

of his ears. Surely enough there was some one coming up the front stairs! He recognized the challenging squeak of the next to the last step, and the rattle of a loose post in the banisters. To save his life he could not help a faint chatter of his teeth.

"I'd better get my revolver," he whispered, without moving; but his wife restrained him.

"You will stay just where you are!" she said firmly, "and keep quiet!" then, with no more excitement in her voice than a child would employ in playing a game of hide-and-seek, she whispered: "Keep quiet, now he is coming this way!" and a second later she went on, with almost an exclamation of surprise: "Gracious me! he's got a light! Did you ever?"

The door leading into the hallway had not been completely closed, and a faint ray flashed along the opposite wall. By this time Mr. Conway had been reduced to a state of absolute resignation. Wonderment at his wife's remarkable attitude, and relief that there was nothing heroic expected of him, caused him to grow calmer; but his tongue and mind refused to act. He lay there simply awaiting developments, as one watches the approaching climax of a play.

The light grew brighter, and Mrs. Conway's grasp upon his shoulder tightened a little as the door swung slowly open and a hand holding a candle, followed, with unexpected suddenness, by another holding a very shiny revolver, reached into the room. Wider and wider the door opened, until there stood there in plain sight the figure of a large man with his coat collar turned up round his throat and his derby hat pushed back on his close-cropped head.

The sight of the two people staring at

him disconcerted him a little, and he half drew back. There was an awkward silence. The intruder did not seem to be able to make up his mind whether to enter or retire, and then Mrs. Conway spoke.

"Now I want to know," she asked, "how did you get in here?"

The man did not reply for an instant, and then his eyes twinkled.

"Through the cellar door, ma'am," he replied.

"Wasn't it locked?" Mrs. Conway spoke in the voice of a school-mistress reproving a naughty scholar.

"It wasn't much locked," replied the man quietly. "I don't want to cause you no inconven-

ience; but you see it's this way—I can't work at a trade on account of my health, and so I got to doin' this. I really don't want to, but I have to."

"You look perfectly well and strong!" returned Mrs. Conway, emphatically, "and you're just an ordinary thief, and that's all there is to it!"

"Well," was the reply, "it isn't my place to contradict a lady; but them's hard words! and now," he added, in a gruffer tone, "if you've got any money I want it!"

"There's some on the bureau," replied Mrs. Conway, pointing to a handful of change her husband had taken out of his waistcoat pocket and placed beside his watch.

"Thanks! madam," said the man, "and I'll take this ticker along with it!"

He placed the candle on the bureau and, slipping the watch and the money into his pocket, opened the top bureau drawer. He pulled out a little trinket case, shook it, and pocketed it also.

"You're a mean man!" said Mrs. Conway vehemently. "There is something in that box I don't want you to take, and if



The sketch.



"I'll take you at your word, sir."

you'll put it back I'll tell you where there's something much more valuable."

"Well, ma'am, what is it?"

"It's a little ring with a small opal. I will be much obliged if you will leave it, and you will find a gold bangle with two five-dollar gold pieces on it in a pasteboard box under the handkerchiefs—you overlooked it."

"Thank you, ma'am!" returned the burglar, that's very nice of you! and opals is unlucky—won't you pick out what you want?" He extended the trinket case in one hand. The other had never dropped the big revolver.

Mrs. Conway selected the ring and held it up between her thumb and forefinger.

"You see," she said, "it isn't very valuable. Thank you very much!"

"Oh, pray don't mention it! Isn't there something else that you'd like?" returned the big man, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Oh, may I?" asked Mrs. Conway, in the tone of voice that one uses when proffered a second helping of sweets, and with that she picked out a really handsome ring with a diamond, flanked by two small rubies.

The burglar smiled. "You drew a prize that time, madam," he said, in a congratulatory tone, "and I must be taking my leave. But, before I go," he added, "I shall have to relieve you of this little thing, which I presume belongs to the gentleman." This was the first notice that he had taken of Mr. Conway, who in silence watched the proceedings, with the coverlet drawn up to his chin. As the burglar spoke, he picked up a small-calibre revolver from the bureau drawer and put it in his trousers pocket.

"It's dangerous," he added, "to leave fire-arms about the house!" and now he walked slowly over toward the door. An idea seized him, however, as he passed the chair upon which Mr. Conway's clothes were neatly folded. He picked up the trousers and gave them a shake.

Now, for the first time, the master of the house spoke:

"There is nothing in the pockets," he said. "I took everything out and put it on the bureau."

The burglar smiled again. "I'll take you at your word, sir," he said. "Many thanks!"

"Don't you get any candle grease on those pants!" suddenly interposed Mrs. Conway; "you will if you don't take care!"

At this the burglar laughed softly. "You're a great little lady!" he said; "you're all right!" He dropped the clothing back on the chair, and stepping to the door, stood there holding it open. "Now," he said, "I'm going to give a little advice:

If the gentleman doesn't follow me, I'll get out of the house peaceable and quiet; but if he does, he may spoil the whole thing, so I advise you to stay where you are, sir, for a few minutes, until you hear me slam the kitchen door. I will have to inform you, ma'am," he added, "that, as is customary on such occasions, I have helped myself to some of the cold meat that was in the larder, and also drank most of the pitcher of milk. It was very good, I assure you! And now, good-evening!"



"Don't you get any candlegrease on those pants!"—Page 628.

"Just wait a minute!" called Mrs. Conway, "before you go—don't go down that hallway to the left—it leads to the nursery, and if you wake up the Swedish nurse-girl she'll be sure to have a fit, and probably she'll scream!"

"And probably," also added Mr. Conway, who had now recovered from his fright, and as usual was following his wife's lead, "she will give up her situation and insist upon going back to town. It's all we can do to persuade her to stay as it is!"

The burglar chuckled, but did not reply.

"Now, mind what I tell you," said Mrs. Conway warningly. "Be careful!"

"And take care of the top step," added Mr. Conway.

The burglar closed the door. He left behind him an intemperance-like odor.

As soon as they were left alone the Conways looked at one another. They couldn't see very well, for the room was in utter darkness; but they could feel each other's questioning stare. At last Conway spoke in a whisper.

"Well!" he said, "what are we going to do?" The danger was over, and he was chuckling hysterically.

"Get up quickly!" replied his wife sternly; "hurry into your clothes——"

"But I promised not to follow him! It would hardly be fair, you know, for he really behaved very nicely, didn't he?" Again Conway chuckled; but there was no laughter in his wife's voice as she replied:

"Get into your clothes, Henry, go out the window, climb down the trellis, and go call Mr. Smedburg and get help!" She bounced out of bed—Conway followed her.

"Shall we strike a light?" he asked, completely surrendering the command of things—"shall we?"

"No, don't do that; he might come back again." She walked to the door, slipping on her wrapper.

"Where under the sun are you going?" asked her husband.

"I'm going to telephone to Marshal Peters's house," she replied; "hurry up, don't waste any time talking!"

"For Heaven's sake, don't be foolish, Madge!" Conway urged; "don't go out there, I beseech you!"

"I'll take care of myself! He won't hurt me!"

Before he could prevent her she left the room. The whole affair had changed from the humorous to the semi-tragic. As Conway stumbled around in the darkness, groping on hands and knees for his slippers, he heard the sharp whirr of the telephone annunciator, and then a man speaking. His heart stood still! He stepped to the door and listened.

"What are you trying to do?" asked the burglar's deep voice from the foot of the stairs. The telephone was against the wall on the first landing.

"I'm using the telephone," returned Mrs. Conway quietly; "you can see that for yourself! Hello?—hello?" she added interrogatively, "is that you, central? is that you?"

"Madge, come in here," implored Conway in a whisper from the door.

"Hello! hello!" went on Mrs. Conway.

"Hello! hello!" mocked the burglar from the foot of the stairs. "I'm going down that way in a minute, ma'am, and I'll drop in and see what's the matter with 'em—perhaps the wire's down."

"I'm not talking to you," answered Mrs. Conway sharply; "mind your own business!"

"Oh, very well!" said the burglar, "anything to oblige the lady."

At last apparently Mrs. Conway had succeeded in securing the attention of the slumbering central office.

"Well!" she said at last into the receiver, "you've taken a long time! Will you please give me Marshal Peters's house at once?—at once!" she repeated.

There was a pause.

"Ye'd better call up the fire department, madam," suggested the burglar, "ye may find them all ready to go out; it'll take the marshal some time to get here."

Mrs. Conway paid no attention to this.

"Hello," she said, "is this Marshal Peters?—I'm sorry to get you up this time of night—this is Mrs. Conway—yes!—there's a burglar in our house—no—no—he's here yet—"

"You can tell the marshal he's in a great hurry," put in the burglar, "and can't wait but a few minutes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Conway, answering a question evidently, "he's here now—I'm talking to him."

"That's very polite of you, ma'am," said the burglar, "but you haven't spoken to me for three minutes!—but I forgive you, and now I must be going, and have to thank you for a very delightful time—good-morning!"

He picked up a heavy bag, and an instant later there was a slam of the kitchen door. Mr. Conway emerged into the hallway.

"What! haven't you gone?" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you'd be getting help all this time!"

"No," said Conway angrily. "I wasn't going to leave you alone! and I couldn't go barefooted—me with a sore throat!—and you've got on my slippers."

His wife rushed back into the room and reached the half-open window. "He is climbing the fence," she cried, "and, Henry, he's just ransacked the house." She was now hovering on the point of tears.

In the gray of the dawn they could just make out a figure striding the top rail. It dropped on the other side and disappeared into a patch of evergreens. Conway turned suddenly:

"I have an idea!" he cried, and he ran down the hall to the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Conway.

"Telephone to the station. I know what he is up to, he is going to take the five-o'clock train and go back to town. We can have him arrested there as he leaves."

"There's no use trying that," interrupted Mrs. Conway; "central office closed at twelve—they don't open until six-thirty."

"Well, then, who under the sun were you talking to?"

"I wasn't talking to anybody; I just thought it was the best way to get him out of the house."

"Now, I suppose that's what they call tact," said Conway. "Madge, as the gentleman said, 'you're a great little lady!'"

"This is no time for compliments!" Mrs. Conway returned. "What are we going to do now?—what?—" Suddenly she interrupted herself, and grasped her husband by the arm. "Quick!—" she said. "I've got an idea!"

"I never knew you when you hadn't; what is it this time?"

"Come down to the study," she returned.

Mr. Conway followed her meekly and watched her without a question as she turned up the light.

"Now," she said, "sit down and *draw* him." She picked up a pencil and pushed a pad of paper across the desk.

"My dear," said Mr. Conway, "you are certainly a piece of work! You are Lady

they got a reference library, or something—where the police look up people like this?"

"The Rogues' Gallery, maybe?—you're a wonder!"

"Of course!—that's it! I couldn't think of the name of it. You take the first train to town and show that to the librarian—or whoever it may be—and then we may be



"You'd be robbed some day!"—Page 632.

Napoleon Bonaparte and Mrs. Sherlock Holmes rolled into one!"

He made a few hasty strokes, his wife leaning over his shoulder.

"No," she said, criticising, "his forehead was higher than that, and he had a slight droop to his left eye—that's it!—that's good—that's his mouth, exactly! He was a good-humored man, wasn't he? I suppose he thought we were crazy."

"Can't blame him, I'm sure!" remarked Conway. "I think your behavior was a little out of the usual."

"He said I was a perfect lady," returned Mrs. Conway—"there! put a deeper line on his chin—don't you remember, he had a scar there?—that's it! you've got him to the life—who said you couldn't catch likenesses?"

"Well," said Conway when he had finished, "now what are we going to do with this?"

"Well"—Mrs. Conway paused thoughtfully—"when you go to town—haven't

able to get the rest of those things back—he might have left little Clara's silver mug!"

That morning, as Inspector Titus sat in his office in Centre Street, Mr. Conway's card was brought to him. It took but a few minutes for him to state his business after he had been admitted. He looked at the sketch Mr. Conway placed on the desk, and then gave a few orders to the door man.

"Send Jason and McDougall in at once."

In a few minutes the two detectives stood before them.

The inspector looked up quickly and shoved the sketch over without comment.

"Do you recognize this gun?" he asked.

"I think I know him."

Each looked at it carefully and handed it back.

"Do you want him, Chief?" asked the older detective.

"Yes."

"We'll have him here for you at four o'clock. Say! but that's a great picture, isn't it, Tom?"

"Great!" was the reply—"better'n the one we've got in the gallery."

"Well, have him here at four o'clock," said the chief, "and don't fail—better start out at once. The job was done last night—just a few miles up the New Haven road. You'll probably find him around Sandy's."

"Sure! We'll have him all right," was the reply, and the two men left the room.

"Well, Mr. Conway," said the inspector with a laugh, "I wish we had everything as dead to rights as this is. This is just open and shut. Come here at four o'clock and pick him out."

"Who is he," asked Conway, wondering.

"Smiling Bill Dunn," was the return—"an old-timer. Say! will you give me this picture? Just sign your name here. I'll appreciate it very much."

At four o'clock that afternoon Mr. Conway was on hand. There was a line of

men standing outside the cell doors in the basement corridor—there may have been ten or twelve of them—and about the middle stood Mr. Dunn. Conway's eye lit on him in a moment; but before he had said a word the burglar had stepped out.

"How d' ye do, Mr. Conway?" he said; "you've caught me with the goods on—you've got me for fair!—how did you do it?"

Conway hesitated. "It wasn't hard to do," he said.

"Oh, come now," said the man, "I'll bet your wife put you up to it—say! she's a piece of work! Say! if I'd a wife like that I'd be giving money to hospitals—what would you do without her, eh?"

"I don't know, really," returned Mr. Conway.

"Well, I do," answered "Smiling Bill"—"you'd be robbed some day!"

THEY KNOW NOT HARBORS WHO KNOW NOT THE DEEP

By Christian Gauss

THE ships now in the harbor lie asleep
And have forgot how sea-wind puffs the sails
There cast upon the decks. Yonder the deep
Lies brooding and the lost gull weakly flails

The calm with listless wing, that fain would be
Wet with the spindrift of a scudding prow.
He sickens, pale Odysseus of the sea
Shaped for the storm, o'er windless waters now.

So have I fallen in thine arms asleep,
And my soul sickens and I restless lie
Adventure-struck, and hungry for the sweep
Of rhythmic oars and islands drifting by.

I waken, let me go! It is not pride:
Bright Lucifer into the darkness hurled
Was happier than angels quiet-eyed.
God in me urges: yonder glooms the world.

The sailor seeks the haven but a day,
His life spills on the sea; then sweeter sleep,
And dearer thou for yearnings far away;
They know not harbors who know not the deep.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

ACCORDING to Sir Henry Maine's famous generalization, "the movement of the progressive societies has hitherto been a movement from status to contract." That is a statement, no doubt, of the essential difference between mediæval feudalism and modern commercialism. African slavery in this country was the last important survival of "status," though no traveller in rural

England, for example, can fail to see that there is an essential though not legal or formal survival of it there.

In mediæval times the laborer was a servant of his master, or an "adscript" of the soil. In modern times he renders certain specified services for certain specified compensation. Employer and employed are strangers out of business hours, and wash their hands of one another after every payday.

This does not, to the sentimental mind, seem the most desirable basis for human society. Almost seventy years ago, Carlyle uttered, in "Past and Present," a passionate and eloquent protest against it, which won for him the sympathy of all the generous young enthusiasm of the time. It must be owned that "the time gives it proof." For nobody can hold that our chronic state of industrial war, with its almost daily acute manifestations in actual violence, is a healthy or a normal condition. A large employer of labor was overheard to remark, the other day, that, in American politics, the workmen habitually voted on the other side from the boss. That he was so odious to the people who worked with and for him that they would hail an opportunity, "out of business hours," to favor what he opposed and oppose what he favored is a confession which one would not expect a man to make without some shamefacedness; of which this confessor, however, made no sign.

But if in the industrial world, "contract" does not invariably appear to advantage in comparison with "status," still less in the domestic circle. More and more there, according to all observers, "contract" is prevailing over "status," and the only contract affected with a sentimental interest is coming

to be that of matrimony itself. And what a pity it is. In great establishments, where the "staff" is managed by a housekeeper, the commercial or contractual view of domestic service is more tenable than in the great majority of households. In these latter, with the necessary intimacy of all the inmates, the commercial view is not tenable. The sentimental view simply must be taken. You must either positively like or positively dislike your housemate. And the signs multiply that active animosity is coming to be the rule. "Money cannot buy service in America," remarks Mr. Kipling. For that matter, it cannot buy it anywhere. There must be sympathy or there will be antipathy. The letters of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle perhaps furnish posterity with its most valuable document concerning domestic service in the Victorian period in England, that is, from the employer's point of view. The employee's, almost necessarily, lacks the sacred poet. Mrs. Carlyle's lord and master, who bewailed in public the decay of feudality in the outdoor work of the world, bewailed in private the passing of the feudal sentiment in its indoor work, and "had often sadly thought" how much better it would be if he had servants who were bound to him, and to whom he was bound, whereas now even the system of apprenticeship in its old signification has been sacrificed to the triumph of "contract" over "status." It is true that the sage's domesticities may very plausibly have retorted upon him his own observation upon Daniel Webster: "I guess I should not like to be *your* nigger." But there are few householders who are not prepared to agree that there is one department, and that which has as much to do with the livableness of life as any other, in which everything is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Are we drifting to a condition in which our domestic staffs are to be taken from the Union, in which our kitchens are to be "womanned" without our having the royal privilege of rejecting *personæ non gratae*, and unwomanned at the behest of a walking delegate in pursuance of a general strike? "Applied Christianity" seems to be powerfully indicated.

Housewives we all know who have tried it, with the result of at least having less than their neighbors of the universal trouble. But even this remedy requires for a fair trial more time than the increasingly migratory habits of the catechumens are likely to allow.

IT must be a quarter of a century or more since that delightful old lady, Mrs. General Gilflory—now vanished from the scene of life—used to apologize for her frequent dropping into French with the ingenuous plea, "I've lived so long abroad." Perhaps this excuse might rather be termed disingenuous since Mrs. General Gilflory really preferred the flavor of the foreign tongue. Probably she would be grieved if she had survived to see that the Metropolitan Opera

A New French
Invasion

Company, here in this cosmopolitan New York of ours, no longer announces its *répertoire*. It now contents itself with announcing its repertory. Probably it feels that since it presents its many operas, each in the language in which this music drama was originally written, it is logically bound to make its announcements in the language of the country where the operas are presented. Perhaps it might even go so far as to declare that this or that artist—not *artiste*—had studied in this or that conservatory of music—and not *conservatoire*.

But we cannot doubt that Mrs. General Gilflory would have been greatly gratified if she had lived to see the vogue of the automobile and of the aeroplane. The automobile has a *chassis*; it is driven by a *chauffeur*, and it is housed in a *garage*. And the aeroplane has *ailerons* and is housed in a *hangar*. It is difficult to see why the automobile should not be content to shelter itself in a barn and why the aeroplane should not be satisfied to have its resting-place in a shed. But the English language has always been hospitable to aliens; and since the automobile industry and the new sport of flying have been cultivated most assiduously in France, it is perhaps only fair that the terminology of these two developments of human endeavor should testify to French initiative. The French have already supplied us with a large part of the vocabulary of war, of cooking, and of millinery—three other developments of human endeavor in which they are (or were) pioneers or at least leaders. So the terminology of the

ship reveals the interesting fact that our seafaring race was originally a pupil of the Dutch. So the terminology of music is evidence of the former supremacy of the Italians; and the terminology of philosophers declares our abiding indebtedness to the Germans who first discovered the useful distinction between the objective and the subjective, which Coleridge introduced into English. So the terminology of sport as it has acclimated itself in France discloses its English origin, the French now taking back in anglicized form not a few words which they had originally lent to the English.

These invasions are peaceable and they arouse no patriotic outbursts of timorous wrath. They take place now when there is an *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and France, just as they took place half a century ago when the laureate was anonymously imploring his fellow-subjects to make ready to repel boarders. No bard has risen to the defence of the invaded mother-tongue, with a linguistic "Form, Riflemen, Form!" And all unseen French is making its insidious approach to our shores. *Chassis* and *chauffeur* and *garage*, *aileron* and *hangar*, these are but the scouts of a serried host of alien invaders. Is *ennui* now good English? Can we say he "ennuied" me? Or must we continue to borrow *ennuyé*? Is *rôle* so naturalized that we can drop its italics and its accent? And how about *genre*? The new co-operative history of English literature which the University of Cambridge is now publishing prints "genre" without italics. And it even permits one contributor—and a contributor who is discussing Shakespeare!—to say that something is delicately "nuanced." Is there now an English verb "to nuance"? It is terrible to think of the bad language the scholars of the venerable English university might have used if "nuanced" had been first discovered in the text of an American author. "Form, Riflemen, Form!" Of course, it makes an obvious difference whether it is John Bull who does the goring or only an unbranded maverick of the Western plains.

But what shall be said to the Parisian shopkeeper who has lately been sending his catalogues broadcast throughout the United States and who has chosen to describe one department of his establishment as that of "brushery"? *Brosserie*, Mrs. General Gilflory would understand at once, of course. But "brushery"? *Où prenez-vous* brushery?

WHEN I was about seventeen, urged by the bright binding and the name of the author, I decided to read Mr. Howells's then current novel. Was he not a family connection of my own, and did I not know of his delightful comradery? At the second page, however, I discovered his entire unfitness as a guide, however pre-eminent his qualities as a philosopher and friend. So singularly ignorant was he of terms that he introduced his heroine as "a young girl of twenty"—

a laughable error, since even I knew that a young girl's age was from six to sixteen, after which young lady-

hood began, to develop about twenty into middle life; and soon thereafter, with the first whitening of hairs about the temples, one was undeniably old. Mr. Howells's novel thus precipitated my first definite excursion in ageology.

The second memorable experience came a decade later. I mentioned to a friend that I was that day twenty-seven. She was only two years my junior, but I recall every shade of expression on her face as she realized my antiquity. Her look was so full of pity that it was tragic, and my usual risibility was subdued, like the dyer's hand, to what it worked in. This was fingering the reverse of the shield.

After another decade a third person presented the matter from an impersonal angle. A man, my contemporary, was to marry my friend some years younger. "A young girl of twenty" learning the fact from my lips, exclaimed incontinently: "Marry! But Cousin Lucy they have one foot in the grave now!"

My peal of laughter, in contrast with my tragic comedy of twenty-seven, was the best assurance to myself that the gathering years bring sanity; that when we actresses on the stage of life grow too old to play Juliet ourselves we get immense satisfaction out of having learned just how the part ought to be played; and that though four is an angular and commonplace figure it wobbles less on its base than the more graceful three or even two which marks the decades following our salad teens.

Middle age is as roomy as an old shoe and extraordinarily elastic. I have known it to begin at twenty in mature, sedate girls, pressed by inheritance or circumstances into positions of responsibility—girls who grow steadily younger with the years; and I have known it to be a still continuing process after seventy. Middle life in this century is three times as long as it was in the eighteenth. The old moulds in which it was fashioned having all been broken,

we are no longer prisoners of the past. Some notable exceptions to the brevity of the hyphen existed, however, a century ago. Mrs. Inchbald wrote in her diary: "I dined, drank wine, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark she and I and her son William walked out and rapped at the doors in New Street and ran away." The narrator of this fact was then middle aged and a very successful author, but she knew the trick of footing it gaily with Time himself, just as those of us addicted to the use of trains learn the knack of saving our eyes by overlooking the fast flying fences and telegraph poles near the track and watching the middle distance, which hour after hour keeps pace with us.

I protest with Gibbon against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of youth. When the conversation around me turns upon childhood reminiscences, I like to ask who would care to go back and live it over. Here and there an occasional one cries yes! but the majority are emphatic with their no! "I blush to think how green I was." "With what complacency did I deduce false conclusions from misunderstood facts." "As I get older the anxiety to prove myself right if I quarrel dies out." "Who cares if the other fellow gets the credit so one's point is carried." "Poor ignorant youth hankering for gear." "What, endure again all one's lessons, all one's sorrows, all one's laceration of the affections for the sake of a few larks and thrills? That would be in Kim's proverbial philosophy to lose Delhi for the sake of a fish." Such were the protests, which the gentle reader will amplify with variations to suit his own case.

I BELIEVE that the practice of the suolimation of middle age is a scientific fact.

The phrase is clumsy, but conveys a suggestion of result from exertion and experience. Young people cannot feel the full influence of constant, patient effort to wrest the good from the great middle section of our individual life. For twenty years, more or less, life surges, and beats, and hammers against us, and then the tough sheath sloughs off and in varying degree we are sensitive to outside humanity, feel a strange new sympathy for its smallest affairs, toleration of its errors; and we pass from the strange, the far, the mysterious, to the homely, the local and familiar. Now we catch glimpses of middle age as an art to be studied, practised, per-

fect. What Burke styled the "soft green of the soul" begins to burgeon. I do not say that flowers are better than leaves, but they are different, and the change is the manifestation of vitality. These changes are less apparent outwardly than inwardly. The bee has to shape the comb before it can fill it with honey. Like the old royalists who spread the base lines of their mansions on the initial letter of the king's name, the H or the E, but followed their individual fancy upward, so circumstances of birth, and education, and environment have charted our youth, but in middle life we proceed to correlate what we have got and what we have learned, and rear the superstructure much as we will.

We middle aged need the heretical lesson which Shorthouse pressed in his great novel: that the good of existence is not the good of one's neighbor, but one's own culture. Humboldt preached it strenuously, declaring that "nothing on earth is so important as the highest power and most varied cultivation of the individual, and therefore the primary law is to educate yourself; and the second is to influence others by what you are." In terms of everyday, our business in middle life is self-culture and self-conduct: the betterment of our manners, the cultivation of the so-called minor virtues, the acquirement of new graces, and the pondering of mysteries which we can never hope to solve. Like the youthful Emerson we must not quench our flambeau in the dust of "Easy live and quiet die." I know two sisters who when their children were well grown used their new leisure to read aloud together. A colored picture in their book spurred one to say, "Let's paint." Gleeefully they bought paints and brushes, and with no teaching whatever, "painted." Their attempts encouraged them to join a sketch class and later take up lessons at the art school. Last summer the elder of the two, a woman of past seventy, made nearly a hundred lovely water colors in Venice, some of which have been purchased by our best art galleries.

It is disheartening how soon we forget what it took so long to learn. Well for us that in earlier middle life there are generally children in the house to be corrected and reminded, and before whom we try to be on our good behavior. Spinsters, and bachelors, and childless couples suffer from this lack of pupilage in manners, and speech, and daily habitudes. From children too we learn to "borrow life and not grow old." It is a great mistake for adults to give up sports, and games, and the nimble wit which

repartee engenders; to exact too much deference; to indulge in "reminiscences"; to settle and stiffen. We ought to get more new-fashioned as we get older. I always liked that tale of the half French lady who, when expostulated with for marrying after she was sixty, replied: "*Dans ces temps de chemin de fer, il faut absolument un mari.*" She had a reason for the grace that was within her! Even Mrs. Malaprop may have had middle-age method in her madness, and looked back with a kind of impersonal amusement upon the impeccable perspicacity of her youthful diction which stirred no joyous laughter, no arch glances leading to flirtatious notes, no food for table talk for generations to come.

An assertion of Mr. Howells is to the effect that in youth we believe, in age we trust. Some little prigs with whom I recently came in contact informed me as to the exact relativity of half a dozen sins. Being but a "substitute" I refrained from throwing sand in the wheels of their ethical education; but middle age has convinced me that to hurt feelings is often the worst kind of lying, that the "politics" of many a woman's club are theft and murder, and that our different temperaments make a literal following of the golden rule stark selfishness instead of that beneficent healing which flows from doing unto others as they would like to have us do unto them.

De Gourmont calls middle age the insidious hour. It is that: for we are tempted to preach much and practise little, to use our accumulated years as an excuse to spare ourselves, to decline accomplishments which require hard work. And yet, to the honor of our commonplace humanity, middle life is everywhere realizing its possibilities, practising the sublimation of it, keeping it fluid, dealing with it scientifically, not asking more of it than it can give nor consuming what remains in vain regrets; perceiving that admiration, and place, and power are but spangled robes without warmth or quality of wear, and that new life may be wrested from engulfing change.

We chatter much of the naturalness of youth; but naturalness is not always attractive. It depends, as some one has said, on the nature. So canniness in middle life is not inevitable: it depends on the candidate. Happily for our encouragement we see all about us instances of men and women who having mastered the principles of the insidious hour are applying them lavishly to the game of life, with a beautiful economy in adjusting means to the end sought.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

VERONESE'S "MARS AND VENUS" AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THE acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of a first-rate example of Paolo Cagliari, called Veronese, is an event of much greater significance than the mere addition of one more fine picture to the Museum's collections. For this picture of "Mars and Venus bound by Cupid" is not only the single authentic work by that master in any American public collection; it is, so far as I know, the only really representative work, in any of our public collections, by an important master of the high Renaissance in Italy. Our museums are pretty well filled with good modern works, and we have, for some time, had a fair opportunity to study in them the art of Holland and of Flanders. Within certain limits of size and subject, Hals and Rembrandt are well represented. The Metropolitan's Vermeer is a capital example, and its Van Dyck as fine as anything existing. Rubens is less well shown, but his great hunting piece is very characteristic. There are also, in the Metropolitan and other collections, a good many interesting primitive and semi-primitive Italian works, some of them of great beauty and charm. But now, for the first time, a student of painting, unable to cross the ocean, may gather some idea of the power and splendor of the Renaissance triumphant.

It is perhaps fortunate that Veronese should be the particular artist to give us our first introduction to the circle of great Italians of the sixteenth century, for no other master forms so natural a transition from the Northern art we know. He was, in fact, the historical transition, being vastly admired by Rubens and his successors and vastly influential upon them. Indeed, he has always been greatly more admired by the painters than by the critics. The critics have generally placed him in the second rank of masters—the painters have always placed him among the very first of the first rank. His peculiar glory is to have combined the monumental and decorative beauty and the sense of style which characterize Italian art with the sheer painter-like power of representa-

tion and manipulation more common in the North, and to have done this in a degree unparalleled by any other master. He is the "all around man," the one master who attains nearly, if not quite, to the highest possible standard in every part of his many-sided art.

No one else, then, can so surely lead our young artists to the consideration of the great Italian qualities of design and style, because they will not be put out, in the beginning, by the absence of those qualities of art which their training has better fitted them to understand. Neither Rubens nor Hals ever *painted* better than Veronese, if they ever painted so well. Their ease is sometimes more obvious than his, because they make something of a point of displaying it. The execution of Veronese is so habitually easy that he does not think it worth while to call attention to it. And for sumptuousness and beauty of material scarce any painter has approached him. In these qualities he can compete with any Northerner whatever, and there is no chance of his canvases being rendered dull by theirs. He can be enjoyed, merely for his painting, by those who would find the frescoes of Raphael and Michelangelo antiquated and unpleasing. But he is also an Italian of the great time, a draughtsman, a designer, and a master of style. In his greatest works there is an Olympian majesty and dignity, and even in his slighter productions there is a grasp of composition second only, if second, to that of Raphael. His drawing of the figure is magnificent, grandly simplified rather than anatomically accented, more nearly Greek than Florentine. And always there is that large way of doing things, that indefinable air of race and breeding, that we call style. If he can lead our young artists to feel these things, and no one else can do it so well, the appearance of one of his pictures in our Museum may possibly mark an epoch in American painting.

That the picture is authentic there can be very little doubt. An almost identical picture was, until lately, in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg, but has been recently withdrawn from the Catalogue. An

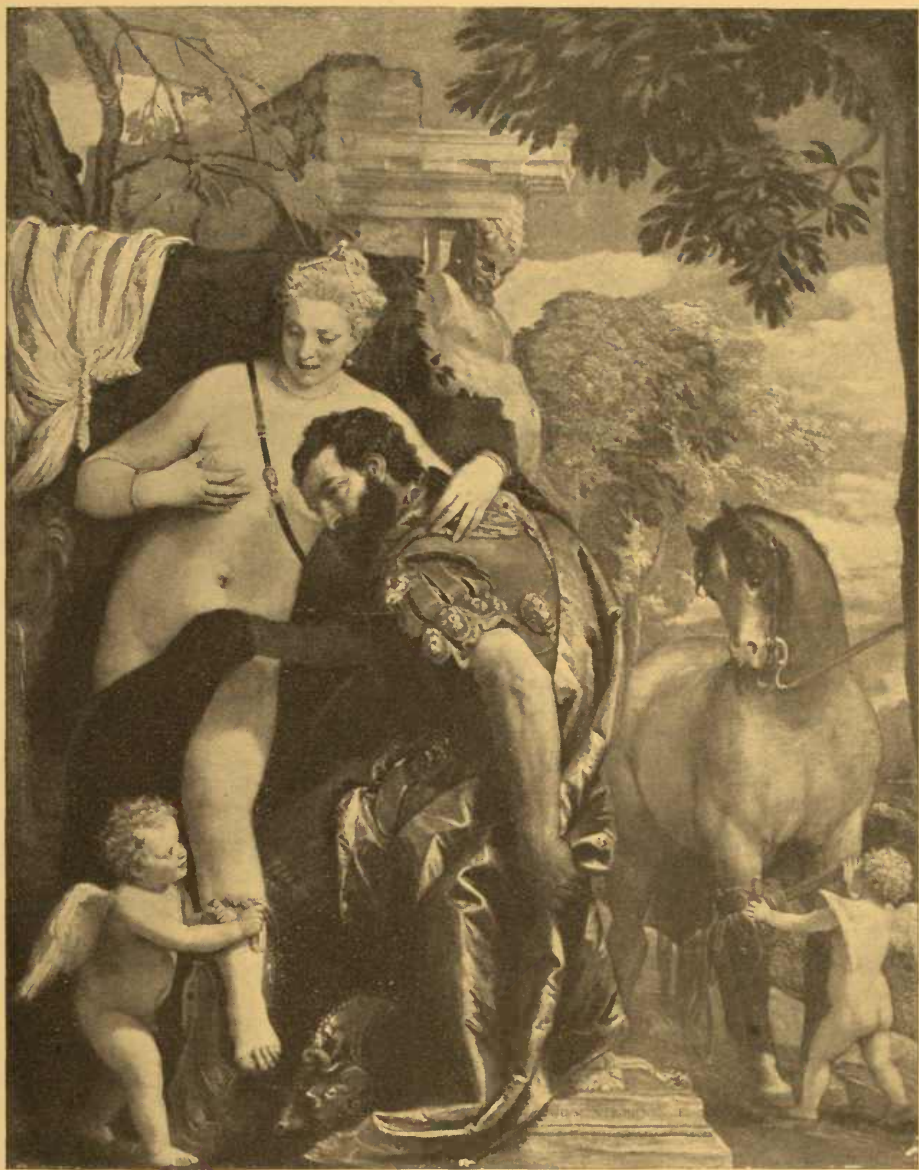
examination of the available data leaves little room for hesitation in declaring the picture at the Metropolitan the original. What we know of the history of the work is, briefly, as follows:

Veronese painted a "Mars and Venus," which may or may not be the present work, as one of three pictures commissioned by the Emperor Rudolph II. This was about 1575. When Gustavus Adolphus sacked Prague, in 1631, he took a number of valuable paintings as a part of his booty, and these he bequeathed to his daughter, Christina of Sweden. From her the "Mars and Venus bound by Cupid" went to the Duke of Bracciano, a nephew of Pope Innocent XI, and from him it was purchased by the Regent of Orleans in 1720. While in the Orleans collection the picture was engraved by Michel Aubert and by Jacques Couché. The Regent, who seems to have had a voluptuary's scent for indecency, is known to have cut the heads from two pictures by Corregio. It is suspected that he may have had some slight change made in this picture. If he did, one of the two versions now existing must be an eighteenth-century copy made after the change was effected, not an old replica or school piece. The only differences between the versions visible in such reproductions as I have seen are the presence in the Metropolitan Museum picture of the signature, *Paulus Veronensis F.*, and the fact that the St. Petersburg picture is a little wider on the right and a good deal higher than the New York version. On the first point, the evidence of the engraving is nugatory. The engraving I saw is reversed, which would be a natural reason for omitting the signature. On the question of size, however, this engraving is decisive. It not only shows the composition as it appears in the Museum picture, but gives figures for height and breadth which, being translated into English measure, exactly answer to those of our version, while they differ materially from the figures given in the Hermitage Catalogue. If both pictures are old, the Orleans picture may have been cut down, either before or during the Duke's ownership, to fit a particular place. I am inclined to think, however, that the Hermitage version, which cannot, in any case, be the Orleans picture, was made larger for the same reason. The added space is not only useless but harmful to the composition, crowding

farther down and to the left, relatively to the whole space, the group of figures which is already almost too low and too far to the left in the Orleans version.

The Orleans Collection was dispersed in 1798-9, when the "Mars and Venus" was bought by a Mr. H. Elwyn. We therefore know that the picture went to London, but from that time its history is uncertain. The present version, after being several times exhibited, was bought at Christie's, at the sale of Lord Wimborne, in 1903, by Mr. Asher Wertheimer, from whom it was purchased by the Museum. All the known facts point to this as the original picture and to the St. Petersburg picture as a copy or replica. But the best proof of the authenticity of the work is the quality of the workmanship itself. The design is, of course, unquestionably Veronese's, but the execution seems to me no less his own. It has all the marks of his school and method, with a power and beauty not always present, to the same degree, in his larger works. In them he must have relied often on pupils and assistants, and the actual painting of details is seldom so perfect as in his smaller pictures. This is a picture of medium size—a light task for one accustomed to canvases thirty feet long—and it looks as if he had painted it almost throughout with his own hand. There is in the Museum a small picture attributed to Carlo Cagliari. Whether or not it is his, it is a work of the school of Veronese, and the difference between the Veronesque manner as understood by a methodical pupil and the real thing as practised by the master himself is striking.

Veronese is so identified in our minds with Venice that we are apt to forget that he was not a Venetian either by birth or training. He belonged to the old Veronese school, which had a longer history than that of Venice, and he was a mature and celebrated master before he ever saw the city of the lagoons. It would therefore seem probable that his manner of painting was different from the Venetian method, and I have never seen in his work anything to convince me that he employed the cold dead-coloring and subsequent glazing of the true Venetians. Boschini's description, received from the younger Cagliari, of his way of working points to an entirely different method. "He painted everything first in middle tint," says Boschini, "and on this he touched both lights



Mars and Venus by Paul Veronese.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, as it was first prepared." This is very near the modern direct handling, except that there is a much more systematic use of the half-tone, which is never covered over entirely. The Carlo Gagliari, already mentioned, show the process with absolute clearness in the way the high lights of the draperies are struck onto

a previously painted local tone. Even in the painting of the flesh, I think, the opaque color is on the surface, not underneath as in true Venetian work. Veronese was above all a decorator, to whom it was necessary to cover great surfaces rapidly, and the true Venetian method was too slow for him, as it was for Rubens, who modified it essentially.

Whatever the method employed, the material result in the "Mars and Venus" is beyond praise—every inch of the canvas is delicious in quality of color and in texture, and the whole is of a cool richness and glowing luminosity unsurpassable if not unequalled. One knows not whether to admire more the creamy firmness of the blond flesh of Venus, the ruddier carnations of Mars, the brown and gold of the armor, or the reddish violet mantle with its ripple of golden high lights. The depth of light and shade attained without sacrifice of clarity or transparency is astonishing, and the airy grace of the foliage is worthy of a great landscape painter. But the sovereign ease of it all is perhaps its most remarkable quality. Nothing is labored, nothing is difficult. One feels that to paint well is as simple a matter as to eat bread. This quiet mastery, with no parade of virtuosity in the overcoming of difficulties, because difficulties do not exist, is one of the most exhilarating things I know of. It fills one with joy and with pride in our common humanity.

As mere painting, one must go far to find anything comparable to this picture, but how much more than mere painting it is! The master was in sportive humor when he painted it, and it has none of the monumental design of his great decorations. At first sight its capricious irregularity of composition even seems unbalanced and insufficiently constructed. But, little by little, it dawns on one that there are ingenious balances, extraordinary subtleties of design in it. Each accessory fits into its place; each line leads to or echoes another; the whole becomes a pattern, odd, indeed, but entirely complete and satisfying. It is the diversion of a great designer, none the less great because he is playing. And the style of the drawing is superb. Venus is of Cagliari's own favorite type, larger and whiter and

blonder than the beauties of Titian, but her torso is truly classic in its clean lines and broad, firm modelling. Not only no other Venetian, but no other painter has done anything that reminds one so much of the Venus of Milo; only it is the Venus translated from marble into pulpy, living flesh; while the head, with its flaxen, pearl-wreathed hair, is simply adorable. The Mars is a favorite type of the painter's also, the black-bearded, crisp-curved type of his military saints. Unless the hypothetical alterer of the picture be responsible, there are negligences in this figure, but it would be difficult to better the muscular left arm. The Cupid is less deliberately stylistic than is common in Italian art, but is deliciously human and infantile. It is only in the drawing of the horse that one must admit a certain weakness, and I confess to liking even him. Blown up, and a trifle absurd, as he is, I find an engaging candor in his expression that fits with the giant-like good humor and leonine playfulness of the whole. For there is always a certain childlikeness about Veronese that amounts almost to naïveté. He is so frankly confident that what amuses him will also amuse you. If a horse or a lion or a dragon is wanted he puts it in, as well as he can, without greatly worrying over the fact that he does not know very much about such beasts, which were not convenient for study in Venice. A dog or a cat or a monkey he could do better, because he saw them oftener.

Such is the picture, genial in both the English and the Latin senses of the word, which has lately been added to the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. It would be a great attraction in any gallery in the world; its acquisition is a long step toward making this collection of paintings the great gallery we all hope it may come to be.

KENVON COX.





F. C. YOHN

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THEIR FRONT WAS BLANKETED WITH A PALL OF WHITE SMOKE THAT RESEMBLED A FIERCE PRAIRIE FIRE.—Page 656.

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PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

THE MAKING OF A REGIMENT

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



TEMPORARILY broken in health, I had returned to the United States from Cuba early in 1898, and was at my old home in Kansas, enjoying the companionship of family and friends, and doing my best to obliterate the memory of lean days in the "bush" by a generous patronage of everything in the nature of real food. The *Maine* had already been blown up, and the country was full of the rumblings of the approaching war with Spain. To the last I doubted whether it would really come to a clash, having in mind several cases within my own recollection when we had apparently come to the verge of war, but in which the matters in dispute had been settled without recourse to arms. But the clamor of the yellow section of the press and the deliverances of politicians playing to the galleries so inflamed public sentiment that the hand of the administration was forced, and we were in for a sharp and short little war, with its sequel in the form of a more protracted and far bloodier struggle in the Philippine Islands.

Although my health had been quite restored by the time of the outbreak of hostilities, I had but very little hope or expectation of participating in the coming war, as I was without friends or acquaintances among those high in official life in Washington, and took it for granted that in filling the quota of my own State the governor thereof would utilize as far as possible the

existing organizations of the national guard, of which I was not a member. The governor of Kansas, John W. Leedy, was one of those who had come into power as the result of recent victories of the Populist party. He was a man of many admirable and sterling qualities, but immovably stubborn, once he had made up his mind on any proposition. He had two pet aversions, the regular army and the national guard, rather unfortunate prejudices for one upon whom was to be thrown the responsibility of organizing several regiments for possible active service. On a visit to Topeka several weeks before the declaration of war, I had met Governor Leedy, and had had a very pleasant interview with him. He was much interested in my accounts of fighting between Spaniards and insurgents in Cuba and in descriptions of conditions on the war-wasted island. When the President issued to the governors of the various States his call for volunteers, Kansas was asked to furnish three regiments of infantry of about one thousand men each. Under a subsequent call there was organized a two-battalion colored regiment, and three hundred recruits were provided for each of the three existing regiments. Immediately upon the issue of the first call, Governor Leedy sent me a telegram requesting that I come to Topeka at once. Upon reporting, I was informed that he had determined to ignore the national guard organization of the State, building three new regiments from the ground up. Members of the national

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guard could enter these organizations as individuals. I was to be named as colonel of one of the three regiments. I protested against the expediency of a policy which I

be a worse colonel than the man named, and accepted. With all due respect to my excellent friend, the former governor, I think he was taking some pretty big chances in his rather off-hand way of selecting officers. Mr. Edward C. Little, a well-known lawyer of the State, formerly United States consul-general to Egypt, and at the time private secretary to the governor, was chosen lieutenant-colonel. He had had no previous military experience. As the regiment, although one of three battalions, was to have but two majors, the lieutenant-colonel was to command a battalion, and, of course, the regiment, in case of the absence or disability of the colonel. The majors were Frank H. Whitman, a second lieutenant of the Second United States Infantry, who had graduated from the Military Academy two years previously, and Wilder S. Metcalf, colonel of one of the now disbanded national guard regiments. John A. Rafter was surgeon, with the rank of major, while Henry D. Smith and Charles S. Huffman were assistant-surgeons with the rank of captain. John G. Schliemann was chaplain. All of the above-named served through the campaign in the Philippines with the regiment. William H. De Ford and L. C. Smith were adjutant and quartermaster, respectively, with the rank of first



As a most engaging grin overspread his features, whispered, "Try the next sentry. He's easy."—Page 644.

thought might keep out of the service a number of officers and men who had had at least the rudiments of military training, and further stated that while I had seen much campaigning and no little fighting; my service had been in a force in which drill or other training was a practically unknown quantity. I felt that the instruction of a regiment made up largely of absolutely raw material should be under the direction of one who knew at least something of infantry drill. But the governor told me bluntly that he had not sent for me to hear my views, as he had some of his own. If I did not take the regiment he would give it to Mr. So and So. I knew that I could not

lieutenant. Both resigned before the regiment left for the Philippines.

The field and staff officers included in the above were sent separately to twelve different towns to recruit the various companies. There was no dearth of applicants for enlistment, the recruiting officers being fairly overwhelmed with them. If a town had a national guard company its members had precedence in enlistment, so far as they could meet the physical and other requirements, but had to come in as privates, regardless of whatever rank they may have held in their old companies. After them came applicants in general, and the companies were soon filled to the au-

thorized strength. The regiment as it existed before the second call brought some three hundred recruits was about one thousand strong, and included in its roster about three hundred former national guardsmen and sixty former soldiers of the regular army, the balance being men without any military training whatever. Company officers were chosen by the indefensible system of having the men elect them. However, the results on the whole were more satisfactory than would have been anticipated. In a town where a national guard company existed the officers thereof were usually chosen for the corresponding grades in the new company, with the result that the captain in selecting non-commissioned officers largely chose those of his old organization, so far as these had enlisted. Three of the officers were veterans of the Civil War, and two were former enlisted men of the regular army, while a considerable number had seen service in the national guard. The remainder were without any previous military experience, but some of them by virtue of hard work and natural aptitude became highly efficient. Taking the officers of the regiment through and through, some of them after a few months' service were as capable in the performance of their duties as the average regular officer of corresponding grades, others were of rather mediocre quality, and a very few not worth the powder it would take to blow them up. Three of them were killed in action, and ten others wounded. I never knew of one of them showing the slightest "yellow streak" under fire, though some of them brought occasional discredit on their uniform by personal misconduct. In due time I found out that the best way of getting rid of an officer who was attempting to establish a reputation as the regimental "cut up" was to prepare a carefully written set of charges covering such of his antics as had come to light, and at the same time his resignation from the service, the latter lacking only his signature. An invitation to call at my tent and read both papers usually resulted in making the latter document complete, and ready for transmission to the War Department. It should not be inferred, however, that all resignations were forced, as several officers left the regiment in that manner with perfectly clear records.

The rank and file of the regiment consisted in the main of an especially fine body of young men. Naturally, there were among them some with physical or moral defects, but a process of elimination by one



His blouse decorated by a bouquet that would not have shamed a *débutante* at her coming-out ball.—Page 650.

method or another had rid us of the most of these before we took our place on the fighting line, nine months later.

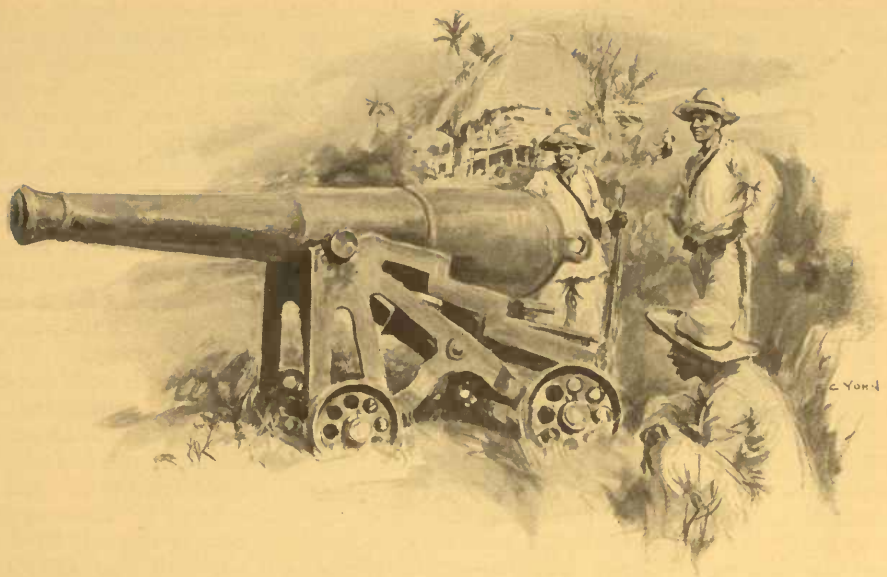
While the various companies were being raised, Governor Leedy had telegraphed an inquiry to the War Department as to whether the Kansas regiments would be supplied with uniforms before leaving the State or after reaching the concentration camps. The reply was to the effect that as soon as organized they would be sent to Fort Leavenworth for immediate equip-

ment. Warm weather had already set in in Kansas, and winter clothing had been packed away in moth balls. It would have been most uncomfortable to wear it at that season, and it was not desired to have the men placed under the necessity of returning their civilian clothing to their homes by express. So, instructions were issued for all of the men not provided with national guard uniforms to leave their homes with clothing that they would be willing to throw away in a couple of weeks. The result was that about seven hundred men of my regiment reached Topeka clad in a fearful and wonderful aggregation of seersucker coats, linen dusters, and "ice cream" trousers, and for weeks they shivered in these garments on the fog-drenched and wind-swept sand lots of San Francisco. It was a shocking and cruel blunder, costly in the lives and health of not a few of them. And the fault did not lie with any one in Kansas. It is not pleasant to write these things, but the Spanish War is now as much a part of history as is the Civil War and one is under no obligation to assist in covering up anything connected with it. The way the War Department had been conducted in recent years it would be impossible for such a thing to occur.

The companies of the regiment to be were sent to Topeka as soon as recruited, and, in common with those destined to form the other two regiments, went into camp on the State Fair grounds, State tentage and other equipment being used. Kansas had had nineteen regiments in the Civil War, and in numbering those raised for the Spanish War the same sequence was followed, my regiment becoming the Twentieth Kansas. The muster into the service of the United States, an impressive ceremony, took place on the thirteenth of May. The only officers and men provided with uniforms being those who had come from the national guard, I was still in "cits," and consequently on the day of muster-in played a part in a rather ludicrous incident. I was staying at a Topeka hotel, and on going out to the camp to participate in the ceremony, was halted at its boundary by a sentry in the national guard uniform, who informed me that visitors were not allowed within the limits of the camp. I replied somewhat icily that I was the colonel of the regiment. The sentry was a very tall man,

and altitude has never been one of my charms; so the man bent his head until his mouth was within a couple of inches of one of my ears, and, as a most engaging grin overspread his features, whispered, "Try the next sentry. He's easy." And he was so stubborn and immovable that the officer of the guard had to be called before I could join my command. The man's face, when he saw what a break he had made, was a study. The recollection of incidents of this kind is one of the many things that make life worth living.

On a visit to Fort Leavenworth a short time before the declaration of war, I had met Colonel Hamilton S. Hawkins, United States Army, who a short time later was to render such gallant and distinguished service as a brigade commander at the battle of Santiago, and had told him something about conditions as they had existed in Cuba a few months before. Colonel Hawkins had written a letter to the War Department suggesting that it would be worth while to send for me in order to obtain such information as I might be able to give relative to the strength, etc., of the insurgents in that part of Cuba in which I had so recently served, and the distribution and approximate strength of the Spanish garrisons in the same region, as well as other data that might prove useful for our army, about to campaign in a country of which we really knew but very little. The result was that a day or two after the muster-in of the Twentieth Kansas, I received a telegraphic order to proceed at once to Tampa, and report upon my arrival to the commanding officer of the troops being concentrated there. Arriving at my destination, I reported to General Shafter, and was turned over by him to Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, intelligence officer attached to his head-quarters. This officer questioned me thoroughly on all points, and made copious notes, and after several days had succeeded in pumping me pretty dry. I doubt if any of the information obtained from me was ever of any value, except that as to general conditions, as I was not familiar with the country in the immediate vicinity of the city of Santiago, the scene of the only campaign. Had it been otherwise, I am of the opinion that the data as to roads, rivers, and the practicable crossing places thereof, as well as other information on local condi-



Old bronze, muzzle-loading siege gun used by Filipinos against Americans in their advance toward Caloocan.

tions, which I had given in such detail, would not have been utilized. General Shafter seemed to regard me with suspicion, while General Miles, who had in the meantime arrived, was very courteous, but neither officer seemed to care to talk with me as to conditions on the island, and I had too much self-respect to give unasked-for information. This was the attitude of the higher officers generally, a number of whom I met, but it was different with those of lower rank, bright and capable men, enthusiastic over the fact that they were going to their first war. I could scarcely answer their questions fast enough. Years afterward, when I was stationed in San Francisco, in command of the Department of California, and General Shafter, then on the retired list, was living in the city, I came to know him quite well, and we were good friends. But I never mustered up sufficient courage to ask why I had made such a poor impression on him at Tampa. He was a blunt man, and might have told me. In the meantime I had learned that my own regiment had been ordered to San Francisco, and as it was not then known that land forces would be sent to the Philippine Islands, I supposed that to be its finish, so far as any participation in the war was concerned. I, therefore, indulged myself in a

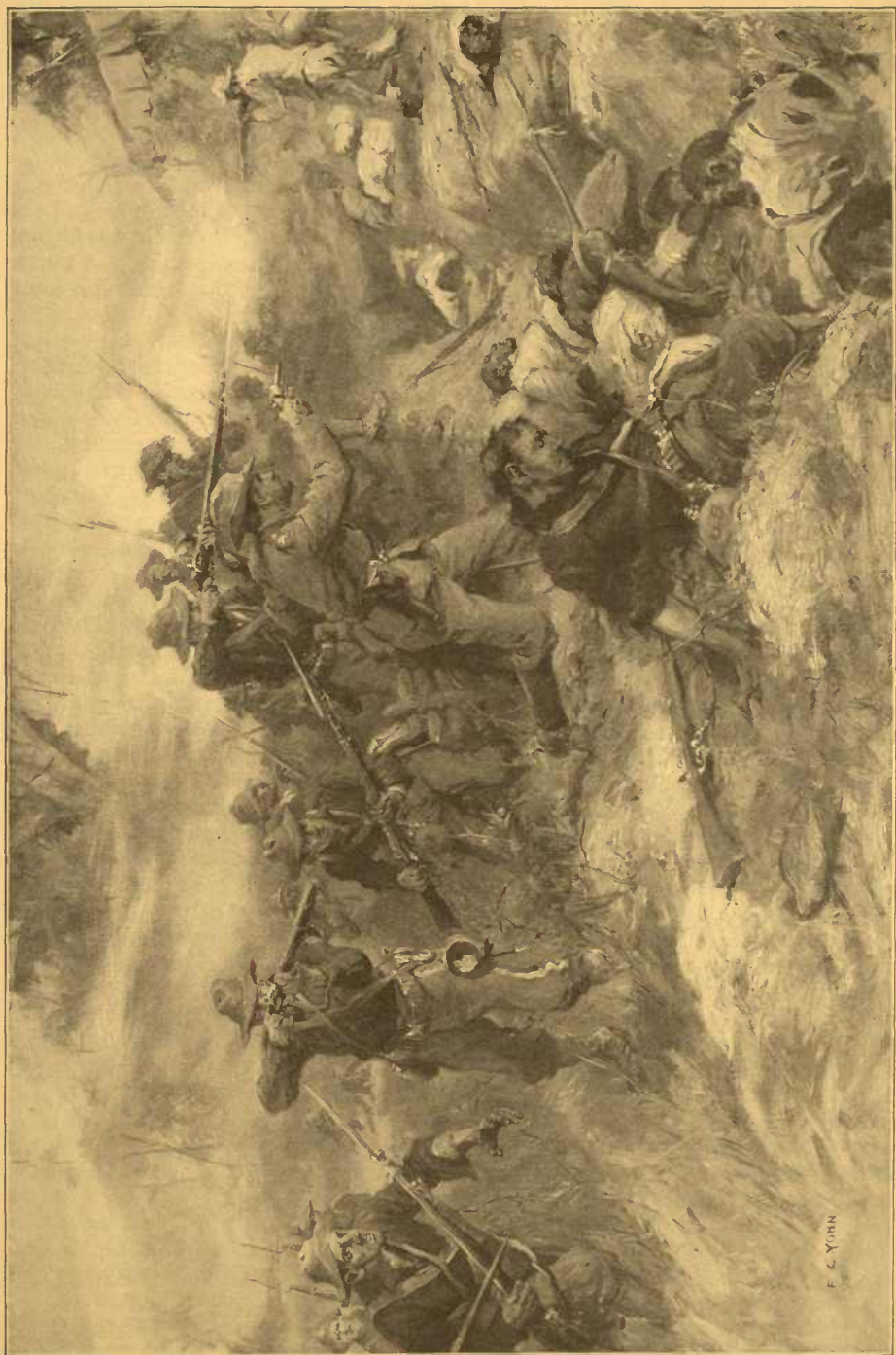
hope that I might be sent to Cuba on detached service with the Fifth Army Corps, and be able to render some service on account of my knowledge of the country. But General Miles, who was then commander-in-chief of the army, took a different view of it, and very properly stated that as a colonel, my place was with my regiment, and directed me to join. I am, of course, now heartily glad that he did so. For the reasons stated above, I could have been of little or no use in the Santiago campaign.

Proceeding direct to San Francisco, I found my regiment in tents at Camp Merritt, in the western suburbs of the city. The department commander, General Wesley Merritt, had his head-quarters in the city, while General Elwell S. Otis was in command of what was known as the Independent Division of the Eighth Army Corps, the force of about ten thousand men, mostly volunteers from the Western States at Camp Merritt, and lived at the camp. The Twentieth Kansas had been assigned to the brigade commanded by General Charles King, the well-known soldier and writer, the other two regiments in the brigade being the First Tennessee and the Fifty-first Iowa. The Independent Division at Camp Merritt was really a "feeder" to the troops

now being sent to the Philippines to take part in the land campaign against Manila, each regiment, as soon as its equipment and training made it serviceable, being sent out on one of the expeditions that from time to time left the port.

My first duty after joining was to pay my respects to the brigade, division, and department commanders in succession. As General Merritt was soon to leave for Manila, and as from the nature of things I was not brought in close contact with him, my acquaintanceship with that officer was limited to one or two brief interviews. We young officers, knowing of General Merritt's achievements in the Civil War, in which he had commanded a division before reaching the age of thirty, stood in considerable awe of him, though there was nothing in his manner to inspire fear, as he was very kindly and courteous to all of us who met him. General Otis was of a somewhat different type. While always civil, he was a very reserved man, and an indefatigable worker, who took upon himself the decision of all sorts of minor matters, ordinarily left by a general officer to the members of his staff. One would about as soon think of cracking a joke in his presence as of trying to pull his beard. It should not be inferred that he was of the pompous type, for he was anything but that, being a most simple and unaffected man, though without the saving grace of humor. We were most fortunate in our brigade commander, General King, who was, as he still is, a captain on the retired list of the regular army, having been compelled to leave active service some years before because of a very severe wound received in the Indian wars. He had returned to active service with the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. Though his retirement dated back to 1879, he had kept closely in touch with military matters, and was thoroughly up-to-date. General King's temperament was peculiarly suited to his task of commanding a brigade of raw volunteer troops, and directing their training. His keen eye took in every defect and noted every improvement. In the former case the needed correction or admonition was made in a way that left no sting, he never being either brutal or sarcastic. His readiness to encourage or to praise stirred all to put forth their best efforts.

The location of Camp Merritt was in some respects most unfortunate, especially for those who, like so many members of the Twentieth Kansas, had not yet been supplied with warm uniforms. Chilling fogs and cold winds make San Francisco's summer climate anything but comfortable except for those who have been properly prepared for it, and the camp was located at the extreme western limit of the city, within a mile or so of the beach, where the winds had full sweep. I have seen the fog so dense that one could with difficulty see from one flank to the other of a company in line. Everywhere was sand, sand, sand, deep and fine, blowing into tents, getting into the food, and making itself generally an unmitigated nuisance. Several car lines furnished easy access to the heart of the city, and the camp was naturally at all times overrun with swarms of visitors, not only from San Francisco, but from all over California, while vendors of fruit, candies, and pastries, who could not be kept off the public streets running through the camp, made officers responsible for the health of their men long for an open season as regards these particular pests. San Francisco was then, as it is now, a gay and beautiful city, there being nothing just like it in the whole country. The people are proverbially hospitable, and laid themselves out in those days to give the soldiers in their midst a good time. The most of the men of the Twentieth Kansas were from the farm or from small towns, and the life and gayety of the city seemed quite to overwhelm them, so much so, in fact, that there was from the start too much of an idea that they were out on a magnificent lark, instead of for the serious purpose of training for war. It would have been vastly better from the stand-point of the health and general well-being of the men, as well as from that of their training, if the camp had been somewhere along the coast line of the Southern Pacific, anywhere from ten to thirty miles south of San Francisco. There would have been found ideal conditions as to climate, while the appreciable distance from the attractions of a great city would have been especially desirable, as well as relieved us somewhat from the crowds of sight-seers. In that region there would have been available for extended order drills and field manœuvres, thousands of acres of diversified country,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

When we were within seventy yards, the "Charge" was blown, and the yelling and excited men dashed forward on the run.—Page 656.

instead of our being confined for such work to the limited area of the Presidio reservation, a mile or two from the camp, where there was great difficulty in deploying and exercising in battle tactics a force larger than one regiment, and where we always had to work over practically the same ground. With all its disadvantages, one thing, however, could be said for Camp Merritt, and that was that the water supply was ample and convenient, the mains of the city system running through the entire camp.

The three hundred recruits raised for the regiment under the second call had arrived at about the same time I did, and brought its strength up to nearly 1,400 officers and men, a force equal to many of the brigades that fought in the Civil War.

I found on arrival that considerable progress had been made in the elementary training of the regiment, principally in guard duty, the manual of arms, and company drills in close order. A few battalion, but no regimental drills, had been attempted. In this preliminary training of the regiment the services of Major Metcalf were invaluable; his energy, tact, and comprehensive knowledge of the drill regulations making him indispensable. For myself, the struggle was a hard one, as to me the drill regulations were Greek. From previous experience in war I knew mighty well that I could march and fight a regiment if the opportunity arose, but realized that we could not hope to be given a chance for field service until we could go through the complicated movements of regimental drill in close order and take part in reviews and parades without tying ourselves into a hard knot. Parades and reviews are non-essentials in war, but are in a measure valuable in the preliminary training of troops, while some of the simpler movements of regimental close order drill are often quite necessary before actual deployment in extended order for fighting.

It was not long after my arrival that those of the men of the regiment who had not uniforms were able to discard the fearful and wonderful assortment of old summer clothing that they had brought from Kansas, and appear in something that was at least warmer. At the breaking out of the Spanish war there had been in the country but a small quantity of the blue cloth from

which all military uniforms were then made, the demand for it under normal conditions being very limited, so that large quantities of cloth of proper weight and texture, but not of the desired color, were obtained and dyed, and then made into uniforms. The spectacle the troops made after the dye began to fade, which it did in a few weeks, would have been laughable if it had not been so maddening to those most concerned. But the new clothing was warm, and answered a good purpose until it could be replaced by better.

In due time came the Fourth of July, and of course the whole Independent Division had to turn out for a parade through the streets. Owing to the prevailing uncertainty as to whether we were going to the Philippines or whether we were to remain for an indefinite time in San Francisco, none of the officers of the regiment required to be mounted had purchased horses, but hired from livery stables those needed at drills. I had, after a few hair-raising experiences, got one brute so that he would not turn a somersault or execute a waltz every time a band struck up or a body of troops came to "order arms," and expected to use him at this formation. But he had suddenly become lame, and the stable sent out to me on that never-to-be-forgotten morning a handsome black animal with arched neck and ugly eye. The regiment had formed prepared to march in column through the streets the several miles to the foot of Market Street, where the parade was to start. I mounted with some difficulty, and the band broke forth into a lively air as the regiment stepped out. That horse quivered in every limb for an instant, and then bolted. I might as well have tried to hold a cyclone. In front of the tent that was my home was a large fly, and under this the animal went, and I was ignominiously scraped off in the presence of some thirteen hundred grinning and delighted patriots. Right there I became an ardent admirer of the soft and bottomless sand that passed for ground at Camp Merritt, and considered myself lucky also that I had not been impaled on my sabre. In his struggles the horse tore down the tent fly and was with some difficulty got out from under it. All the way down to the starting-point of the parade he cavorted, danced, and threatened to bolt, but the real trouble

began after the parade had formed and the thousands of men, filling the wide street from curb to curb, and with the blare of many bands swept up Market Street. The hoodlum men and big boys had unrestrained license. They were well supplied with fire-crackers, and the helpless officers on their horses were from their stand-point fair game. The police were useless, and might as well have been so many cigar-store Indians. The clubbing of these miscreants would have been a positive pleasure to any right-minded man. The whole thing was a disgrace to the city. My horse, probably the worst in the lot, became wild with terror after half a dozen "cannon" crackers had been exploded under him, and charged and reared from one side of the street to the other, often endangering the lives of people on the sidewalks. One big ruffian, having made a bad throw, lit another large cracker, and under the very nose of a policeman ran out into the street and tried to throw it under my horse. Right then and there murder came into my heart, and I made a hard and conscientious effort to kill him. Of course, I was carrying my sabre, and at the proper instant cut at him with all my strength. Only a quick jump backward saved him from death or a severe injury, as the point of the blade passed within six inches of his throat. I deeply regretted my failure, and would have been willing to take my chances with any American jury as to the outcome. I have seen too many good men go down to death to have had any more compunctions about killing a hoodlum of that type than over dispatching a savage dog. Before the parade had ended my left arm had become so exhausted from efforts to control the mad brute that I was riding that I was compelled to sheath my sabre in order to take the reins in my right hand. Finally the ordeal was over. I have been in but few battles in which I would not rather take my chances than to repeat the performance.

Time passed pleasantly enough for the next few weeks. The days were well filled up with drills and other duties, but our evenings were free, and the theatres and restaurants of the city gave ample opportunity for relaxation; besides many of us had had opportunities of meeting socially very agreeable people. There are no other people in the country just like the San Fran-

ciscans. They are in a class all by themselves, and can certainly do more things to make pleasant the stay of the stranger within their gates than the people of any other American community. Manila had not yet fallen, and expedition after expedition sailed from the port, taking the various regiments from Camp Merritt as their training and completeness of equipment justified. There was much chafing and disappointment in the Twentieth Kansas as the regiment was time and again left behind, but the large percentage of untrained men in it was a handicap not to be overcome in a few short weeks. General Merritt sailed for the Philippines, shortly to be followed by General Otis, the former being succeeded as department commander by General H. C. Merriam, while General Marcus P. Miller succeeded General Otis as commander of the Independent Division. I had been pretty much impressed by the somewhat austere demeanor of General Otis, and when I went to pay my respects to his successor, approached his tent with some misgivings, supposing that all division commanders were necessarily alike. When I entered, saluted rather stiffly, and announced the object of my visit, General Miller looked up, and, as a kindly smile overspread his features, said, "Well, well. So you are a colonel, are you? Sit right down on this box and tell me how anybody came to make a young chap like you a colonel?" He talked to me a long time in a fatherly sort of way, and told me to come and see him any time that I felt blue or discouraged. He was one of the kindest and most considerate of men, and a mighty good soldier, too.

One thing about the chill summer climate of San Francisco is that people soon become accustomed to it, and learn to enjoy it, and this with the fact that the regiment had been supplied with suitable clothing made life in camp much more agreeable. Under the watchful eye of General King the regiment made satisfactory progress in its training, and soon began to have regimental drills. When I gave a command I flattered myself that I had a voice that would reach from one end of the regiment to the other, but at first could not always tell whether the move had been properly executed or not. One day General King mentioned to me the fact that my regi-

ment did not seem to be as spry as some others in turning out the guard to do the required honors to officers entitled to them, and requested that I give the matter attention. It should be explained for the benefit of readers not familiar with military matters, that turning out the guard for an officer consists in the sentry at the guard-house, or structure which does duty as such, calling out as the officer approaches, "Turn out the guard, general officer," or whatever other officer it may be for. The members of the guard at the guard-house, which means all not at the time on sentry duty, fall into ranks under arms, ready to be inspected. On returning to the regimental camp after this conversation with the brigade commander, it occurred to me to ascertain if the sentry then on duty at the guard tent, which was just inside the entrance to the camp, knew what to do and how to do it in that respect if the occasion should arise. In response to an inquiry as to what he would do if the brigade commander should approach his post, he said he would turn out the guard. This was quite satisfactory, but further questioning developed the fact that he was not sure whether he knew that officer by sight. I briefly described General King, and further said that he had two rows of gilt buttons on his blouse and always rode a big bald-faced sorrel, and then went into my tent, little dreaming of what was to follow. I had scarcely had time to remove my sabre when I heard the deep voice of this same sentry bawl out, "Turn out the guard, general officer." I stepped out of the tent to greet the new arrival and was inwardly congratulating myself on having primed this particular sentry in time, when to my horror I saw Captain James G. Blaine, jr., the adjutant-general of the brigade, mounted on General King's bald-faced sorrel. The guard was forming in commendable haste, and Captain Blaine seemed so overcome by the unexpected honors thrust upon him that he forgot to call out, "Never mind the guard," the only way to untangle the mess. After dismissing the guard, I strode over to the unfortunate sentry in righteous wrath, and said, "What in thunder did you do that for?" The man replied in tones of sorrow, "Well, I knew that must be the horse, but I forgot to look for the buttons."

The hospitable ladies of San Francisco were continually sending out to the various camps contributions of cakes, pies, and other articles of food not included in the ration. This was very commendable on their part, but I would have done almost anything to be able to put a stop to their benefactions without mortally offending them, as one of the essential things connected with the training of troops is to get them used to the army ration and have them satisfied with it. This ration is, and was then, ample and nutritious, but men were not going to eat it if all of their storage capacity was taken up with sponge cake. One officer tried to remedy the matter so far as his own company was concerned by himself eating its quota, but gave up when there seemed no end to the supplies of this nature. Flowers were often sent to us, and these did no harm except on one occasion. I was going the rounds of the camp to see if the sentries were on the alert, when to my horror I espied one of them, Private John M. Steele, calmly walking his post with his blouse decorated by a bouquet that would not have shamed a *débutante* at her coming out ball. At the same time I saw General King coming from the opposite direction, and at such a distance that we would certainly meet opposite the flower-decked sentry. Regulating my voice so that the sentry would hear me and the general would not, I called out frantically, "Steele, take that damned thing off. Take it off, I say," repeating this command with appropriate trimmings several times. The rattled Steele jumped about, apparently uncertain whether I wanted him to take off his blouse or his trousers, and finally wound up by coming to "present arms" to General King and myself alternately. The general passed on with a look more of sorrow than of anger, and in a few moments the floral decorations were scattered on the sidewalk.

In time most of the regiments at Camp Merritt had sailed for the Philippines, and our brigade was moved to a much more desirable camp site on the Presidio reservation. On August 5 General King himself sailed for Honolulu, to proceed later to the Philippines, and I, ranking by a few days the commanders of the other two regiments, succeeded to the command of the brigade, but at the same time retaining command of my own regiment. At the

Presidio we had target practice and many battle exercises with blank ammunition, and the men began to get a mild foretaste of what a battle is like, as the advancing companies rushed forward, throwing themselves prone at every halt, their front thick with smoke, while the roar of the old Springfields drowned all commands, and could scarcely be pierced by the shrill notes of the bugles. Finally came the news that the Spanish War was over. It seemed that all our work had been for naught, and except that we entertained a vague hope that we might have a short tour of garrison duty in either Hawaii or the Philippines, it looked as if we might as well be mustered out. Under the circumstances it was no easy matter to keep up interest in the daily round of drills and instruction. But it was all to be for the best, for when the regiment finally saw service in a different war than the one for which it had been enrolled, the long, dreary months of training counted, and it knew its business. Another advantage derived from the long delay was that before sailing we had rid the regiment of a considerable number of men who were physically not up to the mark or who were in various ways unsuited to the service. The resignations of the regimental adjutant and regimental quartermaster, both of whom felt compelled to leave the service for personal reasons, left two important vacancies which were filled by the designation for those positions of Lieutenants Charles B. Walker and Walter P. Hull, both of whom proved highly efficient. One captain was mustered out, and a second lieutenant resigned. These vacancies, after the necessary promotions had been made to fill them, resulted in the promotion from the ranks of four of the most capable non-commissioned officers, while the resignation of another second lieutenant just before sailing brought up another man from the ranks. One of the first sergeants promoted was Clad Hamilton, now a well-known lawyer of Topeka and member of the State senate. Without previous military experience, he had enlisted as a private, made himself so proficient by study and hard work that in a few weeks he was first sergeant, and was finally mustered out of the regiment a captain. Edward J. Hardy, another of the first sergeants promoted at this time, developed into a dare-devil sort of scout, and also

came home a captain. The promotion of the regimental sergeant-major, Frederick R. Dodge, made a vacancy in his position that was filled by the promotion to it of Corporal Cassius E. Warner, who was destined to be mustered out with the regiment as its adjutant. A man who can go out as a corporal and come home regimental adjutant can look back to his military career with no small satisfaction. During the fighting in the campaign up the railroad from Manila I always kept Warner, who was still sergeant-major, at my side, and used him as a highly intelligent orderly, one who could remember a message given him and transmit it correctly. We went through it all unscathed until Santo Tomas, when we were hit within two seconds of each other, and in exactly the same place. It was a queer, almost uncanny, coincidence.

October came, and found us still at the Presidio going through the daily grind of drills. Hope of going to the Philippines or anywhere else had practically been abandoned, and we were expecting the order to return to Kansas for muster out, when we were electrified by the order to sail for Manila on the transport *Indiana* on the 27th of the month. During our stay in San Francisco I had met Miss Eda Blankart of the near-by city of Oakland, and we were married on the 25th of the month. This was by all odds the smartest thing I ever did in my life.

At last came the great day, and the *Indiana*, bearing the head-quarters and the second and third battalions of the Twentieth Kansas, and cheered by a great throng, pulled away from the wharf and started on the eight thousand miles journey to Manila. Nobody supposed that we would ever see any fighting, as it was thought that our duties would consist in helping to sit on and hold down the "little brown brother" for a few months; so that the transport carried as passengers the wives of Major Whitman, Captain Buchan, Chaplain Schliemann, and Lieutenant Haussermann. Mrs. Funston was not ready to sail, and followed on the *Newport*, which left on November 8th, carrying among other troops the first battalion of the regiment. The voyage of the *Indiana* was without incident, but was broken by a pleasant stay of four days in Honolulu. Kansas has a law, enacted during the Civil

War, to the effect that members of military organizations raised by the State may participate in State elections, even though they be at the time outside its boundaries. Ballots had been received before sailing, and election day finding us at Honolulu, the Hawaiians had their first object-lesson in civil government under the American flag, the voting booths being erected on the wharf alongside the transport. A rather amusing incident was the attempt of one captain to compel his whole company to vote the Populist ticket.

As darkness was settling down on the night of November 30th we passed Corrigedor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay, and at midnight the engines of the *Indiana*, that had never ceased their throbbing since we had left Honolulu, three weeks before, were still, and we were anchored off the big city. Going ashore the next day, I paid my respects to General E. S. Otis, Commander of the Pacific Division and Eighth Army Corps, and was informed that my regiment would not disembark for some days, as there was doubt as to what command it would be assigned to. In about a week we were assigned to the First Brigade of the Second Division, and ordered to disembark. The head-quarters of the regiment and the second battalion were quartered in a large building in the Binondo district, and the other two battalions in other buildings in the Tondo district, the first battalion having in the meantime arrived on the *Newport*. Our brigade commander was General Harrison Gray Otis, the well-known editor and owner of the *Los Angeles Times*. He was not a regular officer, having come in for the Spanish War with volunteer rank. He had served through the Civil War in the same regiment with President McKinley, and had made an excellent record. He should not be confused with the corps commander, General E. S. Otis. I believe they were not related. Our division commander, Major-General Arthur MacArthur, had been in the regular army ever since the close of the Civil War, in which as an officer, while but little more than a boy, he had especially distinguished himself. He had commanded a regiment in that war when he was twenty years of age, and had been awarded the Medal of Honor for gallantry at the storming of Missionary Ridge. At this time he was a lieu-

tenant-colonel in the regular army, his commission as a major-general being in the volunteer forces.

General MacArthur's division, consisting of the brigades of Hale and Otis, furnished the details for a strong line of outposts covering the city on the north and north-east. All of the regiments of this division were quartered in the buildings of the city, with the exception of the First Nebraska, which was in camp at Santa Mesa, on the extreme right of the division's line. The First Division, Eighth Corps, Major-General T. M. Anderson commanding, covered the south side of the city, its right resting on Manila Bay and its left on the Pasig River, directly opposite the right of the Second Division, which swept in a curve to the west and north-west for about five miles, its left resting on the marshes and sloughs that cut up the shore line immediately north of the city. The extreme left of this line was assigned to the Twentieth Kansas, the line to be guarded by it extending from the salt marshes on the left to the line of the Manila-Dagupan Railway on its right, where it connected with a battalion of the Third United States Artillery, eight hundred strong, serving as infantry, under the command of Major W. A. Kobbé. The regiment kept about seventy men on outpost duty day and night, these covering a front of about six hundred yards. Close in front of them were the sentries of the insurgent Filipinos, who faced the American line through its entire length. The Twentieth Kansas outpost line was intersected at right angles by a wagon road and the tramway connecting Manila with the suburb of Caloocan. The wagon road was lined on both sides with nipa houses, each surrounded by trees and garden, so that the view to the front was much obstructed. Appropriate orders had been issued to the effect that regimental commanders should at all times have their respective commands in readiness to move out at short notice in case of trouble to support the outposts of their regiments. We had not been many days in Manila when we realized that there was something a great deal more interesting than garrison duty ahead of us, it being the almost unanimous opinion of officers who had been on the ground for some time that unless we got out of the islands in a short time a clash with the numerous, truculent, and well-

armed forces of the so-called Filipino Republic was inevitable. The only question seemed to be as to when it would start and how. The most stringent orders had been issued to the American troops to the effect that they should bear insults and threats in silence, and under no circumstances take things into their own hands. It was the evident intention to lay the onus of starting the trouble on our opponents, a plan which worked out all right, as the Filipinos began soon to take our forbearance for fear, and brought on themselves a swift and terrible retribution.

The various regimental commanders of the division were detailed in turn as division officer of the day, their duties being to inspect carefully the entire line of outposts, and report any lack of watchfulness on their part. These rides, which came to every one of us in six days, were most interesting, and I always looked forward to them with the greatest anticipation. One could not help being impressed with the formidable lines of intrenchments that sheltered the Filipinos at nearly all points opposite our line. Incidents showing their aggressive spirit and desire to start trouble were not lacking. One morning while I was officer of the day a Filipino soldier strolled over to one of the sentries on the outpost of the First Dakota, and asked the man for a cigarette. As the Filipino was unarmed, the American was somewhat off his guard, and, as he started to search his pockets for the desired smoke, was terribly cut across the face by a bolo which the ruffian suddenly drew from under his clothing. Though blinded by his own blood, the plucky soldier managed to settle the score then and there, fairly blowing the man's head off with a short-range shot with his big Springfield. I came along on my tour of inspection a short time later, and saw the man lying where he had fallen. He looked as if he had been struck by a shell. There was one thing to be said for those old Springfields that the volunteer troops were armed with, and that was that if a bullet from one of them hit a man he never mistook it for a mosquito bite. On one occasion a large force of Filipino soldiers engaged in drill advanced on the outpost of the First Montana. The sentries of the latter fell back on their supports, and the trouble came within an ace of starting right there, instead of sev-

eral weeks later. These are but sample incidents. It was a condition that could not last long. Unarmed Filipino soldiers were allowed to come through our lines to visit the city, and occasionally Americans were allowed to go through their lines. It occurred to some of us that turn about was fair play, and as a number of the "enemy," as we already considered them, had passed through the outposts of the Twentieth Kansas, one day early in January, Lieutenant-Colonel Little, Major Metcalf, Captains Bishop and Boltwood and myself mounted our Filipino ponies and set out up the road toward Calocan. Riding through our own line, we presented ourselves to the Filipino post a hundred yards beyond and requested that we be taken before the officer of the day. This functionary was found about half a mile up the road, and in reaching him we passed over the ground that we were to charge over on that never-to-be-forgotten 5th of February. We gave our swords and revolvers into the keeping of the Filipino officer and proceeded on our way a short distance beyond the town of Calocan, passing within a stone's throw of the church that we were to take by assault on February 10th. The knowledge of the ground that we were so soon to fight over, obtained on this trip, as well as information as to the location and strength of the insurgent trenches, proved of no little value.

Major and Mrs. Whitman, Major Metcalf, and Mrs. Funston and myself had started up house-keeping in a very passable house in the Binondo district. Our orderlies slept in the same building, and the horses were in a stable in the court-yard. On the night of February 4th we had just retired, and I was not yet asleep when Major Metcalf pounded vigorously on the door and called out, "Come out here, Colonel. The ball has begun." I scarcely realized at first what he meant, but hastily slipped on a few clothes and came out into the hallway. Metcalf conducted me to a window, and asked, "Did you ever hear that racket before?" And sure enough, from a little north of east floating over the housetops of the great city, came the distant rattle of the Mausers. There was no mistaking it, and we realized, that a war had begun. As the preliminary rattle swelled into a great roar, there were excited voices in the streets, rapid closing of doors and

windows, the sound of people running through the streets, and then the city became almost as quiet as death. In the meantime our orderlies had been awakened and were saddling our horses in frantic haste. We dressed hastily, said hurried good-bys, and in a few moments were galloping through the silent streets to the regimental head-quarters. The men of the various companies were already dressing and falling in. It was plain to be seen that their condition was one of suppressed excitement. But as they heard the ominous sound borne to their ears, I will warrant there was not one of them who grudged the dreary months of drill at San Francisco. It all seemed well worth while then. Getting onto the roof of the building I could make out that the fighting was entirely along what we knew as the "north line," that is, the front of the Second Division. The First Division did not become involved until daybreak. We were just ready to march out when the telegraph instrument in the building clicked out the order from the brigade commander to proceed at once with two battalions of the regiment to support our own outpost line, the other battalion to be for the time being left in the city as reserve. So we swung down the Calle Lemerí, the second and third battalions, in column of fours. As we made our way to the northward through the darkened streets we could hear firing directly on our own front, and knew that our own outpost must be contending against great odds. The commander of the outpost, Captain Adna G. Clarke, now a captain in the regular army, and the officer on duty with him, Lieutenant A. H. Krause, had taken prompt steps as soon as they had heard the firing break out on the front of the First Nebraska, miles to their right, and were alert and ready for business with the full strength of the outpost, some seventy men, when the Filipino fire, gradually extending to the westward, struck them. Sheltering their small detachment as well as the conditions would permit, they replied with vigor, directing their fire toward the flashes of the enemy's rifles. Of course, this sort of fire fight in the darkness is not very productive of casualties, and by the time the main portion of the regiment had arrived only one man had been hit. In the meantime the nearly a thousand of us were coming along at a fast

walk. Already the spiteful bullets from the enemy's Mausers were enlivening the air overhead with their peculiar popping noise, or striking the roofs or sides of the nipa shacks. The men of the regiment were strangely silent as they trudged along listening to the sounds made by these messengers of death. It was a new world for all but a few of them. As we were coming up in rear of our own outpost, of course no advance guard was necessary, and a small group of us officers were riding just a few yards ahead of the column. Just as we reached the tramway car barns there was a tremendous boom half a mile or more to our front, and a couple of seconds later something struck the ground a few rods ahead of us, bounded into the air, passed overhead with a loud "swish," traversed the length of two companies, and then, with a sound like a young cyclone, demolished two or three nipa houses. It was a bit amusing the way the front half of the regiment all but prostrated itself as the big round shot passed overhead, though such action was the most natural thing in the world. During the night and the next day this gun fired thirty-eight shots at us, causing no casualties, though there were a number of narrow escapes. It was captured a few days later standing by the railroad round-house at Caloocan, and proved to be a bronze, muzzle-loading siege gun of the type of sixty years ago. Its projectiles were spherical cast-iron shell, not loaded, so that in effect they were solid shot. Only a bend in the street, which caused the shot to be a few feet to one side of the column when it struck the second time, saved the regiment from a terrible disaster, as had it plowed its way through the six rear companies of the two battalions in column it could scarcely have killed or disabled fewer than a hundred men. By all the rules of the game, being now under artillery fire, we should have formed line in order to minimize the effect of a projectile striking the regiment, but the maze of fences and houses, not to speak of a slough or *estero* a short distance ahead, which would have to be crossed at the bridge, made such action impossible. There was nothing to do but to double time and as quickly as possible get to the comparatively open country where we could deploy. The command was given and forward we went at a good, swinging trot.

Another boom, and a second big shot came tumbling and bounding along, but was a few feet to the right of the street, and so did not give us so close a call as the first one. By the time the third one came we had cleared the nipa houses and crossed the bridge, and were deploying in the fields on either side of the road. All of this time the rattle of rifle fire was not diminishing, and now the bullets from the Mausers were not only passing overhead, but striking all about. The detail on outpost, that had now been fighting for an hour or more, was relieved by several companies, while the others were sheltered as well as possible, and held in reserve for the time being. For an hour or so the companies that we had deployed on the firing line did some firing, mostly in the form of occasional volleys, but as there was not much but the noise on our front as a target, it seemed rather unprofitable business, and the men were ordered to lie down as closely as they could behind the rice dikes and take it easy, getting what sleep they could. Of course enough men were kept on lookout to give warning of any attempt to rush us. There was scarcely any diminution in the fire of the enemy, it being so incessant that the darkness on our front seemed to emit an almost continuous roar. But it was badly directed, as the Filipinos were evidently crouching down in their trenches and using their Mausers as rapidly as they could, but simply splattering the whole country with bullets, the great majority of them going far over our heads. The big cannon, in an excellent gun-pit a thousand yards up the road, let fly from time to time, and the shot, like overgrown croquet balls, would come tumbling and bounding along, smashing down the bamboos, and occasionally wrecking a house behind us. The men soon got over whatever uneasiness they may have felt regarding these projectiles, and began to call out derisively, "low ball" or "high ball," according to the merit of each shot. We had a few men wounded during the night. It will be wondered why our casualties were not quite severe under so heavy a fire, badly directed though it was. But a line of men lying close to the ground behind rice dikes gives mighty little chance to bullets fired at random through the darkness half a mile away. The Filipinos would have done well to have saved the possibly a million

cartridges that they fired at the Second Division on this night, for we were no more deeply into it than the other regiments along the front to our right.

The longed-for daylight came at last, and with it some lessening in the fire of the enemy. Two field-pieces of the Utah Artillery Battalion had arrived during the night, having been dragged by hand, none of the batteries having yet been supplied with horses, and as soon as they could do so to advantage, opened fire up the road, giving their principal attention to the big gun, the approximate position of which could be made out from the smoke which a few seconds after each discharge could be seen drifting over the tops of the bamboos. The exact location of the gun could not be made out. Major Richard H. Young, commanding the Utah Artillery, and I were standing talking a few feet to the rear of the two guns while they were in action when we heard again the boom of the bronze siege gun, and an instant later we saw a dark object coming down the road, just a few feet above the ground. The shot cut off a banana stalk not more than four feet from the right wheel of one of the guns, struck the ground a few rods down the road behind us, tore up a lot of earth, and the last we saw of it was rolling and bounding along, looking like a small iron kettle that had suddenly come to life. It would have been interesting to see what that field-piece would have looked like after the thing was over if this shot had passed a few feet nearer the centre of the road.

Company M of the Twentieth Kansas, under the direction of its commander, Captain William H. Bishop, was just to the right of the road, fairly well protected by a rather high dike, and was firing volleys slowly, when Private Charles Pratt, the first man of the regiment to die in action, sank down without a sound, shot through the brain. For some time his body lay there, a grewsome spectacle for those who had occasion to pass near the company and were not yet used to such sights.

General Otis, our brigade commander, visited the regiment several times during the forenoon, but spent most of his time farther to the right. We were hoping for an order to advance and bring the thing to a close, so far as it concerned ourselves, but fearing to disarrange the plans of our higher commanders, I thought there was nothing

to do but bide our time and make the best of it. A short time after noon came the order to advance as far as the Lico road, which ran parallel with our front, about six hundred yards in advance. In the meantime the first battalion of the regiment had come out from the city, and two of its companies were placed on the firing line. The battalion was under the command of Captain Frederick E. Buchan, Lieutenant-Colonel Little having a couple of weeks previously been so unfortunate as to be severely wounded by the accidental discharge of his own revolver. At the order the line rose to its feet and, without firing, advanced rapidly, the movement not being detected by the enemy, owing to the heavy growth of trees and bamboo between the lines. But we had scarcely got into our new position within three or four hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, and begun to construct hasty entrenchments, when a terrific fire was opened on us. The two Utah guns were brought up and, without cover, in the middle of the road, fired several shots. But such a fire was concentrated on them at this short range that the men were ordered to leave them for the time and take cover. The five companies that constituted our firing line were working their Springfields for all they were worth, and their front was blanketed with a pall of white smoke that resembled a fierce prairie fire, for we had not yet received smokeless powder for these weapons. It was an impossible situation. The enemy in his excellent trenches was pouring into us a fire that we could not hope to overcome by merely firing back at him. There was no time to ask for instructions from the brigade commander. It was one of the times when subordinates must take the bits in their teeth. I stepped over to Captain Bishop and, more to hear what he would say than because I had any doubts on the subject, asked him if the men were equal to it. He replied, "You bet they are!" I turned to Chief Trumpeter Barshfield, at my side, and directed him to blow "Cease firing." Then the order was passed down the line to fix bayonets, and the ominous clatter could be heard along the whole front. Then to our feet, and forward on a fast walk, firing as we went. The advance was much interfered with by fences, but the men, now yelling like fiends and fairly smother-

ing the yellow tops of the earthworks with their fire, pressed forward. Company F, Captain Charles I. Martin, got the worst of it, and had six men hit. I particularly recollect a sergeant in L company, an old regular, who was having the time of his life, addressing imprecations impartially to the enemy and the men of his section, and at the same time plying his rifle with vigor. When we were within seventy yards, the "Charge" was blown, and the yelling and excited men dashed forward on the run, and in a few seconds we were over the works. The enemy did not wait for the bayonet, but broke and ran as we made the final dash, many of them being shot down in their flight before they could reach cover. We found in the trench some thirty killed, while others were scattered here and there as they had been brought down in flight. There were also some badly wounded, but very few of those, as men fighting up to their necks in trenches do not expose their legs and the lower parts of their bodies. One of the imbecile and childish things that the insurgent leaders had done was to organize in the mountains of northern Luzon several companies of Igorrote spearmen. These poor, naked savages had been drilled in some sort of fashion, but were provided only with their spears and shields, and then, apparently under the impression that their very appearance would frighten the Americans into retreat, had been distributed here and there through the insurgent trenches. A few of them were in the works carried by us, and three or four lay dead. One poor fellow was on his back, his spear lying across his legs and his shield over his breast. A ragged hole showed where one of the heavy bullets had gone through the shield and then through his body. That spear is one of the few relics that I brought from the war, and that did not go up in the San Francisco fire. While the men were cheering over their first victory, and, I regret to say, getting the companies pretty well tangled up, fire was opened on us from what was known as Blockhouse No. One, about two hundred yards to our right front. This was a part of the old Spanish line of defences against the insurgents. The men were so mixed up that it was hopeless to get a company or platoon intact, so I gathered about a dozen of the officers and men nearest me, and we carried it with a rush, killing

or capturing every man in it. "Assembly" was blown as soon as possible, and the companies formed. While this was going on, we witnessed to our right, about half a mile, an inspiring spectacle, the Third Artillery storming the Chinese cemetery. The well-trained regulars swept up the hill as if they were merely doing a "stunt" at manœuvres, but we could see that they were having a fight of it. I had at once sent to the brigade commander a verbal message to the effect that I had advanced beyond the Lico road, and giving the reasons for doing so. Shortly after the regiment had assembled orders were received to fall back to the road and bivouac along it for the night in a line facing the enemy. As we were marching back we narrowly escaped a disaster. The cruiser *Charleston*, in the bay opposite our left, had thrown during the day a number of shells at the enemy's works, and had now been relieved by the *Concord*. This vessel, not knowing that the enemy's works had been carried, the distance being great and

the country close, opened fire. For awhile it looked bad for us, as one shell barely missed cutting through a company in column. We had to run for it, and put the regiment to double time. The men were cool, and there was no tendency to break ranks. In my opinion the commander of the *Concord* was in no way to blame, as we were not supposed to be so far in advance, and would not have been, except for the reasons stated.

We reached our position, formed line, and prepared to spend the night. Fire-wood and water were abundant, and the men were soon munching bacon and hard-tack and drinking "soldier-coffee." They were a happy lot, having gone not without credit through their first engagement, and spent a good deal of the time, when they should have been sleeping, in exchanging experiences. They seemed to worry themselves but little over the serious business ahead, and were inclined to let each day take care of itself.

[The second of General Funston's Philippine papers, "Caloocan and its Trenches," will appear in the July Number.]

IN SOLITUDE

By Virna Sheard

HE is not desolate whose ship is sailing
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great love with faithfulness unailing
Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
The heart makes peace and liberty its own—
The wind that blows across the scented grasses
Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Gray Loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.

AMERICA REVISITED

THE SENSATIONS OF AN EXILE

By William Morton Fullerton



THE plight of an American who has been an exile for twenty years has its special compensations. These compensations may be dearly bought; but in my own case, at all events, one of the most exceptional series of impressions that I have ever experienced, those which I have just gathered during two months spent in the United States, would have been impossible if my lot had not been cast for two decades, as a correspondent of the *London Times*, on the continent of Europe.

An Englishman returning to London after so long a period, from a sojourn in Montreal, New York, or Seattle; a Frenchman coming back to Paris, after the same length of time passed in Canada or in the United States, would not have found the familiar aspects of his home essentially altered. There is still in London "the same old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street" as when Matthew Arnold wrote the preface to his "Essays in Criticism." And the boulevards are still the axis round whose polished surface spins the bright Parisian world. The English ancestral domains, and the French royal parks, are still, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George and of the French Radicals, inhabited and frequented by men and women who are thinking and feeling in the same British or Gallic fashion in which they felt and thought a quarter of a century ago. In the United States, on the contrary, so numerous have been the changes within the period reaching from 1890 to 1910 that they have cumulatively resulted in differentiating the America of to-day from the America of the earlier date by a real and impressive alteration in quality and in kind. Not merely the surfaces of things have changed: the mental and the moral traits of the American people have seemed to alter. Let me hasten to add that this latter change appears to me to be an illu-

sion. The American of to-day, who was "in being" in the America of twenty years ago, is only developing, with astounding rapidity, and in an unexpected variety of ways, the traditional American characteristics. But when the foreigner, fresh come to the New World, or the exile who returns to it after a long lapse of time, is suddenly confronted with the bewildering bulk of these transformations, both superficial and moral, he is bound to contemplate the spectacle with wonder.

I personally have just had the strange good fortune, since I had not myself beheld from day to day the transformations of New York, of coming to the great city as I might have visited for the first time Tokyo or Hanoi. That circuses were wont to pitch their tents in an unpaved open space known to-day as Herald Square is an historical fact which I learned with the same emotion as might be felt by an American who, on entering to-day the Quai d'Orsay station in Paris, should be told that only fifteen years ago that site was occupied by a blackened ruin enclosing within its charred walls a jungle of trees and plants, which had sprung up within twenty years as a result of the savagery of the Commune. Sensations of this kind have their freshness, and for the victim, at all events, their entertainment and instruction.

I

SEEN from the slippery ledges of the primeval rock at the northern end of Central Park, the Obelisk of Luxor behind the Metropolitan Museum dwindles to the dimensions of a mere line on an Egyptian sun-dial. The effect is of an amusing symbolism. The sister monolith, in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, looms in harmonious proportion, midway down the vista extending from the Church of the Madeleine to the front of the Palais Bourbon, beyond which hangs the golden dome of

Napoleon's tomb; and even amid monuments like these it stands with undiminished value, affirming the grandeur of a vanished civilization.

The fate of the Luxor obelisk in a New York landscape is a significant fact of the new characteristic achievement of demi-urgic city-building on the American continent. The obelisk is dwarfed out of recognition in the larger harmonies, the more grandiose perspectives, of New York architecture. But the interesting thing is this: the point to which it has sunk is its proper place. This is true whether it be viewed from the angle of the comparative social and economic complexities and promises of Egyptian and American civilization, or whether it be contemplated from the simpler point of view of the comparative æsthetic beauty of the monolith itself and of the gigantic monuments that figure in the New York sky-line. The existence of that sky-line has been denied, but it exists nevertheless, and if it be unrecognized, it is only because it is forever shifting. There are moments before sunrise and after sunset when the New York buildings, as one looks southward, or while one tells the city towers from the deck of a steamer sailing out of the Hudson into the East River, blend together in dun feudal, or Dantesquely violet, masses, until the shapes and lines take on the semblance of a vaster, undreamed-of Carcassonne, or of a Satanic conception hatched amid the fumes of opium in some hall of Eblis. At no time in the evolution of urban architecture have the monuments of a great city been susceptible of assuming transformations of so wide a range, or of so subtly varied an æsthetic potentiality. Vianden and Bassae by moonlight or in a mist are only enhanced Bassaes and Viandens still. The range of possible effects presented by the high machicolated surface of New York, according as it be observed under the thin hard atmosphere of the full American daylight, or when wrapped in the altering shades of evening, reaches from the limits of the colossal real, to those of the rarest dreams of fantasy. Long contact with the changing aspects of this sky-line grafts on the first sensation of awe a poetic mood of admiration. The spectator is prepared then to behold all these edifices, which, at certain moments and in certain lights, are

veritable cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, dissolve as in a dream. And it is one of the regrets—and a part of the poignant melancholy—with which I have found myself gazing often southward, over the roofs of the town of but a generation ago, upon the New York of the twentieth century, that the impression of evanescence and of fantasy, which is so characteristic, corresponds to the absolute reality of the facts: New York is changing while you gaze. The steel frame is lifted almost with the speed with which a spider spins its web. The sky-line shifts, the vistas alter, or are blocked; and this or that group of buildings, to which the eye was wont to turn with the memory of rare sensations, is massed up in new agglomerations which produce no longer the old effect.

A philosopher in æsthetics, a realist like Aristotle, for instance, accustomed—pragmatically—to draw general conclusions from carefully accumulated facts, and chary of forcing facts to conform to the fine-spun logic of a metaphysical reverie, might have foretold, when the Tower Building rose in 1889 in lower Broadway—the first steel framework edifice in New York—that the monster was big with new forms of beauty. The “sky-scraper” is as natural and as inevitable a product of the human effort to adapt itself to the provisional environment, it is as logical a consequence of the interplay of the social, geographic, and economic conditions of civilization on Manhattan Island—and even now in other characteristic centres of American life—as was its early model at Lyons, where the houses, constructed on a tongue of land hemmed in between the Saône and the Rhone, reach heights for the most part unknown in Paris; as was the Roman amphitheatre, rising from the broad expanse of flat meadow-lands, or the Greco-Roman theatre, imbedded in a side-hill, with the convex of its tiers of seats backed against the afternoon sun. No other form of architectural expression was so beautifully suited at once to the topography of the spot and to the social purposes of the structure. And one of the happier consequences of the combination of the steel framework and of the elevator, is that New York to-day among the great cities is the only one where you can see the stars.

The insolence of its Shinar towers is a constant affront to the gods. But the ideal-

ism of American life—for idealism is, to my mind, the most characteristic note of the American character—is expressed in these structures as completely as is the practical energy of this people, whose preoccupation with a certain class of fact, whose inevitable interest in the tangible or visible thing, has so often led the foreigner to describe them as “material.” It is a spectacle as disconcerting as it is exhilarating to behold a whole nation rushing in where angels fear to tread. The ignoring of obstacles, the shattering of conventions, the faith in individual action, the callous neglect of all those inhibitions which arrest wild impulse, these are traits of character which no one but an Athenian of the fourth century, an Italian of the Renaissance—or a man of their temperament—would have understood. And I admit that this American people, who tend to do everything which it occurs to them to do, forget that not-doing is as much doing as doing. Refraining from doing, however, is, after all, as a principle of conduct, a risky rule, since the habit is thereby adopted, with a perilous ease, of doing less than one had really meant to do.

II

THE recent electoral period, which I was able to witness at my ease from the first of October to the end of November, must have brought to the surface, even for a less detached observer than accidentally I was free to be, cumulative illustration, and in fact definitive proof, of what I have just been saying as to the disconcerting blend of idealism and of practical sense in the American people.

I had been back to the United States but three times in twenty years, and before leaving in 1888 I had lived simply the idealistic life of religious and bookish New England. From a New England village I had passed to Andover Hill, and thence to the Harvard of a quarter of a century ago. Before Andover I knew the prehistoric simple life of the New England village, with its town-meeting, its Moody and Sankey revivals, its spelling-bees, its sleigh-rides. I knew a certain swimming-pool in the Quaboag, and I had camped of a summer at Lake George; but I was more at home on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, and I could draw a better map of the

Acropolis of Athens than of the shore-line from Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Washington seemed as remote to me as Paris or London. Then came, for the boys of my generation who went to school and college, seven years of the sheerest idealistic instruction, every influence in which tended to uproot us, as young Americans, from the society in which we were born. Rare were the special items, in the programme of our school and college work, which were adapted to prepare us for success in American life. Save for the periodic commotion caused by a presidential election, nothing happened during my entire American existence, up to the moment of my accidental settlement in Europe, which could throw any light on the changes which were taking place in American life. The generation of my elders had just terminated a four years' civil war, and they believed that they had settled for all time the destinies of the American people. I grew up in the sublime faith that the United States had already proved its *raison d'être*, and that nothing ever again could occur to arrest the triumphal advance of American democracy. Our superiority among the nations was so candidly and universally taken for granted, that we saw no danger lurking in the changes—the vast economic revolution—which were proceeding before our eyes, but which, indeed, we hardly noticed, so subtly did they begin, and so absorbed were we boys—*elsewhere*—by our studies.

I returned to the United States in October, 1910, and I found the changes that had occurred during my absence to be so prodigious in quantity, and so varied in kind, that I might have fancied myself to have been dropped from an aeroplane into a new world, if I had not instantly detected, amid the cacophonous unrest of American life, the surviving leaven of the old-time spirit, the one clear note which was familiar. The founders of American society were idealistic even unto mysticism, but they were practical and hard-headed even unto sharpness, “cuteness,” and canininess. Dr. Henry van Dyke, in his excellent lectures on “The Spirit of America,” affirms what my most recent observation confirms, that the blended strains of blood which made the American people in the beginning “are still the dominant factors in

the American people of to-day." And the intellectual and spiritual heredity has been communicated to millions of immigrants from all parts of the world. Throughout the electoral period of October and November, 1910, the spectacle was one which resembled nothing which has ever taken place elsewhere on so vast a scale. For an American who had lived for twenty years in foreign countries, it was rich in revelation as to the existence, after all, of a national spirit, capable of ultimately completing the work of unification, which even the Civil War, supplemented by the vast material co-ordinating forces of our time—railways, electricity, the printing-press—have not yet sufficed to achieve.

A genuine passion for reform; a desire—oh, sometimes a very exorbitant and fanatical desire—to make social relations and civic ideals square with a crude notion of justice and fair play; a recognition of the fact that the old confidence in the inevitable success and the obvious superiority of the American democracy was stupid and childish, and must give way before a systematic endeavor to work out a social ideal on a rational basis; the rejection of the former insolent attitude of *laissez-aller*, of devil-we-care fatuousness, for the adoption of strenuous and methodical tactics aiming at the organization of a really democratic existence, in which the useful impetus of characteristic American individualism, or the sacrosanct principle of state rights, would be curbed only in so far as individualism and state autonomy injured the interests of the vast community at large—all these signs of an awakened national spirit, these preoccupations of practical reform which had moralized politics, and which were peculiar to no political party, but which were as much the key-note of the speeches of the Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey as they were the war-cry of the Nimrod of the Republican party, bespoke a transformation in American conditions which, I repeat, would have made me feel that I was an exile in a foreign land, if I had not recognized in the ubiquity of this resolution to put the American house in order only a newer and more potent phase of the earlier high-minded sense of obligation to subordinate life to a moral ideal. The period of what the Canadians of the west call "making good," is ended,

and the American population is now developing a critical spirit as to the quality of the results of their civilization. It is taking to politics with a "strenuousness" that has an ethical fervor. The legitimacy or illegitimacy of the triumphs of a rampant individualism—the literally imperial achievements of the unmolested money-getters who have built the railways and founded the corporations of the United States; the problems of national economic conservation; the present position and the future of American women; the moral aspects of tariff bills or of banking legislation: such subjects as these are the recurrent themes in all of the great popular magazines and reviews which are read by hundreds of thousands of American citizens and gibbering candidates for American citizenship. This last fact is in itself extraordinarily impressive.

I shall not soon forget a talk I had one afternoon with an editor of one of the most successful of the American reviews. We had been lunching at one of the Fifth Avenue hotels, and we came out late into Central Park, where we lingered until sunset discussing problems of American life. In the calm of that beautiful garden, surrounded by palaces, while the beacon-lights of the great city leaped forth successively from its southern towers, this typical American editor spoke to me, in a spirit of what the world is now free to call Tolstoic idealism, of the high purpose that animated him and his fellows. He spoke of their sense of responsibility as the purveyors of right ideas to the vast avid American democracy. He was filled with an exultant pride at the thought that he was helping to mould the American man and the American woman. Then his voice fell, and he expressed to me his dismay. He was playing, blindly, he admitted, but, according to his lights, and up to the limit of its possibilities, a considerable rôle in the piece so superbly staged by the *Zeit-Geist* on American soil, a play of which no man knew the end, any more than the crowd of those who, in the streets of Rome, welcomed Cæsar back from the Cevennes, knew the end of the civilization of which they were the heirs, and in whose promise they believed.

The sense of a moral purpose expressed in my companion's talk—although from

my European outlook I had looked upon him and his fellows mainly as American business-men, who were exploiting the public taste without other aim than money-getting—was a fact which classed itself immediately with the general impression left by the whole spectacle of American life. It was one with the cases of advertised philanthropy on the part of the plutocrats, one with the titles of the books published by the presidents of the colleges, one with the inspiration of the sermons in the churches, and one with the texture of the various planks in the political platforms. I gathered the impression that save for the cult of sport—and, after all, why had I to exclude this Hellenic passion from the category of moral impulses?—no activity is any longer conceivable in America except in relation to the whole problem of the national interest and of national improvement. Heedless individualism inspired by the merely selfish instinct of getting rich, or of being a success without thought of one's neighbor, is no longer American. The theory of "equal rights" has been tried and has been found wanting. The tradition of that persistent Jeffersonian principle is being hopelessly demolished by the lessons which Americans of the last generation have drawn from their political and economic experience. Everything that I saw, everything that I read, everything that I learned in America led me to believe that American society is already becoming what Mr. Croly, in his remarkable book, "The Promise of American Life," declares that it must become, short of utter failure. It is becoming a democracy of selected individuals, who are obliged constantly to justify their selection. It is no longer, as Matthew Arnold called it, the home of *das Gemeine*. Its members are becoming united in a sense of joint responsibility for the success of their political and social ideal.

III

A BOSSUET, rhetorically falsifying history in conformity with an *a priori* principle of pre-established harmony, might be tempted grandiloquently to recall that the north and south axis of the planet is that of the three great commercial and ethnic highways of world-civilization: the Nile valley, the valley of the Rhone, and Manhattan Island,

and to find a "providential" fitness in the fact that a self-conscious people, with a common political and social ideal, should be developed round each of these highways. But he would roll out anathema at one of the most characteristic aspects of American life, the universal interest in sport, the passion for play. Autumn in America to-day is, indeed, a season in which men and women of all ages, and not merely the youth who are donning the *toga virilis* and their beautiful partners, fleet the time strenuously as in a golden world. I was one of the wonderful crowd who assembled, in four different amphitheatres, round the foot-ball field, from Andover Hill by way of New Haven and Cambridge to West Point, to witness our young barbarians all at play. It was an imperial spectacle, and I had the sensations of a patrician. In my time at Harvard the great American public recked little of the fate of a university team when pitted against its rival. In America to-day the entire community participates in the tense curiosity with which the college graduates hasten, with the American women, to the tournament fields to see the youth—who are more like gladiators than like knights—do battle; and the newspapers of the continent, in the small as in the great towns, devote as much space to the games as they do to home politics, and infinitely more, to our shame be it said, than they do to foreign affairs. On the night after the collision between Harvard and Yale at New Haven, whence I had returned to New York by one of the thirty-seven special trains which had splendidly covered the distance on regulation time—a fact, in itself, of characteristic significance for a man accustomed to the mismanagement of certain European railways by the state—I found a letter from a friend who, addressing me from a small New England industrial centre, said: "You are at this very hour on the Field at New Haven watching the Foot-ball Game. I put it in capital letters for it seems to carry everything else before it. I went to the gas company's office to-day, and I found that all the clerks were sporting the colors of the two colleges. The crimson seemed to predominate, but many were wearing the blue. The shops are flying their flags. An inauguration of a president could not excite one-tenth of the enthusiasm."

It is necessary to have been able to confirm the truth of this statement with one's own eyes, not to suppose it to be cheap exaggeration. That thirty thousand or forty thousand people, among those who are doing all the serious things in the society of their time, should scramble for the privilege of watching a foot-ball game, that the fifty thousand others who are excluded from the privilege, more or less by chance, should envy them their good fortune, and that hundreds of thousands of others should be waiting at nightfall at the ends of the telegraph wires and in front of the bulletins posted up by the newspapers, to learn the result of a battle lasting ninety minutes, this is a fact which Europe could not understand. It is a fact of a Pindaric quality, and one which throws a beautiful light on the growth of the hero-cult in the civilization of Greece. America has not yet a national poet like Pindar, capable of celebrating the glory of a Boston, or a Duluth, or a New York, or a Richmond, or a Chicago boy in verses to the glory of these several cities, but it already has the pretext and the incentive for a Pindar; and when such a writer is born he will say in English, as his predecessor said in Greek, "Best of physicians for a man's accomplished toil is festive joy."

At Lenox, where the rich families of New York have created vast domains around their country houses, exactly as the rich Roman and Gallo-Roman colonists of the Burgundian highlands, by natural capillary advance up the Rhone valley, built in a wilderness villas crammed with the art treasures of Greece or of the home-country; on Long Island, on the Connecticut slopes, in the *hinterland* of the Boston suburbs, or at Morristown, in New Jersey, where, in an atmosphere of admirable history, and in a region of beautiful hills and poetic waters, still other favorites of American fortune have organized a life warm with a rich comfort which only England's aristocracy had anticipated, the impression left upon the visitor is of another kind. It is distinctly that which Signor Ferrero, the historian of Rome, has chronicled in his notes on American society, and which he was bound to chronicle. The immense extension of the class which possesses the money to buy leisure, and enough money to buy leisure to be wise—even if all of them be not yet wise enough to buy that kind of leisure—is a new

fact which illustrates once more how useful the economic key may be in order to penetrate the problems set by history. And these citizens who can now afford to play, are being imitated by the entire people, all of whom are "making money," or who are somehow enjoying the mysterious privilege of economic credit.

A quarter of a century ago most Americans doubted whether they had a right to play. None thought it "moral" to play long. This feeling was part and parcel of the emotion with which they clung to the validity of the then universally disseminated eleventh commandment: *Thou shalt not like*. Of that commandment not a shred remains. The Americans have issued forth from the dank Puritanism of their old-time places of worship and of study. They have come out into the open. They have striven to treat their moral rheumatism by a bath of sunlight. They are marching to the step of an imperial movement, and they are rapidly substituting for the old precepts a moral philosophy as realistic, as "pragmatic," as that which was born in the Greek *palestra*, and which a little effort of mysticism might easily enhance—and no doubt will—with all the virtues of the famous *kalokagathos*. At present America has only reached the stage of calisthenics. With their emancipation from the book the Americans are—alas—recklessly shattering the language, inventing new idioms, sharpening certain words or destroying others; but they are, meanwhile, evolving in the open a physical type of man and woman which has already considerably altered the appearance of the race. The sons and daughters of my former comrades at Andover and Harvard have an average height from two to three inches taller than that of their fathers and mothers, and the faces and stature of the young women, as I beheld them assembled in thousands at the games, are those of a new physiological type, for which eugenics may have much to do, but which, as Mr. Gibson has so admirably seen, is being determined by moral rather than by physical causes.

"I haven't really created a distinctive type," Mr. Gibson said recently; "the nation made the type. What Zangwill calls 'The Melting-Pot of Races' has resulted in a certain character; why should it not also have turned out a certain type of face? If

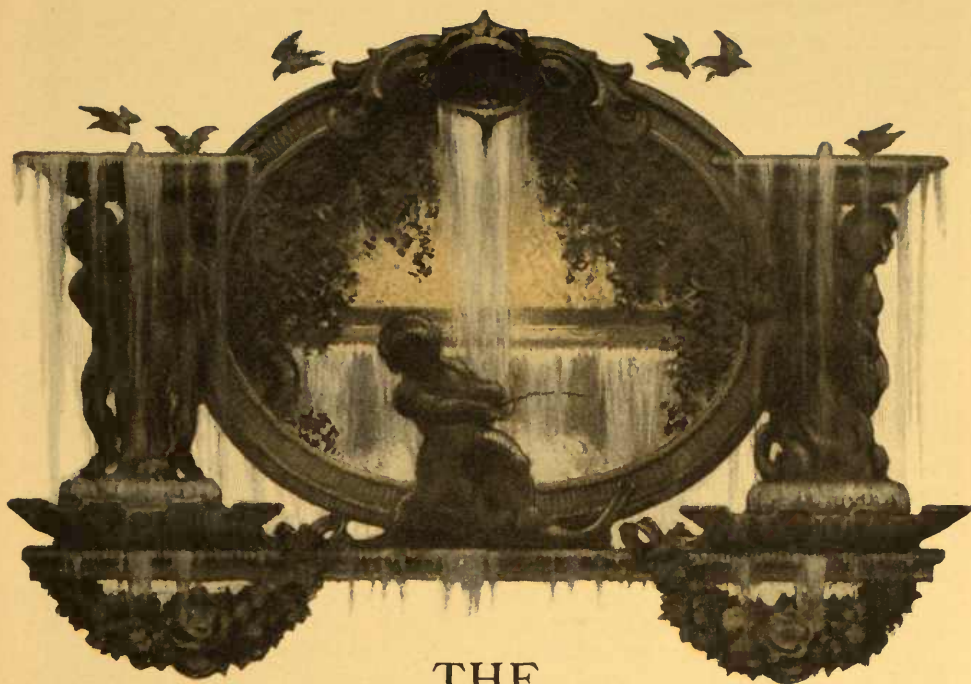
I have done anything, it has been to put on paper some fair examples of that type with very great, with minute, care. I saw the girl of that type in the streets, at the theatres, I saw her in the churches, I saw her everywhere and doing everything. I saw her idling on Fifth Avenue, and at work behind the counters of the stores. From hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, I formed my ideal. And there is really, I believe, a reason why the woman of America has reached a higher type of beauty, just as she has undoubtedly reached a higher mental plane, than any other woman in the world. In American pictures woman has been notable because the artist has approached and treated her with an innate respect—with gallantry, if you care to use the term; but with no more than she deserves. American men pay homage to their women, actual homage. That is true and to their credit, but, sadly enough, makes them distinctive. The idea of the old-time European artist, and of many new-time artists on the other side, is that women can be just two things—mere toys or mere machines. The Englishman and the American—more notably, of course, the American—see that they are the biggest and best part of life, and treat them with regard and wonder. It is this appreciation that has helped our art more than any other one thing has. The men who harness women up with dogs will not advance much in their art; the men who place them where they rightfully belong will really progress."

Dr. van Dyke, in the book already cited, denies the truth of the contention that any general and fundamental change has taken place in the human type in America. But that very trait of Americans, the expressions of which he analyzes so suggestively, their spirit of self-reliance—the characteristic which Professor Münsterberg calls the "spirit of self-direction"—has, according to my own observation, given to the male and female American face a *look* which distinguishes it from the expression of the British, French, or German face, and which climatic or other external causes would not have sufficed to induce. The British, Dutch, or Irish animal, *homo*, transplanted to America, might, perhaps, have become what Quatrefages declared he was becoming, a species of man resembling the North American Indian, if it had not been for the play of moral and economic factors

which have saved him from that degeneracy. A new male and female beauty is being developed in America, and as I gazed on the types of men and women whom I saw at the University games, I was being prepared to agree with the artist whom I have quoted.

IV

It is just because these handsomer and healthier Americans of the present generation whom I saw at the games are the descendants of men and women who had a peculiar endowment of energy, and a special training that was productive of real will-power; it is, in a word, just because they have been able to preserve their "*forms of thought*," that they have been able to expand with such abounding elasticity, and such a steady, and often insolent, optimism, within the vast limits of their continent, and that, furthermore, now that those limits have been reached, they have been able to develop the sanely sceptical attitude as regards the quality of their achievements, and the unflinching resolve to justify their belief in themselves, which are bound to strike any observer as characteristic of American society to-day. The horizon of a religious mind is not confined within the meridians traced on the surface of the earth. For many generations the Americans were profoundly religious, and their perspectives reached outward into spaces the reality of which was as characteristic as their remoteness. The Americans of to-day are less religious, notwithstanding the evidence afforded by the statistics of church-membership. But the habit that they have acquired of taking the idealistic, mystical, religious, far-view of human actions, their utter failure to comprehend the narrow *terre-à-terre* point of view, remains with them as a "form" of thought, which has been singularly and happily adjusted to the purely geographical conditions of their national expansion. And that particular "form" of thought is still the ample frame within which the American consciousness works and has its being. *An energy and a will to organize American society on a national basis is now being manifested in a spirit hostile to some of the most sacred political and social traditions of the people of the independent States.* This is the impressive implication of the whole wondrous spectacle of modern America.



THE GARDENS *of* APOLLO

By LOUISE GIGNOUX

Drawings & Decorations

by

F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE gardens of Louis XIV, the Gallic Apollo, will always hold an imperishable charm, a complexity of appeal, quite apart from the history that may there be studied with unusual facilities by the scholar, and the works of art that the true amateur must cherish. Not that these are by any means small factors in the very quality of which I speak, but they are only a part, some of the subtle essences that go to the making of the ultimate perfume which to-day, in the gardens of the Bourbons, ravishes the soul.

It is true, that many of the ancient glories of the gardens are as dead as the glories of Nineveh. No longer does the grotto of Thetis exist, the grotto of a thousand echoes, where a multitude of mirrors re-

peated in broken flashes the loveliness of women and falling waters, giving an effect of beauty powdered into diamond brilliants and held in the hand. The incomparable labyrinth of Le Nôtre is destroyed, and much has fallen into a decay that is a reproach to France. Perspectives have been lost by the improper planting of trees, and many a green grass carpet is missing to give the required approach and prestige to a sculptured group, whose fine marble, bitten with the acids of the air, is left to crumble.

Upon all that has gone one may dwell in contemplative regret and in anger at the hand of the iconoclast, yet to the lover of deeper values there remains all that the heart most desires; possibly the very ravages of time and the violence of men give

an added precious touch treasured by the dreamer of dreams, even as one looks at an old and lovely face over which life's griefs and errors have passed, and finds its appeal deep and gripping to the heart.

The story whose ending is so tragic-sweet begins as with a breath from the very youth of the world, flavored with the tang of knightly journeyings and the sound of the huntsman's horn in the depths of the forest; all that colorful old-world life in a land full of sunshine and flowers is flung like some gorgeous decoration across the years that hold the evolution of Versailles. There we first see the beautiful boy who is to become king of France riding through the valley of April blossoms with his huntsmen and his dogs, to spend the night of a long day's sport at his father's miniature château near Versailles. The lad's master imagination, stimulated by the day's beauty, conceived then and there the idea of a domain convertible at his will into a setting for every phase of senses and soul.

Thirteen years later came Louise de la Vallière, in the zenith of her youth and love, to look upon this dream in which she was destined awhile to walk. The château was still that of Louis XIII, but the gardens were the world's new wonder, to be baptised with a shower of fêtes unparalleled, that young Louis might show honor to the adored one. It was the garden's true apotheosis, inspired by young ardor and young love, a glory of gods and ancient tales and the delicate ministrations of the fine arts.

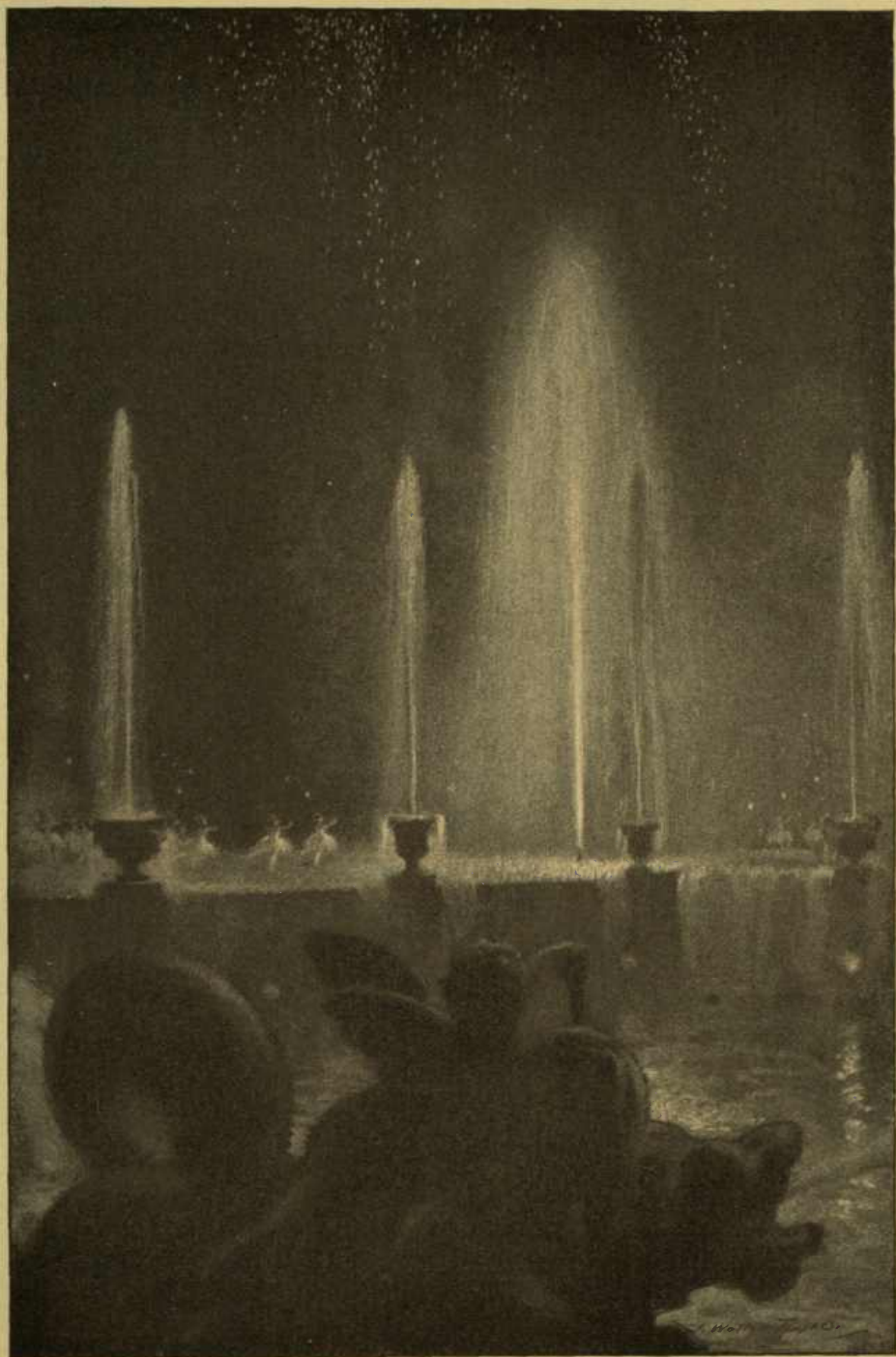
Then the palace of Alcina the Enchantress arose to the music of Lulli and vanished in blazing whirlwinds, and the gods of Greece and the heroes of Ariosto passed by in jewelled bands of light and color against the heavy velvet patterns of the verdure. Then Molière first presented his immortal "Tartuffe," and beneath the druidical oaks, all dripping with mistletoe, masqueraded as Pan, god of unheeded warning. And through night airs heavy with mystery poured fiery multi-colored rains from earth to heaven, blossoming into fabulous flowers on the burnished waters of lagoons, while the hunting-horns evoked from secret allées, sweet with box and locust, fantastic flying forms which resolved deliciously into a ballet.

But one and all, gods and heroes, they served to proclaim the coming of a divinity; they were the heralds of Apollo reincarnated, Apollo whose gigantic chariot moved through the midst of every fête, overwhelming, blinding to the eyes, the very symbol and image of Louis, the Sun-King. Never more was this symbol to leave Versailles; in every part of palace and gardens, even to the blue and gold railing of the courtyard, Apollo and his emblems dominate, appearing in every form, casting a glory that shall live forever.

The reincarnation of Louis the Magnificent into the pagan divinity of the sun was to be more than the dream of a Nero or the delusion of a Caligula. For he truly gave to his people the glories of art and the splendors of the sun, he filled his realm with beautiful form and sound and color; the gods of the old world came to serve his pleasure, not only in living pageant through his gardens, but in fine sculptured forms, on the canvases of his painters and in design and bas-relief upon the chiselled marble space of palace and terrace.

The Greek spirit of the early Renaissance, transforming the Gothic art, had brought into it a coolness and lightness of spacing and balance, a joy unshaken by laughter, and a sadness never distorted by tears. Here again came the reserved Hellenic influence, but in a new, warm, and ornate expression, sifted through this Gallic temperament like light through rich stained-glass windows.

The Italian gardens of Boboli, the Villa Borghese, Aldobrandini, and some of the gardens of France had created and developed a taste for the special form of beauty exemplified in the genius of André Le Nôtre, that simple and gentle gardener who was Apollo's right hand; but at Versailles he had to deal with a peculiarly architectural problem on a gigantic scale, the creating of a sort of transition, as it were, between the most artificial and formal palace in the world and the free rusticity of nature. With marble and bronze, with verdure and sunlight and shadow, he demonstrated his sense of elegant amplitude and balanced detail; yet, master as he was of all these, water was the most strikingly plastic medium of his art. His treatment of it as a decorative device is faultless, amazing in its daring and invention. He converts wa-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Through night airs heavy with mystery poured fiery multi-colored rains from earth to heaven.—Page 666.

ters, rising, falling, and placid, into every architectural and pictorial form, taking into consideration every effect on the eye and on the imagination; surprising, enchanting, or lulling the mind into quiet ecstasies.

An entirely false and incomplete idea of the French architecture of the eighteenth century will be had if the rôle played by water is forgotten, and surely its emotional effect upon the people must have been marked. Leaping waters seen afar through dark vistas, water rushing down flights of rose marble steps or dripping over rustic cascades, while Lulli's musicians played quadrilles and *passe-pieds* for the dance of the king and his court on the grassy floor of an open-air ball-room; waters forming swaying archways of crystal under which one might walk, or stretching in strips of molten gold off into perspectives that vanished like whispers on the air, the perspectives that Watteau so enchantingly opens to the eyes of those who care for what he has to give—how must all this have cast a spell over the souls of the men and women in the wizard's garden! To-day we feel it seize and grip the imagination when the fountains are set free, and in the sunlight, or moonlight, or the fireworks of a fête, the waters take a myriad shapes and meanings; or in quieter mood, in the silent darkness of some bosquet, beneath the statue of a smiling god, we sit and listen to the water dropping, dropping into a deep metal basin, reverberating, monotonous, like the heart of some bronze bell beating in a dream.

These gardens of Apollo are quite inseparable from their people; they left there in ways diverse and subtle the impress of their thoughts and actions during the whole period that saw their apogee and their decline, their glamour and their errors. The peculiarity of their attitude never fails to fascinate and to appall because of a point of view quite fictitious in value, but which they came by apparently through the natural introspection of cultivated minds, coupled with a lack of that kind of sincere activity which men deem serious and of consequence. The men and women of the fading aristocracy of France had come, through the many destructive forces at work upon them, to lose their sense of life's true but arbitrary values, arbitrary and necessary even as the conventions of an art. The unreality of their life stifled their pur-

pose and undermined their earnestness; the act became as nothing "provided the gesture was beautiful"; Death stood over them day and night until they could face him with a bravery seeming almost an indifference, and life became a dream-pageant passing by to a funeral march of court quadrilles.

We see it all in their faces, those lords and ladies who look at us from the canvases of Watteau, La Tour, Van Loo, Mignard, or Le Brun—all faultlessly attired, all delicately fatigued and eternally saddened.

A sense of futility—of life's ephemeral quality—of the short day of pleasure and the heart's slow crepuscule, gave them their smile so cynically sweet, so pathetically lovely, the smile of Pierrot beneath the stars, the Greek masks of comedy and tragedy blended in one, the weeping brow and the laughing lip, the heart that bled and the hand that shimmered white in ecstatic apostrophe to the moon.

It is difficult to deal with them ethically, they seem to bear so slight a relation to the claims of the soul; they are to us as figures of some illusory pattern, quite abstract, like music heard far away in the night. Symons's verse comes to one's memory:

"For us the roses are scarce sweet
And scarcely swift the flying feet
Where masque to masque the moments call:
All has been ours that we desired,
And now we are a little tired,
Of the eternal carnival."

Personal grief and political bitterness, the inevitable anxieties of the heart in a society so complicated and so corrupt, and finally the terror that crept slowly in as each day one more desperate white face peered ominously through the gilded gates, all this suffering is memorable and is written in many a memoir, document, and letter. Yet to us who look back these shadows have, in a certain oblique view of it all, the curious effect of throwing into high relief the fantastic rituals of the worship of beauty in a new and captivating form.

So perfectly fitted were these palaces and gardens to the moods of men that to-day, by an inverse process, their various characteristics do actually evoke the ancient attitude, the far-off fancy. All those external influences that helped to mould and



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Leaping waters seen afar through dark vistas.—Page 668.

fashion the exotic personages of Versailles come again and again to impress us with peculiar definiteness.

Without their frames and setting these remarkable men and women lose half their value, and appear monstrous or frivolous to a degree that is in truth a real misunderstanding.

Their great-little domain with its isolated code of manners and morals, its customs and traditions, must be lived in awhile until one is familiar with it, even as one studies some very remote habitation of men. And, if we do this we begin to understand; we feel the sense of utter and cruel absolutism that filled the minds of the princes in this apotheosis of magnificence, and the bitterness of such serpentine natures as Maurepas, d'Argenson, or Maupeou, chafing in the midst of a galling perfection where the vicious desires of their hearts might yet be fulfilled if the wisdom of the serpent did not fail them.

Again, sweet and sure, in the garden of the Petit Trianon before the Temple of Love, or in the dark bosquets sheltering some classic moon-white form, comes floating back to us the essence of such childlike exquisite nature as is typified by the Queen Marie Antoinette, who, like so many others about her of similar sensitiveness, was a logical product of this milieu of beauty working upon the mind of the high-bred and delicately cultivated. She is one of those whom the great garden reincarnates as its own sweet child, and no appeal can be purer or more delicious. And one and all, these spirits, who are summoned so inevitably to repeople the garden that was and ever will be theirs, bring their own stories of eighteenth century romance and tragedy, set to the music of viols and hunting-horns and the drip of water. Pitifully, like the shades appearing to Ulysses, they speak to us across the Revolution's river of blood.

It was characteristic of the century that two women, the Marquise de Pompadour and the Comtesse du Barry, should appear as the emissaries of destiny, sent to bring about the fall of the kings and the rise of the people, and that a king's garden should be their setting.

It is summer time, and the day is a-glitter; the ivory palace lies like a delicate carven toy on a green jade table. The

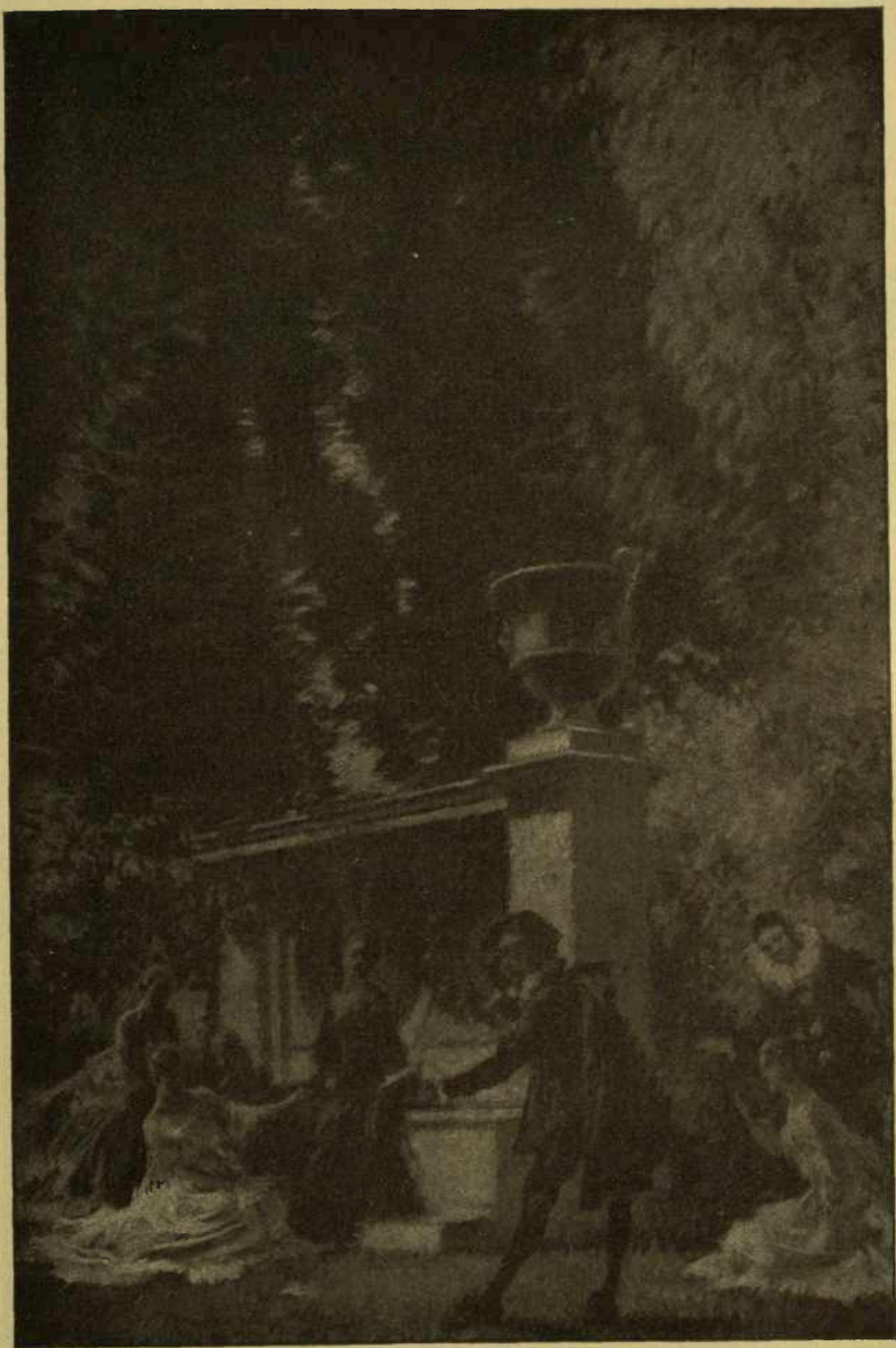
mirrors of the long lagoons are burnished and the tree-tops meet over the allées in points of pale green flame. Beneath them, along the dark strips of velvet verdure comes a woman who is the final seal to the beauty of the day and the garden, like the jewel on a lovely hand, the flower on a perfect breast.

See the fine lines of that face whose masterfulness nature could not hide with a woman's delicate modelling; see how utterly her flowered gown and all her rare attire is a part of herself and her setting; here is the spirit in flesh of all that artistic sense for detail in its relation to bold effects which France had felt and fostered through the ages. Masterfulness and taste—there is the Marquise de Pompadour.

In these ancient gardens we do not think of her as diplomat, student, and politician, nor do her shortcomings and errors offend. Her appeal is as the supreme artist and patron of artists whose memory floods with light the Versailles of France's fascinating decadence, the woman who created Sèvres and Bellevue and the little blue and silver playhouse of Versailles, who fostered the talent of Boucher and cut it to the very measure of her tastes, so that from his brush came at her bidding a rosy world of mischievous nudities and riotous summer gardens, and all those light clouds and wreaths and ribbons that seemed unfurled and flung from the young hand of a Persephone.

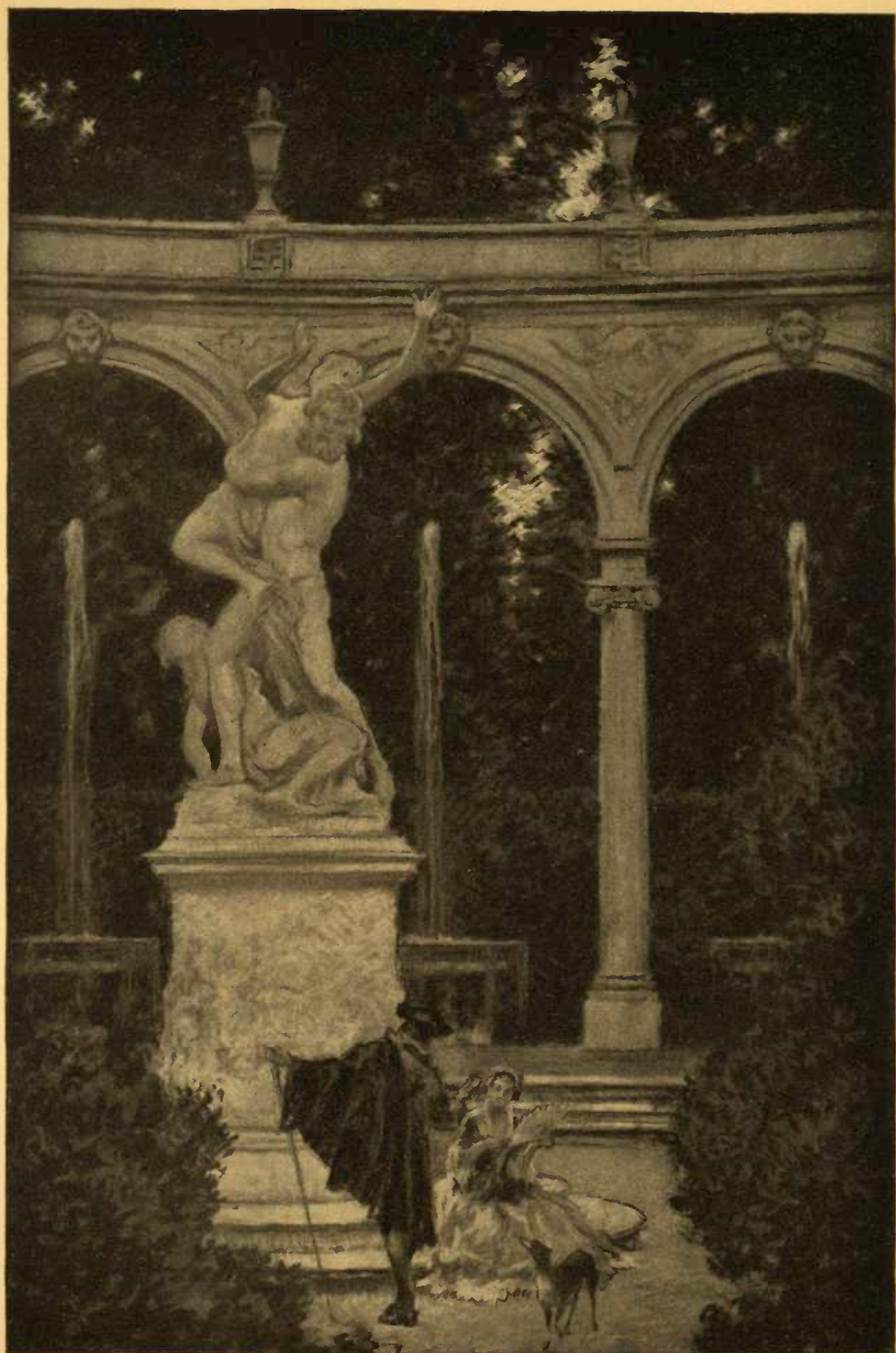
From Watteau to Boucher was a long step. The ideal of art was still factitious, deliciously artificial, fitted to the people, but its true royal essence was departing. Watteau's personality had been distinctly classical, essentially fitting him to be painter-decorator at the Court of the new Apollo; but now prettiness, coquetry, a light and alluring gallantry had crept in. Under the trees in a land of far-off fantasy the lovely people of Boucher live in an eternal idleness; their passions are as decorative as they are fugitive, and the cadence of their attitudes makes a music heard, as it were, by the sense of sight. The seduction and fall of the kings of France was reflected in this decadence of ideal in art, and under the régime of Du Barry the end was reached.

When the princes heard in the distance the mutterings of an awakening people



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Dark bosquets sheltering some classic moon-white form.—Page 670.



Dragon by F. Walter Taylor.

The Colonnade.

they very characteristically gave a carnival that they might forget it, and made a pretty woman its queen. The pageants of carnival never had a figure more fitted to embody its merriment and justify its excesses. Mme. du Barry breathes its very spirit, its coarseness, its multi-colored radiance, gay extravagances, and vulgar license.

What is this sparkling little cortege that leaves Versailles on a pale blue morning of early summer, with a stamping and neighing of horses, a jingling of silver trappings, and powdered lackeys flashing past in rainbow liveries? In a miniature six-horse phaeton upon whose gold panels are painted all the devices of love and youth—roses and doves and pierced hearts and flaming torches—sits the very prettiest piece of flesh and blood that came out of the eighteenth century.

She looks more like a lovely child than a woman, with those curling locks so silkily fine and fair that they seem like a mist tipped with the light of some gentle dawn. And beneath, a forehead, still touched with the transparency of delicate child flesh, made more dazzling by the sharp line of a dark eyebrow and the red of a laughing little mouth turned up at the corners. No paint, no powder, no elaborate or artificial coiffure was there here. She scorned it in her young perfection and her open disdain of the conventions of the day.

This is the Comtesse du Barry on her way to Compiègne where the king holds high festival, and Paris looks on with a laugh, a shrug, a curse, and a ribald song or two. It was indeed carnival time, a carnival of witty greed and pretty cruelties, magnificent lust, and a despair that laughed—and waited. The confetti were louis d'or. Later they turned to bullets and the Dionysian festival ended like the classic slaughter in the Bacchanals of Euripides.

The palace, the gardens, all the lovely creations of Louis XIV were to suffer in the general débacle until we marvel to-day that anything remains. The mutilations by Louis XV, whose sick soul was

eased only through change, the replacing of charming bosquets by fragments of English gardens, the seizures of fine decorative sculptures by the Revolutionary Convention, all this depredation left its scars on the fair face of the garden. The plough would have passed over it all had not the citizens of Versailles, adorers of the beautiful even in starvation's despair, softened for once the heart of the Convention. The spoiliations unroll themselves in a panorama of violence and folly, a story of intense dramatic and political coloring, in which every statistic is filled with tumult.

A new fall of man had come, and the garden belonged no more to those who had loved it; yet through banishment, carnage, and ultimate destruction these people of the great garden came into their own. It was death, to be sure—but they made of it a new and delicate art, a lesson in gentle manners and in the finer sympathies. Their decorative century offered them a finale in such fiery antithesis, in so complete an apposition to all that went before, that they could not fail, even amidst the ferocities of annihilation, to perceive the pictorial balance of it all. In the few short days still left them they unmasked with an exquisite grace and lived passionately, lived in most instances with a new nobility.

Then slowly over their garden came the silence that we find to-day, and that ever will be there, though the drums of the Republic go beating through the gateways at sundown, and strange voices speak in many tongues in the dim allées; for there are certain spots on earth that belong exclusively to the immortal dead, where no other voices but theirs can ever ring true or truly animate, and no new beings ever really people the solitudes.

Into such places of remote feeling and storied past, of which Versailles seems the most definite example, we are permitted to withdraw awhile as into a certain twilight of beauty, from the unavoidable insistence of the commonplace. Active joyousness will not come to us there, but a more subdued thrill, an illumined sadness.



*Monseigneur
Plays.*

MONSEIGNEUR PLAYS

By Theodosia Garrison

MONSEIGNEUR plays his new gavotte—
Within her gilded chair the Queen
Listens, her rustling maids between;
A very tulip-garden stirred
To hear the fluting of a bird;
Faint sunlight through the casement falls
On cupids painted on the walls
At play with doves. Precisely set
Awaits the slender-legged spinet
Expectant of its happy lot,
The while the player stays to twist
The cobweb ruffles from his wrist.
A pause, and then—(ah, murmur not)
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

Monseigneur plays his new gavotte—
Hark, 'tis the faintest dawn of Spring,
So still the dew-drops' whispering
Is loud among the violets;
Here in this garden of Pierrette's
Where Pierrot waits, ah, hasten, Sweet,
And hear; on dainty, tripping feet
She comes—the little, glad coquette.
“Ah, thou, Pierrot?” “Ah, thou, Pierrette?”
A kiss, nay there a bird wakes, then
A silence—and they kiss again,
“Ah, Mesdames, have you quite forgot—”
(So laughs his music)—“Love's first kiss?
Let *this* note lead you, then, and *this*
Back to that fragrant garden-spot.”
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

Monseigneur plays his new gavotte—
Ah, hear, in that last note they go,
The little lovers laughing so;
Kissing their finger-tips they dance
From out this gilded room of France,
Adieu! Monseigneur rises now
Ready for compliment and bow,
Playing about his mouth the while
Its cynical, accustomed smile,
Protests and, hand on heart, avers
The patience of his listeners.
“A masterpiece! Ah, surely not.”
A gray-eyed maid of honor slips
A long-stemmed rose across her lips
And drops it; does he guess her thought?
Monseigneur plays his new gavotte.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XXI



WITH the closing in of the autumn and the coming of the first winter cold, the denizens of Kennedy Square gave themselves over to the season's entertainments.

Mrs. Cheston, as was her usual custom, issued invitations for a ball—this one in honor of the officers who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican War. Major Clayton, Bowdoin, the Murdochs, Stirlings, and Howards—all persons of the highest quality—inaugurated a series of chess tournaments, the several players and those who came to look on, to be thereafter comforted with such toothsome solids as wild turkey, terrapin, and olio, and such delectable liquids as were stored in the cellars of their hosts. Old Judge Pancoast, yielding to the general demand, gave an oyster roast—his enormous kitchen being the place of all others for such a function. On this occasion two long wooden tables were scoured to an unprecedented whiteness—the young girls in white aprons and the young men in white jackets serving as waiters—and laid with wooden plates, and two big wooden bowls—one for the hot, sizzling shells just off their bed of hickory coals banked on the kitchen hearth, and the other for the empty ones—the fun continuing until the wee small hours of the morning.

The Honorable Prim and his charming daughter, not to be outdone by their neighbors, cleared the front drawing-room of its heavy furniture, covered every inch of the tufted carpet with linen crash, and with old black Jones as fiddler and M. Robinette—a French exile—as instructor in the cutting of pigeon wings and the proper turning out of ankles and toes, opened the first of a series of morning soirées for the young folk of the neighborhood, to which were invited not only their mothers but their black mammies, as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Horn, not having any blithesome daughter, nor any full

grown son—Oliver being but a child of six—and Richard and his charming wife having long since given up their dancing slippers—were good enough to announce—and it was astonishing what an excitement it raised)—that “On the Monday night following Mr. Horn would read aloud to such of his friends as would do him the honor of being present, the latest Christmas story by Mr. Charles Dickens, entitled ‘The Cricket on the Hearth.’” For this occasion Mr. Kennedy had loaned him his own copy, one of the earliest bound volumes, bearing an inscription in the great master's own handwriting, in which he thanked the distinguished author of “Swallow Barn” for the many kindnesses he had shown him during his visit to America, and begged his indulgence for his third attempt to express between covers the sentiment and feeling of the Christmas season.

Not that this was an unusual form of entertainment, nor one that excited special comment. Almost every neighborhood had its morning (and often its evening) “Readings,” presided over by some one who read well and without fatigue—some sweet old maid, perhaps, who knew how to grow old gracefully. At these times a table would be rolled into the library by the deferential servant of the house, on which he would place the dear lady's spectacles and a book, its ivory marker showing where the last reading had ended—it might be Prescott's “Ferdinand and Isabella,” or Irving's “Granada,” or Thackeray's “Vanity Fair,” or perhaps, Dickens's “Martin Chuzzlewit.”

At eleven o'clock the girls would begin to arrive, each one bringing her needle-work of some kind—worsted, or embroidery, or knitting—something she could manage with out discomfort to herself or anybody about her, and when the last ones were in their seats the same noiseless darcy would tip-toe in and take his place behind the old maid's chair. Then he would slip a stool under her absurdly small slippers and tip-toe out again, shutting the door behind him

as quietly as if he found the dear lady asleep—and so the reading would begin.

A reading by Richard, however, was always an event, and an invitation to be present was never declined whether received by letter or by word of mouth.

St. George had been looking forward eagerly to the night, and when the shadows began to fall in his now almost bare bedroom, he sent for Todd to help him dress.

"Have you got a shirt for me, Todd?"

"Got seben of 'em. Dey wants a li'l trimmin' roun' de aidges, but I reckon we kin make 'em do—Aunt Jemima sont 'em home dis mawnin'. She's been a-workin' on 'em, she says. Looks to me like a goat had a moufful outer dis yere sleeve but I dassent tell 'er so. Lot o' dem butters wanderin' roun' dat Marsh market lookin' for sumpin to eat; lemme gib dem boots anudder tech."

Todd skipped downstairs with the boots and St. George continued dressing; selecting his best and most becoming scarf; pinning down the lapels of his buff waistcoat; repairing for the time being (with the scissors—since Aunt Jemima would restarch it) the points of his high collar; the whole toilet complete, a little later, when with Todd's assistance, he worked his arms between the slits in the silk lining of the sleeves of his blue cloth, brass-buttoned coat, and pulled it into place across his chest.

And he was still a well-dressed man in spite of the frayed edge of his collar and shirt ruffles and the shiny spots in his trousers and coat where the nap was worn smooth.

Moreover, no man of his age wore his clothes so well, no matter what their condition; nor did any other man of his acquaintance make so debonair an appearance.

Pawson was of that opinion to-night when St. George his toilet complete, joined him at the bottom of the stairs. Indeed he thought he had never seen his client look better—a discovery which sent a spasm of satisfaction through his long body, for he had a piece of important news to tell him, and had been trying all day to make up his mind how best to break it.

"You look younger, Mr. Temple," he began—"and if you will allow me to say so, handsomer, every day. Your trip to the Eastern Shore last spring did you no end of good," and the young attorney crooked

his long neck and elevated his eyebrows and the corners of his mouth in the effort to give to his sinuous body a semblance of mirth.

"Thank you, Pawson," bowed St. George, graciously—"You are really most kind, but that is because you are stone blind. My shirt is full of holes and it is quite likely I shall have to stand all the evening for fear of splitting the knees of my breeches. Come—out with it"—he laughed—"there is something you have to tell me, or you would not be waiting for me here at this hour in the cold hall."

Pawson smiled faintly, then his eyebrows lost their identity in some well-defined wrinkles in his forehead.

"I have, sir—a most unpleasant thing to tell you—a very unpleasant thing. When I tried this morning for a few days grace on that last overdue payment, the agent informed me, to my great surprise, that Mr. John Gorsuch had bought the mortgage and would thereafter collect the interest in person. I am not sure, of course, but I am afraid Colonel Rutter is behind the purchase. If he is we must be prepared to face the worst should he still feel toward you as he did when you and he"—and he jerked his thumb meaningly in the direction of the dining-room—"had it out—in there."

St. George compressed his lips: "And so after all Rutter holds the big end of the whip, does he?" he exclaimed with some heat. "He will find the skin on my back not a very valuable asset, but he is welcome to it. He has about everything else."

"But I'd rather pay it somehow, if we could," rejoined Pawson in a furtive way—as if he had something up his sleeve he dare not spring upon him.

"Yes—of course you would—" retorted St. George, with a cynical laugh, slipping on his gloves. "Pay it?—of course pay it. Pay everything and everybody! What do you think I'd bring at auction? Pawson. I'm white, you know, and so I can't be sold on the block—but the doctors might offer you a trifle for cutting-up purposes. Bah! Hand me my cloak, Todd."

A deprecatory smile flitted across the long, thin face of the attorney. He saw that St. George was in no mood for serious things, and yet something must be done; certainly before the arrival of Gorsuch himself, who was known to be an exact man of

business and who would have his rights no matter who suffered.

"I had a little plan, sir—but you might not fall in with it. It would, perhaps, be only temporary, but it is all I can think of. I had an applicant this morning—in fact it came within an hour after I had heard the news. It seemed almost providential, sir."

St. George was facing the door, ready to leave the house, his shoulders still bent forward so that Todd could adjust his heavy cloak the better, when for the first time the anxious tone in Pawson's voice caught his attention. As the words fell from the attorney's lips he straightened, and Todd stepped back, the garment still in his hands.

"An applicant for what?" he inquired in a graver tone. He was not surprised—nothing surprised him in these days—he was only curious.

"For the rooms you occupy. I can get enough for them, sir, not only to clear up the back interest, but to keep the mortgage alive and——"

St. George's face paled as the full meaning of Pawson's proposal dawned in his mind. That was the last thing he had expected.

"Turn me into the street, eh?" There was a note of pained surprise in his voice.

"I don't want you to put it that way, sir." His heart really bled for him—it was all he could do to control himself.

"How the devil else can I put it?" he echoed with some anger.

"Well, I thought you might want to do a little shooting, sir."

Shooting! What with? One of Gadgem's guns? Hire it of him, eh, and steal the powder and shot," he cried savagely.

"Yes—if you saw fit, sir. Gadgem I am sure would be most willing and you can always get plenty of ammunition. Anyway you might pass a few months with your kinsfolk on the Eastern Shore, whether you hunted or not; it did you so much good before. The winter here is always wearing, sloppy, and wet. I've heard you say so repeatedly." He had not taken his eyes from his face; he knew this was St. George's final stage and he knew too that he would never again enter the home he loved; but this last he could not tell him outright. He would rather have cut his right hand off than tell him at all: Being even the humblest instrument in the exiling of a man

like St. George Wilmot Temple was in itself a torture.

"And when do you want me to quit?" he said calmly. "I suppose I can evacuate like an officer and a gentleman and carry my side-arms with me"—here his smile broadened as the humor of the thing stole over him—"my father's cane, that I can neither sell nor pawn, and a case of razors which are past sharpening."

"Well, sir, it ought to be done," continued Pawson in his most serious tone, ignoring the sacrifice—(there was nothing funny in the situation to the attorney)—"well—I should say—right away. Tomorrow, perhaps. This news of Gorsuch has come very sudden, you know. If I can show him that the new tenant has moved in already he might wait until his first month's rent was paid. You see that——"

"Oh, yes, Pawson, I see—see it all clear as day," interrupted St. George—"have been seeing it for some months past, although neither you nor Gadgem seem to have been aware of that fact." This came with so grave a tone that Pawson raised his eyes inquiringly. "And who is this man," Temple went on, "who wants to step into my shoes? They are half-soled, you can see," and he held up one boot. "Be sure you tell him; he might want to dance or hunt in them—and his toes would be out the first thing he knew."

"He is Mr. Gorsuch's attorney, sir, a Mr. Fogbin," he answered ignoring all reference to the boots and still concerned over the gravity of the situation. "He did some work once for Colonel Rutter, and that's how Gorsuch got hold of him. That's why I suspect the colonel. This would make the interest sure, you see—rather a sly game, is it not, sir?"

St. George pondered for a moment, and his eye fell on his servant.

"And what will I do with Todd?"

The darky's eyes had been rolling round in his head as the talk continued, Pawson, knowing how leaky he was, having told him nothing of the impending calamity for fear he would break it to his master in the wrong way.

"I should say take him with you," came the positive answer.

"You didn't think I would be separated from him, did you?" cried St. George, in-

dignantly: the first note of anger he had yet shown.

"I didn't think anything about it, sir," and he looked at Todd apologetically.

"Well, after this please remember, Mr. Pawson, that where I go Todd goes," snapped back St. George his eyes flashing.

The darky leaned forward as if to seize St. George's hand; his eyes filled, and his lips began to tremble. He would rather have died than have left his master.

St. George walked to the door, threw it open, and stood for an instant his eyes fixed on the bare trees in the park. Soon he turned and faced the two again:

"Todd!"

"Yes, Marse George—" The ragged edges of hot tears were still on the darky's eyelids.

"To-day is Monday, is it not?—and to-morrow is boat day?"

"Yes, Marse George," came the trembling answer.

"All right, Pawson, I'll go. Let Talbot Rutter have the rest—he's welcome to it. Now for my cloak, Todd—so—and my neck-kerchief and cane. Thank you very much, Pawson. You have been very kind about it all, and I know quite well what it has cost you to tell me this. You can't help—neither can I—neither, for that matter, can Gorsuch—nor is it his fault. It is Rutter's, and he will one day get his reckoning. Good-night—don't sit up too late. I am going to Mr. Horn's to spend the evening. Walk along with me through the Park, Todd, so I can talk to you. And Todd—" he continued when they had entered the path and were bending their steps to the Horn house: "I want you to gather together to-morrow what are left of my clothes and pack them in one of those hair trunks upstairs—and your own things in another. Never mind about waiting for the wash—I'm going down to Aunt Jemima's myself in the morning and will fix it so she can send the rest to me later on. I owe her a small balance and must see her once more before I leave. Now go home and get to bed—you have been losing too much sleep of late."

Todd with a new set of springs under his heels turned back and St. George kept on his way to hear Richard read. And yet he was not cast down. Long before the darky's obedient figure had disappeared

down the long path, his natural buoyancy had again asserted itself—or perhaps the philosophy which always sustains a true gentleman in his hour of need. He fully realized what this last cowardly blow meant: slowly, but surely, one after another, his several belongings had vanished; then his priceless family heirlooms; his dogs—and now the home of his ancestors. He was even denied further shelter within its walls. But there were no regrets; his conscience still sustained him; he would live it all over again. In his effort to keep to his standards he had tried to stop a freshet with a shovelful of clay; that was all. It was a foolhardy attempt, no doubt, but he would have been heartily ashamed of himself if he had not made it. Wesley, of course, was not a very exciting place in which to spend the winter, but it was better than being under obligations to Talbot Rutter; and then he could doubtless earn enough at the law to pay his board—at least he would try.

He had reached the end of the walk now and had already caught—as Malachi swung back the front door—the glow of the overhead lantern in the hall of the Horn mansion lighting up the varied costumes of the guests; the girls in their pink and white nubias, the gallants in long cloaks with scarlet linings, the older men in mufflers and the mothers and grandmothers in silk hoods:—there was no question of Richard's popularity.

"Clar to goodness, Marse George, you is a sight for sore eyes," cried Malachi, unhooking the clasp of the velvet collar and helping him off with his cloak, "I ain't never seen ye looking spryer! Yes, sah—Marse Richard's inside and he'll be mighty glad ye come. Yes—jedge—jes's soon as I—Dat's it, mistis—I'll take dat shawl— No, sah, Marse Richard ain't begun yit. Dis way, ladies," and so it had gone on since the opening rat-a-tat-tat on the old brass knocker had announced the arrival of the first guest.

Nor was there any question that everybody who could by any possibility have availed themselves of Richard's invitation, had put in an appearance. Most of the men from the club, known to these pages, were present, together with their wives and children—those who were old enough to sit up late; and Nathan Gill, without his flute this time, but with ears wide open—he

was beginning to get gray, was Nathan, although he wouldn't admit it; and Miss Virginia Clendenning in high waist and voluminous skirts, fluffy side curls, and a new gold chain for her eye-glasses—gold too, of course—not to mention the Murdochs, Stirrings, Gatchells, Captain Warfield and his daughter, Bowdoin, Purviance. They were all there; everybody, in fact, who could squeeze inside the drawing-room; while those who couldn't filled the hall and even the stairs—wherever Richard's voice could be heard.

St. George edged into the room, swept his glance over the throng, and made his way through the laughing, swaying groups, greeting every one right and left, old and young—a kiss here on the upturned cheek of some pretty girl whom he had carried in his arms when a baby; a caressing pat of approbation on some young gallant's shoulder; a bend of the head in respectful homage to those he knew but slightly—the Baroness de Trobiand, Mrs. Cheston's friend, being one of them; a hearty hand held out to the men who had been away for the summer—interrupted now and then by some such sally from a young bride as "Oh, you mean Uncle George! No—I'm not going to love you any more! You promised you would come to my party and you didn't, and my cotillon was all spoiled!"—or a—"Why, Temple, you dear man!—I'm so glad to see you! Don't forget my dinner on Thursday. The Secretary is coming and I want you to sit between him and Lord Atherton," a sort of triumphal procession, really—until he reached the end of the room and stood at Kate's side.

"Well, sweetheart!" he cried gayly, smoothing her soft hand as his fingers closed over it. "Ah, Mr. Willits!" This came with some surprise—"so you too must come under the spell of Mr. Horn's voice," and he proceeded to look the young man over—especially the plum-colored coat which fitted his shoulders to perfection; his linen of the whitest and finest—each ruffle in flutes; the waistcoat embroidered in silk; the pumps of the proper shape and the stockings all that could be desired. Yes! a very well-dressed man, thought St. George, then he hesitated. True!—the silk scarf was a shade out of key with the prevailing color of his make-up, particularly his hair—but then, that was to be expected of a man who

had a slight flaw in—and with a satisfied smile banished the thought from his mind.

Then he read Kate's face. No! She had evidently not noticed it. In fact there were very many things she was overlooking in these last days of his wooing, he thought to himself.

"You should sit down somewhere, my child," he continued as if nothing had interrupted him—"get as near to Richard as you can so you can watch his face—that's the best part of it. And I should advise you too, Mr. Willits, to miss none of his words—it will be something you will remember all your life."

Kate looked up in his face with a satisfied smile. She was more than glad that her Uncle George was so gracious to her escort, especially to-night when he was to meet a good many people for the first time.

"I'll take the stool, then, dear Uncle George," she answered with a merry laugh. "Go get it, please, Mr. Willits—the one under the sofa." Then with a toss of her head and a coquettish smile at St. George: "What a gadabout you are; do you know I've been three times to see you, and not a soul in your house and the front door wide open, and everything done up in curl-papers as if you were going to move away for good and all and never coming back? And do you know that you haven't been near me once? What do you mean by breaking my heart that way? Thank you, Mr. Willits, put the stool right here, so I can look up into Mr. Horn's eyes as Uncle George wants me to. I've known the time"—and she arched her eyebrows at St. George, "when you would be delighted to have me look my prettiest at you, but now before I am half-way across the park you slip out of the basement door and— No!—no—no apologies—you are just tired of me, sir!"

St. George laughed gayly in return, his palms flattened against each other and held out in supplication—but he made no defence. He was occupied with her beauty. He thought he had never seen her so bewitching or in such good spirits. From his six feet and an inch of vantage his eyes followed her sloping shoulders and tapering arms, and rested on her laughing, happy face—rose-colored in the soft light of the candles—a film of lace looped at her elbows, her wonderful hair caught in a coil at the back: not the prevailing fashion but one

most becoming to her. What had not this admixture of Scotch and Virginia blood—this intermingling of robust independence with the gentle, yielding feminine qualities of the Southern-born woman—done for this girl?

Richard clapped his hands to attract attention, and advancing a step in front of the big easy chair which Malachi had just pulled out for him, raised his fingers to command silence.

All eyes were instantly turned his way. Alert and magnetic, dignified and charming, he stood in the full glow of the overhead chandelier, its light falling upon his snuff-brown coat with its brass buttons, pale yellow waistcoat, and the fluff of white silk about his throat—his grave, thoughtful face turned toward Kate as his nearest guest, his glance sweeping the room as if to be sure that everybody was at ease; Malachi immediately behind him awaiting his orders to further adjust the chair and reading lamp.

In the interim of the hush Kate, at Richard's feet, had settled herself on the low stool that Willits had brought, the young man standing beside her, the two making a picture that attracted general attention.

"I have a rare story," Richard began—"to read to you to-night, my good friends, one you will never forget; one, indeed, which I am sure the world at large will never forget. I shall read it as best I can, begging your indulgence especially in rendering the dialect parts, which, if badly done, often mar both the pathos and humor of the text." Here he settled himself in his chair and picked up the small volume, Malachi, now that his service was over, tip-toeing out to his place in the hall so as to be ready for belated arrivals.

The room grew silent. Even Mrs. Cheston, who rarely ceased talking when she had anything to say—and she generally did have something to say—folded her hands in her lap and settled herself in her arm-chair, her whole attention fastened on the reader. St. George, who had been talking to her, moved his chair so he could watch Kate's face as well.

Again Richard raised his voice:

"The time is of the present, and the scene is laid in one of those small towns outside London. I shall read the whole

story, omitting no word of the text, for only then will you fully grasp the beauty of the author's style."

He began in low clear tones, reciting the contest between the hum of the kettle and the chirp of the cricket; the music of his voice lending added charm to the dual song. Then there followed in constantly increasing intensity, the happy home life of bewitching Dot Perrybingle—whom everybody now loves, and her matter-of-fact husband, John, the Carrier, with sleepy Tilly Slowboy and the Baby to fill out the picture; the gradual unfolding of the events that led up to the cruel marriage about to take place between old Tackleton the mean toy merchant, and sweet May Fielding, in love with the sailor boy, Edward, lost at sea; the finding of the mysterious deaf old man by John, the Carrier, and the bringing him home in his cart to Dot, who kept him all night because his friends had not called for him; the rapid growth of a love affair between Dot and this old man, who turned out to be a handsome young fellow; the heart-rending discovery by John through the spying of Tackleton, that Dot was untrue to him, she meeting the man clandestinely and adjusting the disguise for him, laughing all the while at the ruse she was helping him to play; the grief of John—(how our hearts have bled for him) when he realizes the truth, he sitting all night alone by the fire trying to make up his mind whether he would creep upstairs and murder the villain who had stolen the heart of his little Dot, or forgive her because he was so much older than she and it was, therefore, natural for her to love a younger man; and finally the expected wedding at the church, where Tackleton—(how we have all cursed him!)—hoped to meet the beautiful May Fielding, his bride, her mother forcing her into the marriage—and who, broken-hearted over the death of her sailor boy, had at last succumbed to the older woman's wishes, and consented to join him at the church.

For an hour Richard's well modulated, full-toned voice rolled on, the circle drawing closer and closer with their ears and hearts, as the characters, one after another, became real and alive under the reader's magical rendering. Dot Perrybingle's cheery, laughing accents; Tackleton's sharp, rasping tones; John, the Carri-

er's, simple, straightforward utterances and the soft, timid cadence, of old Caleb, the toy maker—(drowned Edward's father)—and his blind daughter Bertha, were recognized as soon as the reader voiced their speech. So clearly defined were the different characters, and so thrilling was the story of their several joys and sorrows, that Kate, unconscious of her surroundings, had slipped from her low stool, and with the weight of her body resting on her knees, sat searching Richard's face, the better to catch every word that fell from his lips.

To heighten the effect of what was the most dramatic part of the story—the return of the wedding party to the Carrier's house where Dot, Caleb, and his blind daughter awaited them—Richard paused for a moment as if to rest his voice—the room the while deathly still, the loosening of a pent-up breath now and then showing how tense was the emotion. Then he went on:

"Are those wheels upon the road, Bertha?" cried Dot. "You've a quick car, Bertha— And now you hear them stopping at the garden gate! And now you hear a step outside the door—the same step, Bertha, is it not— And now——"

Dot uttered a wild cry of uncontrollable delight; and running up to Caleb put her hand upon his eyes, as a young man rushed into the room, and flinging away his hat into the air, came sweeping down upon them.

"Is it over?" cried Dot.

"Yes!"

"Happily over?"

"Yes!"

"Do you recollect the voice, dear Caleb? Did you ever hear the like of it before?" cried Dot.

"If my boy Edward in the Golden South Americas was alive"—cried Caleb, trembling.

"He is alive!" shrieked Dot, removing her hands from his eyes, and clapping them in ecstasy; "look at him! See where he stands before you, healthy and strong! Your own dear son! Your own dear, living, loving brother, Bertha!"

All honor to the little creature for her transports! All honor to her tears and laughter, when the three were locked in one another's arms! All honor to the heartiness with which she met the sunburnt, sailor-fellow, with his dark, streaming hair, half-way, and never turned her rosy little mouth aside, but suffered him to kiss it freely, and to press her to his bounding heart!

"Now tell him (John) all, Edward," sobbed Dot; "and don't spare me, for nothing shall make me spare myself in his eyes ever again."

"I was the man," said Edward.

"And you could steal disguised into the home of your old friend," rejoined the carrier . . .

"But I had a passion for her."

"You!"

"I had," rejoined the other, "and she returned it— I heard twenty miles away that she was false to me— I had no mind to reproach her but to see for myself."

Once more Richard's voice faltered, and again it rang clear, this time in Dot's tones:

"But when she knew that Edward was alive, John, and had come back—and when she—that's me, John—told him all—and how his sweetheart had believed him to be dead, and how she had been over-persuaded by her mother into a marriage—and when she—that's me again, John—told him they were not married, though close upon it—and when he went nearly mad for joy to hear it—then she—that's me again—said she would go and sound his sweetheart—and she did—and they were married an hour ago!—John, an hour ago! And here's the bride! And Gruff and Tackleton may die a bachelor! And I'm a happy little woman, May, God bless you!"

Little woman, how she sobbed! John Perrybingle would have caught her in his arms. But no; she wouldn't let him.

"Don't love me yet, please John! Not for a long time yet! No—keep there, please John! When I laugh at you, as I sometimes do, John, and call you clumsy, and a dear old goose, and names of that sort, it's because I love you, John, so well. And when I speak of people being middle-aged, and steady, John, and pretend that we are a humdrum couple, going on in a jog-trot sort of way, it's only because I'm such a silly little thing, John, that I like, sometimes, to act a kind of play with Baby, and all that, and make believe."

She saw that he was coming; and stopped him again. But she was very nearly too late.

"No, don't love me for another minute or two, if you please, John! When I first came home here I was half afraid I mightn't learn to love you every bit as well as I hoped and prayed I might—being so very young, John. But, dear John, every day and hour I love you more and more. And if I could have loved you better than I do, the noble words I heard you say this morning would have made me. But I can't. All the affection that I had (it was a great deal, John) I gave you, as you well deserve, long, long ago, and I have no more left to give. Now, my dear husband, take me to your heart again! That's my home, John; and never, never think of sending me to any other."

Richard stopped, and picking up a glass from the table moistened his lips. The silence continued. Down more than one face the tears were trickling. Kate had crept imperceptibly nearer until her hands could have touched Richard's knees. When Wil-lits bent over her with a whispered comment she neither answered nor turned her head. It was only when Richard's voice finally ceased with the loud chirp of the cricket at the close of the beloved story, and St. George had helped her to her feet, that

she seemed to awake to a sense of where she was. Even then she looked about her in a dazed way, as if she feared some one had been reading her heart—hanging back till the others had showered their congratulations on the reader. Then leaning forward, her hands in Richard's to steady herself, she kissed him softly on the cheek.

When the eggnog was being served and the room had broken up into knots and groups, all discussing the beauty of the reading, she suddenly left Willits, who had followed her every move as if he had a prior right to her person, and going up to St. George led him to one of the sofas in Richard's study.

He saw that for some reason she was greatly agitated, for her lips were quivering and undried tears were still trembling on her eyelids, and he wondered at this new mood, so different from the one with which she had greeted him. She did not release his hand as they took their seats. Her fingers closed only the tighter, as if she feared he would slip from her grasp.

"It was all so beautiful and so terrible, Uncle George," she moaned—"and all so true—we make such awful mistakes, and then it is too late. And nobody understands—nobody—nobody!" For a moment she paused, and in a constrained voice, as if the mere utterance pained her, asked abruptly—"Is there nothing yet from Harry?"

St. George looked at her in astonishment, wondering whether he had caught the words aright. It had been months since Harry's name had crossed her lips.

"No, nothing," he answered simply, trying to read her mind—"not for some months. Not since he left the ship."

"And do you think he is in any danger?" She had dropped his hand, and with her fingers resting on the sleeve of his coat sat looking into his eyes as if to read their meaning.

"I don't know," he replied in a non-committal tone. "He meant then to go to the mountains, so he wrote his mother. This may account for our not hearing. Why do you ask?—have you had any news of him yourself?" he added studying her face for some solution of her strange attitude.

She sank back on the cushions a pained expression crossing her face. "No, he never writes to me." Then, as if some new train

of thought had forced its way into her mind she exclaimed suddenly: "What mountains?"

"Some range back of Rio, if I remember rightly. He said he——"

"Rio! But there is yellow fever at Rio!" she cried, sitting erect in her seat. "Father lost half of one of his crews at Rio. He heard so to-day. It would be dreadful for—for—his mother—if anything should happen to him."

Again St. George scrutinized her face, trying to read deep down in her heart. Had she, after all, some love left for this boy lover—and her future husband within hearing distance! No! This was not his Kate. It was the spell of the story that still held her. Richard's voice had upset her, as it had done half the room.

"Yes, it is dreadful for everybody——" he added. And then, in a perfunctory manner, as being perhaps the best way to avoid something he felt would dishonor her even to formulate in her mind: "And the suspense will be worse now—for me at any rate, for I too am going away where letters reach me but seldom."

Her hand closed convulsively over his:

"You going away! *You!*!" she cried in a half frightened tone. "Oh, please don't, Uncle George! Oh!—I don't want you away from me! Why must you go? Oh, no! Not now—not now!"

Her distress was so marked and her voice so pleading that he was about to tell her the whole story, even to that of the shifts he had been put to to get food for himself and Todd—when he caught sight of Willits making his way through the throng to where they sat. His lips closed tight. This man would always be a barrier between him and the girl he had loved ever since her babyhood.

"Well, my dear Kate," he answered calmly, his eyes still on Willits who had been detained by some guest—"you see I *must* go. Mr. Pawson wants me out of the way while he fixes up some of my accounts, and so he suggested that I go back to Wesley for a few months. And now one thing more, my dear Kate, before Mr. Willits claims you"—here his voice sank to a whisper—"promise me that if Harry writes to you you will send him a kind, friendly letter in return. It can do you no harm now, nor would Harry misunderstand it—

your wedding is so near. A letter would greatly cheer him in his loneliness."

"But he won't write!" she exclaimed with some bitterness—she had not yet noticed Willits's approach—"he'll never write or speak to me again."

"But you will if he does?" pleaded St. George.

"But he won't I tell you—never—*never!*"

"But if he should, my child?"

He raised his head. Willits stood gazing down at them, searching her own and St. George's eyes, as if to read the meaning of the conference; he knew that Mr. Temple did not favor his suit.

Kate looked up and her face flushed.

"Yes—in one minute, Mr. Willits—" and without another word to St. George she rose from her seat and with her arm in Willits's left the room.

XXII

ONE winter evening, some weeks after St. George's departure, Pawson sat before a smouldering fire in Temple's front room, reading by the light of a low lamp. He had rearranged the furniture—what was left of it—both in this and the adjoining room, in the expectation that Fogbin (Gorsuch's attorney) would move in, but so far he had not appeared, nor had he received any word from either Gorsuch or Colonel Rutter; nor had any one either written or called upon him in regard to the overdue payment—neither had any legal papers been served.

This prolonged and ominous silence disturbed him; so much so that he had made it a point to be as much in his office as possible should his enemy spring any unexpected trap.

It was, therefore, with some misgivings that he answered a quick, impatient rap on his front door at the unusual hour of ten o'clock. If it were Fogbin he had everything ready for his comfort; if it were any one else he would meet him as best he could—no legal papers at any rate could be served at that hour.

He swung back the door and a full-bearded, tightly-knit, well-built man in rough clothes stepped in. In the dim light of the overhead lamp he caught the flash of a pair of determined eyes set in a strong, forceful face.

"I want Mr. Temple," said the man, who had now removed his cap and stood

looking about him, as if making an inventory of the scanty furniture.

"He is not here," replied Pawson, searching the intruder's face for some clue to his identity and purpose in calling at so late an hour.

"Are you sure?" There was doubt as well as marked surprise in the man's tone. He evidently did not believe a word of the statement.

"Very sure," rejoined the attorney in a more positive tone, his eyes still on the stranger. "He left town some weeks ago."

The intruder turned sharply, and with a brisk inquisitive movement strode past him and pushed open the dining-room door. There he stood for a moment, his eyes roaming over the meagre appointments of the interior—the sideboard, bare of everything but a pitcher and some tumblers—the old mahogany table littered with law books and papers—the mantel, stripped of its clock and candelabra. Then he stepped inside, and without explanation of any kind, crossed the room, opened the door of St. George's bed-room, and swept a comprehensive glance around the despoiled interior. Once he stopped and peered into the gloom as if expecting to find the object of his search concealed in its shadows.

"What has happened here?" he asked in a voice which plainly showed his disappointment.

"Do you mean what has become of the rest of the furniture?" asked the attorney in reply, gaining time to decide upon his course.

"Yes, who is responsible for this business?" he demanded angrily. "Has it been done during his absence?"

Pawson hesitated. That the intruder was one of Gorsuch's men, and that he had been sent in advance on an errand of investigation, was no longer to be doubted. He, however, did not want to add any fuel to his increasing heat, so he answered simply:

"Mr. Temple got caught in the Patapsco failure and it went pretty hard with him and so what he didn't actually need he sold."

The man gave a start, his features hardening—but whether of surprise or dissatisfaction Pawson could not tell.

"And when it was all gone he went away

—is that what you mean?” he asked in a softened tone.

“Yes—that seems to be the size of it. I suppose you come about—some—” Again he hesitated, not knowing exactly where the man stood—“about some money due you—am I right?”

“No, I need to see Mr. Temple, and I must see him, and at once. How long will he be gone?”

“All winter—perhaps longer.” The attorney had begun to breathe again. The situation might not be as serious as he had supposed. If he wanted to see Mr. Temple himself and no one else would do there was still chance of delay in the wiping out of the property.

Again the man’s eyes roamed over the room, the bareness of which seemed still to impress him. Then he asked simply—“Where will a letter reach him?”

“I can’t say exactly. I thought he had gone to Virginia—but he doesn’t answer any of my communications.”

A look of suspicion crept into the intruder’s eyes.

“You’re not trying to deceive me, are you? It is very important that I should see Mr. Temple and at once.” Then his manner altered. “You’ve forgotten me, Mr. Pawson, but I have not forgotten you—my name is Rutter. I lived here with Mr. Temple before I went to sea three years ago. I am just home—I left the ship an hour ago. I’ll sit down if you don’t mind—I’ve still got my sea-legs on and am a little wobbly.”

Pawson twisted his thin body and bent his neck, studying closer the speaker’s face. There was not a trace of young Harry’s in the features.

“Well, you don’t look like him,” he replied incredulously—“he was slender—not half your size, and—”

“Yes—I don’t blame you. I am a good deal heavier; maybe a beard makes some change in a man’s face too—but you don’t really doubt me, do you? Have you forgotten the bills that man Gadgem brought in?—the five hundred dollars due Slater, and the horse Hampson sold me—the one I shot?” and one of his old musical laughs rose to his lips.

Pawson sprang forward and seized the intruder’s hand. He would recognize that laugh among a thousand:

“Yes—I know you now! It’s all come back to me,” he cried joyously. “But you gave me a terrible start, Mr. Rutter. I thought you had come to clear up what was left. Oh!—but I *am* glad you are back. Your uncle—you always called him so I remember—your uncle has had an awful hard time of it—had to sell most of his things—terrible—terrible! And then too, he has grieved so over you—asking me sometimes, two or three times a day for letters from you—asking me questions and worrying over your not coming and not answering. Oh—this is fine. Now maybe we can save the situation. You don’t mind my shaking your hand again, do you? It’s so good to know there is somebody who can help. I have been all alone so far except Gadgem—who has been a treasure. You remember him. Why didn’t you let Mr. Temple know you were coming?”

“I couldn’t. I have been up in the mountains of Brazil, and coming home went ashore—got wrecked. These clothes I bought from a sailor,” and he opened his rough jacket the wider.

“Yes—that’s exactly what I heard him say—that’s what he thought—that is, that you were where you couldn’t write—although I never heard him say anything about shipwreck. I heard him tell Mr. Willits and Miss Seymour that same thing the morning he left—that you couldn’t write. They came to see him off.”

Harry slid his chair nearer the fireplace and propped one foot on the fender as if to dry it, although the night was fair. The mention of Kate’s and her suitor’s names had sent the blood to his head and he was using the subterfuge in the effort to regain control of himself before Pawson should read all his secrets.

Shifting his body again he rested his head on his hand, the light of the lamp bringing into clearer relief his fresh, healthy skin, finely modelled nose, and wide brow; the brown hair, although clipped close to his head, still holding its glossy sheen. For some seconds he did not speak: the low song of the fire seemed to absorb him. Now and then Pawson, who was watching him intently, heard him strangle a rebellious sigh, as if some old memory were troubling him. Then he dropped his hand and with a quick movement faced his companion:

"I have been away a long time, Mr. Pawson," he said in a thoughtful tone. "For three months—four now—I have had no letters from anybody. It was my fault partly, but let that go. I want you to answer some questions, and I want you to tell me the truth—all the truth. I haven't any use for any other kind of man—do you understand? Is my mother alive?"

"Yes."

"And Alec?"

Pawson nodded.

"Is my uncle ruined?—so badly ruined that he is suffering? Tell me." There was a peculiar pathos in his tone—so much so that Pawson, who had been standing, dragged up a chair beside him that his answers might, if possible, be the more intimate and sympathetic.

"I'm afraid he is. The only hope is the postponement in some way of the foreclosure of the mortgage on this house until times get better. It wouldn't bring its face value to-day."

Harry caught his breath: "My God!—you don't tell me so! Poor Uncle George—so fine and splendid—so good to everybody, and he has come to this! And about this mortgage—who owns it?"

"Mr. Gorsuch, I understand, owns it now; he bought it of the Tyson estate."

"You mean John Gorsuch—my father's man of business?"

"Yes."

"And was there nothing left?—no money coming in from anywhere?"

Pawson shook his head: "We collected all that some time ago—it came from some old ground rents."

"And how has he lived since?" He wanted to hear it all; he could help better if he knew how far down the ladder to beg.

"From hand to mouth, really—" and then there followed his own and Gadgem's efforts to keep the wolf from the door; the sale of the guns, saddles, and furniture; the wrench over the Castullux cup and what a godsend it was that Kirk got such a good price for it—down to the parting with the last article that either or both of them could sell or pawn, including his four splendid setters.

As the sad story fell from the attorney's sympathetic lips Harry would now and then

cover his face with his hands in the effort to hide his tears. He knew that the ruin was now complete. He knew too that he had been the cause of it. Then his thoughts reverted to the old régime and its comforts: those which his uncle had shared with him so generously.

"And what has become of my uncle's servants?" he asked, "his cook, Aunt Jemima, and his body-servant, Todd?"

"I don't know what has become of the cook—but he took Todd with him."

Harry heaved a sigh of relief. If Todd was with him life would still be made bearable for his uncle. Perhaps, after all, a winter with Tom Coston was the wisest thing he could have done.

One other question now trembled on his lips. It was one he felt he had no right to ask—not of Pawson—but it was his only opportunity and he must know the truth if he was to carry out some other plans he had in view when he dropped everything and came home without warning. At last he asked casually:

"Do you know whether my father returned to Uncle George the money he paid out for me?" Not that it was important—more as if he wanted to be posted on current events.

"He tried, but Mr. Temple wouldn't take it. I had the matter in hand, and know. This was some three years ago—he has never offered it since—not to my knowledge."

Harry's face lightened. Some trace of honor was left in the Rutter blood: This was still an asset for his uncle if he and his father should ever become reconciled!

"And can you tell me how they all are—out at Moorlands?—have you seen my father lately?"

"Not your father, but I met your old servant Alec, a few days ago; the same old dorky who used to come to see you."

"Alec!—dear old Alec! Tell me about him. And my mother—was she all right? What did Alec say, and how did the old man look?"

"He said they were all well, except Colonel Rutter—whose eyes troubled him. He didn't mention your mother, but Alec seemed pretty much the same—maybe a little older."

Harry's mind began to wander. He was again at Moorlands, the old negro follow-

ing him about, his dear mother sitting by his bed or kissing him good-night.

"You don't know what he was doing in town, do you?—Was my mother with him?"

"No, he was alone. He had brought some things in for Mr. Seymour—some game, or something, if I remember right. There's to be a wedding there soon, so I hear. Yes—now I think of it—it was game—some partridges, perhaps, your father had sent in. The old man asked about you—he always does. And now Mr. Rutter, tell me about yourself—have you done well?" He didn't think he had, judging from his general appearance, but he wanted to be sure in case St. George asked him.

Harry settled in his chair his broad shoulders filling the back and answered slowly: "Yes, and no. I have made a little money—not much—but some—not enough to pay Uncle George everything I owe him—not yet; another time I shall do better. I was down with fever for a while and that cost me a good deal of what I had saved. But I *had* to come back—I met a man who told me Uncle George was ruined; that he had left this house and that somebody had put a sign on it. I thought at first that this must refer to you and your old arrangement in the basement, until I questioned him closer. I knew how careless he had always been about his money transactions, and was afraid some one had taken advantage of him. That's why I was so upset when I came in a while ago: I thought they had stolen his furniture as well. The ship *Mohican*—one of the old Barkeley line, was sailing the day I reached the coast and I got aboard and worked my passage home—I learned to do that on my way out—I learned to wear a beard too—not very becoming is it?—but shaving is not easy aboard ship or in the mines," and another low laugh escaped his lips.

Pawson made no reply. He had been studying his guest the closer while he was talking, his mind more on the man than on what he was saying. The old Harry, which the dim light of the hall and room had hidden, was slowly coming back to him—the quick turn of the head; the way his lips quivered when he laughed; the exquisitely modelled nose and brow, and the way the hair grew on the temples. The tones of his voice too, had the old musical ring.

It was the same madcap, daredevil boy mellowed and strengthened by contact with the outside world. He studied his hands, their backs bronzed and roughened by contact with the weather, and waited eagerly until some gesture opened the delicately turned fingers exposing the white palms, and felt relieved and glad when he saw that they showed no rough usage. Then his eyes roamed over his body, the well-turned thighs, slender waist, and broad strong shoulders and arms—and then his eyes—so clear and his skin so smooth and fresh—a clean soul in a clean body! What a joy would be Temple's when he got his arms around this young fellow once more!

The wanderer reached for his cap and rose from his chair. For an instant he stood gazing into the smouldering coals as if he hated to leave their warmth. Then his face clouded and his shoulders went back with a sudden brace. He had all the information he wanted—all he had come in search of, although it was not exactly what he wished or what he had expected—his uncle ruined and an exile—his father half blind, and Kate's wedding expected any week. That was enough at least for one day.

He stepped forward and grasped Pawson's hand: his strong alert body in contrast to the thin long legged young attorney:

"I must thank you, Mr. Pawson, for your frankness, and I must also apologize for my apparent rudeness when I first entered your door; but, as I told you, I was so astounded and angry at what I saw that I hardly knew what I was doing—and now one thing more before I take my leave: If Mr. Temple does not want his present retreat known—and I gather from the mysterious way in which you have spoken that he does not—let me tell you that I do not want mine known either. Please do not say to any one that you have seen me, or answer any questions—not for a time, at least. Good-night!"

With the closing of the front door behind him the alert quick moving young fellow came to a standstill on the top step and looked across the park. Beyond the trees lay Kate; all the weary miles out and back had this picture been fixed in his mind. It was now past eleven o'clock and

she doubtless was asleep; he would know by the lights. But even the sight of the roof that sheltered her would, in itself, be a comfort. It had been many long years since he had breathed the same air with her; slept under the same stars; walked where her feet had trodden. For some seconds he stood undecided. Should he return to the Sailors' House where he had left his few belongings and banish all thoughts of her from his mind now that his worst fears had been confirmed?—or should he yield to the strain on his heart-strings? If she were asleep the whole house would be dark; if she were at some neighbor's and Mammy Henny was sitting up for her, the windows in the bed-room would be dark and the hall lamp still burning—he had watched it so often before, and knew the signs.

Drawing the collar of his rough pea-jacket close about his throat and crowding his cap to his ears, he descended the steps and with one of his quick decided movements plunged into the park, now silent and deserted.

As he neared the Seymour house he became conscious, from the glow of lights gleaming between the leafless branches of the trees, that something out of the common was going on inside. The house was a blaze from the basement to the roof, with every window-shade illumined. Outside the steps, and as far out as the curb, lounged groups of attendants, while in the side street, sheltered by the ghostly trees, there could be made out the wheels and hoods of carryalls, and the glint of harness. Now and then the door would open and a bevy of muffled figures—the men in cloaks, the girls in nubias wound about their heads and shoulders—would pass out:—the Seymours were evidently giving a ball, or was it—and the blood left his face—and little chills ran loose through his hair—was it Kate's wedding night? Pawson had said that a marriage would soon take place, and in the immediate future. It was either this, or an important function of some kind, and on a much more lavish scale than had been old Prim's custom in the days when he knew him. Then the contents of Alec's basket rose in his mind. That was why his father had sent the pheasants! Perhaps both he and his mother were inside!

Sick at heart he turned on his heel, and with quickened pace retraced his steps. He would not be a spy, and he could not be an eavesdropper. As the thought forced itself on his mind, the fear that he might meet some one whom he would know, or who would know him, overtook him. So great was his anxiety that it was only when he had left the park far behind him on his way back to the Sailors' House, that he regained his composure. He was prepared to face the truth, and all of it—whatever it held in store for him; but he must first confront his father and learn just how he stood with him; then he would see his mother and Alec, and then he would find St. George: Kate must come last.

The news that his father had offered to pay his debts—although he did not intend that that should relieve him in any way of his own responsibility—kindled fresh hopes in his heart and buoyed him up. Now that his father had tried repeatedly to repair the wrong he had done both himself and his uncle it might only be necessary for him to throw himself on his knees before him and be taken back into his heart and arms. To see him then was his first duty and this he would begin to carry out in the morning. As to his meeting with his mother and Alec, should he fail with his father, that must be undertaken with more care. He would not place himself in the position of sneaking home and using the joy his return would bring them as a means to soften his father's heart. Yes! He would find his father first, and his mother and Alec next. If his father received him the others would follow. If he was repulsed, then he must seek out some other way.

Next he must go to St. George. He knew exactly where his uncle was, although he had not said so to Pawson. He was not at Coston's nor anywhere in the vicinity of Wesley, but at Craddock on the Bay—a small country house some miles distant where he and his dogs had often spent days and weeks during the ducking season. St. George had settled down there to rest and get away from his troubles; that was why he had not answered Pawson's letters.

Striding along with his quick, springing step, he swung through the deserted and unguarded Marsh Market, picked his way between the piles of produce and market carts, and plunging down a narrow street

leading to the wharf, halted before a door over which swung a lantern burning a green light. Here he entered.

Although it was now near midnight, there were still eight or ten seafaring men in the room—several of them members of his own crew aboard the *Mohican*. Two were playing checkers, the others crowded about a square table where a game of cards was in progress; wavy lines of tobacco smoke floated beneath the dingy ceiling; at one end was a small bar where a man in a woollen shirt was filling some short, thick tumblers from an earthen jug. It was the ordinary sailors' retreat where the men put up before, between, and after their voyages.

One of them at the card table looked up from his game as Harry entered, and called out:

"Man been lookin' for you—comin' back, he says. My trick! Hearts, wasn't it?" (this to his companions).

"Do I know him?" asked Harry with a slight start, pausing on his way to his bedroom upstairs, where he had left his bag of clothes two hours before. Could he have been recognized and shadowed?

"No—don't think so; he's a street vendor—got some China silks to sell—carried his pack on his back and looks as if he'd took up a extry 'ole in his belt. Hungry, I wouldn't wonder. Wanted to h'ist 'em fur a glass o' grog an' a night's lodgin,' but Cap wouldn't let him—said you'd be back and might help him. Wasn't that it, Cap?"—this to the landlord, who nodded in reply.

"How could I help him?" said Harry, selecting a tallow dip from a row on a shelf, but in a tone that implied his own doubt in the query, as well as his relief, now that the man was really a stranger.

"Well, this is your port, so I 'ear; some o' them highflyers up 'round the park might lend a hand, maybe, if you'd tip 'em a wink, or some o' their women folks might take a shine to 'em."

"Looked hungry, did you say?" Harry asked, lighting the dip at an oil lamp that swung near the bar.

"Yes—holler's a drum—see straight through him; tired too—beat out. You'd think so if you see him. My play—Clubs."

Harry turned to the landlord: "If this man comes in again give him food and

lodging"—and he handed him a bank bill. "If he is here in the morning let me see him. I'm going to bed now. Good-night, men!"

XXIII

SHOULD I lapse into the easy flowing style of the chroniclers of the period of which I write—(and how often has the scribe wished he could!)—this chapter would open with the announcement that on this particularly bleak, wintry afternoon a gentleman in the equestrian costume of the day, and mounted upon a well-groomed, high-spirited white horse, might have been seen galloping rapidly up a country lane leading to an old-fashioned manor house whose—etc., etc.

Such, however, would not cover the facts—not all of them. While the afternoon was certainly wintry, being February, it could not be considered as particularly bleak; and while the rider was unquestionably a gentleman, he was by no manner of means attired in velvet coat and russet leather boots with silver spurs, his saddle-bags strapped on behind—but in a rough and badly worn sailor's suit—cap, jacket, and coarse shoes; his free hand grasping a bundle carried loose on his pommel.

The earlier style and treatment would, of course, with some little cutting and pasting, do for such unimportant local color as country lanes and manor houses, but it would go all to pieces when he reached the horse. Not by any stretch of the imagination of the immortal Mr. G. P. R. James, or any of his school, could this animal be pictured as either white or high-spirited. He might, it is true, have been born white and would in all probability have stayed white, but for the many omissions and commissions of his earlier livery stable training—traces of which could still be found in his scraped sides and gnawed mane and tail; he might also have had in his earlier days a certain commendable spirit had not the ups and downs of road life—and they were pretty steep outside Kennedy Square—taken it out of him.

It is only when we come to the combination of horse and rider that we can with any safety lapse into the flow of the old chroniclers. That the particular steed of which I write had been ridden hard, was

evident from the streaks of sweat that patterned his flanks and shoulders. That the man astride of his back knew the limit of his capacity and endurance as few men had known it before, was as evident to the animal itself as it was to every passer-by who met the two on the road. Whatever Harry had forgotten in his many experiences since he last threw his leg over Spitfire—horsemanship was not one of them. He still rode like a Cherokee and still sat his mount like a prince. He had had an anxious and busy morning. With the first streak of dawn he had written a long letter to his Uncle George, in which he told him of his arrival; of his heart-felt sorrow at what Pawson had imparted and of his leaving immediately, first for Wesley and then Craddock, as soon as he found out how the land lay at Moorlands: this epistle he was careful to enclose in another envelope which he directed to Justice Coston, with instructions to forward it with "the least possible delay" to Mr. Temple, who was doubtless at Craddock, "and who was imperatively needed at home in connection with some matters which required his immediate personal attention"—and which enclosure, it is just as well to state, was placed by the Honorable justice himself inside the mantel clock that being the safest place for such missives until the right owner should appear.

This duly mailed, he had returned to the Sailors' House; knocked at the door of the upstairs room in which, through his generosity, the street vendor lay sleeping, and after waking him up and becoming assured that the man was in real distress, had bought at twice their value, the China silks which had caused the disheartened pedler so many weary hours of tramping. These without more ado he tucked under his arm and carried away. For, according to a plan he had thought out before he fell asleep the night before, the silks were the very things to help him solve one of his greatest difficulties. He would try, as the sailor-pedler had done, to sell them in the neighborhood of Moorlands—(a common practice in those days)—and in this way might gather up the information of which he was in search. Pawson had not known him—perhaps the others would not: he might even offer the silks to his father without being detected.

With this plan clearly defined in his mind, he had walked into a livery stable near the market, but a short distance from his lodgings, and after looking the stock over had picked out this unprepossessing beast as best able to take him to Moorlands and back between sunrise and dark.

As he rode on, leaving the scattered buildings of the town far behind, mounting the hills and then striking the turnpike—every rod of which he could have found in the dark—his thoughts skimmed like swallows each mile over which he passed. Here was where he had stopped with Kate when her stirrup broke; near the branches of that oak, close to the ditch marking the triangle of cross-roads, he had saved his own and Spitfire's neck by a clear jump that had been the talk of the neighborhood for days. On the crest of this hill—the one he was then ascending—his father always tightened up the brakes on his four-in-hand, and on the slope beyond invariably braced himself in his seat, swung his whip, and the flattened team swept like a whirlwind leaving a cloud of dust in its wake that blurred the road for minutes thereafter.

When noon came he dismounted at a farmer's house beside the road—he would not trust the public houses—fed and watered his horse, rubbed him down himself, and after an hour or more of rest pushed on toward the fork in the road to Moorlands. Beyond this was a cross path that led to the out-barns and farm stables—a path bordered by thick bushes and which skirted a fence in the rear of the manor house itself. Here he intended to tie his horse and there he would mount him again should his mission fail.

The dull winter sky had already heralded the dusk—it was near four o'clock in the afternoon—when he passed some hay-ricks where a group of negroes were at work. One or two raised their heads and then, as if reassured, resumed their tasks. This encouraged him to push on the nearer—he had evidently been mistaken for one of the many tradespeople seeking his father's overseer, either to sell tools or buy produce.

Tying the horse close to the fence—so close that it could not be seen from the house—he threw the bundle of silks over his shoulder and struck out for the small office in the rear. Here the business of the estate was transacted, and here was almost

always to be found either the overseer or one of his assistants—both of them white. These men were often changed, and his chance, therefore, of meeting a stranger was all the more likely.

As he approached the low sill of the door which was level with the ground, and which now stood wide open, he caught the glow of a fire and could make out the figure of a man seated at the desk bending over a mass of papers. At the sound of his footsteps the man pushed back a green shade which had protected his eyes from the glare of the lamp, and peered out at him.

It was his father!

The discovery was so unexpected and had come with such suddenness—it was rarely in the old days that the colonel was to be found here in the afternoon, he was either riding or receiving visitors—that Harry's first thought was to shrink back out of sight, or, if discovered, to make some excuse for his intrusion and retire. Then his mind changed and he stepped boldly in. This was what he had come for and this was what he would face.

"I have some China silks to sell," he said in his natural tone of voice, turning his head so that while his goods were in sight his face would be in shadow.

"Silks! I don't want any silks! Who allowed you to pass in here? Alec!" Here he rose from his chair and moved to the door. "Alec! Where the devil is Alec! He's always where I don't want him!"

"I saw no one to ask, sir," Harry replied mechanically. His father's appearance had sent a chill through him; he would hardly have known him had he met him on the street. Not only did he look ten years older, but the injury to his sight caused him to glance sideways at any one he addressed, completely destroying the old fearless look in his eyes.

"You never waited to ask! You walk into my private office unannounced and"—here he turned the lamp to see the better—"you're a sailor, aren't you!" he added fiercely—a closer view of the intruder only heightening his wrath.

"Yes, sir—I'm a sailor," replied Harry simply, still searching his father's features, his voice dying out in his throat as he summed up the changes that the years had wrought in the colonel's once handsome, determined face:—thinner, more shrunken,

his mustache and the short temple-whiskers almost white.

For an instant his father crumpled a wisp of paper he was holding between his fingers and thumb; then he demanded sharply, but with a tone of curiosity—as if willing the intruder should tarry a moment while he gathered the information:

"How long have you been a sailor?"

"I am just in from my last voyage." He still kept in the shadow although he saw his father had so far failed to recognize him. The silks had been laid on a chair beside him.

"That's not what I asked you. How long have you been a sailor?" He was scanning his face now as best he could, shifting the green shade that he might see the better.

"I went to sea three years ago."

"Three years, eh? Where did you go?"

The tone of curiosity had increased. Perhaps the next question would lead up to some basis on which he could either declare himself or lay the foundation of a declaration to be made the next day—after he had seen his mother and Alec.

"To South America. Para was my first port," he answered simply, wondering why he wanted to know.

"That's not far from Rio?" He was looking sideways at him but there was no wavering in his gaze.

"No, not far—Rio was our next stopping place—we had a hard voyage and put in to——"

"Do you know a young man by the name of Rutter—slim man with dark hair and eyes?" interrupted his father in an angry tone.

Harry started forward, his heart in his mouth, his hands upraised, his fingers opening. It was all he could do to restrain himself. "Don't you know me, father?" was trembling on his lips. Then something in the tone of the colonel's voice choked his utterance. Not now, he thought, mastering his emotion—a moment more and I will tell him.

"I have heard of him, sir," he answered when he found his voice, straining his ears to catch the next word.

"Heard of him, have you? So has everybody else—a worthless scoundrel who broke his mother's heart; a man who disgraced his family—a gentleman turned brig-

and—a renegade who has gone back on his blood! Tell him so if you see him! Tell him I said so; I'm his father, and know! No—I don't want your silks—don't want anything that has to do with sailor men. I am busy—please go away. Don't stop to bundle them up—do that outside,” and he turned his back and readjusted the shade over his eyes.

Harry's heart sank, and a cold faintness stole through his frame. He was not angry nor indignant. He was completely stunned.

Without a word in reply he gathered up the silks from the chair, tucked them under his arm, and replacing his cap stepped outside into the fast approaching twilight. Whatever the morrow might bring forth, nothing more could be done to-day. To have thrown himself at his father's feet would only have resulted in his being driven from the grounds by the overseer, with the servants looking on—a humiliation he could not stand.

As he stood rolling the fabrics into a smaller compass, a gray-haired negro, in the livery of a house servant, passed hurriedly and entered the door of the office. Instantly his father's voice rang out:

“Where the devil have you been, Alec? How many times must I tell you to look after me oftener. Don't you know I'm half blind and— No—I don't want any more wood—I want these tramps kept off my grounds. Send Mr. Grant to me at once, and don't you lose sight of that man until you have seen him to the main road. He says he is a sailor—and I've had enough of sailors, and so has everybody else about here.”

The negro bowed and backed out of the room. No answer of any kind was best when the colonel was in one of his “tantrums.”

“I reckon I hab to ask ye, sah, to quit de place—de colonel don't 'low nobody to—” he said politely.

Harry turned his face aside and started for the fence. His first thought was to drop his bundle and throw his arms around Alec's neck; then he realized that this would be worse than his declaring himself to his father—he could then be accused of attempting deception by the trick of a disguise. So he hurried on to where his horse was tied—his back to Alec, the bundle shifted to his left shoulder that he might

hide his face the better until he was out of sight of the office—the old man stumbling on, calling after him:

“No, dat ain't de way. Yer gotter go down de main road; here, man—don't I tell yer dat ain't de way.”

Harry had now gained the fence and had already begun to loosen the reins when Alec, out of breath and highly indignant, over the refusal to carry out his warning, reached his side.

“You better come right back f'om whar ye started,” the old negro puffed; “ye can't go dat way or dey'll set de dogs on ye.” Here his eyes rested on the reins and forelock. “What! you got a horse an' you—”

Harry turned and laid his hand on the old servant's shoulder. He could hardly control his voice:

“Don't you know me, Alec? I'm Harry!”

The old man bent down, peered into Harry's eyes, and with a quick lunge forward grabbed him by both shoulders.

“You my Marse Harry!—you!” His breath was gone now, his whole body in a tremble, his eyes bulging from his head.

“Yes, Alec, Harry! It's only the beard. Look at me! I didn't want my father to see us—that's why I kept on.”

The old servant threw up his hands and caught his young master round the neck. For some seconds he could not speak.

“And de colonel druv ye out!” he gasped. “Oh, my Gawd! my Gawd! And ye ain't daid, and ye come back home ag'in.” He was sobbing now, his head on Harry's shoulder, Harry's arms about him—patting his bent back—it had been many months since he had had his hands on anything he loved. “But yer gotter go back—he ain't 'sponsible dese days. He didn't know ye! Come 'long, Marse Harry, come back wid ol' Alec; please come, Marse Harry. Oh, Gawd! ye gotter come!”

“No, I'll go home to-night—another day I'll—”

“Ye ain't got no home but dis, I tell ye! Go tell him who ye is—lemme run tell him. I won't be a minute. Oh! Marse Harry, I can't let ye go! I been dat mizzable wid-out ye. I ain't neber got over lovin' ye!”

Here a voice from near the office broke out. In the dusk the two could just make out the form of the colonel, who was evi-

dently calling to some of his people. He was bareheaded and without his shade.

"I've sent Alec to see him safe off the grounds. You go yourself, Mr. Grant, and follow him into the highroad; remember that after this I hold you responsible for these prowlers."

The two had paused while the colonel was speaking, Harry gathering the reins in his hand ready to vault into the saddle, and Alec holding on to his coat sleeves hoping still to detain him.

"I haven't a minute more—quick, Alec, tell me how my mother is?"

"She's middlin' po'ly, same's ever; got great rings under her eyes and her heart's dat heaby makes a body cry ter look at 'er. But she ain't sick, jes' griebin' herse'f to death. Ain't yer gwine ter stop and see 'er? Maybe I kin git ye in de back way."

"Not now—not here—bring her to Uncle George's house to-morrow about noon, and I will be there. Tell her how I look, but don't tell her what my father has done. And now tell me about Miss Kate—how long since you saw her? Is she married?"

Again the colonel's voice was heard; this time much nearer—within hailing distance. He and the overseer were evidently approaching the fence—some of the negroes had doubtless apprised them of the course of Harry's exit.

Alec turned quickly to face his master, and Harry, realizing that his last moment had come, swung himself into the saddle. If Alec made any reply to his question it was lost in the clatter of hoofs as both horse and rider swept down the by-path. In another moment he had gained the main road, the rider never breaking rein until he had reached the farm-house where he had fed and watered his horse some hours before.

Thirty-odd miles out and back was not a long ride for a horse in those days over a good turnpike with plenty of time for resting, when most of the travelling was done in this way, but it was enough for this particular beast. His moods directed his gait. Once in a while Harry gave him his head, the reins lying loose, the horse picking his way in a walk. When he thought of the bitterness of his father's words and how undeserved they were, and how the house of cards his hopes had built had come tum-

bling down about his ears at the first point of contact, he would dig his heels into the horse's flanks and send him at full gallop through the night along the pale ribbon of a road barely discernible in the ghostly dark. When Alec's sobs again smote his ear, or the white face of his mother confronted him, the animal would gradually slacken his pace and drop into a walk. Dominated by these emotions certain fixed resolutions took possession of him. He would see his mother now, no matter at what cost—even if he defied his father—and then he would find his uncle. Whether he would board the next vessel leaving port and return to his work in the mountains, or whether he would bring his uncle back from Craddock and the two, with his own vigorous youth and new experience of the world, fight it out together as they had once done before, depended on what St. George advised. Now that Kate's marriage was practically decided upon, one sorrow—and his greatest—was settled forever. The others that were in store for him, whatever they might be, he would meet as they came.

With his mind still intent on these plans he rode at last into the open door of the small courtyard of the livery stable, and drew rein under a swinging lantern. It was past ten at night, and the place was deserted, except by a young negro who advanced to take his horse. Tossing the bridle aside he slipped to the ground.

"He's wet," Harry said, "but he's all right. Let him cool off gradually, and don't give him any water until he gets dry. I'll come in to-morrow and pay your people what I owe them."

The negro curry-combed his fingers down the horse's flanks as if to assure himself of his condition, and in the movement brought his face under the glare of the overhead light.

Harry grabbed him by the shoulder and swung him round.

"Todd—you rascal! what are you doing here? Why are you not down on the Eastern Shore?" His astonishment was so intense that for an instant he could not realize he had the right man.

The negro drew back. He was no runaway slave, and he didn't intend to be taken for one—certainly not by a man as rough and suspicious looking as the one before him.

"How you know my name, man?" He was nervous and scared half out of his wits. More than one negro had been shanghaied in that way and smuggled off to sea.

"Know you! I'd know you among a thousand. Have you, too, deserted your master?" He still held him firmly by the collar of his coat, his voice rising in intensity. "Why have you left him? Answer me."

For an instant the negro hesitated, leaned forward, and then with a burst of joy cried out:

"You ain't!— Fo' Gawd it is! Dat beard on ye, Marse Harry, done fool me—but you is him fo' sho. Gor-a-mighty! ain't I glad ye ain't daid. Marse George say on'y yisterday dat ye was either daid or sick dat ye didn't write and——"

"Said yesterday! Why, is he at home?"

"*Home!* Lemme throw a blanket over dis hoss and tie him tell we come back. Oh, we had a heap o' mis'ry since ye went away—a heap o' trouble. Nothin' but trouble!

You come 'long wid me—t'ain't far; des around de corner. I'll show ye sompin' make ye creep all over. And it ain't gettin' no better—gettin' wuss. Dis way, Marse Harry—you been 'cross de big water, ain't ye? Dat's what I heard. Aunt Jemima been mighty good, but we can't go on dis way much longer."

Still talking, forging ahead in the darkness through the narrow street choked with horseless drays, Todd swung into a dingy yard, mounted a flight of rickety wooden steps, and halted at an unpainted door. Turning the knob softly he beckoned silently to Harry, and the two stepped into a small room lighted by a low lamp placed on the hearth, its rays falling on a cot bed, and a few chairs. Beside a cheap pine table sat Aunt Jemima, rocking noiselessly. The old woman raised her hand in warning, and put her fingers to her lips.

On the bed, with the coverlet drawn close under his chin, lay his Uncle George!

(To be continued.)

THE MAID

By Theodore Roberts

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid, and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France and the king who rides for shame;
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name.

Dust to dust it is written! Wind-scattered are lance and bow!
Dust, the Cross of St. George; dust, the banner of snow!
The bones of the king are crumbled and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knights' valor; forgotten the captains' skill:
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill:
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago . . .
Shadows, the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row;
But, aflame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with the banner of Snow!



"Just a minute Auntie! I must finish this note to dad."

HER HOSPITABLE HEART

By Julia Ross Low

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



ALLIE was even longer than usual in putting on her wraps.

"The cab is waiting," I urged, as she still lingered at her desk.

"Just a minute, auntie! I must finish this note to dad."

"To your father! Isn't he going to the dinner?"

"Yes—but this is to greet him when he gets back to his hotel. He is so lonely. How I wish that I could have all my family within kissing distance! There's a note for you, too, dearest and best."

I knew this without her telling me. I had not been Sallie's auntie all her life

without coming within the radius of her loving ministration.

"And now—dear!"

"Just a minute more, auntie. I have to write some little notes to Phil. I am going to pin them all over his dinner-coat. Think of his coming into the dark flat and finding me gone! He will feel forlorn enough. And there are a great many things to tell him."

"Such as——"

Sallie looked up with a mischievous smile.

"O, that he is the dearest man in the world—and that I love him more than ever—and that everything is laid out for him to wear—and not to forget his muffler—and



"Dear Aunt Virginia, is your cold better?"

that there is a cup of broth in the ice-box for him—and to be *sure* to take it; for you know, auntie, Phil can't get to Aunt Virginia's before dinner is half over."

"And we shall get no dinner at all unless we hurry."

Sallie and I were on our way to a family dinner at sister Virginia Lee's, but in spite of my remonstrances and our mad haste at the last, we reached the old house facing Gramercy Park barely in time to save ourselves from disgrace.

The family were awaiting us in the large middle-Victorian drawing-room.

Perry announced our arrival in his usual nonchalant fashion.

"Here they are, Aunt Virginia. I told you not to worry. Hello, Aunt Cornelia! Hello, Sallie! Where's Phil?"

My brothers-in-law, General Dorrance and Howard Lee, rose from their chairs at once to receive us. Perry remained lolling on a sofa, just looking up from his magazine to give us a friendly nod.

"Phil has to be late," said Sallie, embracing her aunt. "But we are not to wait

for him. He told me to say that he would be in time for the turkey. Dear Aunt Virginia, is your cold better?"

"My *belief* in a cold has quite disappeared under the ministrations of dear Mrs. Stubbs," sister Virginia responded with dignity, at the same time giving a violent sneeze.

Even Sallie smiled.

"Is Mrs. Stubbs the fat old frump, who used to be a magnetic healer?" asked the irreverent Perry.

"Mrs. Stubbs has a highly spiritual nature," responded his aunt indignantly, "a really beautiful soul. Her burden of flesh is merely a temporary handicap. It ill becomes you, Perry Dorrance—you, who are putting on flesh at a really alarming rate—to make a jest of a woman like Mrs. Calista Stubbs."

Sallie threw herself into the breach.

"How sweet of you, Uncle Howard, to send me those chocolates! It was a stormy day—and I had one of DeMorgan's books—you know they last forever—and I read and ate and had the *loveliest* time. O, daddie, dear——"

And Sallie threw both arms around her father, a gray-haired soldierly-looking man, who gave his daughter a cool cheek, upon which she imprinted a number of ardent



Perry remained lolling on a sofa.

kisses. "You certainly are the *dearest* daddie—and the *handsomest*! I thought of you and thought of you all through that long storm. You were so good to telephone to me twice a day!"

The general coughed in a deprecatory way.

Perry's wife left the piano, where she was playing snatches from "Madame Butterfly," and the two girls fell into each other's arms. "O, Nerissa, how lovely you look!" said Sallie, standing a little way off in order to see her sister-in-law better. "You are a picture in that gown. How is little Jean?"

"Jean is in fine condition, you base little flatterer, and sent all kinds of sweet messages to dear Aunt Sallie."

"There was never a child to compare with Jean," said Sallie with conviction. "Don't you agree with me, daddie?"

The general bowed gravely.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Cornelia," cried Perry from his sofa, "won't you and Sallie give uncle and dad a chance to sit down? They'll stand as long as you do, if it takes all night. Sister—let me assure you that we are all enjoying the best of health and are as beautiful as ever. Thank goodness! Dinner at last! It is at least fifty-nine seconds late, Aunt Virginia. Please never let it happen again."

Whereupon we all went to the dining-room higgledy-piggledy as was our cheerful custom.

It was one of the frequent family dinners that sister Virginia loved to give. Around her hospitable board we all met and disagreed without restraint. If there were six different ways of looking at a question, you could count on our taking those six different points of view. But however we might disagree among ourselves we stood shoulder to shoulder in all emergencies, and "all for each and each for all" might well have been engraved upon our coat-of-arms.

"Did you remember to come in a cab, daddie?" said Sallie after we were seated. "You know you promised me to be especially careful in such weather. It is dreadfully slippery. Aunt Cornelia bought an evening paper and there was a whole column in it about people who had fallen down and broken their legs or something."

"That sounds like Aunt Cornelia's favorite *Meteor*," said Perry.

"I don't know why you call it *mine*, or my *favorite*," I replied hotly.

"Because you read it," persisted Perry. "No one else in the family does. If you



"O, daddie, dear! you certainly are the *dearest* daddie."

want the news why not give the preference to a paper in which fact predominates over fiction?"

"If it lieth in you, Perry, please be fair," I retorted. "You know very well how much *The Meteor* did to reduce the price of gas."

"That would seem a good thing to do," said Virginia, reflectively. "I got enough rebate on my old gas bills to buy a nice little toque at Antoinette's. And you say that we owe all that to *The Meteor*, Cornelia? I shall always look at those red head-lines with quite a changed feeling from now on," she added piously.

"Why don't you call at the office and show them your bonnet, Virginia?" said her husband.

As Virginia ignored him in true wifely fashion, the family proceeded to make a united onslaught upon Nerissa, who had recently joined a class in occult philosophy.

"How is your Svengali, Nerissa?" asked her uncle dryly, as he looked in vain for a missing fish-fork.

"O, I know you haven't any sympathy with it," said Nerissa, flushing. "But if you knew the perfectly wonderful things he does you would change your mind."

"Tell us some of them," said her uncle cheerfully, the fork having been supplied.

Perry laughed. "It is an occupation for the idle rich," he said. "I hate to have my wife interested in such a fool thing, but what can you do? All her friends are in it."

"Mrs. Beekman has materialized the loveliest rug," said Nerissa, enthusiastically.

"Materialized a rug!" said Virginia. "And how pray is that done?"

"O, you go into a room all by yourself and simply concentrate on a rug. You think of nothing else—just its size, and its shape and its color—and the first thing you know you get one just like it."

"How?" said the general.

"O, I don't know," said Nerissa. "It just comes. You can get anything by concentration."

"Can't you materialize \$100,000 for me?" I asked.

"Why, of course, auntie. But you must concentrate too. You must think of piles of money—enough to make up the amount you want—and do it day after day. It will come, if you have patience."

Virginia had a rapt expression. "Materialized a rug!" she repeated. "I should like to meet your Mr. Svengali, Nerissa."

"His name isn't Svengali," said Nerissa shortly.

"Well, whatever his name is, I should like to meet him. I wonder if he would care to attend one of our club teas. He might explain his method to our ladies. Mrs. Stubbs would be able to ask him most intelligent questions."

A storm of protests arose. Virginia tried to hold her own amidst the excited voices and emerged from the fray with drooping feathers and weakened lung capacity, but with unabated spirit.

During the discussion, Sallie's eyes wandered from one to the other of the combatants with a distressed expression, and when we had quieted sufficiently to permit her being heard, she said: "You know it sounds dreadfully as if you were all quarrelling. I know you call it *arguing*, but how is the *butler* to distinguish?"

We all laughed. "Sallie," said her Uncle Howard, "we are having the time of our lives. But if it troubles you, we will talk about something else."

We were accustomed to Sallie's "butting in," as Perry called it, and her efforts were always for peace.

She in the meantime had grown quieter and quieter, and by and by, under cover of the general's and Howard's united and excited onslaught upon Perry for advocating more rigid protection, she whispered to me, "Where do you suppose Phil is?"

"My dear, it isn't turkey-time yet, but if you are worried, why don't you telephone?"

So Sallie disappeared, apparently without attracting attention. The fish course came and was removed, but Sallie did not return. So when the turkey really arrived, I followed her.

She was leaning against the wall near the telephone, all the color gone from her lips and cheeks, and with little drops of cold



Nerissa was playing snatches from "Madame Butterfly."—Page 697.

perspiration standing on her forehead and around her mouth.

"Auntie," she whispered, as I took her chilly little hand, "I'm sure that something has happened to Phil. He left the office at four and was going directly home to dress. He should have been here long ago. I have telephoned Mr. Bliss and Mr. Grant and Mr. Wadhams, and none of them know anything except that he left at four o'clock. Then I rang up the Essex, and the hall-boy said that Phil had not been home, and had not telephoned. What shall I do?"

At this juncture Perry came out to see what was the matter.

"Now, Sallie," he commanded, "for once don't act like a goose. Think how many times you have had us all dead and buried, and how we all turned up finally as right as trivets. Dad!" he called to his father. "Here is Sallie worrying herself sick because Phil has not come. Tell her what you think of her."

So the general appeared, and soon all the family was grouped around the telephone talking and remonstrating.

"My dear," said the general, "if we had the faintest idea that anything had happened to Phil, wouldn't we all be worrying? It is a miserable night, and no doubt the cars are delayed. If he doesn't come within a reasonable time, Perry and I will go and hunt him up."

"Perhaps he has fallen and broken his leg," faltered Sallie.

"That comes from letting Sallie see your old paper, auntie," said Perry savagely. "I hope this will teach you to let it alone. Little sister, Phil is quite big enough to take care of himself."

"I should think so," chimed in Nerissa. "Centre-rush of his college foot-ball team!"

"I suppose a large man might be *drowned*, or *murdered*, or taken *ill*," said Sallie faintly. "I think brave men are always in the most danger. Phil stops at nothing. He runs the most dreadful risks."

"Not since he married," said Perry grimly.

"If anything had happened, we should have heard of it long ago," I ventured. "You know that list of addresses you make us all carry around."





"Did you remember to come in a cab, daddie?" said Sallie after we were seated.—Page 697.

"And a very good thing," said the general.

"The turkey and vegetables are getting cold," wailed Virginia.

Again and again in the course of her short life, Sallie, in her anxious imaginings, had gazed at death in hot pursuit of those, around whom her affections had wrapped so closely, that separation could not be effected except at the expense of deep, bleeding, incurable wounds. Again and again she had suffered everything but realization. I think that when the worst really comes, she can experience no greater pain than she has already felt through her forebodings.

A great, unaffected, and unconcealed apprehension has an uncanny influence upon the most sanguine minds. Sallie's alarm communicated itself to us in spite of ourselves. Perhaps this time her anxiety might prove well-founded. We looked at each other and realized what is meant by the contagion of fear. With secret apprehension we tried to laugh away Sallie's fears, and to strengthen our own weakening confidence. But—little by little our voices became less assured and our smiles less spontaneous.

Just when nerve tension had reached the breaking-point, the bell rang, and we all rushed to the door. There stood Philip Wilcox in his usual radiant health and much amazed at his somewhat hysterical reception. It only took him a moment to grasp the situation, and he went at once to Sallie.

"Have you been worrying, dear? It's too bad. I telephoned the hall-boy that I had to go uptown on business, and couldn't get home to change into evening clothes. And so he forgot all about it—the young rascal! I'll give him a good calling-down to-morrow."

"O, nobody was worried except Sallie," said Perry lightly. "And as you know to your sorrow, she is a chronic borrower of trouble."

"Well, I hope I haven't missed the turkey," said Phil. "I am as hungry as if I had been digging in the road. Come on, every one!—Aunt Virginia, forgive me and accept my arm. Why, Sallie, darling—what's the matter?"

Sallie had fainted.

When the blonde young giant carried her to the carriage a few moments later, I looked into his face and knew that Sallie

Dorrance had made no mistake when she entrusted her tender, loving heart to his keeping.

"Sallie would drive me to drink," said Perry in his positive way, when we had re-assembled in the dining-room. "If Phil weren't the most patient man in the world he wouldn't stand for it."

"You know perfectly well, Perry," I said reprovingly, "that Phil and Sallie are admirably matched temperamentally. They are very, very happy."

"I don't know how happy Phil is about October first," laughed Nerissa. "Sallie won't let him wear low shoes after that date."

"Now there is where I blame Sallie," complained Aunt Virginia. "She fusses so unnecessarily about Phil. Last week I sent for her to spend a day with me—I was in a frightfully low state of nerves and

needed cheering—and she wouldn't come, because Phil had a sore throat, and she must stay at home and nurse that great, big, healthy fellow."

The general sighed sympathetically. "I have to ring her up every morning," he said, "and tell her just how I am, and she has made me promise to wear rubbers and to carry an umbrella, and to take a cab when it is slippery. I must say that I sympathize with Perry."

"Richard," I broke in, "I don't think it will injure you to indulge Sallie's little fancies. Think what she has been to you ever since she was a tiny child—to us all, in fact. She has always worshipped you, Perry, and helped to bring you up, although you are five years her senior. As for you, Richard, has she ever resented your high-handed methods?"



She was leaning against the wall near the telephone.—Page 698.

"I think, Cornelia," said the general, coloring, "that you are becoming unpleasantly personal—but if you mean that Sallie is meek, I must beg leave to differ with you."



There stood Philip Wilcox in his usual radiant health.—Page 700.

"If she has ever turned upon her tormentors, I for one am glad of it."

"Now confess, Aunt Cornelia," laughed Nerissa. "You dearly love a fight, and I suspect that you are trying to get up one now. Now Sallie hates quarrelling. It terrifies her. She takes all our differences seriously. I can see her anxious face when Perry gets off some of his jokes, or when you hit too hard with your little hammer. Did you ever see anything like the reams of paper that she fills, in her attempts to explain away our possible misunderstandings?—things to which none of us would ever have given a second thought?"

"Yes, it is true," I replied. "Her love for us all knows no bounds. As for you and me, Richard—you, with your autocratic ways—and me with my dreadful frankness and independence—why, if it hadn't been for Sallie, we couldn't have stayed an hour under the same roof without

quarrelling. Could I count the letters that she has written to me after one of our family reunions, explaining how your attitude toward me was one of concealed admiration—you simply lacked the ability to express yourself—doubtless you have received similar letters from her on my account."

The general's eyes twinkled reminiscently.

"You seem to think that no one loves Sallie except you, auntie," said Perry, impatiently.

"I think nothing of the kind, but I understand her better than the rest of you do. It is because I am so unlike her."

"In spite of our hurting and teasing her, how she admires us all!" said Perry, more thoughtfully. "How handsome—brilliant—perfect we all are in her eyes. Didn't you ever get a love-letter from her telling you what a great person you are?"

A general laugh relieved the tension.

"When the baby comes," said Virginia, "I imagine we shall all find ourselves out in the cold."

"Do not fancy it for one minute," I replied. "Sallie's heart is elastic, and there will be room in it for us all."

"Yes," said Perry, "it will be something else for her to worry over. What an awful life their family doctor will lead! Nights, days, and Sundays will be spent prescribing for that infant."

I arose from my chair and laid down my napkin. "I think that it would be well for us to go to our separate homes before we come to blows. Good-night, Sister Virginia. The dinner was very good, only the soup was too heavy. Richard, as it is raining, I should like to take you to your hotel in my cab. You should guard against dampness. It would be dreadful at your age if you should get rheumatism fixed upon you."

An ironical laugh went up from the assembled family.

"Well, auntie, if Sallie has tact she surely does not inherit it from you," was Perry's parting shot, as he closed the cab door. The general did *not* accompany me. He is absurdly sensitive about his age.

About three months later the early dawn of a stormy March day saw the "family" gathered together under very different con-

ditions. All night long we had been waiting in the little hospital parlor for the hourly bulletins from the room where Sallie was gazing down into the valley of the shadow of death, and every hour the news became distinctly more unfavorable.

In saying the "family," I mean all but Virginia, whose health and horses alike forbade her facing the inclement weather, and the weather was bad enough. The wind came in gusts and blew the rain in sheets against the window. The sky was one unbroken mass of gray.

We were a haggard-looking lot, when the first glimmer of daylight showed us each other's faces. We had taken turns in lying down on the hard little sofa, but I think no one had slept.

What a long, long night! We spoke very little. There was a clock on the mantelpiece that struck "cathedral chimes" every quarter of an hour. It was the most mournful sound I ever heard. Even now the sound of those "chimes" brings back to me the pain of the terrible and interminable hours when we were waiting for those messages that meant so much. How I hated that parlor! Its ugliness—its shabbiness—its discomfort!

"The bed-rooms are pleasant, if the parlor isn't," I remarked. No one seemed to pay any attention. Phil turned off the electric light and left the room. I could hear him pacing up and down the hall.

The general stood at the window gazing with unseeing eyes upon the tempest without.

Nerissa sat in one of the hideous arm-chairs, all the color gone from her lovely face and with deep violet circles under her eyes. She looked exhausted and from time to time wiped away her tears with the crumpled ball of a handkerchief that was quite wet through. I always loved Nerissa.

Perry sat near her, still holding the evening paper and still gazing steadily at the first page. He must have known it by heart. It had been his companion all night.

As for me—well, no matter about me.

Suddenly we heard an exclamation from the general. "Sister Virginia Lee—and Howard! In this storm! At this hour! And their own horses!"

I shuddered at the thought of those pampered pets out in the rain.

"Phil is helping her out—and he has no hat and no umbrella!" continued the general.

Perry dropped his paper with an exclamation restrained by the thought of the sick-room upstairs. The same thought passed through all our minds. If Sallie were gone, there would be no one to worry about Phil. He could wear rubbers or not—and low shoes all winter if he chose.

Howard came in first, shook hands with me and then went into an obscure corner and began to memorize a hospital report.

I must give Virginia credit for forgetting herself for once in her life. She said not one word about the risk that she had run in venturing out in such dreadful weather, but kissed us each solemnly—not omitting the general, who bore the infliction heroically.

"Phil says there is little hope, Cornelia," she whispered to me in a voice so unlike her own that I scanned her face narrowly and saw there traces of such real and unaffected



The blonde young giant carried her to the carriage a few moments later.—Page 700.

anguish that since then my attitude toward Virginia has been less critical and more tender.

"For my part," I said as emphatically as I could in an undertone, "I don't care a picayune what the doctor says. Sallie is going to get well. Why shouldn't she? Isn't the whole world peopled in this way? Doctors always talk discouragingly in a difficult case. It protects them if the worst happens, and they get lots of credit if the patient recovers."

"Death generally takes the best and fairest," sniffled Virginia.

Now I hate sniffing and I hate platitudes, but when I saw how miserable Virginia looked, I arose and ordered a fire made in the grate. It seemed to make every one feel more hopeful when they saw the cheerful blaze, and some of the gloom disappeared as the glow and warmth increased.

Phil had returned to the hall and resumed his monotonous walk.

The general placed a chair for Virginia in front of the fire. "I wish some one would speak," she said as she seated herself.

There was no response.

The nurse appeared as she did every hour and motioned to Perry. He was only gone a moment. "She reports that there is no change," he said hoarsely. Poor fellow! I looked at his eyes. They were brimming with tears. His eyes are like Sallie's, only not so soft.

The horrible "cathedral chimes" struck nine. O, those agonizing hours! I stopped and considered. Suppose the doctor were right! Suppose Sallie left us! What would my own life be worth without her! Life without Sallie! It was inconceivable.

It was Nerissa who spoke next. "When I married Perry," she said in a choked voice, "and came here—a stranger—lonely—not knowing—You were all good to me—but Sallie said—" Nerissa stopped to control herself. "Sallie said, with her dear arms around me—'Nerissa, I love you. You are my sister—my real sister.' And it has always been so. And when little Jean was born, Sallie stood by me through all my anxiety and worry and fears, and her love put strength into me. And now I can do nothing for her—nothing—nothing!"

"Has Dr. Brown called in advice?" asked Virginia, tremulously.

I nodded. "Dr. Sloan and Dr. Carlyle have been with him since midnight."

Perry gave a strange, dry sob. If ever controlled agony was depicted on a human face, I saw it at that moment on his.

Phil's haggard face looked in at the door. I went to him. "Help me to bear it—like a man," he whispered hoarsely. I put my hand in his and together we paced up and down—up and down.

The cathedral chimes went on striking the inexorable hours, and each stroke beat upon our wretched hearts. Outside the storm was unabated. The streets were almost empty.

A footstep on the stairs!

This time it was the doctor, not the trim, white-gowned nurse. How changed he was! I never before saw him with a detail of his toilet neglected. Now he stood facing us—no collar—unshaven—pallid. What had he to say?

We stood before him—a ghastly group—agonized expectation on every face.

Twice he essayed to speak, twice his voice failed him. Then—"Mrs. Wilcox is reviving," he said. "It is a little girl."

I felt Phil's hand relax from its fierce grip. "Quick!" I cried, and Perry and the doctor placed him on the sofa.

"He has eaten nothing for almost twenty-four hours," said the general.

I take back all that I have said against doctors. Dr. Brown was again full of professional activity, with his own weariness forgotten. "Pulse almost imperceptible," he said, and gave a hypodermic of strychnia to strengthen the flagging heart. After a few moments a maid entered with hot coffee and toast, Phil sat up, and the doctor joined us at our quiet meal. We all revived, and then the doctor returned to his vigil.

But he left behind him a changed family.

"This rain is much needed upcountry," said the general. "The brooks were quite low when I came down from New Hampshire day before yesterday.

"It is a shame the way we are allowed to waste our forest," he continued, with his back to the fire. "The President should give the matter his personal attention. It is such conditions that have converted me to a belief in centralization."

Usually this statement would have raised a storm of protests. To-day we listened meekly.

The cathedral chimes sounded again, but this time it was like a call to prayer.

The general bowed his head. "Let us thank God for His mercy," he said brokenly, and from all our hearts went up a silent thanksgiving, none the less fervent because silent.

Again the unemotional nurse. "Dr. Brown says that Mrs. Wilcox may see her

husband for a moment, and you may all go up to Room 45 and look at the baby. And Mrs. Wilcox wishes me to remind Mr. Perry Dorrance not to forget his cough medicine."

There was a sound of mingled sobs and laughter. General Dorrance turned toward us, his face trembling with emotion.

"Sallie is going to get well!" he said, and every listening heart said Amen!

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

By Henry van Dyke and E. Sainte-Marie Perrin

I

A MASTER IN FRENCH POETRY
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW



DURING a recent year of academic duty in France I found a little leisure to continue my education by reading some contemporary French prose and verse.

One result of this reading was a deepened sense of the beauty and value of the French language as an instrument of expression. The care which men of letters have given to preserve its prime qualities of clearness, precision and flexibility, and to develop its resources without destroying its laws, is extraordinary.

The protection of the national language is a wise (and in America a much-needed) form of the conservation of national resources. French prose is a literary medium which is at once lucid and picturesque, firm and supple, and capable of wonderful variations within a comparatively narrow vocabulary.

In verse it is much more difficult for a foreigner to form an intelligent and sure opinion of the qualities of diction. For in poetry the value of words is secretly enhanced, not only by the harmony of their concurrent sound, but also by their associations, by their intimacy or by their strangeness, by a hundred delicate rills of meaning

which flow into them from hidden regions of memory and experience. This enhancement can be fully felt only by one "to the manner born." A stranger in the language learns to follow its more subtle melodies but imperfectly. He apprehends its more delicate shadings of color and emotion but dimly, and with a certain misgiving as to the fitness of his appreciation.

Perhaps it was this natural barrier which kept me from finding as much in the modern verse of France as in the prose. The theories of the Parnassians, the Symbolists, the Decadents, seemed to me only partly true and partly new. Of their results I felt myself unable to judge with accuracy, though I could admire the marmoreal bas-reliefs of Leconte de Lisle, the glowing stained-glass sonnets of Heredia, the sentimental and philosophic verse-melodies of Sully-Prudhomme. The extreme virtuosity of Baudelaire and Verlaine as word-players escaped me in part, I am sure; otherwise I should not have felt so strongly and so unpleasantly the presence of something morbid and prematurely aged in their verse. The rising flood of new poetry did not carry me away with the sense of being in the midst of another poetic renaissance. But there were two of the living poets whose work made upon me a distinct and memorable impression—the brilliant and famous dramatic poet, M. Edmond Rostand, and the quiet, profound, beautiful lyric and meditative poet, M. Auguste Angellier.

The dramatic verse of M. Rostand is too well known in America to need an introduction. But with the fine and noble tal-

**NOTE—After this article was completed and sent to the press, the news came that Auguste Angellier died, in Christian faith and courage, at Boulogne on February 28th. It has not been possible, nor would it have been well, to make any changes in the text of the article, which represents not a tribute to the dead, but an estimate of a living poet.

ent of M. Angellier very few are yet acquainted; and it is to make his work better known to thoughtful American readers that this little literary enterprise is undertaken.

The plan of the enterprise is novel, irregular, and without justification, unless perhaps you can find one in the fact that it follows a really simple and natural path. First, I have ventured to recall and collect, very briefly, the impressions which I received from meeting with the poetry of Angellier. Then I have asked a literary friend in France to give a fuller estimate of the poet's character and work, which I have translated, as freely as possible, into English. Finally, I have attempted a difficult but alluring task, and tried to give an English rendering of some of Angellier's verses.

A rendering, you understand, not a translation. Poetry cannot be translated—ferried over—in its completeness, from one language to another. If you take the body, the spirit stays behind. If you take the spirit, you must leave the body, and create a new form in which the thought and feeling of the poem may find, as nearly as possible, as true and natural expression. Therefore I have not been careful, in these renderings, to follow the French original line for line and word for word. I have tried to give, as far as I could, the central emotion or idea and the vital imagery of the poem, embodied freely and naturally in such English verse as came to me. It will be enough if these paraphrases carry a little of the vivid charm, the pensive power, the penetrating sentiment of Angellier's poetry. For the rest, you must not regard these as translations, but as echoes or reflections, modulated and varied by the medium through which they have passed.

It was M. Legouis, Professor of English at the Sorbonne—the illuminating biographer of Wordsworth's youth and his sojourn in France—who first brought me acquainted with Angellier. The little volume of selections which was put into my hands contained passages from his critical appreciation of the painter Henri Regnault, and from his astonishing book on "The Life and Work of Robert Burns"—perhaps the best, certainly the most interesting, study of Burns that exists—and extracts from his books of verse, "A L'Amie Perdue," "Le Chemin des Saisons," and "Dans la Lumière Antique." The effect

which this volume made upon me was singularly clear and deep. I felt the presence of a strong and self-reliant personality, thoughtful and sensitive, proud and simple, a lover of antiquity alive to every touch of life, a philosopher conscious of the "grandeur in the beatings of the human heart," a man of vigor capable of what M. Legouis calls "*l'exquise douceur des virils*"—the exquisite tenderness of the manly.

Who is he, then, this Auguste Angellier, of whom one hears so little in Paris, and nothing in London or Boston?

"A professor in the University of Lille; reserved, independent, slow of speech, an admirable teacher, not a recluse but a man who prefers to follow his own path, a sun-burned scholar, a tranquil rebel against the formal and the conventional. You will not find him in the *salons*, nor in the mutual admiration circles of the long-haired Bohemians, but on the road, or in a friend's library, or in his own rooms crowded with the curious and artistic things which he has picked up on his travels. Would you like to meet him?"

No! Such a man is never really present at an arranged meeting. The professor would come, but the poet would stay away. I can buy his books and meet the best of him in them.

The first thing that found me in his poetry was the accent of sincerity, the tone of reality—which is a very different thing from realism. He writes as one who has felt and wishes to express his feeling, as one who has seen and wishes to interpret and record his vision. Not even the veil of memory intervenes; for he does not seem to follow Wordsworth's rule of "emotions recollected in tranquillity"; the emotion is still living, the picture is present and vivid in his verse.

There is plenty of artistry in the lyrics of "The Path of the Seasons"—exquisite and inimitable metres like "Bis Repetita" and "Farewell on the Beach," magical effects of words as in "Timid Springtime" and "The Little Town by the River"—but it is not "for art's sake." It has nothing of the self-conscious, the painfully sought. It is like the fresh and delicate music with which Ronsard and Du Bellay enchanted the sixteenth century. Even when he goes back to classical forms and models, as "In

the Light of Old," he goes as André de Chénier went, not to find a chain, but an inspiration. That is the difference between a period of imitative art and a real renaissance.

Angellier's diction delights me because it is so concrete, so charged with varied color, so full of distinct forms. French critics say that it is somewhat overcharged. Even his admirers admit that he shows the faults of his temperament, and sins, as M. Legouis says, "by an excess of virility." His poetic phrase is sometimes harsh and violent, occasionally awkward. But these things are perhaps less noticeable, certainly less troublesome, to a foreigner than to one who is native in the language. Even if I felt them more, I should be inclined to pardon them for the sake of the pleasure found in his picturesque, graphic vocabulary which individualizes things felt and seen. For example, when he takes up an old peasant word like *courtill* and rhymes it with an old heraldic word like *tortil*, he makes me see the little door-yards of the cottages, and the Gothic carving over the portal of the crumbling church, in the tiny, sleepy village of Picardy where he is walking. When he describes "the infinite scintillations of the grass" in the meadows after a shower; or "the silken skies of autumn, gray, mauve, orange, tender blue, soft curtains ready to be unhung"; or the moss-grown little town which sits on the bank of the river, silent and torpid, "a widow of the long-dead years"; he makes me see and remember.

There is one difficulty which the English reader always feels in French verse. I mean the absence of that clearly marked rhythmic stress which is the dominant factor in English metre. French verse moves with a lighter accent, a more even flow. As we hear it well read or sung, it seems delightfully fluent; as we hear it declaimed in the theatre, it has a sonorous march. But our ears, accustomed to a stronger cadence, often miss the swinging rhythm, the marked pulsation of the music. Now I think this difficulty is less felt in Angellier than in many other French poets. Perhaps it may be because of his close study of English poets, and especially of Burns; perhaps it may have some connection with his strong and emphatic temperament; but whatever the cause may be, there is cer-

tainly a rhythm in his verse which is comparatively easy for English readers to follow. And the nonchalant liberties which he takes with the strict rules of French rhyme, however sinful they may appear in his own country, to us are only charming irregularities.

The clearness of vision, the concreteness of expression in this poet, of which I have already spoken, are the qualities—perhaps the only qualities—by virtue of which he is classical. For the rest, he is modern, emotional, and personal. Even in the *Dialogues* and *Episodes* you catch this note. "The Old Flute," "The Planter of Olive Trees," have the form of Greek idylls, but their undertone is subjective and pathetic. They are modern meditations. The dialogues of "The Sage and the Warrior," "The Old Man and the Youth" present arguments which are not only touched, but penetrated and guided, by emotion, to a degree which would have seemed strange to the ancients. But is it not a good thing when an essentially romantic poet learns to use the precise word, the clear image, the firm form, which belong to classical art? The cloudy, the vague, the abstract are "the enemies of the best" in poetry. It is the duty of the true poet to see his image distinctly, luminously, and then to record it with that vividness which is only possible with restraint.

In the remarkable sonnet-sequence which Angellier has dedicated *To the Lost Friend*, the personal, passionate note is dominant. The single theme of the book is the story of a romantic love—that intensely subjective experience of which Coleridge wrote,

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

The interest which the world takes in this subject as it is presented in prose fiction, poetry, and music appears to be general and sympathetic. But in reality there are few people in the world who are capable of romantic love. Angellier is one of them. It is his own story that is told in this book, more frankly, more clearly, than the stories of Shakespeare and Petrarch are told in their sonnets.

Yet I think it is not merely in the fact that the poet experienced a grand, unhappy

passion, nor in the fact that his book tells a love-story, that we are to find the source of lasting power and charm in these sonnets. Such experiences, though not common, constantly recur; and the story of them is often retold. Their appeal is deciduous; for though human curiosity in regard to these affairs is unailing, its direction changes. The humus of the literary forest is formed of the dead leaves of forgotten romance.

No, it is in the color and form which personality and temperament have given to this passion, it is in the manner in which the poet has told his love-story, that the enduring beauty of these sonnets resides. They follow Milton's rule of lyric poetry—"simple, sensuous, passionate." Yet their simplicity is full of refinement. Their frank recognition of the part which the senses play in human life is pure from the morbid taint of sensuality. Their proud and moving candor is not ignorant of the virtues of reticence and restraint. The passion which they reveal is not blind. Though for a time it sees all earthly things transfigured by the radiance of its own joy, or darkened by the shadow of its own regret and grief—"the blue waves" sparkling with its hopes, "the gray waves" gloomy with its fears—yet it moves ever toward the white light of truth, in which the spirit discerns that love belongs to life, and that life cannot be noble without obedience and self-sacrifice.

There are few famous poems of happy romantic love. Most of them are brief lyrics. There are many famous poems of sorrowful romantic love—"Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," "Tristram and Iseult," "Maud," "Jocelyn," "Evangeline," "The Ring and the Book"—their very names are charged with tears. To their lineage belong the sonnets "A l'Amie Perdue." It would seem as if this passion, to become immortal, must bear the mark of the cross.

HENRY VAN DYKE

II

THE POET OF THE UNIQUE LOVE FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER'S first book of verse appeared in 1896. Yet he is not to be counted among the young men, for he was forty-eight years old when this volume was

published. By race he comes from that land of Flanders, of which the poet Albert Samain said that he loved "its nun-like air." But, like him, Angellier is of French-Flemish stock, and his art, in effect, is quite different in the character of its clarity and realism, from the art of his Belgian-Flemish confrères Rodenbach and Verhaeren.

He was formed in the English school of poetry. Perhaps because of his nearness to England (being born in the town of Dunquerque), he learned the language early, and became enamoured of English verse. He chose "Robert Burns" as the subject of his thesis for the doctor's degree. For many years he has been professor of the English language and literature in the University of Lille. So he has always kept in touch with the life of England, and that country seems to him like a second intellectual home.

His book on Robert Burns, a huge volume of nine hundred crowded pages, is not only a remarkable work of criticism: it is also a vital document of the psychology of Auguste Angellier. He has poured an extraordinary passion into it. In every good biography we should feel the author's sympathy. But here we feel something more, his veritable cult. Is there a prophetic touch in this? Can we trace, in the passionate attraction of the young Angellier toward Robert Burns, in the stress which he lays upon the love episodes in the Scotch poet's life, in the ardor of the plea by which he defends him against a too rigorous condemnation, the foreshadowing of his own destiny leading him toward that grave adventure in love from which his own future poems were to flow?

The book which is most sure to make the name of Auguste Angellier remembered is his romance in verse, entitled "A l'Amie Perdue." There is something in the French—a clear and delicate fragrance—which escapes in the translation. Whether we render the title literally, *To the Friend Lost*, or paraphrase it as *My Lost Love*, the pure tenderness and liquid music of the name are lacking.

The hundred and fifty-fivesonnets, marking with memorial flower and song the clear steps of a passion almost without episodes, form a little volume which might easily have been poor, and probably monotonous, but which is really wonderful in its wealth and

inexhaustible charm. By what magic do its pages hold us? Other books of Angellier are better in poetical technique; many of the poems of his contemporaries are more rich, more strange, of an art more personal and striking. But this one, woven of human stuff, we read and reread with loving surprise, even though (or perhaps because) we know the tissue so well.

We shrink a little from studying and commenting such a book. It is so evidently a poem that has been lived, it is of a verity and sincerity so deep, so moving, that it seems almost like a secret, holy place, whose door has been left open by chance, and which the traveller delays to enter for fear of profanation. Knowing that the author is still alive, and perhaps the heroine too, we hesitate to talk aloud of their story. Yet the author undoubtedly wishes it, or at least permits it; even as the lords of *Isola Bella*, one of the four moveless swans of Lago Maggiore, allow strangers to enter their forsaken garden overrun with flowers, and climb the terraces of their deserted palace. What made the poet willing to publish these sonnets and give them to the world now, without waiting? Who can tell? Perhaps he has chosen them from among many others which are vowed to silence. Perhaps this was the only way in which the lost friend herself could ever come to read them. Here they are, then, opened to us by the same hand which dedicated them to her, and we may enter freely into their enchanted isle of joy and sorrow.

A man of mature age meets a woman who is also in the summer of life—in "her June," as he will say later. They live in the same town, or in neighboring towns, and the landscape around them is dominated by the nearness of the sea. It is before this northern sea, whose mystery is always tinged with sadness, and between these two actors alone, that we are to watch the slow unfolding of a drama of passion, a thing which Chateaubriand says "always demands long leisure."

The woman is beautiful and very lonely. Marriage has brought her only suffering. There is a vague intimation that her husband travels far abroad. She, in a house clad with climbing flowers, tends and trains her children. By a caprice of race, this northern woman, with her blond hair and deep blue eyes, has the profile of a Roman woman, and we see her through Angellier's

verses with the lofty bearing of a figure from an antique medallion.

The man has no ties, except that which binds him to his work. His heart also is free, and easily shakes off those "passing fancies" which have only touched the surface of his life.

"Our early loves are preludes unto Love."

At the first meeting of these two persons their glances attract and reveal each to the other, and henceforth, across the distance and above the crowd, their looks encounter and converse.

"Like wave-divided beacon lights that burn
And talk to one another by their fires."

Angellier has described with profound delicacy that magic of the eyes, that "adorable caress," that "portal of refuge in the soul beloved, opened to welcome dreams like lost birds." Through sonnet after sonnet we trace the mysterious task of those looks which, little by little, unite two beings.

"Our eyes alone in silence could impart
The new-born feeling hidden in our heart."

"But now a deepening love between us rolls,
And still our eyes lend language to our souls."

"The eyes can bear the spirit to the bourn
Of life; their speech is mightier than the wings
Of words; for they alone can tell immortal things."

But now words succeed to looks; meeting hands and tender caresses follow words. All this first part of the poem is called "The Flowering." It is the radiance of daybreak, the promise of springtide, the ringing call of love's reveille, and the entrance of the lovers into the enchanted land. The poet speaks of it in words which cannot be translated in other verse, so vivid are they, and so closely woven. "O day that made my life worthy of all envy, thy memory shines and glows within me like a window of stained glass." This section of the poem recalls the first two parts of the beautiful romance "Jean d'Agrève," which are called "Dawn" and "Noon."

But the sun passes quickly through the zenith, and sinks again. The landscapes which the sonnets paint are touched with inward joy, filled with happy love; and even those in which the well-beloved is not named reflect her sweetness in songs of praise. But already sorrow appears, now

and then, between the lovers, and takes her place near them—a shadow which will soon invade and cover all the rest.

"My darling, have you seen in twilight hours,
The black birds homing to cathedral towers?"

The might of the forgotten past, the dread of the future, the frail tenure of their joys snatched from the routine of life, oppress the lovers with the sense that passion is but an intruder and an alien in the world. Angellier, "beside the blue waves," speaks of "their pain for a moment consoled." Tomorrow, he says, we must take up our exiled life again. The hour of happiness is only a truce. Nature herself tells the lovers how brief it is.

"The bee has left the garden full of sweets,
The fading mountains darken all the vale,
And down the depth of heaven the day retreats,—
Like hope that dies discouraged, cold and pale."

Outside the sweet life of true marriage there is no fulness of communion for any passion; and the lovers who are ruled by something nobler than physical caprice feel this impossibility of harmonizing their existence with their longing as a heavy, painful burden. The poet sees himself walking with his friend on one of the banks of a wide river. Before them lies the other shore, smiling, clothed in fresh verdure, blooming with orange trees. But the bank where they walk is rocky, wave-worn, swept by the cold wind. They wait in vain for the ferryman to carry them over. No boat will come for them to make the crossing.

Yet there is still a brightness in their day, and their complaints are fleeting. But now comes the part of the poem which is called "The Quarrel." What was this quarrel? Imagine what you will, and what difference does it make? It is the almost fatal discord between two beings who have met in the midst of life; the glory and the wretchedness of passion; all things drive them asunder, love alone draws them together. But love itself is sometimes powerless to reunite, in spite of pride, in spite of ignorance, two separated hearts,—

"Two swans that drift apart on a divided stream!"

A year of exile passes, and the lovers try to meet again for mutual pardon. It is in a

village, near the gray sea, that they look into each other's eyes once more. At first the meeting seems to fail: they are not reconciled; doubtless both of them have suffered too much. They walk along together in the narrow, humid path, through the meadows where the great oxen are feeding in the rain-sprinkled grass, above the troubled waters of a leaden sea, swept by alternate sun and shower. Their talk is broken with vain reproaches and futile pleadings. At last they stop beneath an old gray willow and hold out their hands to say good-by. The gesture appeals more than words; the quarrel melts away in reconciliation.

Now follow two parts of the poem which are named "Reveries" and "Beside the Gray Waves." They are full of presentiments; full also of regrets for an incomplete love, doomed to be fruitless. The theme is the same as that of Tennyson's "Love and Death."

"Of love that never found his earthly close
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?"

But Angellier treats the theme more deeply, more frankly, above all, with a richness of sombre imagery which enhances the sad beauty of his verse. Here, for example, is a passage on the sea-shore:

"Weary of living in this life austere,
Beneath the heavy vault of pressing laws
Where chains of iron weight our restless wills,
We wander, mute and sad, along the beach;
The clinging fog grows thicker o'er the sea;
The great white gull that flaps above our heads,
Touches us, parts the fog, and disappears."

For one instant the lovers are touched as if by the wings of a dream that their lives may be united. But it vanishes; the fog closes behind it; and their walking together beside the sea must end. For their love would mean dishonor, and the children who are growing up around their mother will look to her for a heritage of respect and a pure example. Separation is inevitable. But it shall be a voluntary separation, freely chosen by both of them. Now the story moves toward its end through two groups of sonnets that are called "The Sacrifice" and "The Mourning." The price of the offering, the depth

of the grief, may be read in these verses only by those who have understood the profundity of the love.

"I shall not see you more—ah, never more!
For endless days, for slowly moving years,—
For ever, now I lose you, eyes that I adore!

The place of parting, which she has chosen, is the little church where they once dreamed of being married. There, she thought, no doubt it will be easier for him to make the sacrifice. He has almost let her go in the darkness, and wonders which of the well-known paths she has chosen for her flight. But now he would call her back or go after her, to protect her in the lonely perilous night. His calls bring no response.

"Along the shadowy path my cry resounds;
But all is silent, only far away,
From some dark farm the frightened, surly
hounds,
Awakened by my voice, begin to bay."

The sonnets that follow are full of rebellion. Among them are some of the finest love verses that Angellier ever wrote. The theme is old, very old, as old as the revolt of passion against the rigid laws of life. But it will never be exhausted, because it is part of the human heart. Angellier has treated it so simply, so directly, so profoundly, that no other words than his own can give more than a pale reflection of the intensity of these poems.

"So we must live for evermore apart;
No answer to the cry of flesh and heart,—
Never to mingle in that moment blest
Of love that utters all and sinks to rest!
And when at last the final slumber falls,
They'll lay you in a grave far, far from mine,
And we, divided where the sun did shine,
Shall sleep divided by the earth's dark walls."

How could one express more perfectly the desolate bitterness of a separation which reigns over death as cruelly as it has ruled in life?

And yet, little by little, the poet finds appeasement, or at least resignation. The beloved is present in his heart, almost as if she lived within him. His passion, at first so painful and sombre, is purified into a religion. Once, passing a blind beggar who was singing an old ballad in the street, the poet heard in the refrain a woman's name—the name of his own well-beloved. Then

he stopped and emptied his purse in the beggar's hands, in order that the blind man might have cause to remember and bless that dear name as the symbol

"Of all that best could take the place of light."

Thus, by degrees, his grief descends into the shrine of his soul, and, living still, no longer imprisons his existence. Less and less his sorrow betrays itself in words. He feels, or imagines, that his beloved is finding consolation, with her children around her to help her meet the advancing years bravely and cheerfully. Knowing how to love, he finds a sweetness in the thought that she suffers less than he. At last he comes into a calmer mood, which lacks indeed the lofty and triumphant touch that only faith can give, but which has a certain stoical nobility and fortitude. Like an oak of the Northland he will stand upright and endure. As a man he will play his part through to the end.

Angellier's next volume, "The Path of the Seasons," was published in 1903. It is both a prologue and an epilogue to the volume of sonnets, for it contains poems which were written before and after that book. The earlier verses show the love of life and delight in beauty which are strong qualities in the poet's temperament. The latter ones reveal the reaction of his nature touched by grief. The chief value of the volume lies in certain delicate and charming lyrics, like "The Old Bridge," "The Chrysanthemums," "Dreams," "The Ivory Cradle," and in a few poems of deeper significance like "The Garland of Sleep," "The Shepherd" and "Tranquil Habit," in which we find Angellier at his best again, full of sentiment, quickly responding to every sensation as to every emotion, free from conventional artifice, frank and delicate, with the simplicity of a proud and thoughtful man, too sincere to interpose any veil of unreality between us and the throbbing touch of poetry and life.

In his next work we find an extraordinary change of theme and method. Angellier abandons the subjective, the romantic, and becomes impersonal, objective, almost, but not quite, classical. Under the general title, "Dans la Lumière Antique," four little books were published from 1905 to 1909. These four books, two of *Dialogues* and two of *Episodes*, are alike in this: they ap-

proach the problems of life "In the Light of Old"—under antique forms and in Grecian dress. Thus Angellier seeks to lose himself, to escape from the yoke of his own personality. But it is only in the form, the illumination, that these poems are antique; in all else they are palpably the work of a modern. If I wished to enjoy the "make-believe" of living in Greece two thousand years ago, I would not turn to him for my illusion; but rather to the verse of Swinburne, or to the "Chansons de Bilitis" of M. Pierre Louÿs.

And yet, if the antique feeling is lacking in Angellier, the atmosphere is there. He takes the ideas and even the words of to-day into the serene and clear air of Greece, with no touch of the artificial or theatrical in the transposition. He sets his personages back into the past without losing their inner life or their human expression, and he gives them the charm of a nobler grace.

The art of these *Episodes* and *Dialogues* is very different from that of his first book—an art more skilful, more varied, more flexible. In that early poem of love, of which we must always repeat that its supreme quality is its "directness," the words and the rhythms are chosen for the service of the master passion. Their value lies in their verity. But here, in these later volumes, we see the artist in poetry at work. He makes his verses with *esprit*, with imagination, with loving care, for the joy of making them. They lack, perhaps, in their general effect, that which we call temperament; and yet we find in the details the happy discoveries of a spirit penetrated with poetic life. In the smooth flow of the verse suddenly a fine and satisfying line fills us with delight, and we linger upon it, as the eye lingers upon a noble group of trees in a broad landscape.

The *Episodes* almost all take place beneath a clear sky. They are divided into "The Book of the Husbandmen," "The Book of the Seamen," "The Book of Venus," and "The Book of Apollo." The *Dialogues* are carried on between "The Old Man and the Youth," "The Potter and the Young Girl," "The Young Man and the Woman of Another Country," "The Orator and his Friend," "The Sage and the Warrior." They speak of life and love, of adventure and tranquillity, of duty and death.

In the second dialogue, the young girl who talks with the potter is a marvellously wise virgin. The handsome craftsman whose fingers fashion the pliant, docile clay, wishes to make an amphora to adorn her house, and asks her to choose the form of his gift. Will she have Bacchus with his vine-tendrils and sun-ripened grapes, moulded upon the round of the vase? No, she answers, for that is a symbol of madness. Well, then a brede of dancers and flute-players? No, for the dance disturbs the soul almost as much as wine. Well, then, cries the potter, I know what to model around the amphora—a marriage procession, with the young bridegroom and the bride beneath her veil. But the prudent young girl answers, "Ah, the joyful train of Hymen! But what do you know about the end of that promise of joy? Do you know whether the married pair whom you show walking to the feast will be happy or miserable together? Every time I look at that garland of figures encircling the empty vase it will seem to me as if they were marching forever around an enigma, a mystery."

No, if the potter wishes to please her this is what he must model—a picture of a husband and a wife in the evening of their days. Faithfully growing old together, they shall be illumined with memory and with love, and their faces, turned toward each other, shall radiate and reflect the double light. So the amphora will adorn the house with an image and a prophecy of joy.

"Ah," cries the young potter, "that is what I want. I will gladly fashion the vase thus—but on one condition, dear maid, so pure and steadfast! The face of the loving wife must be yours, and the other face which bends over it with delight must be my own."

The later dialogues, which deal more with public and civil affairs, move with a more grave but still harmonious air. The one which seems to me the best is the first dialogue between the sage and the warrior, in the evening of that day of victory which has made the young soldier a famous hero of his country.

With the few fine pieces of poetic sculpture which are scattered through the last book of the *Episodes*, Angellier appears, at least, to be near the end of his notable work in verse. His vein of poetry seems to crystallize and congeal. His latest verses, pub-

lished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in October, are languid and sere. A slow renown has come to the poet. But the muse was kinder to him in his obscure years.

Yet I do not imagine that it was the obscurity of those years that made his poetic gift flower so richly, any more than I suppose that his late-coming and not yet full-grown fame has been harmful to him. No, M. Angellier is certainly a man who does not depend in any way upon the more or less of public favor given to him. But the thing that is significant in regard to his work in poetry is that his "obscure years" coincided with the years of his deepest, most passionate feeling. And here, in the depth of passion, is the spring and fountain of his finest verse.

It is for this reason that I have called him "the poet of the unique love."

In the long, rolling years which bring oblivion to most of the works of men, other

poems of his may survive and be read, perchance, among the pretty things of which the world is full. But the book of sonnets, "*A l'Amie Perdue*," will have a different fate. It will be treasured among things rare, and precious, and perfect in their kind. The love which it discloses so clearly, through the vague outlines of a story so dimly defined that it might belong to almost any hour or region of human experience, has qualities which do not come from the perishable and mortal part of our life. In its aspiration for something higher and nobler than mere outward possession; in its inability to taste a perfect happiness except in harmony with order and peace; in its final willingness to suffer and renounce; this love submits, unconsciously it may be but none the less surely, to an influence, a guidance, an ultimate control which belong to the spirit of Christianity.

E. SAINTE-MARIE PERRIN.

III

POEMS FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE ANGELLIER RENDERED IN ENGLISH BY
HENRY VAN DYKE

THE IVORY CRADLE

THE cradle I have made for thee
Is carved of orient ivory,
And curtained round with wavy silk
More white than hawthorn-bloom or milk.

A twig of box, a lilac spray,
Will drive the goblin-horde away;
And charm thy childlike heart to keep
Her happy dream and virgin sleep.

Within that pure and fragrant nest,
I'll rock thy gentle soul to rest,
With tender songs we need not fear
To have a passing angel near.

Ah, long and long I fain would hold
The snowy curtain's guardian fold
Around thy crystal visions, born
In clearness of the early morn.

But look, the sun is glowing red
With triumph in his golden bed;
Aurora's virgin whiteness dies
In crimson glory of the skies.

The rapid flame will burn its way
Through these white curtains, too, one day;
The ivory cradle will be left
Undone, and broken, and bereft.

DREAMS

OFTEN I dream your big blue eyes,
 Though loth their meaning to confess,
 Regard me with a clear surprise
 Of dawning tenderness.

Often I dream you gladly hear
 The words I hardly dare to breathe,—
 The words that falter in their fear
 To tell what throbs beneath.

Often I dream your hand in mine
 Falls like a flower at eventide,
 And down the path we leave a line
 Of footsteps side by side.

But ah, in all my dreams of bliss,
 In passion's hunger, fever's drouth,
 I never dare to dream of this:
 My lips upon your mouth.

And so I dream your big blue eyes,
 That look on me with tenderness,
 Grow wide, and deep, and sad, and wise,
 And dim with dear distress.

THE GARLAND OF SLEEP

A WREATH of poppy flowers,
 With leaves of lotus blended,
 Is carved on Life's façade of hours,
 From night to night suspended.

Along the columned wall,
 From birth's low portal starting,
 It flows, with even rise and fall,
 To death's dark door of parting.

How short each measured arc,
 How brief the columns' number!
 The wreath begins and ends in dark,
 And leads from sleep to slumber.

The marble garland seems,
 With braided leaf and bloom,
 To deck the palace of our dreams
 As if it were a tomb.

TRANQUIL HABIT

DEAR tranquil Habit, with her silent hands,
 Doth heal our deepest wounds from day to day
 With cooling, soothing oil, and firmly lay
 Around the broken heart her gentle bands.

Her nursing is as calm as Nature's care;
 She doth not weep with us; yet none the less
 Her quiet fingers weave forgetfulness,—
 We fall asleep in peace when she is there.

Upon the mirror of the mind her breath
 Is like a cloud, to hide the fading trace
 Of that dear smile, of that remembered face,
 Whose presence were the joy and pang of death.

And he who clings to sorrow overmuch,
 Weeping for withered grief, has cause to bless,
 More than all cries of pity and distress,—
 Dear tranquil Habit, thy consoling touch!

EYES AND LIPS

I

OUR silent eyes alone interpreted
 The new-born feeling in the heart of each:
 In yours I read your sorrow without speech,
 Your lonely struggle in their tears unshed.
 Behind their dreamy sweetness, as a veil,
 I saw the moving lights of trouble shine;
 And then my eyes were brightened as with wine,
 My spirit reeled to see your face grow pale!

Our deepening love, that is not yet allowed
 Another language than the eyes, doth learn
 To speak it perfectly: above the crowd
 Our looks exchange avowals and desires,—
 Like wave-divided beacon lights that burn,
 And talk to one another by their fires.

II

When I embrace her in a fragrant shrine
 Of climbing roses, my first kiss shall fall
 On you, sweet eyes, that mutely told me all,—
 Through you my soul will mount to make her mine.
 Upon your drooping lids, blue-veined and fair,
 The touch of tenderness I first will lay,
 You springs of joy, lights of my gloomy day,
 Whose dear discovered secret bade me dare!

And when you open, eyes of my fond dove,
 Your look will shine with new delight, made sure
 By this forerunner of a faithful love.

'Tis just, dear eyes, so pensive and so pure,
 That you should bear the sealing kisses true
 Of love unhopd that came to me through you.

III

This was my thought; but when beneath the rose
 That hides the lonely bench where lovers rest,
 In friendly dusk I held her on my breast
 For one brief moment,—while I saw you close,

Dear, yielding eyes, as if your lids, blue-veined
 And pure, were meekly fain at last to bear
 The proffered homage of my wistful prayer,—
 In that high moment, by your grace obtained,
 Forgetting your avowals, your alarms,
 Your anguish and your tears, sweet weary eyes,
 Forgetting that you gave her to my arms,
 I broke my promise; and my first caress,
 Ungrateful, sought her lips in sweet surprise,—
 Her lips, which breathed a word of tenderness!

AN EVOCATION

WHEN first upon my brow I felt your kiss,
 A sudden splendor filled me, like the ray
 That promptly runs to crown the hills with bliss
 Of purple dawn before the golden day,
 And ends the gloom it crosses at one leap.
 My brow was not unworthy your caress;
 For some foreboding joy had bade me keep
 From all affront the place your lips would bless.
 Yet when your mouth upon my mouth did lay
 The royal touch, no rapture made me thrill,
 But I remained confused, ashamed, and still;
 Beneath your kiss, my queen without a stain,
 I felt,—like ghosts who rise at Judgment Day,—
 A throng of ancient kisses vile and vain!

RESIGNATION

I

WELL, you will triumph, dear and noble friend!
 This holy love that wounded you so deep
 Will bring you balm, and on your heart asleep
 The fragrant dew of healing will descend.
 Your children,—ah, how quickly they will grow
 Between us, like a wall that fronts the sun,
 Lifting a screen with rosy buds o'errun,
 To hide the shaded path where I must go.
 You'll walk in light; and dreaming less and less
 Of him who droops in gloom beyond the wall,
 Your mother-soul will fill with happiness
 When first you hear your grandchild's babbling call,
 Beneath the braided bloom of flower and leaf
 That life has wrought to veil your vanished grief.

II

Then I alone shall suffer! I shall bear
 The double burden of our grief alone,
 While I enlarge my soul to take your share
 Of pain and hold it close beside my own.

Our love is torn asunder; but the crown
Of thorns that love has woven I will make
My relic sacrosanct, and press it down
Upon my heart that bleeds but does not break.

Ah, that will be the depth of solitude!
For my regret, that evermore endures,
Will know that new-born hope has conquered yours;
And when the evening comes, no gentle brood
Of wondering children, gathered at my side,
Will soothe away the tears I cannot hide.

THE OLD FLUTE

THE time will come when I no more can play
This polished flute: the stops will not obey
My gnarled fingers; and the air it weaves
In modulations, like a vine with leaves
Climbing around the tower of song, will die
In rustling autumn rhythms, confused and dry.
My shortened breath no more will freely fill
This magic reed with melody at will;
My stiffened lips will try and try in vain
To wake the liquid, leaping, dancing strain;
The heavy notes will falter, wheeze, and faint,
Or mock my ear with shrillness of complaint.

Then will I hang this faithful friend of mine
Upon the trunk of some old, sacred pine,
And sit beneath the green protecting boughs
To hear the viewless wind, that sings and soughs
Above me, play its wild, aerial lute,
And draw a ghost of music from my flute!

Then let me thank the gods; and most of all
The Delian Apollo, whom men call
The mighty master of immortal sound,—
Lord of the billows in their chanting round,
Lord of the winds that fill the wood with sighs,
Lord of the echoes and their sweet replies,
Lord of the little people of the air
That sprinkle drops of music everywhere,
Lord of the sea of melody that laves
The universe with never silent waves,—
Him will I thank that this brief breath of mine
Has caught one cadence of the song divine;
And these frail fingers learned to rise and fall
In time with that great tune which throbs thro' all;
And these poor lips have lent a lilt of joy
To songless men whom weary tasks employ!
My life has had its music, and my heart
In harmony has borne a little part,
Before I come with quiet, grateful breast
To Death's dim hall of silence and of rest.

THE TRYST

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



THAT a man nearing forty is far from being in his right mind when he even contemplates an excursion with two recently married couples, one of the brides being she whom he has not been able to cease loving with an ardor intensified by the certainty that he had been denied his chance with her by circumstance only, bare circumstance, a matter of staying in a place eight and three-quarters days instead of nine, thereby missing her by a train—this is pathologically evident. I was the man. I was at Naples, with no more idea that Julia and her young husband were there for an ecstatic minute of their bridal tour than I had that I should be dining with them in a kind of enraged content, being offered fruit from her soft finger-tips I would have died to kiss—I let myself go now in the telling of it as I let myself go mentally at that incredible dinner, since, after all, there has to be a moment's delirium even for a man of forty who has got his wound. I had met them face to face in the street, I absurdly chaffering for corals I didn't want, only to spur the vendor's verbal acrobatics, and then meaning to go on to the Aquarium and pretend I had an interest in fins and octopi, when they came on me, the radiant four of them, she and her Jack, Billy Petersham and his new wife, who had been a widow, overcorseted and creaking. She always, in spite of decency, made you think of her stays, and I never saw her without a vague nautical memory that stays are something a boat is warped into or warped out of, and I never could resist the certainty that she had got in and stayed warped. They greeted me, three of them, with the hilarious ecstasy of the inordinately joyous crowded up one more notch of bliss by the spectacle of the enforcedly abstemious for whom the cupboard is bare of

"syrops tinct with cinnamon"

and the heavenly manna of verified illusion.

"Dine with us, old boy," Jack said at once, and mentioned the gilded hotel on the

height where I had been too tame-spirited to go.

I looked at him a second before I answered, looked him up and down perhaps, for I had a chance to think how fresh-colored his face was, how hued by blood so good and so new that it might have run from heavenly founts, how white his teeth were, and how his honest eyes met me with their old clarity and kindness, but more—a challenge, perhaps, to note how happy he was, and what a conqueror. I noted his exquisite clothes, too, his lilac tie—I knew the stockings matched it, if only the eye could have got at them—his general look of something flowered out in the spring. He was a splendor, no mistake. I must have hesitated, for before I answered, Julia was holding out her hand, that slender hand I knew in all its gloved seclusion, in its slim, lovely length as it fed her beautiful lips—she held it out to me, and I took it and forgot Jack's question and his tie. I only stood and stared into that face I had so hungered for—and yet I had seen it night upon night, framed in the black wall of darkness, or against the moving tapestry of my shut eyes—I had been seeing it, I thought, "every day 't' the hour" since she had been reft away by her Jack; but only God He knew how horribly I had been longing to set eyes once more upon its fair reality. She was above all women beautiful, not because I loved her, but chiefly that she was so kind. The faint flush, the fineness of her cheek, the glory of hair all gold and rarer, the wistful look of her blue eyes: these a lover, if he had been also a poet, might inadequately have sung. But nobody in this generation, nobody but a dead and gone cavalier who clapped his sword in scabbard to write a lyric explaining why swords must be out and love-knots temporarily put by, only he could have hit off that human look of hers, of sympathy, of compassion, of knowing exactly how the under dog felt, with even a surprising hint of having been herself, at some time, desperately at odds with fortune and now remembering it. This was not for me, I thought.

as I stood stupidly worshipping her. Julia Dove never had, I was sure, the least suspicion of my love for her. How could she, when she was engaged the day I met her, and I must have looked to her a dry old *hortus siccus* of emotions as I was, pelting round after historical data, even more desiccated than was entirely just, seen through the lilac mists of Jack's ties and hose and his beaming glance. But now her look seemed to say inexplicably—"Dear man, be comforted. You are shockingly lonesome. So am I—"

There I pulled myself up in my unlawful imaginings. She couldn't be. The candid glance meant only so she once had been before she found him and twinned her soul with his. But all she really said, independently of her kind eyes, was this, oh, in the dearest voice,—

"Do, Mr. Olmstead. Do come."

I dropped her hand.

"Thank you," said I, with the abruptness of one recalled. "I will."

So we five dined together in the splendor of the Bertolini, and sat on the terrace afterward like funny, modern gods on Olympus, and watched the lights flaming out and twinkling out below, and heard faint touches of music, and knew the multitudinous life of the city was dancing itself blind and mad, and doing the little tasks that bought its bread, and playing its pageant because its blood ran so fast it couldn't help it, and yet thriftily, since the foreigners paid for piping. Mrs. Billy and I did most of the talking. I fancied she was rather glad of a prosaic new element, she who was almost forty herself, and getting painfully attached to succulent dishes and talk about reducing one's self and, on this occasion, my immunity from care because nature turned me out so lean. Her husband smoked and stared at her through the dusk, glorifying her into the eternal beautiful, I have no doubt, because she was new and his; and Julia looked at the city and said nothing. It was my one hour, not to shine, not to acquire, not to do in any sense a memorable deed, but to sit in the same visible universe with Julia Dove. Once I got a little drunk with it, the wonder of it, the ineffable compassion of the upper powers to allow me this heavenly anodyne before my heart beat itself out with lonesome misery, and I found myself repeating idiotically:

"Only to kiss the air—" There I stopped, and got hold of myself for a fool; but Mrs. Billy clacked in with her complacent note, perfectly ready for all challenges of give or take:

"What's that, Mr. Olmstead? Is it a new song?"

"Not absolutely new," said I stupidly, "though it's for all time. It's been running in my head. I've been trying to get the last line."

"Why, I know it," said Julia, with no hesitation in her clear young voice:

"Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee."

I know it all."

And then, as if the immortals loved me, and meant to accord me one more blissful cup to live on till I died of surfeit and despair, she sat here with the lights of Naples below her in a seemingly humbleness and the stars shining like her own galaxy, and repeated it all.

"Shall I write it down for you?" she asked, at the end.

"No," said I. "I shall remember." I got on my feet. I'd had all I could carry. "Good-night," I said.

Then I was wishing them joy all round—joy and a fortunate trip, in a manner that, I hope, satisfied the lightly conventional; but Jack, for some reason, would not hear of losing me.

"Breakfast with us," he said. I have had an idea since that because I was staying at a meagre *pension* below he had confirmed his estimate of my poverty. "Then come on to Pompeii."

I didn't want Pompeii, or any further spectacle of marital felicity. I remembered the gentle eternal sunlit gloom of the dead city, as I had seen it before, and it appeared to me that, superadded to my own grounded sense that life itself was pretty well over, I should as soon choose an after-dinner stroll in the catacombs.

"Awfully good of you," I said, "but I'm due at Capri. I'm afraid I shall have to be leaving rather early in the morning to make it."

I was due there because I had to have a pretext, and that would serve as well as any.

"Who's at Capri?" inquired Mrs. Billy skittishly, and I tried dismally to look as

if somebody very fetching indeed might be there; whereupon she forgot she was mated and settled again, and bridled in the old way. "Well, we'll let you off from Pompeii," she conceded, "but you simply must meet us at Pæstum."

Immediately, not because she said it, for what she said meant to me, as it did to every man save Billy, less than the crackling of thorns under a pot—for I suppose a sufficient crackling might boil the dinner, and Billy is the raw material that boils easily—but for some reason hidden even from that inner self which is forever hearing unexpected calls and challenges, immediately I felt mad to go to Pæstum.

"Yes," said Jack, from his perennial desire to challenge everybody to "come on" whither he is going, "yes, come on to Pæstum. That'll be Thursday. We make it from La Cava."

I knew Cava of the Tyrrhenians, all blue mountain and silent valley and hills and hollow distances, and balconies moonlighted. And now it was full moon, and my merciless fancy pictured me Julia in the sea of it, and Jack—commonplace Jack, yet he was young!—he adoring her. I would have none of Cava. But Pæstum was still drawing me; it had me with an iron grip.

"We're doomed to Pæstum because Julia wants it," said Jack fondly, with the husband's young pride of being under domination. "Think it over, Jule. It's as full of malaria as it can stick. Come on to Capri with Olmstead, and I'll give you a black pearl."

"I'm sorry," said Julia, in her dear voice pierced with a thrill of something I had never heard in it—resistance, maybe, not of him but for the sake of what she was obliged to do. "I have to go there."

"Have to, child? Why have you?"

I looked at her and wondered why: not from wilfulness, for that wasn't in her, but for some reason so rigid that not only could she not permit it to be withstood, but she herself, from its unknown power, could not withstand it. Now the fair territory of her face was unfeignedly perplexed.

"I don't know," she owned. "I have to go, that's all. I know I have to."

"Gammon," said Jack, still fondly. If it had been less than a lover's acquiescent pride I couldn't have suffered him. "What if we let you go alone?"

"I should have to, then," she said, in the same serious wistfulness of wonder. "I can't bear to be so obstinate; but truly I've got to go."

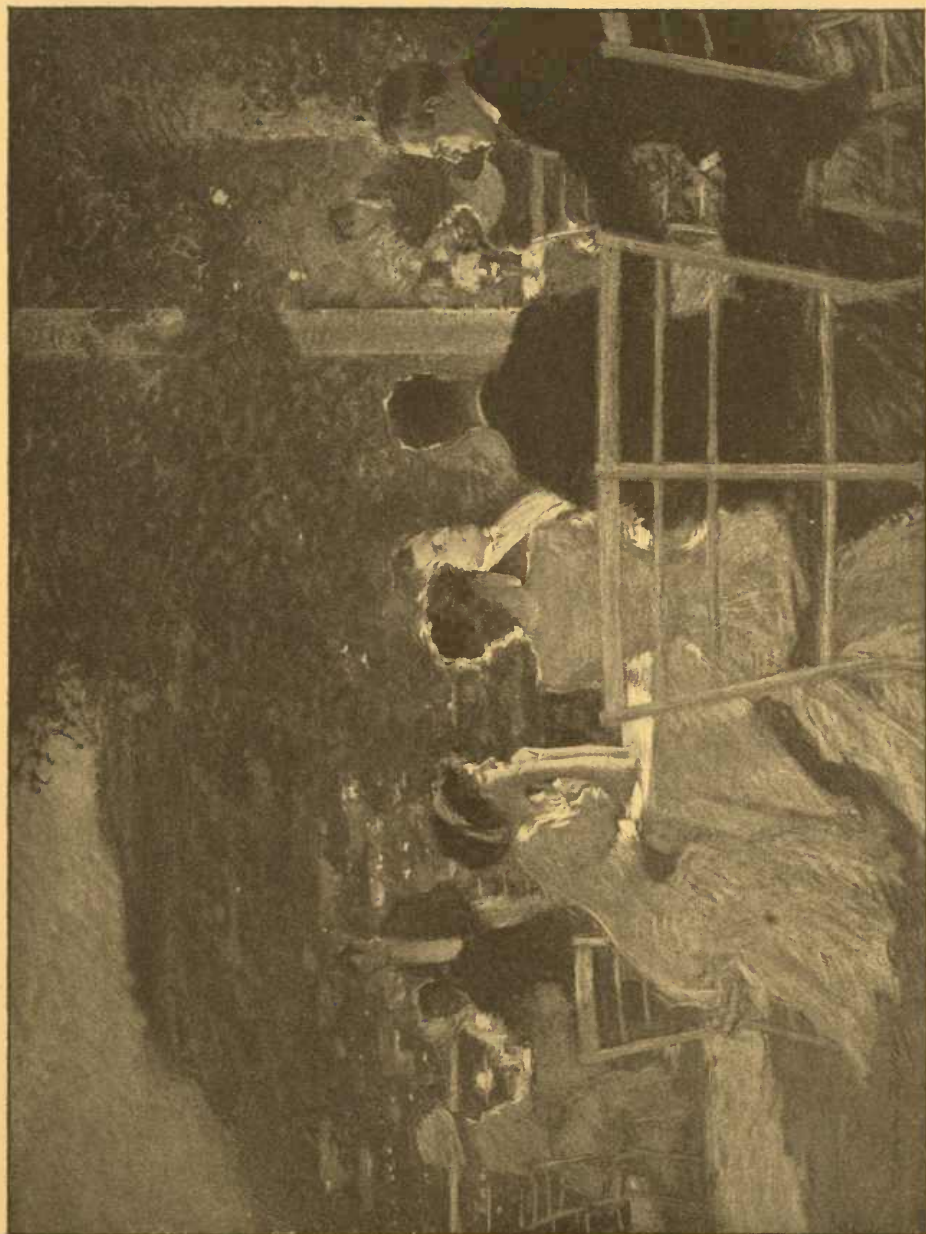
Jack laughed. He liked her sudden tyranny, and took her hand and swung it back and forth.

"All right, then," said he, "we've got to go. Olmstead, how about you? Can't you reconsider?"

"Assuredly," I said, with no volition, it seemed to me afterward, to say that particular thing. "I've got to go, too. I'll meet you there."

So we looked out times and trains and made our final pact. I had privately decided that, for all my mythical engagement at Capri, I should probably stay on at Naples up to the point of being due at Pæstum—for due there I was, I solemnly knew, for other reason than that I had vowed to meet the lately married there. But what the reason was, I could no more say than Julia could, of hers. Only there was a reason.

The few days passed, and I occupied them as well as I could for thinking of the moon at Cava, in running back over my own life, meagre though it was of incident, to see, once for all, whether I could have made it different. I didn't find that I could. At every point where other men score, in the brave crisis, the big distances, I had slipped a cog. When a man was needed at the vital spot, I simply couldn't be there. When life demanded testimony of me, I might have it to offer, but court was never sitting that day. The whole thing was consistent. It had happened to me over and over. It wasn't that I was faint-hearted and weak-backed, or that my legs were not strong enough to make a pace. I was becalmed in some zone of the soul. Information never reached me. Boats couldn't get into my latitude with the news of the battles that were going to be, or the great treaties that would prevent my striking futile blows for a quarrel that was lost. It had all been like a retribution for some misdeed of mine. I felt that strongly, for I believed in the justice that dogs us like a loving hound, and I knew it was part of the beneficent scheme of things that if we are hit over the head, it is that we have at some time bought the blow. Only, how had I deserved precisely this? Why was I "come-



Dragon by F. Walter Taylor.

So we five dined together in the splendor of the Bertolini, and sat on the terrace afterward.—Page 719.

tardy-of" in all the games of life? How had it been managed that I shouldn't find Julia three months before the fresh-colored Jack brought his conquering cravats into the field? I hadn't even had a chance—and why? I felt it would help me for the home stretch, which had, after all, to be run with ardor, even if to a decreed ignominy, to know.

The morning came, and all fell out as we had said. We met at Pæstum station, the five of us, they with little canvas bags of luncheon from the paternal Hotel de Londres, an extra portion for me. There was not a single tourist besides ourselves—"a single, blooming tourist," Billy said—and the sky was Italian blue, and a light wind moving to welcome us, when between dry fields where wild larkspur bloomed we walked toward the temple—and I, by what seemed some fated chance, walked with Julia, while Jack leaped the low walls to bring her larkspur and crowd it into her hands. She was silent, and I seemed to know it was because the moment, the day, meant something to her nobody could share—nobody but me, perhaps, for I, too, knew it meant tremendously. And then we were in face of the great yellow-pillared splendor, and we dared to enter and wander up and down its ruined aisles. The gods were there, I knew perfectly well, and said so; but I chanced to say it was Apollo, for I heard him, and Mrs. Billy kept chirping:

"But why do you say Apollo, Mr. Olmstead, when this is the Temple of Neptune? Don't you know it's the Temple of Neptune, Mr. Olmstead? Isn't it Neptune you mean?"

And then I got meek and patient because there was no other way of hushing her, and said, "Yes, I did mean Neptune." But about this time we all began to notice Julia. She had stayed apart from us, in our wandering up and down, our profane feet where priests had ministered, and now she was hurrying back and forth, peering out between columns, even so far as the line of distant saline blue, and her face had piteously changed. It was gray-pale and her eyes were black and anguished. Her husband saw it about as soon as I did, and started for her over grassy gulfs between the slabs. But when he would have touched her, she waved him off. She almost pushed him.

"What is it, darling?" I heard him say, and she looked so unfriended that I was glad the tender word was ready for her. "Lost something?"

She started and looked at him, not, I could have sworn, knowing him at all, and then put both her hands to her head in an unaffected gesture of wild perplexity.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know." And then, "Where is the ship?"

He took her by the arm, and led her along perforce, and made her sit.

"She feels the heat," I heard him say to Mrs. Billy who was staring. "Get the apollinaris, Bill. Wet a handkerchief in it, somebody."

But there was really no heat to feel. The little breeze was still doing its kindest for us. Julia laughed out now. Her color had come back as if, having gone to another part of the temple, she had escaped an especial territory of influence.

"What are you giving me apollinaris for?" she asked. "Jack, you're dripping that handkerchief over Mrs. Billy's dress. Want it on my head? Of course I don't want a great wet dab on my head! Come, let's read the guide-book and then have luncheon."

So we avoided looking at one another, the rest of us, and went rather hastily into activities, as if we had witnessed some special madness that had blessedly passed, and must never be thought of any more. And in due time we had our luncheon, and fed the lean dogs that came, evidently by habit, to yearn for bits, and then it was in the air that the Temple of Ceres must be visited, and everybody, well primed by Jack's conscientious perorations from the guide-book, rose to go. All but me, and, for a moment, all but Julia.

"Come, come," said Jack to her. It was impatient, but the impatience of a solicitude most tender. "Get a move on, missus. The day's 'most over."

She shook her head. The puzzled look had come back to her.

"I don't believe I can," she said, and she spoke with some difficulty, as they do who have imperfectly rehearsed their subject-matter. "I might be late."

He gave her arm a little shake.

"Come, come, dear," said he. "You're not going to worry me again?"

That seemed to bring her back with a wrench to what we are pleased to call rea-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Both hands out, she rushed to me, and I with my two hands received her.—Page 725.

sonableness, and she laughed and turned with him obediently enough. They were midway out of the temple, all of them, when they remembered me.

"Come along, Olmstead," Jack threw back at me. He was entirely good-natured now he had his own special prize under convoy. "You mustn't keep Ceres waiting. They don't like it."

"I'm not going," I said. "I'll take a nap. See you at the train."

At that, Julia, his wife, stopped short and gave me that puzzled but now almost recognizing look; but he reminded her by a touch on the arm, and she went on with him, patient, I could see, and droopingly. And Billy tossed me a cigar, and Mrs. Billy shook her parasol at me, and they were gone, and had left me to the oblivion I candidly knew I wanted. I put my head back on the calm old pillar—I was conscious of wishing I were as old, so that I could perhaps be as indifferent—and shut my eyes. I was horribly tired, and at the same time most unbearably excited with it all. With what? I didn't know. Was this panic? Was I Pan-struck, as one might well be on the ground of colossal shadowy deities? I felt that I was nervous as a green girl, and threw all sorts of obloquy at my senile state for admitting such a thing. And I kept my eyes shut to rest them from the vision of things seen, and so they stayed until I heard a voice. It was a woman's voice, a voice, I could have sworn was Julia's, and it spoke my name. Now I am not going to tell what my name is, because it is Greek, and old, and funny when I sign it to a reply to a dinner invitation, though it does very well for a scholar who has dry conclusions to make upon living facts. My father was a scholar, and he gave it to me, and perhaps, for that reason, perhaps for some unknown other, I have always been content with it. I have had, indeed, connected with it, a certain inevitable feeling I can't describe, as if nothing else could ever possibly have been my name. But when I opened my eyes I saw it could not have been I who was called. The tourists indeed were upon me, a man and a woman, both young, and they walked together outside the temple, and talked together with a trouble and haste I could hardly forbear to share, even by an eye-beam, it was in itself so passionate. It seemed to draw lesser intelligences to it,

as the sun compels the earth. I thought I knew who they were, this from their costume. They were in white, the flowing robes of an ancient time, and I guessed at once that they were out of a troupe of actors of classical Greek plays, who had been going about London and Paris, during my stay there, in the free beauty of their borrowed dress. But I began to hear them speak, and took no shame in listening. I seemed, indeed, to be there to listen, to share, to partake with them of the tragic imminence of their fate. They spoke rapidly, but in the melody of a majestic tongue which was not mine. Yet, though I could not that night transcribe a word of it, I followed it with the ease of a leaf on a flowing river. She was entreating him, this man of my name, to undo some irrevocable deed. What it was I could not at first determine. Then, from her heart-broken reproaches, and his hurlings back of the "No!" that seemed inevitable, I gradually gathered knowledge. He had sold the state's secret—some secret—he had been paid by the enemy—some enemy—and what he had been paid was to enrich him to the point of seizing her from the arms of the hated lover she was decreed to, and fleeing with her in the enemy's ship. And the ship was out there across the blue line. But the girl would not go. She was adjuring him, in the name of all the gods, to deliver himself up to justice, to inevitable death. Here was where she had appointed their meeting, here by the sacred temple, here where their whisperings might be heard, the better that they should, that priests and gods combined might slay them both and so hasten his expiation. As they walked back and forth in the sunlight, and once she set her foot unconsciously on a snake and I saw he did not move even by a tremor of his shining length, my eyes dwelt with a love and pity I cannot measure upon the filleted gold of her small head. I seemed to partake with her of anguish lest he fail, yet to know it was a foregone fate, and my sadness settled into the acquiescence of despair. He desired nothing but to save her, yet he would not save them both, as they do who play for honors, by giving up himself. And as if I were in his skin I saw why. He loved her too fervidly, too passionately, as earth is tempting, forcing, pushing us to love, and as the big law we

only now and then catch a glimpse of, will not have us. And curiously from that far time, from the misty gates of it, my mind leaped with a throb, a vault down the centuries, to the cavalier who made an immortal discovery and wrote it in immortal words:

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more."

This, in substance, she represented to him in the passion of her noble phrases, unconsidered, born like tears out of a breaking heart. She was his dearest, she said, she thanked the gods, but nevertheless the gods themselves must be still dearer to him, they and the state. What was it compared with the dishonor he had bought that her poor body should be stained by the mastery of a hated spouse? At that he cried aloud, and she hushed him while my mind had time to flash aside to another mandate made for perpetuity concerning them that kill the body and have not power to kill the soul. Her voice continued in its lyric rise and fall. There was no help for either of them, she told him, he in his present disaster and she before her coming slavery, no help save death, and that might happily be now. But all the same, while the bright rapiers of their argument were glancing, I knew he would not yield: that they were to be discovered, that since she must not go with him, he would snatch at her with the force of love run wild, and, trusting in the ship, resolve in his madness to bear her to it across the parching leagues. That she would cry out to the gods to save them and they would be saved—he by the knife at his throat and she to sink into so ill a mind that no man would take her to him with her bright beauty faded. All this I seemed indubitably, and with a high sadness to know, and athwart the web of it, like something sharply remembered, I heard other voices, insistently familiar ones of the common day. Some one was calling, Jack, Billy, and Mrs. Billy, she waving her parasol up and down, in a pump-handle fashion, across the bright vista through which they ran. Did they shock the other visitants to a scene beloved and throw them out of the aura where they were for the moment visible? Had the time been pre-eminently ripe and right that they—these two beautiful young beings—had

returned for a fleeting hour of a day no longer existent, to play their parts again in faithful rigor to a vanished past, or had I, incalculably endowed, seen but the picture of them, woven for all time into the waving tapestry of the air? However it was, they were gone, not of a sudden, not either walking away or vanishing, but in some quite familiar and convincing fashion, as if I had seen beautiful young lovers go thus, as conclusively as if it were through a gate. And at the instant that I felt they were gone, and knew myself to be in some way the richer, the more complete for having seen them, I heard a cry—not from those three chorusing on behind, but a light, hurried call in a voice I knew. Yet never had I heard it so moved, so jubilant, so full of life. And as I turned to it, she came—Julia came, flying. Her face was pink like dawn, and her glad eyes hailed me. She made no hesitant pause or pretence that it was anything but me and what I stood for she had come to find. Both hands out, she rushed to me, and I with my two hands received her. Standing so, palm to palm, she looked up in my face, one glad smile of recognition. So might the girl I had just seen have looked at her lover if she had, instead of dooming him to death, beckoned him to life with her.

"Am I too late?" she was imploring me, yet with the sweetest certainty that she was not. "Oh, don't tell me I'm too late!"

"No, no," I answered her, worship on my lips, in my eyes, I felt, as in my heart. "No. I was here. I saw them. What difference whether it was you or I?"

"What difference!" she echoed out of a deep-breathed, heavenly tranquillity of happiness. "Oh, what difference!" Then she looked at me for a long minute, as if she saw behind my lean old face what jocund youth I should have been the last to understand, but not to believe. I knew and believed it all. "It is the last now," she said. She was growing fragmentary, like one recalled to an existence not yet comprehended, and only able to stay in it for a minute, and now, the minute over, fading out of it as the two others had faded to my eyes. But I understood. The last parting, she had meant to say. "Next time"—she stammered sweetly, in her lovely hesitancy, like a child of heaven learning the new language and as yet imperfect in it. And then I saw her—the one who had

looked at me, who had spoken, who had known the hour was nearly accomplished, and next time, in whatever age and whatever star, would see the bridegroom claim his bride—I saw her fading out into Julia Dove, the young mate of Jack, who was anxiously hailing her as he ran: for she, in that wonder of predestined flight, had outstripped them all. And I did not care. I did not care that she was to return with him to moonlight and bells at Cava, for that, too, must be mysteriously accomplished. He was beside her now, and I dropped her hands. She looked down at them, as I did it, surprised a little, it seemed, to know why I had been holding them.

"What is it?" Jack was insisting, out of a rage of anxious love. "What in thunder is it, dear?"

Mrs. Billy came up panting and creaking, and her parasol might have dented the sacred stones, so did she punctuate her haste.

"What is what, dear?" Julia echoed, lightly and most honestly. "Did I hurry? I was bidding Mr. Olmstead good-by."

"Come along, then," said Jack, mopping his smooth young brow, and almost a little fractious at having been fretted into more perplexities. "That train will be in in about three minutes and a half. Come along, Olmstead."

"No," said I. "I'm not going."

I felt light-headed, drunk with the delirium and the certainty of it.

"Not going? You won't get anywhere to-night."

"I don't want to," said I. "I'm somewhere now. There'll be some kind of a little hostelry."

"Don't be a fool, man," said Billy, and

Mrs. Billy shrieked "Malaria!" italicising with her parasol.

"Well, there's a minute gone, and we can't stop here," said Jack, and I didn't blame him. One doesn't lightly subject wives to even a mythical malaria. "Come on, Olmstead. We're off."

Julia turned willingly and obediently with him; but at ten paces she stopped. She ran back toward me. The other look fled into her face. "Don't you smell them," she cried. "Roses!"

"Yes," I said, afire with my exultation, and again my mind challenged my own century and found the right word from another man's pen: "'Roses from Pæstum roseries!'"

"Next time"—she faltered, as if she herself least of all understood what she might be saying. The look had faded.

"Julia! Julia!" Jack was calling, and Mrs. Billy piped me out one more warning: "Malaria, Mr. Olmstead! Remember!"

But I stood there happier, younger, more at peace than anything, I believed, on earth. I could think of but one word to call: the word any man would be likeliest to leave in the keeping of his dearest, if they were to be parted for a lifetime or two. Mrs. Billy thought it was her word; but it was Julia's, to her soul alone, though it meant no more to her, with the memory washed out of her face, than if a butterfly had settled for an instant on her gown, and she, flying with Jack, had had no eyes for it. I called it after them, and Mrs. Billy, thinking it the echo of her own, shook her parasol despairingly. Out of my kingdom of youth regained and love inalienably assured I called, and it rang splendidly:

"Remember!"

VOICELESS SORROW

By William H. Hayne

HE is unwise who dares intrude
On Sorrow in her voiceless mood,—
The mood of yearning—potent, deep,—
Untenanted by tears or sleep.

No well-framed maxims can bestow
Solace on this unuttered woe,—
Dumb memory beyond the reach
Of mortal hand, or mortal speech.

RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

IX



AND now for a stirring chapter in our own family annals, supplied by our midshipman, from whom to his mother and sister no word had come for several months. It had required all my studies of history, and the knowledge that in more than one war privateering on the high seas had been the deciding point of the struggle, to reconcile me to the methods of that arm of military service. I knew, of course, that England had struck her fiercest blow at Spain by preying upon her commerce in open waters; that France, in the Seven Years' War, had sent numbers of bold privateers to destroy shipping off the English coast and in the Irish Sea. That, following these depredations, "all England had gone mad after privateering," and had sent out hundreds of vessels great and small to put the Frenchmen back in their proper places. Any one might read of the liberal use made by America in her war for independence of the fleets of commissioned privateers sent forth to harry Britain upon the ocean. It was all fair play according to historical precedent, and our president had issued letters of marque and reprisal to private armed ships to do their best against Northern merchantmen; but the decision of the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, doing away with privateering among European nations, seemed to me a right and just decree.

But the C. S. *Chickamauga*, upon which my brother was stationed, was not called by our government a privateer, but a regular commissioned cruiser, and all of her officers were under commission, engaged in destroying commerce.

I may here state that a diary (exactd of their midshipmen by the Confederate navy, following the old-time custom of the navies of England and the United States) kept by

my brother on the cruise of the *Chickamauga* and during the siege of Fort Fisher, achieved, unexpectedly to him, the honor of passing into the archives of the state department at Washington, where in "Room 311, Case 21," this boy's record of sea adventure is now preserved. Found in the naval school after the occupation of Richmond by Lieut.-Com. James Parker, U. S. N., it was sent by him to the navy department in Washington. "The journal of Midshipman Cary," says Commander Parker, "seemed to me a very important and valuable contribution to the naval side of a dispute between Admiral Porter and General Butler as to the propriety of the withdrawal of the troops at Fort Fisher. It was just such a journal as I would have kept in my midshipman days fifteen or more years before; and its entire truthfulness and correctness were apparent, colored as they were by boyish enthusiasm and frankness of statement.

"I promptly sent it to the navy department. I heard no more of it until its reappearance several years later in evidence before the Geneva Tribunal; where it contributed largely to fix the responsibility of Great Britain for the destruction of our shipping by these Confederate cruisers, whose doings were faithfully chronicled in the journal."

How the diary came to be discovered in the files of the navy department by those charged with preparing the case of the United States for the Geneva Tribunal, and extracts from it edited for that case, Mr. Cary has never heard. It was not until the publication of the arbitration proceedings in 1871, that he learned of the continued existence of his almost forgotten journal, or that it had so contributed to the making of history.

"The purpose of the production of the journal," writes Mr. Cary, "was to show that the British had granted undue favors to the *Chickamauga* during her call at their

neutral port at St. George's in Bermuda, both in respect of coal supply and length of stay." In the "Opinions of Sir Alexander Cockburn," a privy counsellor and lord chief justice of England and one of the arbitrators at Geneva, occurs the following:

"The only authority for this statement" (*i. e.* as to the *Chickamauga's* overstaying her time limit of twenty-four hours at Bermuda and her receipt there of eighty-two tons of coal instead of the prescribed twenty-five) "is the diary of a midshipman who was serving on board the ship. The diary is not unamusing, and is not without its value. . . . In the result, the whole question becomes immaterial. We see from Mr. Cary's diary that the *Chickamauga* arrived at Wilmington, *where this young officer unfortunately 'slipped up on his expectations,'* on the 19th of November without having fallen in with, taken, or destroyed a single United States vessel. The coaling at Bermuda, therefore, did not the least injury to the United States, and cannot in any point of view found a claim for damages."

Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn's satirical quotation of a bit of American boy's slang, as italicized above, gives my brother occasion to observe that his unpretending little journal "evoked the sole suggestion of humor that appears to have enlivened the grave international proceedings here concerned."

To go back to the beginning of the *Chickamauga's* cruise in October, 1864, succeeding a long delay in Wilmington harbor and several abortive attempts to nose her way out through the blockading squadron. "In profound silence; lights all doused, engine hatches and even the slight glow of the binacle lamp alike carefully shrouded; her furnaces crammed with picked Cardiff coal that would neither smoke nor flare from the funnels, deck orders were passed in whispers. At last we were off, on a wild night of October 28, with easterly squalls and inky skies and a lumpy sea—creeping at first, furtively. . . . Some of the obstructing ships were dimly seen tossing like tiny dots against a ragged eastern sky-line."

That is how running the blockade appeared to Midshipman Cary, "on duty forward in the dark and slop of the top-gallant-forecastle deck, feeling the quivering

plunges of the little cruiser and the chill edges of the short rough seas which bucketed down my shivery neck. . . .

"A shuddering anxious touch on the sand rip, and then signal lights in jagged lines of red and white suddenly flashed across the broken water; there was a glare of partial broadsides, lighting alien guns and guns' crews and a bit of black rigging overhead; there were the whiz of harmless shells aloft, then a puzzled lull among the enemy, followed by their chasing rockets. Meanwhile the *Chickamauga* underwent a lively change. On the instant her sloppy staggering decks became the scene of greatest activity. Back went the coal bags (extra cruising fuel piled forward to lighten her after weight), hustled aft somehow or anyhow, whether on trucks or by hand, to clear the guns and charge the trim, with officers in full swing of commanding energy; the boatswain and his mates heard at over concert pitch, using characteristic language—and the *Chickamauga* escaped her foe, going away eastward at her best fourteen-knot gait."

Next morning, eluding a persistent chaser, the cruiser began her hot work of as active a career of destruction as may be found. Upon her first prize, the bark *Mark L. Potter*, were found chinaware, of which they had almost none, and all sorts of food from "plum-pudding to pickles." Close by the Capes of Delaware, three more prizes fell into their hands: the bark *Emily D. Hall*, sugar-laden from Cardenas to Boston; the crack clipper ship *Shooting Star*, "a cloud of snowy canvas from her graceful hull to her tapering top-gallant masts"; and another bark, the *Albion Lincoln*, which, bonded and released, served to relieve them of the four crews of paroled prisoners already in their hands. The *Shooting Star*, from New York with supplies for the United States Pacific Squadron, was a rich find, containing, above all things desirable, a cargo of fine coal. Her burning in the winter twilight was a glorious spectacle, the comedy element of her capture being that of the captain's wife, a Mrs. Drinkwater, "who ignominiously routed in turn all the young officers of the *Chickamauga*" until the *Lincoln* relieved them also of the shrewish lady's presence.

Struck by a gale of wind lasting seven days, the *Chickamauga* then made her way

to Bermuda, where our midshipman, sent ashore to face Yellow Jack and look up deserters, after sundry individual adventures, set sail again in the cruiser for Wilmington and home; contriving to run in under the veil of a thick fog, upon whose sudden lifting next morning, they found themselves face to face with the whole blockading squadron of the enemy. After an hour's hot fight, shot and shell raining fiercely around them, Fort Fisher came to their aid, firing aimlessly but enough to frighten off the fleet. "We started in, got stuck on a sand-bar, when, behold, the blockaders were down on us again, but by lightening the ship we succeeded in gliding over the bar to safety."

From the midshipmen of Battery Buchanan on the shore at the river's mouth, a signal by flags was fluttered to the midshipmen on the victorious *Chickamauga*, to this import: "For heaven's sake send us some Yankee china. We are eating our soup out of cigar boxes!" This, when Captain Wilkinson and his first lieutenant of the *Chickamauga* were eagerly expecting official instructions, may have been said to break down the ceremony of the occasion.

A brief rest for our youngster brought him to Christmas holidays of a memorable sort. By requisition of Major-General Whiting commanding the land forces at Fort Fisher, soon to be the scene of fierce conflict, my brother was sent with two lieutenants and twenty-five picked men of the *Chickamauga's* crew, to man navy guns mounted on unfinished batteries within the fort. On Christmas eve, the United States fleet with five hundred and eighty guns, headed by ironclads, moved in and attacked the fort, throwing all kinds of projectiles from a three-inch bolt to a fifteen-inch shell. "The grandest sight of my life," wrote the young participant. "The firing on both sides was heavy all day."

Our one precious Christmas gift that year, received with tears and smiles, was an item in the official report of Major-General Whiting, sent on to us from the navy department by our good friend, Com. S. S. Lee, whose son, Daniel Murray Lee, was a midshipman in the *Chickamauga*:

"To passed Midshipman Cary, I wish to give personal thanks. Though wounded, he reported after the bursting of his gun to

repel the threatened assault, and actively assisted Colonel Tansill on the land front."

We had already heard that our boy's wound was on the mend, and could afford to rejoice without alloy.

In this connection I quote a letter from Col. James Morris Morgan, now of Washington:

"When Fort Fisher was threatened, two of the guns of the *Chickamauga* were taken ashore and mounted in the fort. Midshipman Cary was in charge of one of them, and during the battle his gun burst, killing and wounding some twenty-odd men who were standing near it. Cary was unhurt, and walking up to General Whiting asked if he could not give him something more to do. The Federal fleet was at that time sweeping the beach with six hundred guns. General Whiting expressed his desire to get a communication to a detached battery some hundreds of yards away, but said he would not order any man to carry it, as he considered it hardly possible that the feat could be accomplished under such a fire. Midshipman Cary begged to be allowed to attempt the perilous journey. Lieutenant Roby and Midshipman Berrian, who were present, described the scene to me, and several of my old classmates who were with the Federal fleet have borne testimony to the accuracy of their statements.

"It seems that hardly had the little midshipman started on his way when the shells from the fleet plowed the sand from under his feet and down he went into the hole made. There was a groan from the fort as some one exclaimed 'Little Cary's gone!' and then to their relief, they saw him struggle to his feet and trudge on. This happened again and again, until at last as he neared the battery a shell was seen to explode very near him which fairly buried him in the sand. All in the fort gave him up for dead, when suddenly, to their amazement, they saw him totter to his feet again though wounded in the leg. The fleet ceased firing and as he staggered on to his destination, both the men in the fort and on board the fleet broke into a mighty cheer. This is the only occasion I ever knew of during the war when a man heard both sides cheer him."

Mr. Morgan was an early friend and shipmate of Mr. Cary, who on reading his

letter for the first time when these articles were in proof, remarked:

"Jim's too good to me. I never heard those cheers."

X

ON the morning of April 2, a perfect Sunday of the Southern spring, a large congregation assembled as usual at St. Paul's. I happened to sit in the rear of the president's pew, so near that I plainly saw the sort of gray pallor that came upon his face as he read a scrap of paper thrust into his hand by a messenger hurrying up the middle aisle. With stern set lips and his usual quick military tread, he left the church, a number of other people rising in their seats and hastening after him, those who were left swept by a universal tremor of alarm. The rector, accustomed as he was to these frequent scenes in church, came down to the altar rail and tenderly begged his people to remain and finish the service, which was done.

Before dismissing his congregation, the rector announced to them that General Ewell had summoned the local forces to meet for defence of the city at three in the afternoon. We knew then that Longstreet's regulars must have been suddenly called away, and a sick apprehension filled all hearts.

On the sidewalk outside the church, we plunged at once into the great stir of evacuation, prelude to the beginning of a new era. As if by a flash of electricity, Richmond knew that on the morrow her streets would be crowded with her captors, her rulers fled, her government dispersed into thin air, her high hopes crushed to earth. There was little discussion of events. People meeting each other would exchange silent hand-grasps and pass on. I saw many pale faces, some trembling lips, but in all that day I heard no expression of a weakling fear. Movement was everywhere, nowhere panic. Begarlanded Franklin Street, sending up perfume from her many gardens, was the general rendezvous of people who wanted to see the last of their friends. All over town, citizens were aiding the departure of the male members of their family who could in any way serve the dispossessed government. In the houses we knew, there was everywhere somebody to be helped to go; somebody for whose sake tears were squeezed

back, scant food prepared, words of love and cheer spoken. Those good dear women of Richmond who had been long tried as by fire, might bend but would not break.

Between two and three in the afternoon, formal announcement was made to the public that the government would vacate Richmond that evening. By nightfall, all the flitting shadows of a Lost Cause had passed away under a heaven studded by bright stars. The doomed city lay face to face with what it knew not.

I had gone with my brother to the station in the afternoon, and saw him off with a heart that, for the first time in our war partings, felt heavier than lead. His farewell present to me was a ham, of which he unexpectedly came into possession after we said good-bye, sending it to me by a negro tipped with a large amount of Confederate currency, who, to his honor be it said, was faithful to his trust. My brother was aware that in addition to leaving me alone in our lodgings (in my mother's absence, gone to nurse my cousin Ethelbert Fairfax, wounded in the battle of Bentonville in North Carolina), our larder was very nearly bare. I had promised them if an emergency arose to go to my uncle's house, where I presently arrived, my ham following.

I insert a letter written at this time:

GRACE STREET, RICHMOND, *April 4, 1865.*

"MY PRECIOUS MOTHER AND BROTHER:

"I write you this jointly, because I can have no idea where Clarence is. Can't you imagine with what a heavy heart I begin it? The last two days have added long years to my life. I have cried until no more tears will come, and my heart throbs to bursting, night and day. When I bade you good-bye, dear, and walked home alone I could not trust myself to give another look after you. All that evening the air was full of farewells as if to the dead. Hardly anybody went to bed. We walked through the streets like lost spirits till nearly daybreak. My dearest mother, it is a special providence that has spared you this! Your going to nurse poor Bert at this crisis has saved you a shock I never can forget. With the din of the enemy's wagon trains, bands, trampling horses, fifes, hurrahs and cannon ever in my ears, I can hardly write coherently. As you desired, in case of trouble, I left our quarters and came over

here to be under my uncle's wing. In Aunt M.'s serious illness, the house is overflowing; there was not a room or a bed to give me, but that made no difference, they insisted on my staying all the same. Up under the roof there was a lumber-room with two windows and I paid an old darkey with some wrecks of food left from our housekeeping, to clear it out, and scrub floor and walls and windows, till all was absolutely clean. A cot was found and some old chairs and tables—our own bed linen was brought over, and here I write in comparative comfort, so don't bother about me.

"Hardly had I seemed to have dropped upon my bed that dreadful Sunday night—or morning rather—when I was awakened suddenly by four terrific explosions, one after the other, making the windows of my garret shake. It was the blowing up, by Admiral Semmes, by order of the secretary of the navy, of our gunboats on the James, the signal for an all-day carnival of thundering noise and flames. Soon the fire spread, shells in the burning arsenals began to explode and a smoke arose that shrouded the whole town, shutting out every vestige of blue sky and April sunshine. Flakes of fire fell around us, glass was shattered and chimneys fell, even so far as Grace Street from the scene.

"By the middle of the day, poor Aunt M.'s condition became so much worse in consequence of the excitement, the doctor said she positively could not stand any further sudden alarm. His one comfort is that you, his dear sister, are taking care of his wounded boy of whom his wife has been told nothing. It was suggested that some of us should go to head-quarters and ask, as our neighbors were doing, for a guard for the house where an invalid lay so critically ill. Edith and I were the volunteers for service, and set out for the Capitol Square taking our courage in both hands. Looking down from the upper end of the Square we saw a huge wall of fire blocking out the horizon. In a few hours, no trace was left of Main, Cary, and Canal Streets, from Eighth to Eighteenth Streets, excepting tottering walls and smouldering ruins. The war department was sending up jets of flame. Along the middle of the street smouldered a long pile, like street-sweepings, of papers torn from the different de-

partments, archives of our beloved government, from which soldiers in blue were picking out letters and documents that caught their fancy. The Custom House was the sole building that defied the fire among those environing the Square. The marble statesmen on the monument looked upon queer doings that day, inside the enclosure from which all green was soon scorched out, or trampled down by the hoofs of cavalry horses picketed at intervals about it. Mr. Reed's church, Mrs. Stanard's house, the Prestons' house, are all burned; luckily the Lee house and that side of Franklin stand uninjured. General Lee's house has a guard camped in the front yard.

"We went on to the head-quarters of the Yankee general in charge of Richmond that day of doom, and I must say were treated with perfect courtesy and consideration. We saw many people we knew on the same errand as ourselves. We heard stately Mrs. — and the —'s were there to ask for food, as their families were starving. Thank God, we have not fallen to that! Certainly, her face looked like a tragic mask carved out of stone.

"A young lieutenant was sent to pilot us out of the confusion, and identify our house, over which a guard was immediately placed. Already the town wore the aspect of one in the Middle Ages smitten by pestilence. The streets, filled with smoke and flying fire, were empty of the respectable class of inhabitants, the doors and shutters of every house tight closed.

"I ought to tell you the important news that your tin box of securities is safe and in my keeping. How do you think this happened? On Sunday, after Clarence left, and we were wandering around the streets like forlorn ghosts, I chanced to meet our friend Mr. —, the president of the — Bank, in which I knew you kept them. He was very pale and wretched-looking, said he could not vouch for the safekeeping of anybody's property, asked after you and wondered if I would feel like taking your papers in charge. I walked with him to the bank, where he put the box in my hands, and then I hurried back with it to my uncle's house. I slept with the papers under my head Sunday night, and spent Monday afternoon in ripping apart the trimming of my grey beige skirt. You know that trimming like a wide battlement of brown silk

all around the hem? Well, into this, alternately *standing and lying*, I sewed with the tightest stitches I could make (you would say those were nothing to boast of, remembering the sleeve that came apart) every one of your precious documents. And here I am with the family fortune, stitched into my frock skirt, which I have determined to wear every day with a change of white bodices, till I see you or can get to some place where it is safe to take it out."

(I will say in concluding the episode of the hidden papers, that the next day after I had received them, the bank went down in the track of the awful Main Street fire, its contents destroyed utterly. I continued to wear the skirt, heartily sick of it before I dared lay the thing aside, until the day in late April when, at my mother's request, I went by flag of truce to Baltimore and there at the home of my uncle, Mr. Cary, extracted the papers, put them in a new tin box, and consigned them to proper safekeeping. I have certainly never since worn a gown of the value of that one, ungratefully cast off at the first opportunity.)

"And what will you say when I tell you that my one and only book, like poor Mr. John R. Thompson's 'Across the Atlantic,' has gone up in flames and smoke, in the establishment of Messrs. West & Johnson, publishers, who lost everything in the fire? A little while ago, I should have wanted to cry over this calamity. So many pages of good Confederate foolscap closely scribbled over; so much eloquence and pathos lost to the world forever! Really now, joking apart, if West & Johnson, who are clever men, hadn't thought it worth publishing they wouldn't have accepted it, would they? Now—now—nothing seems to hurt much, in the fall of our Confederacy. Perhaps my poor 'Skirmishing' has made more of a blaze in the world in this way, than it ever would have done in the ordinary course of events!"

(Certainly that conclusion was the wisest I could have arrived at, and I lived to rejoice that this jejune effort never saw daylight. It was years before I again ventured into print. But I should like now to know what it was all about.)

To resume the letter to my mother and brother:

"The ending of the first day of occupation was truly horrible. Some poor negroes of the

lowest grade, their heads turned by the prospect of wealth and equality, together with a mob of miserable poor whites, drank themselves mad with liquor scooped from the gutters. Reinforced, it was said, by convicts escaped from the penitentiary, they tore through the streets, carrying loot from the burnt district." (For days after, even the kitchens and cabins of the better class of darkeys displayed handsome oil paintings and mirrors, rolls of stuff, rare books, and barrels of sugar and whiskey.) "One gang of drunken rioters dragged coffins sacked from an undertaker's, filled with spoils from the speculators' shops, howling so madly one expected to hear them break into the Carmagnole. Thanks to our trim Yankee guard in the basement, we felt safe enough, but the experience was not pleasant."

Through all this strain of anguish ran, like a gleam of gold, the mad, vain hope that Lee would yet make a stand somewhere—that Lee's dear soldiers would give us back our liberty.

"Dr. Minnegerode has been allowed to continue his daily services and I never knew anything more painful and touching than that of this morning, when the litany was *sobbed out* by the whole congregation."

A service we went to the same evening at the old Monumental, I never shall forget. When the rector prayed for "the sick and wounded soldiers and all in distress of mind or body" there was a brief pause, filled with a sound of weeping all over the church. He then gave out the hymn, "When gathering clouds around I view." There was no organ and a voice that started the hymn broke down in tears. Another took it up, and failed likewise. I, then, with a tremendous struggle for self-control, stood up in the corner of the pew and sang alone. At the words, "Thou, Saviour, see'st the tears I shed," there was again a great burst of crying and sobbing all over the church. I wanted to break down dreadfully, but I held on and carried the hymn to the end. As we left the church, many people came up and squeezed my hand and tried to speak, but could not. Just then a splendid military band was passing, the like of which we had not heard in years. The great swell of its triumphant music seemed to mock the shabby broken-spirited congregation defiling out of the gray old church buried in shadows, where in early Richmond days a theatre

with many well-known citizens was burned. That was one of the tremendous moments of feeling I experienced that week.

"Dear Aunt E. [Mrs. Hyde] is still at Camp Winder, not yet reorganized under Federal rule. (I hope the poor creatures there will fare better than we could make them.) She wants to send to Redlands for Meta, and then go through the lines to Bert Mason's place as soon as the way is clear. She has been with me to-day and yesterday and says I must tell you her heart is broken.

"I walked around to the Campbells' this morning. The judge's quiet determination to remain on in Richmond has produced some criticism, but his friends say that is nonsense. I looked over at the president's house, and saw the porch crowded with Union soldiers and politicians, the street in front filled with curious gaping negroes who have appeared in swarms like seventeen-year locusts. The young leaves are just shaking out, the fruit trees a mass of blossoms—the grass vividly green, the air nectar. I come in from my melancholy walks and sit in this dull garret, and pine and yearn for—what?

"I have just seen the *Evening Whig*, issued under direction of a Northern editor. Governor Weitzel, the new United States commandant, says in his telegram to Stanton: 'The people received us with the wildest joy.' That scene in the Monumental Church looked like it, don't you think so? Mr. R. D'Orsay Ogden reopens the theatre to-night with one of his blood-and-thunder plays. Invitations have been sent to Lincoln and Stanton to be present at the manoeuvres" (here a piece is torn from the original) "the first we have had since the occupation. Some of the shops in Broad Street are already restocked and opened by their Jewish proprietors and are doing a flourishing trade in greenback currency. We went into the Hall of Congress, finding there a sable official in uniform, seated writing at the speaker's desk. In the State Library there have been many pilferings of coins, medals, and valuable papers. I noticed they had removed from the library railings all the captured Federal banners with which we had been able abundantly to drape them."

Another letter of this time addressed to Burton Harrison, then supposed to be with

the Confederate president at Danville, Va., describes my efforts to meet his request (in a note sent in some way to me) to secure some packages of private letters left with his belongings at the president's house.

"I had hoped that your things had been sent to your uncle's home, but Mrs. Samuel Harrison informs me this is not so. She suggesting that the president's housekeeper may still be in the house, I found this to be the case, so I went to the Campbells', and sent a message across the street to ask Mrs. O'C. to come to me, which she did, immediately. She was very nice and obliging, but when I asked about your trunks, said she had delivered all of your luggage to James Brown, your old servant at the president's, to deposit at your uncle's house. I asked where James could be found, but felt rather hopeless, thinking a darkey's probable view of the situation would include his right to everything left behind by the Southern government. Fancy my delight, soon after, while engaged in packing at our forsaken lodgings, James Brown himself walked in on me with a perfectly beaming face. We had a conference, and it appeared he had the trunks, letters, clothes, books all safe, waiting a good chance to carry them himself to your uncle's, fearing they might be overhauled by Federal authority. I could not induce James to understand that my authority extended to letters alone, and finally had to break down a hearty laugh, when he persisted in enumerating the garments packed: 'clothes on top of books, collars, and little things in trays,' etc., etc., with much minutiae of detail.

"'It's all right, James, all I want is for you to get those letters out and bring them to me, and send the trunks to Mr. Samuel Harrison's.'

"'Suttenly, miss, suttenly. I perfectly apprehend the situation,' is what James answered. 'An' I tell you truly that I have a prominent affection for Colonel Harrison. If he was a mother or a brother to me, I couldn't love him any better.'

"He suggested, before we parted, that the hardest trouble in your lot must be your inability to send me any more little notes by him, saying: 'I don't know jes' how it kin be managed, miss, unless Colonel H. could somehow dodge the government, an' git to see you. Don' you think he mout dodge the government, miss?'

"While I write there is a commotion in the streets and rumor of a reverse to Yankee arms. Oh! if I dared believe it! A young woman has just passed wearing a costume composed of United States flags. The streets fairly swarm with blue uniforms and negroes decked in the spoils of jewelry shops, etc. It is no longer our Richmond, yet sometimes our eyes have a rest and are gladdened by the gray uniforms of the Confederate surgeons left here on parole to attend our sick and wounded soldiers. When one of them goes by, instantly every shutter is flung wide open, every cheek flushes, every eye sparkles a welcome. One of the girls tells me she finds great comfort in singing 'Dixie' with her head buried in a feather pillow. My dear uncle, the most saintly of men, to-day read prayers to his assembled family, and having in hand an old-time prayerbook, inadvertently read out the petition for 'The president of these United States.' Edith, his youngest daughter, on our arising from our knees immediately cried out in reproachful tones, 'Oh! papa, you prayed for the president of the United States!' 'Did I?' said the good old doctor ruefully—'Devil fetch him!' At which we all laughed."

"Thursday, April 6.

"Last night, from the sweetest of dreams, I was aroused by a band playing 'Annie Laurie' so beautifully it seemed to chime with my happier thoughts. Directly it changed to the majestic strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' which I had not heard in four years. In one minute I was broad awake and weeping.

"To-day Mr. Lincoln, seated in an ambulance with his son, 'Tad,' upon his knee, drove down Grace Street, past this house, a mounted escort clattering after."

A short time after these letters were penned came the tidings of Lee's surrender, and then our streets were filled up again with the gray uniforms of soldiers on parole, dusty, threadbare, with tarnished buttons and insignia. I hope I may never again see men made in God's image wear such sad faces as they did. We girls and women had all we could bear hearing the heart-breaking story of the final days before Appomattox, and giving such consolation as our own rent hearts could offer.

The war was over. What had it cost the

country now to be ours again by force of arms? "More than seven hundred men a day," says Prof. Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People," "for every day of the four long years of campaign and battle; four hundred killed or mortally wounded in the field, the rest dead of disease, exposure, accident or the slow pains of imprisonment. The Federal Government had spent \$3,400,000,000 upon the war—nearly \$2,500,000 for every day it lasted, and less than \$800,000,000 of that vast sum had come into its coffers from the taxes. More than \$2,600,000,000 had been added to the national debt. The Confederacy had piled up a debt upon its part of nearly \$1,400,000,000 and had spent beside no man could say how much. The North had spent out of its abundance. The South had spent all that it had, and was stripped naked of its resources. While the war lasted, it had been stripped naked also of its men."

My chief personal interest in the trend of events after the surrender at Appomattox lay naturally with the retiring government. The story of that retreat and the capture of his chief has been told by Burton Harrison in a paper written for his sons, which the editors of the *Century Magazine* secured for publication in their number of November, 1883. A letter from Mr. Richard Watson Gilder appended to my bound copy of this narrative says: "It is of absorbing interest, told with evident frankness and truthfulness, and with a refreshing sense of humor, giving the comedy along with the tragedy of the events. It would be one of the most interesting and important contributions to history that the *Century* has published, and I can see no reason why you should withhold it longer or till the generation which would take most interest in it, is passed away."

The prophecy of general interest in the paper put forth by the editors, had been assured to us on an occasion, soon after the war, when my husband reluctantly told the story, following a dinner at the Rev. Henry M. Field's at Stockbridge, Mass., where among other hearers besides our clever and inspiring host and hostess, we had Mr. David Dudley Field, President Andrew White, of Cornell University, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is true that much was lent to the narrative by the teller's inimitable gift of narrative, so well known

to his friends, his extraordinary flow of words and dramatic action in recital. But even among that company of antagonists in politics and principle, he won sympathy and interest, as well as full belief that the events disclosed had been exactly what he said of them. When he had finished, all the guests gathered around, thanking him for a vividly interesting chapter of history; Mrs. Stowe, in particular, expressing herself as profoundly impressed by what she had heard—a new light thrown upon things misunderstood before.

Of this story it must suffice for me to give here the leading incidents without detail or comment. After an intolerably slow journey by interrupted trains, Mr. Harrison succeeded in establishing Mrs. Davis and her party at Charlotte, where on Wednesday, the 4th of April, he received a telegram from President Davis, at Danville, merely announcing that he was there. This was their first news of the evacuation of Richmond on April 2d.

Directly after Mr. Harrison joined his chief at Danville, the president received announcement of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, immediately giving his secretary orders for the withdrawal of their party, the staff, cabinet officers, and others of the government then at Danville, into North Carolina. A train secured by Mr. Harrison and soon crowded by depressed officials, their families and hangers-on, was enlivened when *en route* by an explosion resulting from a young officer of the ordnance bureau seating himself rather hard on the flat top of a stove, the detonation caused by some torpedo appliance carried in his coat-tail pocket.

At Greensboro, N. C., there was a halt for consultation with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was there confronting Sherman. A conference was held including the president, General Johnston, General Breckenridge (secretary of war), General Beauregard, Mr. Benjamin (secretary of state), Mr. Mallory (secretary of the navy), Mr. Reagan (postmaster-general), and others in the temporary rooms of Col. John Taylor Wood, of the president's staff. On the next day the retiring government moved southward, the president, his staff, and some members of the cabinet riding their own horses. Mr. Benjamin declaring that he should not mount a horse until forced to

do so, Gen. Samuel Cooper (adjutant-general and ranking officer of the whole army), no longer a young man, Mr. George Davis, the attorney-general, and Mr. Benjamin's brother-in-law, Mr. de Saint Martin, brought up the rear of the column in an ambulance. Once, riding back in search of this distinguished contingent, Mr. Harrison found the whole party stalled in a hopeless mud-hole in the darkness.

"I could see from afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned for their comfort verse after verse of Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'"

That Mr. Benjamin could ride as well as another, was afterward proved on this expedition, when he ultimately left the party and set out alone for the sea-coast, making his way to England via Bermuda. "So long as he remained with us, his cheery good humor and readiness to adapt himself to the requirements of all emergencies made him a most agreeable comrade." (At Yale College when a boy; at the bar in New Orleans; in the Senate of the United States from Louisiana; at first attorney-general, then secretary of war, and finally secretary of state of the Confederate States at Richmond, this gentleman became queen's counsel at the London bar and rose to high honors bestowed on him by the bench and bar of the United Kingdom.)

"During all this march," wrote Mr. Harrison, "Mr. Davis was singularly equable and cheerful. He seemed to have had a great load taken from his mind, to feel relieved of responsibilities, and his conversation was very bright and agreeable. He talked of men and of books, particularly of Walter Scott and Byron; of horses and dogs and sports; of the woods and the fields; of roads and how to make them; of the habits of birds and of a variety of other topics. His familiarity with and correct taste in the English literature of the last generation, his varied experiences in life, his habits of close observation and his extraordinary memory, made him a charming companion when disposed to talk. Indeed, like Mark Tapley we were all in good spirits under adverse circumstances, and I particularly remember the entertaining conversation of Mr. Mal-

lory, the secretary of the navy" (which does not agree with the item I recently found in an old letter of Major Walton's to Mr. Harrison, in which that official is styled "Mr. Malheureux").

At Charlotte it was found that Mrs. Davis and her party had left the day before to go further South. As the presidential party entered a house with difficulty obtained for them (all the inhabitants fearing a threat made by Stoneman's troopers to burn every house giving refuge to Jefferson Davis), the president received by carrier from General Breckenridge, the news of President Lincoln's assassination, tidings universally regretted by the staff and following. "Everybody's comment," wrote Mr. Harrison, "was that in Lincoln the Southern States had lost their only refuge in their then emergency. There was no expression other than that of surprise and regret. As yet we knew none of the particulars of the crime."

During the speech made at this juncture by Mr. Davis to a column of Gen. Basil Duke's cavalry, Mr. Harrison stood close to the speaker and heard distinctly every word uttered by him. There was no reference whatever to the assassination, and no other speech was made. Mr. Davis's remark to Col. William Preston Johnston in Mr. Bates's house, later on, was that "Mr. Lincoln would have been much more useful to the Southern States than Andrew Johnson, his successor, was likely to be"; "I myself," said Mr. Harrison, "heard Mr. Davis express the same opinion at that period."

So much for the oft-quoted charge against Mr. Davis that he had on this occasion spoken approvingly of the horrible crime committed by Booth in the name of the conquered South! My husband often told me that of such a spirit, much less an expression, Mr. Davis could never have been guilty.

"No man ever participated," he went on to say, "in a great war of revolution with less of disturbance of the nicest sense of perfect rectitude in conduct or opinion; his every utterance, act, and sentiment was with the strictest regard for all the moralities, throughout that troubled time when the passions of many people made them reckless or defiant of the opinions of mankind. His cheerfulness continued in Char-

lotte and I remember his there saying to me, 'I cannot feel like a beaten man.'"

At Charlotte, Mr. Davis's anxiety about his wife and family led him to despatch his secretary to Abbeville, S. C., in search of them, using his own judgment as to what to do after he met them; the president himself proposing to go as rapidly as possible to the Trans-Mississippi department to join the army under Kirby Smith.

At Abbeville, Mr. Harrison found Mrs. Davis and her party comfortably installed as the guests of Colonel Burt. Mrs. Davis insisted upon at once seeking the sea-coast with a view to sailing for Europe. Had she remained where she was, yielding to the entreaties of all around her, the capture of Jefferson Davis might never have been a chapter of contemporaneous history.

Mr. Harrison's party, re-enforced by two gallant volunteers, artillerymen of the Southern army, Captain Moody and Maj. Victor Maurin, proceeded in wagons, toilsomely southward; the men watching at night while the women and children slept, to guard against the theft of their wagons and horses by roving freebooters, of whom the woods were full.

At midnight, several days later, Mr. Harrison, who with two teamsters (old soldiers) constituted the picket-guard, heard the soft tread of horses approaching their camp on the sandy road. Harrison challenged and, to his astonishment, was answered by the president's voice. Mr. Davis was attended by Col. William Preston Johnston, Col. John Taylor Wood, Col. Frank R. Lubbock, Mr. Reagan, Colonel Thorburn, and Robert, the president's negro servant.

This unexpected encounter kept the president with his family for some days, when, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of the staff, he consented to leave them and go on unhampered by a wagon train. At the village of Abbeville, S. C., he was overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, with torrents of rain; and fearing for the safety of his family camping out at night, again rode after them, to the discomfiture of the party, joining Mrs. Davis in camp near the little hamlet of Irwinsville, in Georgia. Here, after promising his friends that he would leave them, finally, in the morning, Mr. Davis retired to rest in the tent occupied by his wife. Mr. Harrison, overcome by fever and dysentery

contracted on the journey, threw himself on the ground not far away and fell into profound sleep, from which he was awakened at daybreak by Jones, Mrs. Davis's coachman, running to him saying the enemy was upon them.

"I sprang to my feet, and in an instant a rattling fire of musketry began on the north side of the creek. Almost at the same moment Colonel Pritchard and his regiment charged up the road from the south, upon us. . . . We were taken by surprise and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Colonel Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment, Colonel Pritchard rode directly to me, and pointing across the creek said: 'What does that mean? Have you any men with you?' Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I said, 'Of course we have. Don't you hear the firing?' He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order 'Charge,' and boldly led the way across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis's tent (afterward said to have been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard in passing), and by the few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping on the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. I saw her come out and say something to the soldier mentioned. Perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road and I walked beside his horse, the president emerged for the first time from the tent at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, at right angles from the road.

"Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head, and reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. This trooper was joined by perhaps two of his comrades. . . . They remained on horseback and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to 'Halt!' was called out by one of them to the president. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At least one of

the men then threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the president. Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the president (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came rapidly back to his wife near the tent. As the president reproached the soldier who was using violent language to his wife, one of the others, recognizing him, called out: 'Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir!'

"While these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the other tent. . . . I have not found that there was any one, excepting Mrs. Davis, the single trooper by her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his own imagination for this story. . . .

"The business of plundering commenced immediately after the capture; we were soon left with only what we had on, and what we had in our pockets. . . . While this was going on, I emptied the contents of my haversack into a fire where some of the enemy were cooking breakfast, and there saw the papers burn. They were chiefly love-letters, with a photograph of my sweetheart."

The prisoners *en route* for Macon were allowed to ride their own horses (promptly seized by their captors when four days later they reached the railway station in that town), from whence they were taken by train to Augusta, on their way to Fortress Monroe.

What concerns Jefferson Davis in his subsequent imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, belongs to history.

The experience of Burton Harrison as a prisoner of war was detailed to me by him in 1904, to refresh my memory, during his last illness at our temporary home in Washington, where we had gone to pass the winter near our sons. While there was never any bitterness about it in his speech, or in his manly soul, I could not, even after that lapse of years, hear the recital without a pang of deep pain for what he had needlessly suffered.

Whilst between him and the friends he had left in Richmond, a black veil of silence and sickening uncertainty as to his ulti-

mate fate had fallen, he had been confined at first in a room of the Old Capitol Prison. A few days later, he was taken by a detective from this place and conducted to a room in the same building, under pretext of being introduced to a Confederate "lady" he might "like to know." Feeling instinctively that mischief threatened, he had no difficulty in keeping himself in check when in the presence of an "old untidy woman with a shifty eye," afterward identified as a spy for both sides, who with every assurance of cordiality for the South, sought to lead him into conversation about Mr. Davis and Confederate matters in general. She did not name the young girl suffering from a bad headache, who, deadly-pale, with a white bandage around her brow, struck him as resembling some face on a Roman coin. In honeyed tones, the spy woman sought to induce both of them to join in her strictures against the government and expressions of sympathy for the conspirators. In a flash he divined the poor girl had been brought there for the same purpose as himself. It was designed that they should talk unguardedly in the presence of authority. It was not until the interview—futile as to results,—was over, that he chanced to hear the detective call the young woman "Miss Sur-ratt." He came away from this hateful interview feeling he had escaped a trap. After the disgust of it, his prison with the rough jailers seemed a welcome haven.

Next day, all the rebel prisoners at the Old Capitol were allowed to crowd to the barred windows to witness Sherman's imperial progress of return to Washington.

To eyes long used to faded gray and rusty accoutrements, the vast array of blazing sheen and color seemed oppressive. But all the same, he said, the Johnny Rebs enjoyed the show hugely, not begrudging professional praise to military details and *ensemble*.

Turning away from his window, he felt a touch upon his shoulder from a detective he had not before seen, who curtly told him he was to go to "another place." His prison comrades, surrounding him with handshakes and kind words, watched him depart sadly. The rumor had got abroad that Jefferson Davis's secretary and confidential friend was to be dealt with to the full rigor of the law.

A drive in an ambulance—in war time serving for all purposes of transfer—brought

him to the United States Arsenal, situated upon a peninsula running out from the marshy borders of the eastern end of the Potomac, now the site of the War College of future ages. It then contained, close to the water's edge, a group of brick buildings amid level military plazas, banked with pyramids of shells and balls, surrounded by cannon, their carriages and caissons. Behind a high wall, towered conspicuously a sombre building with barred and grated windows. Old Washington knew this as a District Penitentiary. It was now transformed into a military and political prison, where in the inner cells were confined the prisoners implicated in the murder of President Lincoln. In the upper story was sitting a military commission whose proceedings filled the world with awesome interest.

On every one of these piping days of early summer the conspirators were brought in irons through a massive nail-studded door communicating with the cells and placed in a line punctuated with armed guards, to sit in the court-room facing their judges and a mixed audience till, at the end of the day's session, they were returned to their dungeons.

The ambulance containing the new prisoner and his guard was several times put out of line before the arsenal door by carriage-loads of fine people, the women dressed as for a race-day. One after the other of these gay parties passed in, laughing and chatting, under a grim wall atop of which patrols ten feet apart kept always on the lookout. It had become a modish thing for society to drop in for a peep at the conspirators' trial. Passes, limited to the capacity of the court-room, were in demand like opera tickets to a special performance.

The prisoner's last glimpse for many a day of the outer world was of a broad dusty avenue with shabby fringes of negro cabins, and booths leading up to the entrance-gate that looked like a county fair. Cattle with lolling tongues were there, disgruntled pigs, and mangy dogs getting in the way of marching soldiers and fashionable vehicles. To the left he saw a military encampment filling a sun-baked plain, where under shelter-tents soldiers off duty lounged, dozed, played cards, or tossed quoits. In the background of the prison, two gunboats kept unceasing watch upon the river-front.

The prisoner was hurried through the door, marched up two flights of steps, and without warning ushered before the gaze of the crowded court-room, gaping for new sensations, there to stand awaiting the provost-marshal general to whom he was consigned.

Without moving, he faced the ordeal, his lips set, hot anger coursing through his veins. Spite of his sense of unnecessary degradation, he noted and remembered well the make-up of the scene—the judge, Advocate-General Holt, presiding, with his swart cold face, boding ill for a prisoner falling under his displeasure; his assistants, the judges of the military commission, unfortunately for themselves appointed to conduct this trial; the reporters of the commission; the large whispering, smiling audience, and the accused, seven men and one woman shackled together, almost inevitably doomed to death.

When relieved from his unpleasant position by the arrival of the functionary who was to take official possession of his body, he was again led out of the court-room, through a jostling, vulgar crowd, affecting to shrink away on either side of him as if from a monster ill secured. The general, having annexed a formidable key, led the way, the prisoner followed, the guard brought up the rear, a band of vagabond loungers shuffling after them until turned back at the entrance to a ponderous grated door.

Life stood still for him a long time thereafter, while he alternately lay or sat upon a blanket on the cemented floor of a felon's cell, four feet by eight, dark as night in daytime. During five long weeks he was forbidden speech with any one whomsoever. But in those days and nights, when he threw himself down upon the blanket, or else walked, or used gymnastic exercises to stretch his muscles and save his reason, he might have said what a virile poet wrote long afterward, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

He said what he minded most was the eye of a bayoneted soldier, perpetually looking through the grating in his door.

Of whatever his enemies might have accused him, it was not a failure in stoic endurance of his lot. One of his jailers at Fort Delaware told me afterward that of the many thousand they had held, no Con-

federate prisoner had borne himself with higher courage and cooler pluck. But that experience of the dark cell came near to permanent weakening of his strong physique. When they heard him singing and laughing to himself one day, the guards made haste to summon surgeon and provost-marshal, believing he had gone mad.

The surgeon finding his prisoner a wreck in physical strength, the matter was reported to the war department, after which he was given leave to take daily exercise in the prison yard below. From this glimpse of the world of the living, such as it was, the return to solitary darkness became more and more exhausting to nerve and body. His good doctor again reporting his condition, he was then transferred to a cell facing the Capitol, through which plentiful summer sunlight sifted in and he could see afar the glitter of the golden dome. A chair allowed him, his next demand was for a copy of Horace or Tennyson, for which the doctor substituted Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," with a promise of more literature to follow.

Under these changed conditions the prisoner's health improved daily. Although no one spoke to him of daily happenings, his intuition kept him actually abreast of the grim tragedy enacting under the roof that sheltered him. He said he felt like a savage trained to notice the dropping of a nut, or the crackle of a twig. Of the unhappy beings on trial he knew nothing, nor had he any sentimental desire that they should escape justice. Once, walking in the prison yard, he had seen at a window the wan face of the girl met in the spy's company at the Old Capitol—now the most crushed and sorrow-stricken creature that ever met his gaze.

In the yard also, he once picked up and secreted a bit of greasy newspaper blown from some sentry's lunch. From this he saw that the conspirators were hastening to their doom.

When one day the guards failed to come for him to walk, and from the yard below arose a great clamor of saws and hammering, he surmised what was to be. Every night before, he had heard coming up through the ventilating tube the melancholy whistling of an occupant of the cell beneath his, evidently absent in the day; for which sound he had learned to listen with an odd

sense of companionship. That evening the whistle began—but was halted suddenly; and the listener thought the effort was beyond the power of a condemned man probably on the eve of execution.

That night also, he heard a new sound—a ship's bell striking the watches, close by. "Some of them are to be transported, and that boat is here to take them off," flashed through his mind.

At dawn, he turned in his blanket, wakened by the noise of renewed hammering. From his window he could see many troops massing in the avenue, and amid them, riding alone, the Catholic priest—Father Walter, the intrepid soldier of Christ (who because of his belief in the innocence of one of the condemned, was forbidden to go with her to the scaffold)—coming to shrive departing souls.

The officer detailed as usual to watch him at his breakfast, generally so genial, to-day avoided meeting the prisoner's eye, as did the soldier always holding a musket before his door. He asked no questions, ate his food, and sat afterward for hours without stirring from his chair.

From thenceforward, every sound in the prison came unnaturally distinct. On all sides he heard the incessant tramp of gathering soldiers. On the roof facing the Arsenal he saw gazers assembled; and could not look at them.

Then he heard cell doors opening below, and their occupants led out into the corridor; heard the sobbing of anguished women whose feet kept hurried pace a little while with the others, then turned back heavily.

And lastly a hush, an awful calm, while the lives of a woman and three men were taken from them upon the scaffold.

At his usual hour that evening, the guards came to lead him out for exercise. Stepping from the prison door upon the pavement of the court-yard, he saw the scaffold looming black, exactly across a path he had made in the weedy grass, called by the soldiers "Harrison's beat." And there, lying across the path, were four new-made graves . . . "like beads upon a string," he said, over and over to himself, "like beads upon a string."

The guards and by-standers watching curiously for evidence of his emotion were

not gratified. Giving no sign, he began making for himself a new path parallel with the former one.

That night, he heard the sound of a faint, tremulous, dejected whistle coming up the ventilating tube, and actually laughed aloud, so glad he was to think the poor devil had not been hanged. When the ship's bells ceased to strike he was sure it had carried his whistling friend away.

All these things were told to be written down by me, a short time before my husband's death in 1904—calmly, without resentment or animus of any kind. He also said that the officer from Michigan, who shortly after this transferred him to Fort Delaware, told him during the journey that he had been in personal charge of Mrs. Surratt in prison, had put the black cap over her head and the rope around her neck, launching her into eternity. He said Mrs. Surratt had nothing to do with the plot to kill Lincoln—that she was party to a scheme to capture him only, and that she died an innocent woman. (See General Butler's charge to Judge Bingham in the House of Representatives that he had hanged an innocent woman.)

The officer also told Mr. Harrison that before sentence of death was passed upon Mrs. Surratt, her daughter had tried continually, but in vain, to gain access to her cell. After she was condemned, the girl was allowed to meet her mother. The officer was present at the interview and said he never saw such an exhibition of character. As the girl came into the cell, she could not stand, but fell upon the floor, creeping over it, weeping, bitterly, till she reached her mother's feet and kissed them, with a thousand loving, imploring words of tenderness. The mother remaining cold as a stone, his heart filled with wrath against her hardness to her child, but when Miss Surratt finally went out of the cell, the woman broke down in such an awful passion of tears as he prayed he might never see again, melting him utterly into sympathy with her.

Burton Harrison was personally on good terms with his jailers. When one of them was conducting him, with two guards, to Fort Delaware, they were halted in the station at Philadelphia because of the failure

of a carriage expected to take them to the boat wharf. In some perplexity the major said he would go himself and look for it. "And in the meantime, colonel," he added seriously, "will *you* have an eye upon these fellows of mine, and see that they don't leave you?"

With General Hartranft also, the provost-marshal who had locked him in the black cell at the arsenal and came every day with the surgeon to see if the prisoner kept his health and sanity, Mr. Harrison had kind relations.

In after years, when, as counsel for the Union Telegraph Company, my husband went to conduct some business for them at Harrisburg, Pa., he found the official he had to consult professionally was none other than this former jailer. When Mr. Harrison came downstairs in the morning at the Lochiel Hotel and saw Hartranft waiting for him in the hall, he threw up his hands, exclaiming, "My God, general, you are not after me again?"

They shook hands, and the general an-

swered, "I tell you, Harrison, you haven't a better friend than I am in the world. Come to breakfast, and after we've finished business, we'll spend the day together."

Before ending this grim chapter, one of the horrible sequelæ of the Civil War, I will say that after hearing these stories told again in Washington in 1904, I desired to drive with my husband to the scene of his old ordeal, where the present "War College" buildings were then going up on the site of the old prison of the Arsenal.

Sitting in an open victoria, he directed the coachman as well as he could where to go, but became soon confused about localities in the altered aspect of the place. We pulled up, and I addressed the "boss" of a gang of workmen, asking if he could tell me where we were.

"Why, ma'am, don't you know?" he answered. "This is the place where the scaffold stood on which Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators were hanged."

My husband made no comment, nor did I, and silently we drove homeward.

(To be continued.)

"WHEN LAUGHTER IS SADDER THAN TEARS"

By Frances Theodora Parsons

THE marshes stretch to the dunes and the dunes sweep down to the sea,

And the sea is wooing the meadow which waits with an open door;

Then a melody sweet to the hearer floats up from the murmuring lea

Till the sea slips seaward again and the land is athirst as before.

And athirst is the heart whose worship is not the worship of yore,

Whose visions no magic can conjure, whose plenty is suddenly dearth;

And parched as the desert the soul whose tears no grief can restore,

Whose laughter is sadder than tears and whose grief is as barren as mirth.

The days are alive with music, the nights their pleasures decree;

The vision the morning fulfils is the dream that the evening wore,

And life is as sweet to the living as the flower is sweet to the bee,

As the breath of the woods is sweet to the mariner far from shore.

But singing and sweetness and laughter must vanish forevermore,

As the petals fall from the flower, as the waters recede from the firth,

When hopes no longer spring upward as larks in the morning soar,

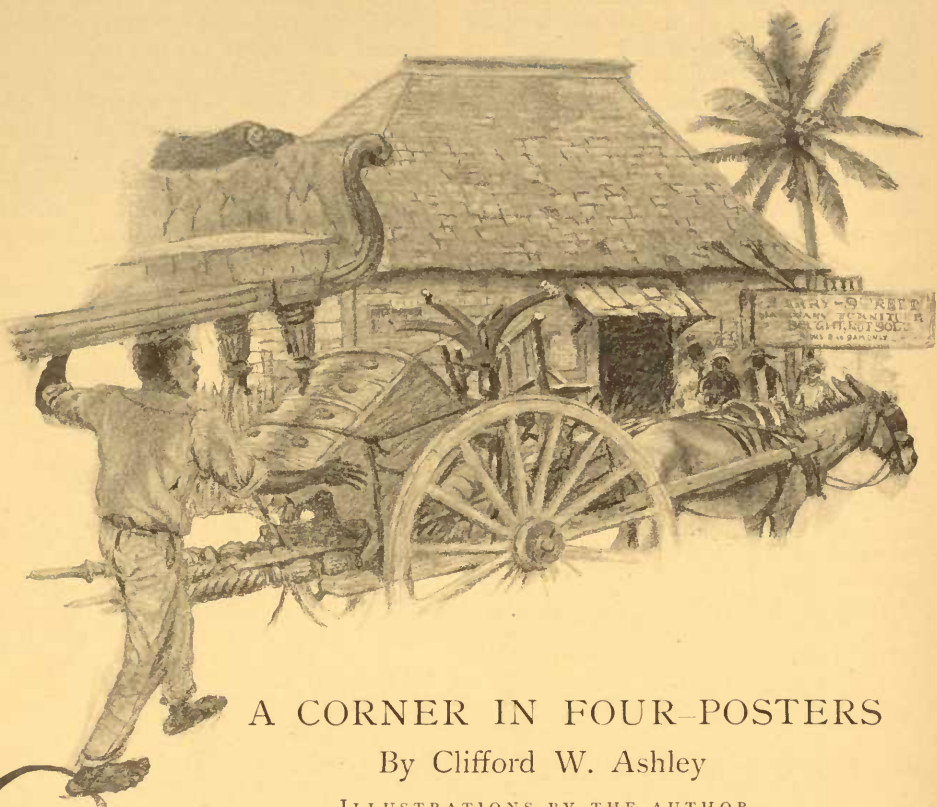
Then laughter is sadder than tears and grief is as barren as mirth.

Friend, if shaken and shattered the shrine in the heart that is fain to adore,

Then forsake the false gods that have held you and lay your pale lips to the Earth,

That in her great arms she may take you and croon you her melodies o'er,

When laughter is sadder than tears and grief is as barren as mirth.



A CORNER IN FOUR-POSTERS

By Clifford W. Ashley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

COLLECTOR'S itch is a pretty serious ailment, especially when it is contracted late in life. It resembles in this respect measles and the mumps. During childhood its presence is usually evidenced by bug—cigarette-card—postage-stamp symptoms. Of these three the first and the last affected me not at all. Cigarette cards I had in mild form. But one day in my fourteenth year I drove into my father's yard with an acquisition on the carriage-seat beside me (it was a dilapidated mahogany table), and immediately I was put to bed. Since that day I have collected canes, ship models, whaling implements, scrim-shawn, costumes, open-hearth cooking utensils—but antique furniture has remained my particular hobby. At times I have attempted to exercise some restraint over the manifestations of my obsession; but I have found, after many a struggle, that the only certain way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.

And so it happened, two years ago, I yielded to the greatest temptation of my life and in a short while found myself possessed of some one thousand pieces of antique mahogany furniture; consisting in part of two hundred and fifty tables, as many chairs, and sufficient high-post bedsteads, had I elected to sleep one night in each, to have taken me four solid months to do the round. The climax of this extravagance was a three days' auction sale, when was sold all I did not reserve for myself. Now some people might have been cured by such an experience; but two days later I encountered, on a suburban trolley, a man with a chair. Its arms were not original, the legs had been sawed off and rockers added, but for the sake of its shield back I purchased the chair ere we passed the second mile-stone and carried it home under my arm.

It was one day in mid-June, 1908, I found myself on a car of the B. W. I. R. R.

bound across the island of Jamaica to Kingston. All the seats except one were taken in the funny little coach which I entered, and this one held a suit-case, apparently for purposes of reservation. I moved it along and took the side next the window. As the train started a tall, spare young negro entered the car and with an apology removed the suit-case and took the seat beside me.

The country we were passing through immediately claimed my attention and I lost the beginning of an altercation between my neighbor and an irascible person, of Spanish mulatto characteristics, who stood over him in the aisle. Immediately it was evident to me that this was the man who owned the suit-case and had tried to reserve the seat. But he was so carried away by his emotion that he waxed incoherent and my neighbor being ignorant of what it was all about, soon became wearied; he permitted his gaze to wander and at last sank back into the seat with a comfortable sigh. The owner of the suit-case shouted, frothed, gesticulated, damned; the rest of the car was aquiver—but my neighbor fanned himself composedly with his ink-spot cap and gazed the while out the window. The stream of vituperation at last stopped, probably for want of inspiration. Then it was that I asked my travelling companion why he had not sought to check it.

He turned on me a smile the most radiant, the most seraphic, that I had ever beheld; it fairly rippled across his face, displaying two gleaming rows of ivory-tinted teeth, large as thumb-nails, regular as the pickets of a fence. "Oh, it is not dignified," he replied, "to look too pleased when people make you compliments—besides, the man has a flat mind."—I gasped!—Here at the very start of my adventures it struck me was the one

man I needed to help me carry them to a successful conclusion. For a minute I was dumbfounded by my good fortune, then "Are you working and how much do you get?" I demanded. "Five bob a day." He answered the more important question first; and without further parley I hired him on the spot at twice the amount he asked.

My first move on reaching Kingston was to visit the second-hand furniture shops. I found the shops crowded with old stuff; stacked high with it. There were high-post beds, old chests in profusion, a grandfather's clock, tables without number; mahogany—black, aged, feathered, carved and inlaid; quaint old pieces, beautiful and unusual.

Jamaicans it seemed find mahogany too oppressive, too dark for tropical use; its surfaces show the dust too readily, it is heavy to move about, it is clumsy. I suppose the truth is that antique furniture is not yet the fashion there.

That night if I had slept at all I should have dreamed of furniture. Furniture I had seen, of a sort and in quantity, to exceed my fondest imaginings; waiting to be



One post of a four-poster used as a chopping block.

picked up, unvalued because so plentiful. However, I didn't sleep, and in my excited state of mind I scarcely even was conscious of the croaking lizard in the vine beneath my window nor of the mosquitoes singing under my netting.

Two feverish days were spent in searching for a place of storage. The earthquake's ravages were still everywhere evident and people even then were living in tents, in boxes, under awnings, and in stables. Meanwhile my acquaintance of the train, Harry Downer by name, had sallied forth equipped with a penny pencil and a tuppenny note-book in a house-to-house canvass for old furniture. "Jumping around," he called it. When I met him, shortly after hiring our first warehouse, his book already held three full pages of notes. The name of each discovery was given, its condition and price. The name and residence of the owner followed and even his description (always his complexion, for complexions in Jamaica are well worth studying).

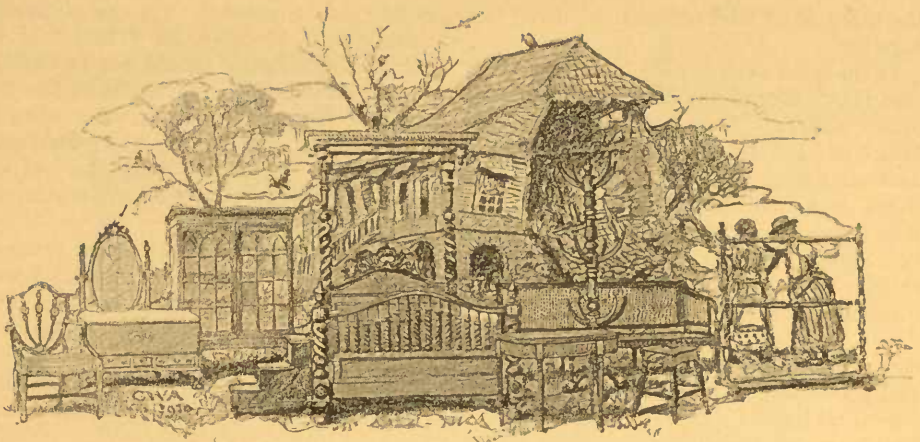
The first place on Harry's list was productive of only a kitchen table and Harry was much crestfallen at my lack of enthusiasm. For our second visit he evidently

chose what he considered the best thing he had in store. He led me quite to the other side of the town, although he described the distance as "not too far." (It was a week at least before he learned to speak in blocks.)

He rapped on a little gate which pierced a cactus fence beside a dilapidated hovel and shouted "Old woman! old woman! Call off your dog." A white-headed negress came out of the house slapping with a towel at a little black puppy which ran barking at her heels as she shambled to the gate. She led us to a shed in the rear of the house where stood a marvellous low-posted bedstead with pineapple carving. (It was six feet wide, seven feet long.) A high-post bedstead with acanthus carving, taken apart, stood in a corner; a flight of bed steps, a carved costumer, and a round dining-table with a carved pedestal were also visible.

Coming all at once these things nearly took my breath away. Harry looked at me, grinning from ear to ear. Strive as I would I could not conceal my elation. Here was the realization of my dreams, or at least the justification of them. But where had they come from and how came





Unloaded it beside the road till he had enough there for a real load.—Page 747.

they here? Her husband, the woman said, had received them in payment for labor and he proposed to fix them up to sell. She called her husband from a little carpenter shop nearby. By this time I had regained my equanimity and we haggled a while over the price; for if there is any one joy which surpasses the joy a collector experiences in securing something he has long searched for, it is the joy of obtaining this same article at a bargain price. Both of these joys I experienced on that occasion.

Before our next purchasing expedition I hired a bus to take me about and a dray to collect our purchases. The driver of the bus was a curious little mulatto with coolie blood who, although he did not know the first thing about driving, did not abuse his horse. Whenever a tram approached he came to a full halt and waited until it had passed. He could not read even the numbers on the houses. But somehow he did very well. A donkey and a driver went with the dray, which was given over to Harry's charge. At the end of a week Harry discharged the outfit and got another in its stead. "This man," Harry explained, "is much better; that other man was so careless! He drop *me* from the load—from *so* high!" and Harry indignantly held his hand at a distance from the ground about level with his own woolly top. Harry proved to be more or less of an autocrat and on another occasion he discharged his own first cousin the same day he hired him, because he was "so slow."

If there is one piece of furniture that I have a fondness for beyond all others, it is the high-post bedstead. There was a man who brought in from the country a table to sell and I gave him some money and commissioned him to go back and purchase bedsteads. A long while afterward, when I had given up expecting ever to see him again, he came in with three beds lashed to the backs of donkeys. He had travelled thirty-five miles from across the mountains and had been two nights on the way, resting during the heat of the day. Two of the beds were without carving and one of the two had neither rails nor head-board; moreover one of its foot-posts was broken and the head-posts were square. The third bed consisted merely of two carved posts, but so beautifully were they carved that they fully compensated for the shabbiness of the rest.

The intense tropical glare I found was hurting my eyes. So I procured a pair of shade glasses, smoked, with a sort of goggled effect. Soon after, Harry appeared with a pair of the same. I overheard Walter, our drayman, as he hailed him: "Whaffor, Harry, you wear them specs?" "Oh, the sun, it hurt my eyes." "Whaffor she no hurt them before?"—Harry was beginning to blossom out! He already had acquired a new wide-brimmed "Jippi Jappa" hat, which he said his "lady" had given him. Almost immediately James's eyes began to be affected by the sun and he got him a pair of the same kind of goggles. It must have been rather impressive when

the three of us had occasion to drive out together.

In the third week of our business association Harry turned out in a suit of resplendent "whites." Then he took to wearing a bunch of keys hanging from his belt on an enormous ring. He never aspired to white shoes or a helmet. An Ingersoll watch, four cents cheaper than the same thing can be bought in the States, and that inevitable pencil over his ear were the finishing touches. But Harry did not become inflated. He was genial and light-hearted as ever, and he kept the rest of the crew busy and good-natured.

Several times I was forced to pacify people who came to me with tales of how Harry had taken their furniture so soon after I had purchased it that they had not been able to

prepare for its removal. On one occasion I was wholly at fault, for I had told a woman her bedstead should not be called for until the following day, as she had nothing else to sleep on that night. But when I gave Harry the address, I had forgotten my promise and Harry took away the bed in spite of the woman's husband and a band of sympathetic neighbors.

The next day the woman came around very properly indignant. She had been obliged to sleep on the floor and she demanded recompense. After some conversation we were mutually agreed that she had been inconvenienced to just the amount of sixpence, and she bowed herself away delighted with the transaction.

In another place Harry's zeal for quick hauling received a check. A certain wom-



To one of the remaining feet was tied a mournful, scraggy fowl.—Page 747.



Many brought articles upon their heads from there-was-no-telling-what distances.—Page 748.

an who chanced to be a rabid S. P. C. A. allowed him to take only a small proportion of what he had called for and so necessitated several cartings. Harry accepted her dictum with good grace, carted each allotment about a block and unloaded it beside the road till he had enough there for a real load.

One day out in Brownstown in a yard under a cocoanut-palm I found a claw-foot table standing on three legs. The fourth leg was not in sight. The back was propped against the palm-tree in lieu of the absent leg and to one of the remaining feet was tied with a strip of twisted calico a mournful, scraggy fowl. I did my Christian duty and liberated the poor hen, but she took no advantage of her freedom. The other leg of the table was unearthed from beneath a rubbish heap. Just six pence the table cost me entire. A year later, when we started to restore it, two bees and some honey were found in the mortise of the unattached leg. It was a wonderful table with a shield-like device carved at the swell of each leg and a cornice-like rim supported the top.

I tried at one place a number of times to purchase a beautiful old cheval mirror. It had carved uprights, finished at the top with exquisite acorns. But the price demanded for it was absurd. One day I chanced a low offer for the piece without its glass and was immediately taken up, much to my astonishment. The glass proved to be all the man valued—a glass that was worthless to me, for it was stained and cracked at two corners.

Soon we opened a second repository at No. 111 Barry Street and hung out a shingle bearing the legend "Old mahogany furniture bought, not sold. Hours 8 to 9 A. M. only." (I always steered clear of the word "Antique," for its magic has penetrated even to the Caribs.) Then I advertised in the papers for furniture. Replies to the advertisements came in by the first mail and I had Harry make a letter-box to receive the matter. Unfortunately the postman would not use it and the neighbors misunderstood its purpose and used to post their letters in it. So Harry at last put it inside and cut a slot through the door.

On some mornings when I arrived, there was a crowd before No. 111 Barry Street which overflowed the sidewalk, and even on occasions filled the street to the opposite side. Many brought articles upon their heads from there-was-no-telling-what distances. Others left their addresses that I might "give them a turn." A negro once arrived with a sofa upon his head which weighed all of one hundred pounds and would not even put it down until the price was decided on and the money turned over.

There were many auctions held in Kingston subsequent to the earthquake. A great many people were frightened away or else gave up house-keeping. At almost all of these sales odd pieces of old furniture could be picked up.

One sale was that of the effects of a wealthy Jewish family which had lived in the same old mansion throughout six generations and most of the furniture it would seem had been in the house all this while. For there is a certain fitness about things which have existed together for many years that no collection can have.

At that sale I purchased a wonderful three-pedestaled dining-table which seats twenty people and is five feet ten inches broad. The top is of single boards twenty-four inches wide and the pedestals are massive and carved. The top was much bruised, for the brick side wall of the house had fallen upon it. I also secured there a kidney-shaped dressing-table of rosewood, a mahogany music cabinet, an old Spanish lounging-chair, a cellarette with the original bottles, a mahogany bench, and a great chest upon wheel casters.

There are a few people in Jamaica who collect, although I did not discover this immediately. A woman who lived several miles out of town wrote me that she had a table she very much would like to have me see. Unsuspectingly I went out. It was a beautiful drive and it was a beautiful table.

But the woman meant literally what she said. She wanted me to see the table, nothing more. She found very few friends, I suppose, who would sympathize with her in her hobby.

Another woman had a sampler without date or name, merely with an alphabet and a few moth-holes. She had heard such things were very valuable in the States and would consider an offer for it in three figures!

Once I got what I thought was a library stool. It had a flat wooden top with an "F" hole in its centre to lug it about with. It was just the thing to stand upon to reach down a book. I was very much pleased with my find till some one suggested that it was very much like an undertaker's stool, formerly used at fu-



Harry.

nerals to uphold an end of a coffin. I was in a cabinet shop one day where they made coffins, when an old colored woman came in and asked for a "two weeks coffin." When she had consummated her purchase she asked the proprietor if he had another of about the same size already on hand if she should require it; saying, "I doan' want one yet, but you know somehow twins never does very well." The proprietor had another.

A dressing-table was under discussion in a back yard where I had rescued it from the ruins of a house partially collapsed. A boy in the top of the only palm in the little circumscribed space which served for a yard, dislodged a cocoanut; it struck on the top of a small shed with a commotion like that of a steam riveter at work. The woman of the house, thinking another earthquake was upon her, promptly fainted. When her neighbors had finally brought her to and half of them were engaged trying to lure the youngster from his tree, she went off into a paroxysm of hysterics. It was surprising how much good furniture had found its way into the houses or huts of the poorer class of negroes. At



least half of what I gathered came from such places.

Several times I made little expeditions into other parts of the island, but Kings-

ton was by far the best hunting. I visited Spanish Town two days in succession and filled up a freight-car with plunder. James drove up with the bus overnight and Harry and I followed in the morning. One of the pieces I got was a queer clothes rack or horse, with claw feet and turned cross-bars. It had a flat, scroll-edged board at the bottom, for hold-



ing shoes, I believe. The bars served to hang garments over. I also found here an old Spanish jar of exactly the proper size and shape to have held one of Ali Baba's thieves. It was used to catch water under

that purpose. A negro was found to supply hay for packing. I had expected to use cocoanut trash but found it too dusty. It was necessary to personally demonstrate how hay is made, for nothing except green fodder is used in Jamaica, as the grass grows the year around. Seven tons in all were cut with a sickle. For a pitchfork we used a sharpened stick. The sun was so hot that one day sufficed to make the hay.

There was one table in the Spanish Town car I wished very carefully handled and so I crated it myself. This was an ebony Buhl table with brass inlay. While I was hammering away at the crate, with James sawing off the boards in lengths, quite a sizable crowd collected. I failed to

understand this interest till one of the on-lookers espied a friend outside the freight-yard gate. "Eh you!" he yelled, "come over here; come see white man work like a nigger!"

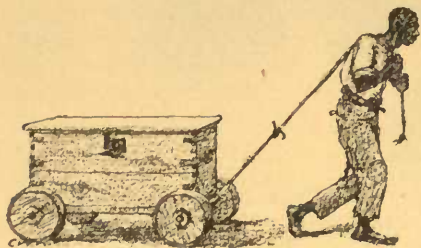
These days furnished Harry with what were probably the supreme moments of his existence. He had entire charge of the teaming and so was overlord to a dozen men, to drive at his

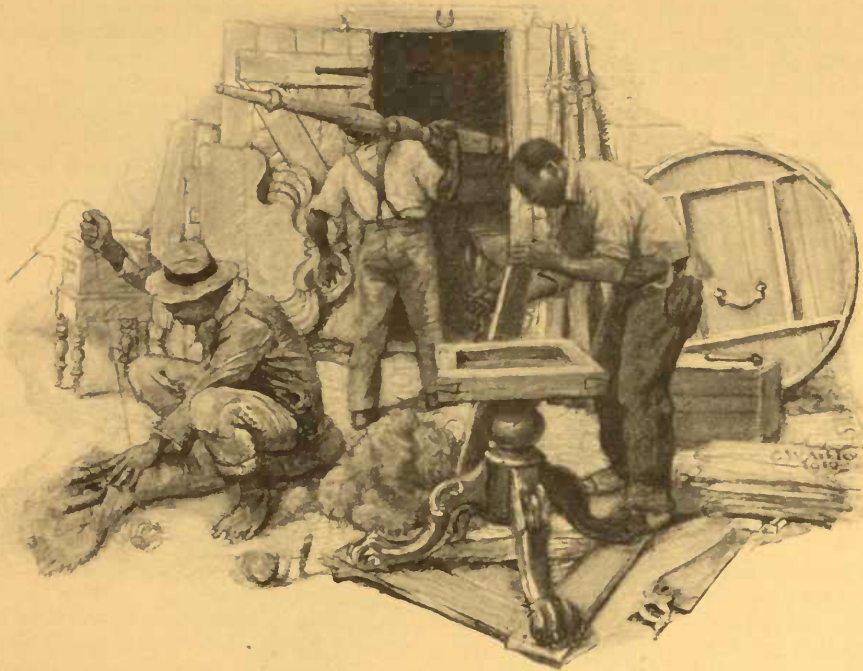
a drip filter, and being porous, it sweated sufficiently to keep the water cool. There was one table, a library table of Chinese motif, with carved dragon's feet. I found it in an open shed. The family cooking was done upon it over a kerosene stove.

I had planned to charter a small schooner of about sixty-five tons to convey home my treasure and I engaged a shipping agent to look out for a vessel of this sort for me. Small schooners, however, are rather scarce in that part of the world and after a week or so had passed and none had shown up, I stopped at his office one day and ordered the next size larger. Our furniture collection was growing. Twice after that, it was necessary to change specifications. Then a one hundred and seventy-five ton vessel, the *E. M. Bertha*, was found at Sav-le-mar looking for charter. She was a new vessel, native-built, mahogany frame and finish. Everything about her, in fact, was of mahogany except her planking, spars, and deck.

It took the schooner a week to get around to Kingston. In the meanwhile several men were started crating the more fragile articles of furniture; it was not proposed to crate much. For lumber we used the slats of the beds, which had been saved for

pleasure. He had the consciousness of having in large part brought to a successful termination an enterprise of no mean magnitude—moreover he had arranged with the captain of our ship to take him





Several men were started crating the more fragile articles.—Page 750.

to America! Was it any wonder if at times his manner to those beneath him was almost arrogant?

I had to stow the cargo myself. At first I had trusted to the stevedores but I found that unless watched they simply scattered hay over the pieces without packing them at all. I built a fore and aft partition to divide the hold and prevent the cargo from shifting. Negro women passed the cargo aboard ship from the wharf; they handled the furniture more considerately than I could persuade men to do. The weight of the bedsteads alone settled the schooner over four feet in the water.

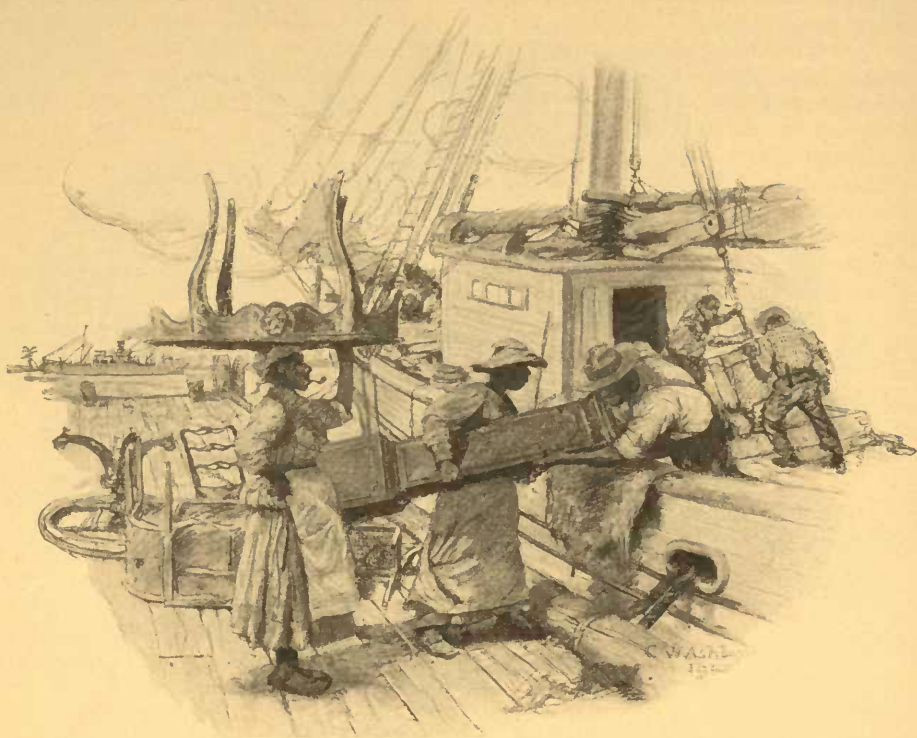
The atmosphere of the hold was stifling with the dust of the hay (some of it was mildewed) and the acrid odor of six perspiring blacks. The hatches above were small, the tropic sun beat down directly upon the unprotected decks.—For three days I worked, practically stowing every piece myself; the natives did little except pass it to me. The last thing to go aboard the schooner was a little thirteen-foot mahogany dugout canoe I bought of a fisherman at one of the wharves.

I don't wonder he wanted to sell it, for I later discovered it had only three inches freeboard.

Harry came down to the wharf to see me off, for the steamship sailed several hours before the schooner cleared. He stood on the pier waving me a good-by, his hands full of cocobolo canes and other Jamaican curios he had bought to sell when he reached the States. His face was shining in joyous anticipation of the new life before him.

I secured, to hold the furniture collection, an old sugar refinery in Bristol, Rhode Island, which curiously enough, before the days of beet-sugar, had kept busy a fleet of packets from the same port of Jamaica that my load of furniture now was coming from.

A number of Italian fruit-peddlers and ragmen with push-carts conveyed the cargo up the wharf to the "Old Sugar House," for the wharf was too narrow to admit the use of wagons. The furniture was received at the Sugar House by Harry and the force



Negro women passed the cargo aboard ship . . . they handled the furniture more considerably than I could persuade men to do.—Page 751.

of cabinet-makers which I had gathered together to restore the pieces.

An account of the schooner's arrival with so unusual a cargo had been chronicled in the Providence papers, and people came from afar to view the activities.

Over the mirror frames and along the tables in the "Old Sugar House" Harry cunningly displayed his Jamaican knick-knacks; long ropes of "Job's tears," necklaces of red seeds, woven baskets (bought in Jamaica at thruppence, sold at Bristol, R. I., for seventy-five cents). Six new "Jippi Jappa" hats he disposed of, and then, fickle man, took from his head the hat presented to him by his lady in far Jamaica to sell it to a stranger for \$7.00 and resumed again the little black cap he wore that day I first saw him on the train from Port Antonio. "The sun is not so hot here, I get along," said he. And he did, in more ways than mentioned. One simple string of "Job's tears" he sold for

\$2.50. It must have been his smile that did it.

Then one day when we had been in Bristol several weeks it appeared in the papers that the S. S. *Cherokee* had picked up in mid-sea the sternboard and part of the deckhouse of the British schooner *E. M. Bertha*. I wrote to Lloyd's and received a clipping from their weekly bulletin which left no room for doubt. The *Bertha* had sailed her last voyage. She had left Bristol practically without ballast—had encountered a hurricane somewhere off Hatteras. The schooner was owned and sailed by three brothers named Scott, of the Cayman Islands. They had cut her timbers in the forests, had laid the keel and built their vessel themselves; the eldest was but thirty-four years of age. On the back wall of the Sugar House they inscribed their names in white paint when they cleaned their brushes after repainting some of the cabin trimmings, and to-day when I look upon

these careless daubs, the tragedy is as unreal to me as it was the day I chanced upon the meagre notice of it in the newspaper under the heading, "Lost at Sea."

For several weeks Harry was of great help sorting out the parts of "broken down" pieces of furniture. He even assisted on some of the rougher cabinet-work. When I had no further work for him, he had no difficulty in getting a position in a neighboring town. He did not enjoy the change. He had been somewhat of a public character in Bristol after the loss of the *Bertha*; in his new environment he was of no particular importance and he felt the difference keenly. Then one morning came the first premonitory frost of autumn and Harry for the first time in his life "saw his breath" and was frightened nearly out of his wits until he learned the phenomenon was not peculiar to himself. But the chill of approaching winter had penetrated to his very bones and he was afraid.

The last time I saw Harry he was standing in the gateway before his new home, overcoat collar turned up, hands in his pockets. The earflaps of his new cap were pulled down, although the thermometer

could scarcely have been below fifty. He stood dejectedly at the driveway gate and gazed with wistful, yearning eyes down the street. From somewhere in the distance could be heard the faint throb of a brass band. Harry was stamping his feet to keep them warm and they seemed almost of their own volition to fall into time with the music. The band drew nearer, Harry's expression became animated. Then into full view, dressed in gorgeous uniform, came the local colored band; and into its rear guard fell Harry with martial stride, accent on the left step, head erect—at an impressive interval followed the hearse.

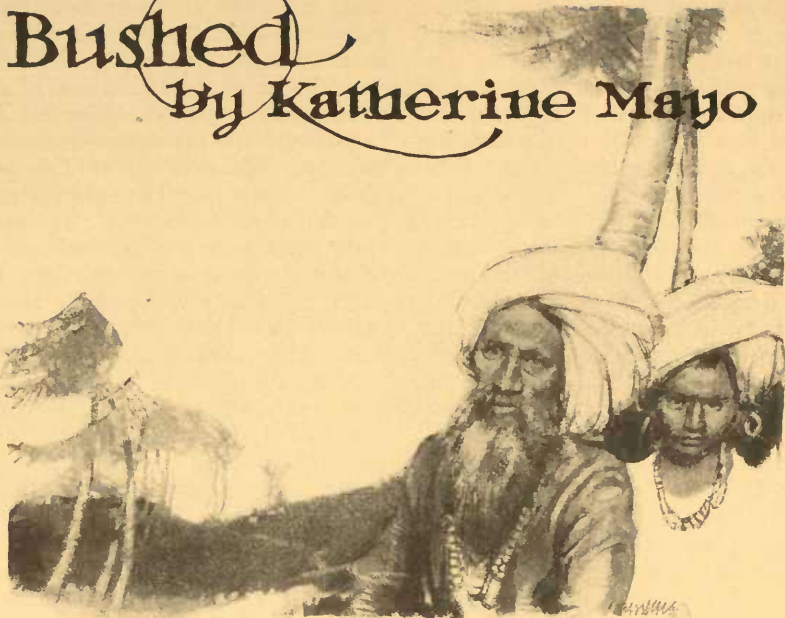
It was not until the middle of the afternoon that he reappeared; and then, hungry and footsore, but in an exalted frame of mind, he returned from what he said had been "his happiest day since he leave Jamaica."

That night he decided to move along. "I want to die in London," he said, and that is the only inkling he gave of his plans. In the morning he departed leaving behind him nothing save the ineradicable impression of a smile and a "remembrance" for me in the shape of a battered and rusty glue-pot.



Bushed

by Katherine Mayo



It was the beginning of the cool of the day—half after four o'clock, before which hour, as the black folks say, "no one goes into the street but dogs and English." All politier Paramaribo had awakened from its siesta, assumed its afternoon array, taken its tea, and was now embarking on that gentle diurnal amble that counts as exercise. Some slowly proceeded to Gouvernements Plein, where the garrison band would work a perspiring course from the Dutch national anthem through "Washington Post March," "La Paloma," and "Smoky Mokes," back to the Dutch national anthem again, thus impartially recognizing some few of the odds and ends of peoples pacing and re-pacing the circle between Government House and the broad brown River Surinam. Others, having duly inquired by messenger earlier in the day of the convenience of their visit, stepped forth with deliberate tread toward the home of a friend, there to pay the ceremonious hour's devoirs that chiefly constitutes the social intercourse of the colony. His Excellency the governor, should he appear in public, would drive

in a Dutch victoria, because he must sustain the dignity of his queen. The doctors, always current, drove in American buggies, because they must make haste. But all others kept to their two feet, as bid by the brief distances.

For Paramaribo, capital of Holland's South American colony of Surinam, is just a little snow-white Dutch village, encompassed by the illimitable jungle as sharply as an islet is encompassed by the sea. The pretty, rigid streets, with their stiff hedge of white houses each flush with the roadline, each close to its neighbor, each differing from each only in point of size, end abruptly at near and clear confines. Then comes a narrow, encircling fringe of transplanted Asia, whether of China, Java, or the British East, and then the unfathomed depth of the primeval bush.

Now, all these things I had known for years. The parti-hued parade around Gouvernements Plein could no longer stir an emotion. "Wie'n Neerlandsch Bloed," "Washington Post," and "La Paloma," when the inevitable turns of fever came, tattooed themselves on my brain in rhythm without tone, as a regular part of the ordeal. As for the streets, the little, white,

close-docked streets, every inch of them was of old familiar. Moreover, and above all, a spirit of restlessness had seized me this day—a longing for some new thing to do; which thought, when occurring within six degrees of the equator, bears the special hall-mark of the devil, and demands direct intervention, or the faithful dealing of friends.

Turning aside from the great mahogany allée that led from our door, I crossed the town and in ten minutes' time stood in a little group of Calcutta men's huts outlying the margin of civilization. What next? Of hints there showed but one—a little, unknown foot-path plunging into low brush. That I followed, and presently saw it opening upon a wide, reedy swamp traversed by a long, narrow hillock making a sort of natural causeway. This causeway appeared to offer passage to the very edge of the jungle, where it rose directly from the marsh's farther verge in a dark and towering wall. Here, at least, was a new idea—a scrap of adventure to attempt.

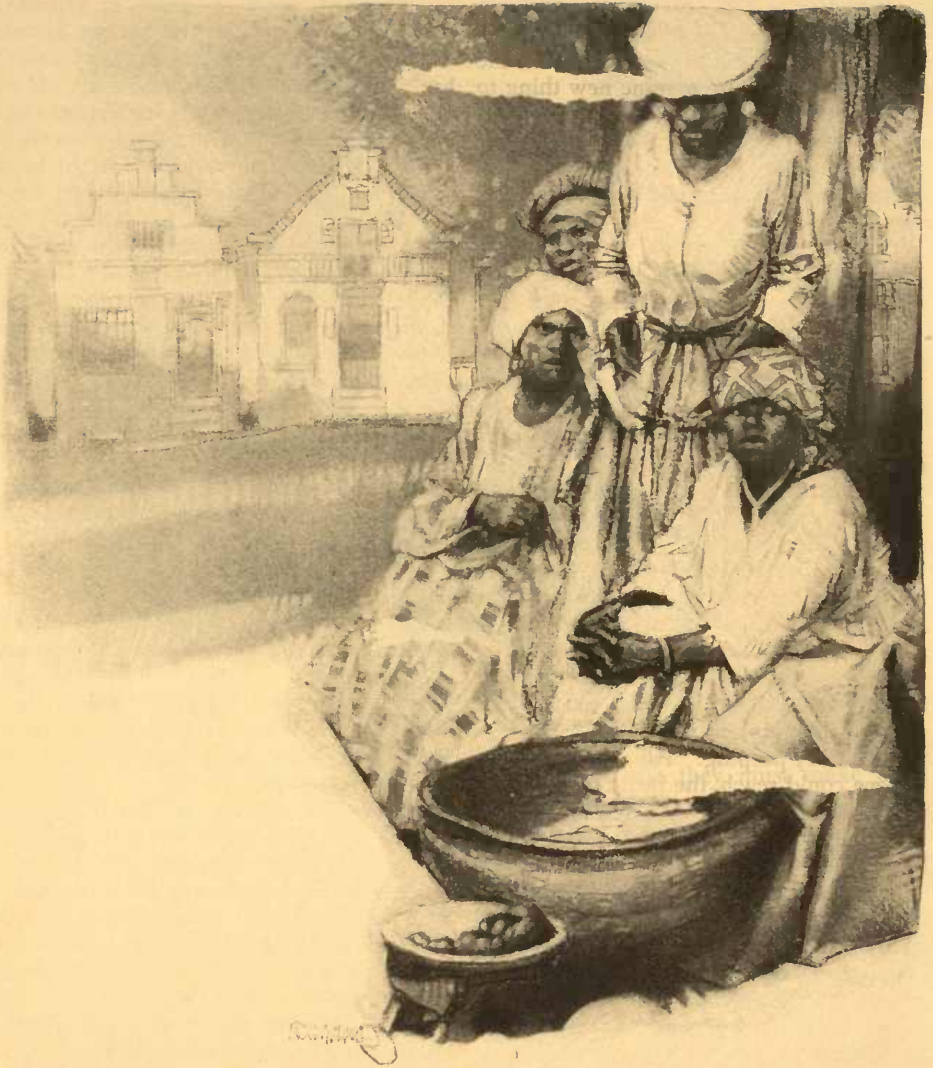
The foothold held. The ridge continued unbroken. And at its finish, just where it touched the great Thus Far of the bush, a little lure lay peeping. All along, as far as the eye could reach, the face of the jungle loomed to its height of two hundred feet or more, solid and impenetrable as a front of barbed and steel-barred net—all along except at this one point, where a small but well-marked orifice suggested a travelled trail. The huts of the Javanese laborers employed in the Cultuur-tuin, the Government's Cultivation Garden, must, I reasoned, lie in just beyond. This head of bush must be a narrow point projecting from the main forest, this little opening the mouth of a short-cut of the Javans to town. It should afford a suggestion of the always thrilling heart of the jungle and, in a few minutes, should emerge upon plain, familiar ground.

I ventured in—into a low and twilight tunnel. Arms outstretched could more than touch each side, where the big tree-ferns stood webbed and woven together with vine and thorn and tangle that caught and draped overhead in a dense, low-swinging canopy. The ground was cushioned deep with damp dead leaves, upon which, here and there, crept a heavy, sparse-foliaged vine, bearing big, improba-

ble blossoms such as occur in Oriental prints. The air, unstirred by any breath of wind, hung vapor-charged and thick, hot and hard to breathe, like the air of an orchid-house; but still the tunnel continued distinct, though veering somewhat oddly. "They followed the line of least resistance, those little Javans, when they cut this trail," I thought, persisting. "No doubt it would have meant hard work to make a straight one." Presently an ant-hill, three feet high or over, rose directly in the path—a sight of horror in this land of fiercely poisonous and carnivorous formicidæ. Yet, bent on the purpose, I risked the ants, tiptoeing around their castle without arousing its garrison. On, on, and on I pushed, not stopping even to look at the glorious, broad-winged moths flitting before, and sure that each next moment must reveal the palm-thatched huts of the Javans. And so, of a sudden, I stood in a tiny open circle—and the path forked!

I looked behind. Whence had I come? No tunnel mouth was visible. The great, deep bush loomed vague and Sphinx-like, its liana veil drawn full across its face. Not a leaf flickered, not an inequality showed, not a hint, not a sign suggested any entrance. Ten steps in any direction and one would be utterly engulfed from sight and seeing. The jungle light, always dim, was already near to waning. Even could I recover the way by which I came, no time remained to retrace it—and to pass that ant-hill in the dusk! Clearly the only thing was to go ahead, on to the Javanese hamlet. As to those leads beyond the little circle, were they real trails or only shallow and accidental irregularities? One could only try and see. Choosing that of the likelier general direction, I hurried forward. Some solitary bird began to toll a single, solemn, long-drawn note that echoed through the dim abysses deep and clear, like a funeral bell. The ground grew soft and wet. The tangle wove closer and lower, till it was no longer possible to stand erect. Then, at one step, my feet sank ankle-deep in bog, on the verge of a pool of water black and still, and the path ended. No human trail, then, this, but some big beast's burrow to its drinking-hole.

Turning, I hastened back, saw another possible trail-mouth tending to the right



Just a little snow-white Dutch village. . . . The pretty, rigid streets, with their stiff hedge of white houses.—Page 754.

quarter, and plunged in. The lead proved, for a moment, clear as a drill-hole through an at once condensed and magnified bramble-patch, then persisted for a rod or so in vaguer shape, only to break short off, like the other, at a deep, steep pit, full of water black from sap and rot and seepage. Again and again the thing repeated. In visible creatures jumped and rustled and slithered in the smother all around. At first I had watched the path for snakes; for the deadly fer-de-lance, the deadliest bushmaster, and more than one kin of

the kind, haunt this bush. But one could not watch every branch and spray and foothold, and not a moment remained, besides, to take thought of anything but the fading light. It seemed, too, as if any respectable animal would hesitate to complicate circumstances already so embarrassing. So, calling out once for all, "Run, Bre'r Snake, I'm coming," I rushed ahead regardless.

All underfoot was rot and squash and writhing roots—lithe, looping roots that caught my toes and would a hundred times

have thrown me but that some bight of swinging liana invariably stopped the fall, lassoing me by chin or waist or shoulder or across the eyes or mouth, swinging and holding me with a violent wrench and lurch, till I found my feet again. Thorns seized and ripped my thin attire. My pretty hat, new by the last ship from home, became an impossible burden. With enduring practicality I tore off and pocketed the pride of its trimming, before throwing it away. In the problematic event of my survival, there would be need of another pretty hat. But now the great steel-spiked ferns snatched at my unprotected hair till in a moment it all streamed loose, not one pin remaining. And so, like the breathing of a sigh, night came, and I knew myself at last as utterly lost as was ever any creature on this round earth.

Now, at least, there was time enough to think it out—to think, for example, of the fates of those few others who had strayed in the giant labyrinth. Some had merely disappeared, untraced forever. The rest, for the most part, when found by search-parties after two or three days' hunt, were crazed, and so had died soon after. Matching the alternatives to my own sense of likelihood, that I had already looked my last on mankind seemed more than probable; but that, barring the sting of some extra-venomous creature, I should in the process of starving, lose my mind, I did not believe—admitting the possession of a mind by a person capable of walking wilfully into this situation. As to expedients, much could be said in favor of sitting down on some fallen tree-trunk and waiting quietly there for dawn, in order to spend no strength on the wrong side of the chances, where all chances showed so passing slim. But the great tree-trunks were wet with dew, and slimy with who knew what. That they harbored scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and maybe snakes, there could be no doubt—nor that other hostile creepers and crawlers would gather there upon one who should settle for the night. Yet the most potent consideration was of another stripe: If I did not escape from this bush very soon, myself, the whole town would be aroused. Not a living soul knew whither I had gone. The jungle was the last of all places in which a reputedly sane being would be

sought. For the past hour I had been calling, as I ran, at the top of my voice, hoping to reach the ears of the Javans—a perfectly useless exertion as far as any hope of answer was concerned. A woman's voice, coming from these uncanny quarters, could be to those wary Orientals only and surely the voice of an evil spirit, whose power would be fixed upon that foolish mortal who should reply. When, however, the general hunt began—when the Dutch garrison turned out with trumpets and cutlasses, some party would eventually question the Javans. Then these might speak of the spirit crying by night in the jungle, and their words would serve as a clue. But the thought brought shame anew. Having committed a colossal foolishness, to be found by searchers! To be unearched by much toil, with trumpets and cutlasses! To drag some hundreds of weary and blameless men through mire and thorn, by night and day, to occasion how many snake-bites, how many attacks of fever—and then to be discovered in inert and imbecile placidity sitting on a log! No! Better find one's self, and that promptly, or else, not be found. Clearly then, although direction was no longer perceivable, the thing to do was to keep moving, on chance.

So, in the inky darkness, in the deepest smother, I felt out an aimless passage, very slowly, inch by inch. The enormous silence of the place seemed to breathe and threaten like a living presence. Only now and again a sudden whisper would steal and pass as though a breeze had stirred, where no breeze was. Once the cry of a jaguar came wailing through the dark. Once some unseen heavy creature, snuffing, treading ponderously, moved near at hand. But these rare sounds, like the little rustlings and glidings underfoot and in the foliage that brushed my face, only served to deepen a vast and hovering stillness. Often my forward step would sink in the sudden mire of an invisible water-hole's brink, and I would back away, blindly to try again. And then at last, bettering all reasonable hope, came a break in the thick darkness above and beyond, and the glimpse of a little patch of stars. Did it mean a clearing? But in that direction lay no thoroughfare. Feeling, pressing, pulling, I could find no place that yielded. A solid, thorny wall of tree-ferns, meshed

in snarls of snake-like bush-rope and sharp-toothed growing things and stayed by columns of towering trees, seemed utterly to close the way. A man, with a good stout cutlass, given time and light, could hew a passage. What could be done with bare hands, in the dark, if one burrowed like a terrier, with a terrier's disregard of damages sustained in the act, remained to be proved. And the mere keeping of a relatively whole skin seemed poor compensation for the alternative. I burrowed. In an instant thorns had spiked me everywhere. As I twisted the hanging lianas away from my eyes and lifted them over my head, others, daubed with slimy things, snapped taut between my teeth or clutched my neck or shoulders. These worked away and those others eased that wound around my waist, I was free to take a forward step, over a fallen log. And now, in a flash, some curious local exhaustion set in, whereby by no effort could I any longer raise my feet. They would swing forward in an ordinary step with ease, but to lift them over the smallest obstacle, from this time on, meant to take the foremost knee and ankle in my hands and raise them thus laboriously to the point necessary.

Despite all rules and probabilities, the burrowing process succeeded, in part because it was done with single-minded terrier's devotion, but rather because this thicket proved to be the thin outer buttress before a break in the bush. As its last snarl gave, I stepped forward into a very little open space, before the most sinister vision that had yet beset the night. An empty, palm-roofed shelter of the rudest sort, might seem an innocent, even a friendly sight; but this, so placed, could scarce be else than the present or recent lodging of some French *déporté*—one of the many convicts continually trying the desperate risks of an escape through the jungle from the neighboring penal colony of Cayenne. With shivering thankfulness that the place was untenanted, I stole across to its far side. Here the growth seemed thin, and a breeze stirred through—a breeze that led to a wide, dim space broadly open to the sky. Enchanted, I hurried forward—the ground slipped and sank—I pitched head-foremost into a bog. My hands, by chance, clutched upon a tus-

sock of coarse grass. By this precarious buoy I lay half floating. Thin, cold mud and colder marsh-water came oozing up through all my garments, soft, delicious. What an easy place to rest! Why trouble any more! With a sharp effort, I scrambled up on the tussock and looked about. Over on the left stretched a dark, straight front of trees, tending forward across the bog, which might betoken a solid bank and a foothold. From tussock to tussock, falling, scrambling, mud-caked, drenched, and exhausted, I labored toward it, and had all but reached the tree-line when again I fell, half into, half across a little stream. But the stream lapped the roots of the trees. By their aid I dragged myself to the firm ground about the trunks, and now, while slowly plodding along, began once more to call aloud.

Then the miracle happened. A voice came back in answer!—Unmistakably the voice of a British East Indian, who mocked in inarticulate hooting what he took for the cry of a bird; for the jungle creatures make strange sounds at night.

Painfully I worked along, still calling, toward the mocking voice. The coolie—a brave, adventurous fellow, surely, had stopped to await the event. At last he became visible, lank, bare-bodied, shadowy in the starlight, standing on the far bank of a stream. At the sight of me, no bird, but a seeming human shape, he succumbed to panic fright.

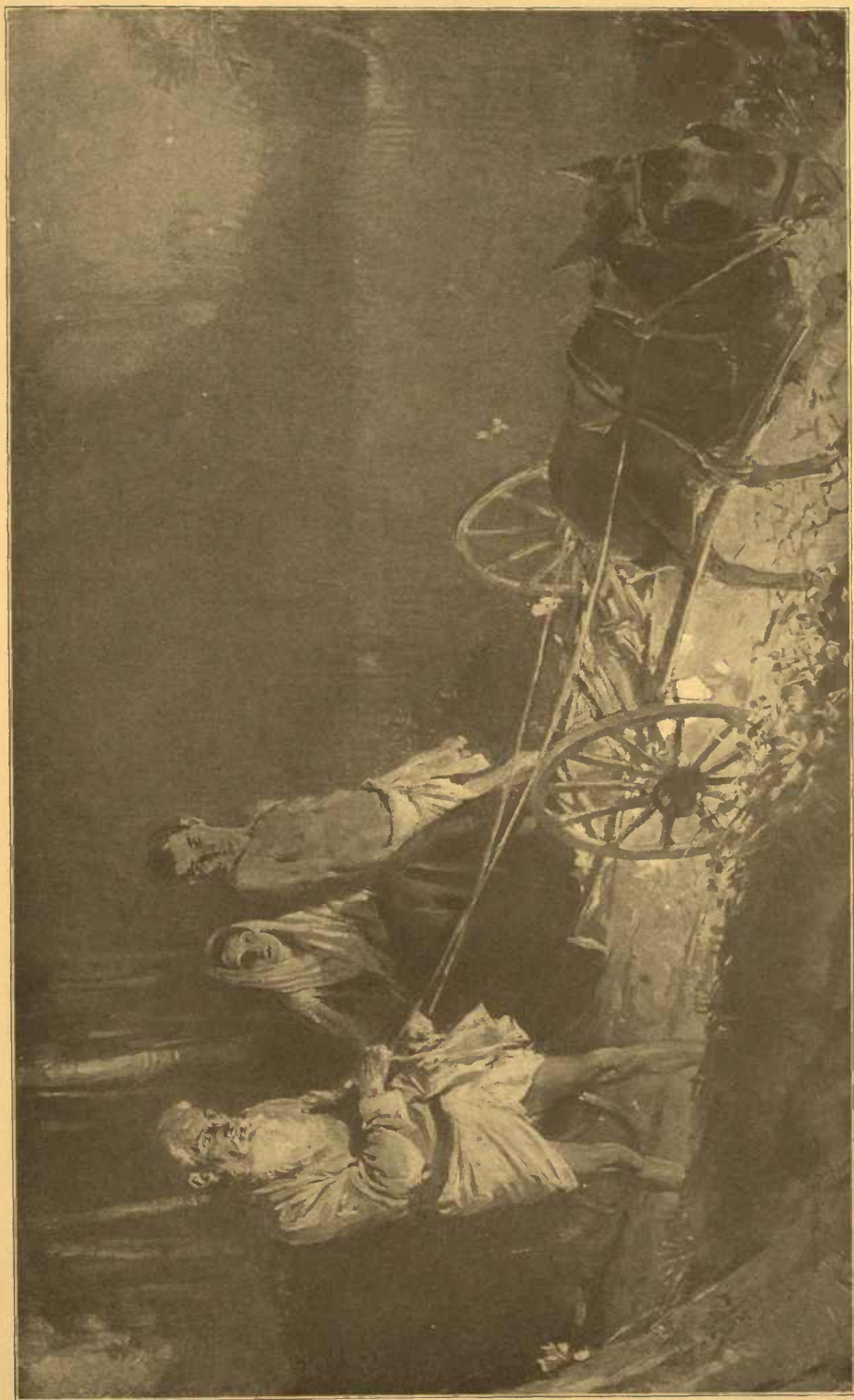
"Come over and help," I cried.

"Never!" quavered he, and clear it was that he believed himself forbidding a "water-spirit."

Now what in the world would a water-spirit be least likely to say? I racked my brains, recalled the methods of the Lorelei, and decided in haste against fair words.

"Don't be stupid," I rapped out. "I am an English lady, bushed. Come over at once and help me."

But the thing was too fantastically improbable. He would not stir. Yet the marvel remained that he did not take to his heels. All my wits I spent upon this heathen. A log spanned the stream, but I knew I could not walk it unaided. He *must* come over; so come at last he did. Bent against his will by the tone of authority, he stretched out a trembling hand. The human touch reassured him.



Drawn by Harry Townsend.

I sat upon the rungs, and so, with the two men stalking silent beside, the journey began.—Page 76o.

to all sorts of people, you who have no family to make allowance for your "ways," or to put up with them because there is no escape. You may become as fixed as you like in such trifling matters as the arrangement of your furniture and the ordering of your meals, but some pliability of mind you must cultivate and much self-control; for in your intercourse with the world you are simply obliged to put aside your prejudices and your ill-humors and make yourself agreeable, under penalty of being left wholly to yourself.

Some years ago my friend Allegra elected to live "on the branch" rather than to become a member of a kinsman's household, or to stay, year in, year out, in her own little house in a country town where she was the only one left of her family. The last person in the world, cried her friends, to go off by herself—she, so gay, so sociable, so friendly, and withal so domestic. They were sure she would be wretched. But, so far, she does not regret her choice.

"Of course," she says, "it stands to reason you cannot be happy all the time, either way, and there are moments when, like the heroine of 'Sur la Branche,' I 'shiver with cold at my own solitude.' But if you are left without a family of your own you must make the best of a bad job and, balancing one thing against another, choose what seems to you the lesser evil."

One has gone far toward learning how to live when one has learned to adjust those scales. Meantime Allegra makes friends with all the world and does not lament too much when the turn of the wheel replaces one charming acquaintance with another. Naturally she is much in demand as a guest and she makes a certain number of visits, but clings to her independence and even to her solitude. As she says: "The zest with which you meet your fellow-beings is only equalled by the satisfaction with which you part from them. Your brain has been enlivened and perhaps the cockles of your heart have been warmed, but the time comes when you need leisure and silence."

She adds, with a humorous twist of the lips, that it is doubtless exceedingly good for one to learn to adapt one's self to the rules and conventions of another person's house, even salutary, once in a while, to have all one's affairs arranged with kindly despotism: "But oh," she exclaims, "how good it is to possess yourself again!"

I myself remember my surprise years ago when, after a walk with a chance acquaintance through the streets of the foreign city in which

we were sojourning, a walk which I fondly imagined she had enjoyed as much as I, she remarked, in a tone of fatigue, "I suppose it is because I have gone about so long by myself that it tires me to walk with another person."

I, who was in the habit of adapting my gait now to one and then to another member of my family, could neither understand nor sympathize with the outspoken lady. Now, I, too, have learned to walk alone, and know what fatigue there may be in hastening my steps to suit the requirements of the strenuous walker (who of us does not know the scornful intolerance of the physically fit?) or in retarding them out of consideration for the laggard. I, too, have experienced a sense of freedom when the train has pulled out of the station, bearing me away from the friends whom I love. What pleasure to walk at my own pace through the streets of the town where I have to wait for an hour or two; what joy to get a cup of tea at a perfectly unreasonable hour, or to make the extravagant little purchase which my prudent, well-wishing friends would thoroughly disapprove of! Dear friends! They are so good to me and I think of them with such affection, the while that, fleeing from them, I hug my freedom.

IN these days when country life is being so generally rediscovered, when every woman's table is littered with gardening manuals, and every man at dinner wants to talk about the crops instead of the theatres, the duty of a convinced metropolitan—if any such remain—is to bear testimony as to the pleasures of city life. By this I do not mean shops and concerts and restaurants; that is the countryman's idea of town. I mean those meditative, impersonal, leisurely joys that may be had to so exquisite a degree in any really large town.

"In town," some one said to me the other day, "you know when the sun sets only by the lighting of the street lamps." And a very good way, too, as any one will agree who has looked along the park at twilight, or seen one of the bridges leap into existence like an arch of stars.

"You have no seasons," he went on. "There is a time when you take your furs out of storage and another when you put slip-covers on your chairs."

Could anything show grosser ignorance? He had evidently never waited for the awakening moment when all the shop-windows burst out into roses and summer silks and flowered mus-

Pleasures of the
Metropolis

lins—and that often when the snow is still on the ground. He had no idea when the first awning may be counted on, when top-boots and breeches appear in the park; nor had he seen a whole block break out into window-boxes. He did not know the emotion of being awakened, no longer by the sound of snow-shovels, but to the gentle hiss of the watering-cart on asphalt and the smell of new-laid dust.

Perhaps he had never enjoyed that delightful hour, which *we* all know so well, when every one worthy the name of human being is going to school. The country-dweller has not the least idea of the variety of manners in which one may go to school. There is the boy's way and the girl's way, but this does not begin to exhaust the subject. There are little boys who walk along beside their fathers with a common air of being the toilers of the family, and a sort of indulgent swagger toward the mere wife and mother left snugly at home. And there are other less fortunate little boys who beguile a wearisome walk with their nurse by an absorbed attention to avoiding the cracks in the pavement, as if they inherited the instinct from days when their ancestors were snakes and the cracks scratched their stomachs. And there are very dangerous little boys who come whooping along on roller-skates, waving a dreadful weapon of school-books at the end of a long strap.

And then, oh, dear me! there are the little girls—demure little girls with flaxen braids and long ulsters—hurrying along with their maids. They make you feel quite sure they have studied all their lessons, and that tucked away in those satchels are nicely written little compositions on "A Picnic in Grantly Woods." And there are fat, bright-eyed little girls who don't give you at all the same feeling of confidence. They walk along giggling and gasping and staring in a way that makes the self-conscious passer-by excessively uncomfortable. You get to know them all; you are clocks to each other; you hurry or slacken your pace according to the block in which you meet. They have, you grow to realize, a name for you. You hope it is not too bad.

We pass over as uninteresting the hour somewhat later when the established capitalist begins to make his appearance. He carries his cane sticking out of his coat pocket, and walks—for exercise only—to the next nearest point at which he might get a conveyance. We pass over this, I say, to come to the middle of the day, when all the wide, sunny avenues are crowded with perambulators, three and four abreast. Even when you are already humbly walking on the

curb-stone, a lateral sweep of the wheel will often send you into the gutter. But if you are in the true sense a lover of town you will not resent this, for you are a student of many phases and you will be interested in the spread of individualism as shown in babies' bonnets. In old times all babies wore the same kind of bonnet, and that not at all a becoming one. Nowadays we, or perhaps one should say they, have changed all that. Pale babies may go in for button roses and pink bows, and pink-faced babies for pale blue and forget-me-nots; and I have even seen lilies of the valley nodding from a perambulator with the most alarming coquetry.

And then there is that most exciting hour of all when the better part of town is wiped clear of any one except those who are going out to dine—a little late. The best place to see this is London in June, when broad daylight and open taxicabs let you stare your fill at some magnificent specimens of the race. But there is much to be said for Fifth Avenue on a fine winter's night, filled almost solid with pleasure-going traffic, so that you stand and wonder why all the uptown people are dining downtown, and all the downtown people dining up. You can study the difference in manner between the old order and the new, the family coachman and the chauffeur; or their combination in that most formidable of beings the family coachman turned into the chauffeur, retaining the oppressive dignity of the one and the surprising facility of the other.

Well, the subject is barely touched! A volume would be needed to do it justice, but perhaps some impression has been made on the countryman's self-esteem. No wonder he is elated at the strides he has suddenly made into popular favor. Times are mightily changed since King Charles wished the objectionable dog married and gone to live in the country. Nowadays every one is only too eager to follow the dog's example—at least in the latter particular. But moderation in all things. The country-dweller must remember that not only the green things out of the earth are nature. He must give up talking as if a crocus were a more natural production than a child.

HAVE you ridden in one of the new "steel sleepers"? "You will, Oscar." And when you do you will make your own reflections. Mine concerned themselves largely with yours, so to speak. What is the average American going to make of this upsetting of his

The New
Sleeping-Car

habits of mind, this dislocation of his preconceived standards? It was remarked of the American sleeper after a specially gruesome "holocaust" that, as Dr. Johnson maintained that being in a ship was being in a jail with the chance of being drowned, so being in this was being in a jail with the chance of being burned to death. Now that is the precise peril which is evidently and ostentatiously averted from you in the new sleeper. Whatever happens to you in the night, it will not be combustion. That is assured by the sheets of smooth steel which surround you, garnished with nothing but a pustulation of rivets, and you feel through the floor covering, presumably of asbestos, other sheets of the same. But what strikes you next to this grateful sense of incombustibility is the violent break with all the traditions of the Pullman. The builders have not troubled themselves in the least to excogitate a system of appropriate, or inappropriate, decoration for the new construction. If to paint sheet-steel a dull maroon and to mark the borders of its panels with a thin black line be decoration, this is "decorative." If not, not; for there is nothing else to be seen, nothing but a sea-green silk curtain draping the portal of the dressing-room at each end, within your respective one of which, to be sure, your baser nature may still receive such solace as tobacco, and your æsthetic as the sheen of exposed and nickel-plated plumbing can supply. The plumber, it appears, unlike the steel-worker, refuses to be reduced to his simplest expression. But the plumber alone exceeds the irreducible minimum. Elsewhere the essential, the quintessential, is all. The passenger never before had it so borne in upon him that to the railroad a passenger is but a package, a canned and soldered package. The wayfarer innocent of French, for the first time understands why, in that ridiculous language, a "sleeping" is also a "wagon-bed."

After the shock has subsided of finding your-

self in a cell instead of a boudoir, you discover that you like it. Why should he who does not live in a palace travel in a palace, or, for that matter, he who does? If the new sleeper is as ascetic as a monastery or a jail, as grim as a battle-ship, it is also as clean as the war-ship or the jail. (The cleanliness of monasteries is said to vary.) The essential is at least all there. And you observe that the bare supply of the manifestly necessary cannot be vulgar or ridiculous, whereas the gorgeousness of the ancient sleeper was exposed to those adjectives. The gibe of one fashionable architect about the decoration of another, that he was not quite sure whether it was Early Pullman or Late North German Lloyd, falls harmless from the armor-plating of the latest Pullman. But what is to become of those æsthetic standards which were established by the evolution of luxury from the days of the Early Pullman, in the simple souls which took it for the last word in Carhold Art, when the Pullman in whom they put their æsthetic trust, the perfidious Pullman himself, or itself, prescribes this Spartan vehicle, and "scraps" what they adored?

Who is to pick from the scrap-heap those acres of mirror, those miles of Circassian or San Domingo veneers, those continents of gilding, in which repentant railroads must now suspect that they have been wasting the money of their stockholders, and the relics of which not all the bar-rooms and gambling-hells of the continent can absorb? Meanwhile the wayfarer may recall the joy with which Walter Bagehot, in Paris, encountered the stupidest of the London newspapers: "Here, at least, there was nothing to admire." And he may also be comforted that the manes of that bilious æsthetician, John Ruskin, are appeased by the "wagon-lit nouveau":

"There never was more flagrant and impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads."

THE FIELD OF ART.

THE GENIUS OF SPAIN IN NEW YORK

IN writing of the Hispanic Museum, one of the newest institutions dedicated to the public welfare in New York, I suppose that in the first place I ought gravely to affirm its value to pure scholarship. But I prefer to

give precedence to its charm, its gracious appeal for those who love letters and the arts on their human side. Why is it that we always like to seek the things that lie off the beaten track and have a certain special, intimate character?

It is, I dare say, because we instinctively rebel from time to time against the overwhelming bulk of the typical museum or gallery. There are moments in which the traveller in London gladly turns from the gigantic storehouses of books and pictures in that city, going with a delicious sense of freedom and repose

to Dulwich or idling amongst the Hogarths at the Soane Museum. In Paris one joyfully neglects the Louvre on occasion for the sake of the Carnavalet, or strolls contentedly to that sequestered house in which the memory of the late Gustave Moreau is enshrined. All over Europe there are by-ways in which it is restful and amusing thus to stray. New York is too young to have developed them to any extent as yet, but it has at least one, in that corner of the city where the Hispanic Society has built its home. This is a good place to which to withdraw from disinterested traffic with the things of the mind.

As such a retreat it took shape in the counsels of its "onlie begetter," Archer M. Huntington and the other enthusiasts with whom he organized the Hispanic Society of America, in

May, 1904. They did not plan a museum in the strict sense of the term, but a shelter for books and for divers objects of interest to members and to students. The nature and scale of the edifice permits public exhibitions and the broad purpose of the Society invites them, but

they are incidental to a large central idea. This is "advancement of the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, literature, and history, and advancement of the study of the countries wherein Spanish and Portuguese are, or have been, spoken languages." In all this the scholar has been most generously considered. Books and manuscripts are placed at his disposal in magnificent profusion. There are more than seventy-five thousand volumes in the library, and the shelves are constantly being enriched. The classics of Spanish lit-



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Portrait of a Little Girl, by Velasquez.

erature and, of course, quantities of lesser works, may be consulted in their original editions and often these may be collated with later texts issued from modern presses with full critical paraphernalia. For example, there are three hundred editions of the works of Cervantes in the library, with nearly a hundred bibliographies and monographs concerning them.

The Society is far more than the custodian of its rich accumulations. It is not an inert body, but one that plays, on the contrary, an active part in the exploitation of its subject. It publishes the "Revue Hispanique," a quarterly edited by M. Foulche-Delbosc, in Paris, which is a kind of clearing house for Spanish learning in Europe and America. The numbers that lie before me as I write vividly show the range of the Society's influence, an influ-

ence stimulating men of authority everywhere to the discussion of countless Spanish topics, salient and obscure. Historical, critical, and linguistic papers, reviews and so on, reflect the energy of a host of scholars, rare texts are reproduced, and the collector is not forgotten. Light is thrown on questions of bibliography;

delving into racial origins, for it is perceptible on the surface of things. The Spanish soul oscillates between two extremes. You think you know it—and you do know it fairly enough, when listening to careless laughter in the gardens of Seville or Granada—but conclusively to know it you must study it, too, in some saturnine shepherd of the plain, or standing beside a higher, more educated and more flexible type amid the cold shadows of the Escorial. The Spanish genius is at once dour and ecstatic. The swooning monks of Zurburan and the calculating courtiers of Velasquez are more than brothers; they are at bottom the self-same human creature, for each confesses to much the same domination. King and Pope have ruled the Spaniard, and both, subjecting him to an iron discipline, have understood him very well. His temporal mas-

ter has fostered in him the finer elements of pride and honor, through the workings of a rigid system of caste, and for the satisfaction of his earthier instincts has given him the bull ring. The Church showed a similar intuition when it



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The Gallery.

title-pages and ancient documents are given in fac-simile; and in one number the connoisseur of art is gratified by a sheaf of hitherto unpublished drawings by Goya. Not content with these services, the Society has a rapidly growing series of publications reproducing in fac-simile many of the rarest of its treasures. It has thus reprinted in a critical edition the first and other early texts of "Don Quixote"; it has reproduced the "Chronicle of Cid," with a translation by Mr. Huntington, and the "Lusiad" of Camoens, and when it is not making old books accessible in this way, it is printing new ones. Mr. Bandelier's valuable work on "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati" bears the imprint of the Hispanic Society, as does Professor Rennert's recent welcome study on "The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega." But a succession of titles makes dry reading, and I need cite no more in order to expose the character of the Society's work. Especially as I wish also to lay stress upon its significance to the layman who will probably never want in all his life to consult an ancient Spanish text. He may be untrained in scholarship and still cherish an enthusiasm for Spain. To him the Hispanic Museum has much to say on the genius of a people.

It is a curious dual genius, that of the people of Spain, and one may realize this without



Title-page of the first edition of Don Quixote.

helped to mould the Spanish nature in the hey-day of the Inquisition. With one hand she gave her children ghostly consolation, and with the other fed their lust of blood with the horrors of the *auto da fé*. Hence Spain is a country full of contradictions. Just as you may ride from a scene embowered in orange blossoms straight to one of brown bareness, just as you may make a transition from the glitter of the Alhambra to the bleak walls of Avila, so in the being of the Spaniard you may observe the strangest play of light and shadow, feminine softness and masculine hardness in one and the same type.

But there must be some steady force, and this you find in the matter-of-factness of the Spanish mind. The owner of it is capable of high imaginative flights. One is reminded of this merely by looking at the old sea-charts in the Hispanic Museum and thinking, as they most urgently make you think, of the great mariner who invented us. There is much at the Museum, too, reviving memories of Spanish chivalry, of a long potential, though short-sighted, statecraft, and of the military prowess which once exerted so tremendous an influence upon the whole modern world. But to muse amongst these relics is to think not only of the romance of the past, but of its hard facts, and to feel, in the long run, that the Spaniard is indeed nothing if not a realist. His feet are firm fixed upon the solid earth.

At the Hispanic Museum you get a little way into his atmosphere, and I may remark in passing that the traveller contemplating a visit to Spain might well abandon his books for a day or two amongst the Society's pictures and kindred souvenirs. They enforce more tangi-

bly than do most chapters of interpretation the points I have sought to indicate. Look, for example, at the collection of *ejecutorias*, the lavishly decorated patents of nobility which mutely tell us that your haughty grandee got upon his proud eminence with as zealous wire-pulling as any that we ever hear of to-day. The "climber" with cloak and sword, who

moved heaven and earth and emptied a fat purse to procure one of those pompous documents, has his exact counterpart in the fashionable Madrilenos who transform the stately chambers in the home of his forefathers into a feeble imitation of a Parisian interior. But this is only one side of the medal. On the other you read the Spaniard's strength and simplicity, his directness, his truth. The collections at the Hispanic Museum bring home to us in a very effective way the spiritual and mental habit, the familiar walk and demeanor of the Spaniard of an earlier day—whose descendant has precisely the same



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Portrait of the Duke of Olivares, by Velasquez.

traits. They are not very large—apart from the library—but they are beautifully representative. On the main floor, along the walls of the corridor, and enclosing the space set apart for readers, swinging frames exhibit copies of old paintings, prints, portraits, maps, ecclesiastical vestments and a hundred other miscellaneous items. At one end of the building, in a room by themselves, are some sculptured tombs, fragments of Gothic and Renaissance work. In cases running around the gallery upstairs there are picturesque carvings, ancient pottery, a glorious array of Hispano-Moresque platters and bits of decorative work in iron and silver. There are, finally, about

two score paintings, and they include some masterpieces.

I like to call this museum a miniature Prado, for like the great gallery at Madrid, it makes a place of pilgrimage for the lovers of Velasquez. One of his most renowned portraits is here, the superb full-length of Olivares, King Philip's right-hand man and illimitably evil genius.

Beside it hangs a brilliant portrait of a cardinal, from the same masterful hand, and with this an exquisite head of a child, pretty certainly Velasquez's own grandchild, the little daughter of Mazo. Goya, the greatest painter in Spain since the greatest of them all, is represented by no fewer than four canvases, and one of them is a bewitching full-length of that Duchess of Alba whose infatuation for him was, no doubt, indefensible, but whose lovely figure upon his canvas breathes of one of the most romantic chap-

ters in the history of Spanish art. It is the essentially mundane side of the Spanish court that is commemorated in the group of paintings to which these portraits belong. The crafty Olivares; the sinister Duke of Alba, painted in the full panoply of war by Antonio Moro, in one of the most famous of his portraits; Goya's indiscreet but irresistibly engaging Duchess—they murmur to us of the darker Spanish passions. And at the other end of the gallery, in paintings by Valdes Leal and El Greco, by Morales and Murillo, we come subtly into contact with Spanish religiosity. As we do so it is interesting to observe

the realism of these pictures, the truth to nature which the artists pursue, even while they express emotional rapture. A sympathy as strong for mankind as for the saints is characteristic of practically all of the pictures here, from the few specimens of the Primitives to the portraiture of Velasquez and Goya.

Glancing swiftly over the Hispanic Society's collection and detaching, from a multitude of impressions, the one most luminous and lasting, you find that it relates to that love of the realities of which I have spoken, to the Spaniard's calm sanity. He adheres to the facts of life. The mysticism of Valdes Leal or El Greco is based upon close observation of the visible world. A Spanish work of art is always like that; the Spanish artist has always cared for what he could feel and touch and handle.

He has been, on the whole, no subtle, sensuous weaver of con-

summate designs like his confrère of the Italian Renaissance, no blithe dealer in the graces like the French man of the eighteenth century. His æsthetic kinsfolk have been, rather, the masters of the Low Countries, the Van Eycks, with their fine austerities, or Rembrandt, with his simple, human drama. There is little that is esoteric about him. He and his comrades are candid, straightforward creatures. The soul of them shines through their work. That is why I assert that at the Hispanic Museum you may get a true initiation into the genius of Spain.

ROYAL CORTISOZ.



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Portrait of the Duchess of Alba, by Goya.

